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R. M. Todd

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

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R. A. Todd

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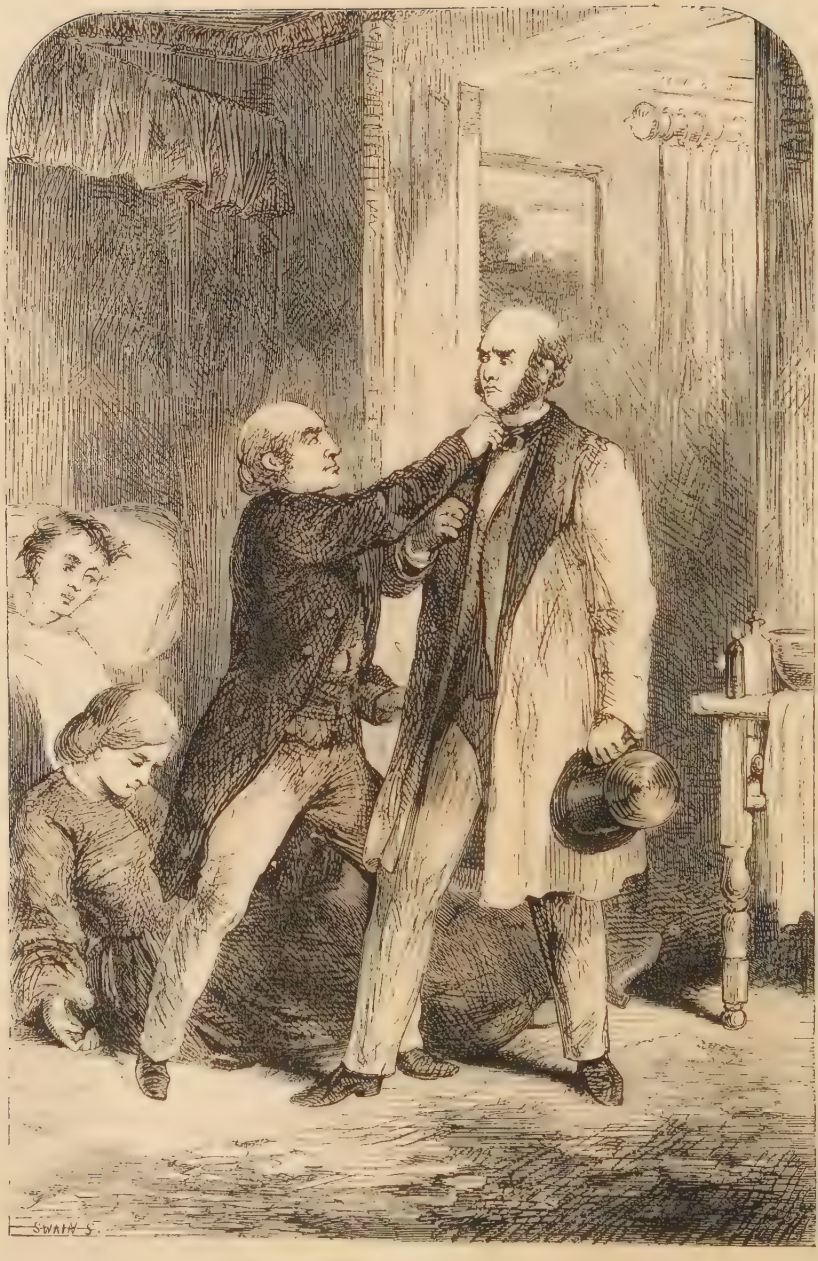


What Nathan said unto David.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1861.

The Adventures of Philip on his way through the World;

SHEWING

WHO ROBBED HIM, WHO HELPED HIM, AND WHO PASSED HIM BY.

CHAPTER I.

Doctor Fell.

"NOT attend her own son when he is ill!" said my mother. "She does not deserve to have a son!" And Mrs. Pendennis looked towards her own only darling whilst uttering this indignant exclamation. As she looked, I know what passed through her mind. She nursed me, she dressed me in little caps and long-clothes, she attired me in my first jacket and trousers. She watched at my bedside through my infantile and juvenile ailments. She tended me through all my life, she held me to

her heart with infinite prayers and blessings. She is no longer with us to bless and pray; but from heaven, where she is, I know her love pursues me; and often and often I think she is here, only invisible.

"Mrs. Firmin would be of no good," growled Dr. Goodenough. "She would have hysterics, and the nurse would have two patients to look after."

"Don't tell *me*," cries my mother, with a flush on her cheeks. "Do you suppose if that child" (meaning, of course, her paragon) "were ill, I would not go to him?"

"My dear, if that child were hungry, you would chop off your head to make him broth," says the doctor, sipping his tea.

"*Potage à la bonne femme*," says Mr. Pendennis. "Mother, we have it at the club. You would be done with milk, eggs, and a quantity of vegetables. You would be put to simmer for many hours in an earthen pan, and——"

"Don't be horrible, Arthur!" cries a young lady, who was my mother's companion of those happy days.

"And people when they knew you would like you very much."

My uncle looked as if he did not understand the allegory.

"What is this you are talking about? *potage à la*—what d'ye call 'em?" says he. "I thought we were speaking of Mrs. Firmin, of Old Parr Street. Mrs. Firmin is a doosid delicate woman," interposed the major. "All the females of that family are. Her mother died early. Her sister, Mrs. Twysden, is very delicate. She would be of no more use in a sick room than a—than a bull in a china-shop, begad! and she might catch the fever, too."

"And so might you, major!" cries the doctor. "Aren't you talking to me, who have just come from the boy? Keep your distance, or I shall bite you."

The old gentleman gave a little backward movement with his chair.

"Gad, it's no joking matter," says he; "I've known fellows catch fevers at—at ever so much past my age. At any rate, the boy is no boy of mine, begad! I dine at Firmin's house, who has married into a good family, though he is only a doctor, and——"

"And pray what was my husband?" cried Mrs. Pendennis.

"Only a doctor, indeed!" calls out Goodenough. "My dear creature, I have a great mind to give him the scarlet fever this minute!"

"My father was a surgeon and apothecary, I have heard," says the widow's son.

"And what then? And I should like to know if a man of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom—in the empire, begad!—hasn't a right to pursoo a learned, a useful, an honourable profession. My brother John was——"

"A medical practitioner!" I say, with a sigh.

And my uncle arranges his hair, puts his handkerchief to his teeth, and says—

"Stuff! nonsense—no patience with these personalities, begad!

Firmin is a doctor, certainly—so are you—so are others. But Firmin is a university man, and a gentleman. Firmin has travelled. Firmin is intimate with some of the best people in England, and has married into one of the first families. Gad, sir, do you suppose that a woman bred up in the lap of luxury—in the very lap, sir—at Ringwood and Whipham, and at Ringwood House in Walpole-street, where she was absolute mistress, begad — do you suppose such a woman is fit to be nurse-tender in a sick room? She never *was* fit for that, or for anything except—" (here the major saw smiles on the countenances of some of his audience) "except, I say, to preside at Ringwood House and—and adorn society, and that sort of thing. And if such a woman chooses to run away with her uncle's doctor, and marry below her rank—why, *I* don't think it's a laughing matter, hang me if I do."

"And so she stops at the Isle of Wight, whilst the poor boy remains at the school," sighs my mother.

"Firmin can't come away. He is in attendance on the Grand Dook. The prince is never easy without Firmin. He has given him his Order of the Swan. They are moving heaven and earth in high quarters; and I bet you even, Goodenough, that that boy whom you have been attending will be a baronet—if you don't kill him off with your confounded potions and pills, begad!"

Dr. Goodenough only gave a humph and contracted his great eyebrows.

My uncle continued—

"I know what you mean. Firmin is a gentlemanly man—a handsome man. I remember his father, Brand Firmin, at Valenciennes with the Dook of York—one of the handsomest men in Europe. Firebrand Firmin, they used to call him—a red-headed fellow—a tremendous duellist: shot an Irishman—became serious in after life, and that sort of thing—quarrelled with his son, who was doosid wild in early days. Gentlemanly man, certainly, Firmin. Black hair: his father had red. So much the better for the doctor; but—but—we understand each other, I think, Goodenough? and you and I have seen some queer fishes in our time."

And the old gentleman winked and took his snuff graciously, and, as it were, puffed the Firmin subject away.

"Was it to show me a queer fish that you took me to Dr. Firmin's house in Parr Street?" asked Mr. Pendennis of his uncle. "The house was not very gay, nor the mistress very wise, but they were all as kind as might be; and I am very fond of the boy."

"So did Lord Ringwood, his mother's uncle, like him," cried Major Pendennis. "That boy brought about a reconciliation between his mother and her uncle, after her runaway match. I suppose you know she ran away with Firmin, my dear?"

My mother said "she had heard something of the story." And the major once more asserted that Dr. Firmin was a wild fellow twenty

years ago. At the time of which I am writing he was Physician to the Plethoric Hospital, Physician to the Grand Duke of Groningen, and knight of his order of the Black Swan, member of many learned societies, the husband of a rich wife, and a person of no small consideration.

As for his son, whose name figures at the head of these pages, you may suppose he did not die of the illness about which we had just been talking. A good nurse waited on him, though his mamma was in the country. Though his papa was absent, a very competent physician was found to take charge of the young patient, and preserve his life for the benefit of his family, and the purposes of this history.

We pursued our talk about Philip Firmin and his father, and his grand-uncle the earl, whom Major Pendennis knew intimately well, until Dr. Goodenough's carriage was announced, and our kind physician took leave of us, and drove back to London. Some who spoke on that summer evening are no longer here to speak or listen. Some who were young then have topped the hill and are descending towards the valley of the shadows. "Ah," says old Major Pendennis, shaking his brown curls, as the doctor went away; "did you see, my good soul, when I spoke about his *confrère*, how glum Goodenough looked? They don't love each other, my dear. Two of a trade don't agree, and besides I have no doubt the other doctor-fellows are jealous of Firmin, because he lives in the best society. A man of good family, my dear. There has already been a great *rapprochement;* and if Lord Ringwood is quite reconciled to him, there's no knowing what luck that boy of Firmin's may come to."

Although Dr. Goodenough might think but lightly of his *confrère*, a great portion of the public held him in much higher estimation: and especially in the little community of Grey Friars, of which the kind reader has heard in previous works of the present biographer, Dr. Brand Firmin was a very great favourite, and received with much respect and honour. Whenever the boys at that school were afflicted with the common ailments of youth, Mr. Sprat, the school apothecary, provided for them; and by the simple, though disgusting remedies which were in use in those times, generally succeeded in restoring his young patients to health. But if young Lord Egham (the Marquis of Ascot's son, as my respected reader very likely knows) happened to be unwell, as was frequently the case, from his lordship's great command of pocket-money and imprudent fondness for the contents of the pastrycook's shop; or if any very grave case of illness occurred in the school, then, quick, the famous Dr. Firmin, of Old Parr Street, Burlington Gardens, was sent for; and an illness must have been very severe, if *he* could not cure it. Dr. Firmin had been a school-fellow, and remained a special friend, of the head-master. When young Lord Egham, before mentioned (he was our only lord, and therefore we were a little proud and careful of our darling youth), got the erysipelas, which swelled his head to the size of a pumpkin, the doctor triumphantly carried him through his illness, and

was complimented by the head-boy in his Latin oration on the annual speech-day for his superhuman skill and godlike delight *salutem hominibus dando*. The head-master turned towards Dr. Firmin, and bowed: the governors and bigwigs buzzed to one another, and looked at him: the boys looked at him: the physician held his handsome head down towards his shirt-frill. His modest eyes would not look up from the spotless lining of the broad-brimmed hat on his knees. A murmur of applause hummed through the ancient hall, a scuffling of young feet, a rustling of new cassocks among the masters, and a refreshing blowing of noses ensued, as the orator polished off his period, and then passed to some other theme.

Amidst the general enthusiasm, there was one member of the auditory scornful and dissentient. This gentleman whispered to his comrade at the commencement of the phrase concerning the doctor the, I believe, of Eastern derivation monosyllable "Bosh!" and he added sadly, looking towards the object of all this praise, "He can't construe the Latin—though it is all a parcel of humbug."

"Hush, Phil!" said his friend; and Phil's face flushed red, as Dr. Firmin, lifting up his eyes, looked at him for one moment; for the recipient of all this laudation was no other than Phil's father.

The illness of which we spoke had long since passed away. Philip was a schoolboy no longer, but in his second year at the university, and one of half-a-dozen young men, ex-pupils of the school, who had come up for the annual dinner. The honours of this year's dinner were for Dr. Firmin, even more than for Lord Ascot in his star and ribbon, who walked with his arm in the doctor's into chapel. His lordship faltered when, in his after-dinner speech, he alluded to the inestimable services and skill of his tried old friend, whom he had known as a fellow-pupil in those walls —(loud cheers)—whose friendship had been the delight of his life—a friendship which he prayed might be the inheritance of their children. (Immense applause; after which Dr. Firmin spoke.)

The doctor's speech was perhaps a little commonplace; the Latin quotations which he used were not exactly novel; but Phil need not have been so angry or ill-behaved. He went on sipping sherry, glaring at his father, and muttering observations that were anything but complimentary to his parent. "Now, look," says he, "he is going to be overcome by his feelings. He will put his handkerchief up to his mouth, and show his diamond ring. I told you so! It's too much. I can't swallow this . . . this sherry. I say, you fellows, let us come out of this, and have a smoke somewhere." And Phil rose up and quitted the dining-room, just as his father was declaring what a joy, and a pride, and a delight it was to him to think that the friendship with which his noble friend honoured him was likely to be transmitted to their children, and that when he had passed away from this earthly scene (cries of "No, no!" "May you live a thousand years!") it would be his joy to think that his son would always find a friend and protector in the noble, the princely house of Ascot.

We found the carriages waiting outside Grey Friars' Gate, and Philip Firmin, pushing me into his father's, told the footman to drive home, and that the doctor would return in Lord Ascot's carriage. Home then to Old Parr Street we went, where many a time as a boy I had been welcome. And we retired to Phil's private den in the back buildings of the great house: and over our cigars we talked of the Founder's-day Feast, and the speeches delivered; and of the old Cistercians of our time, and how Thompson was married, and Johnson was in the army, and Jackson (not red-haired Jackson, pig-eyed Jackson,) was first in his year, and so forth; and in this twaddle were most happily engaged, when Phil's father flung open the tall door of the study.

"Here's the governor!" growled Phil; and in an undertone, "what does *he* want?"

"The governor," as I looked up, was not a pleasant object to behold. Dr. Firmin had very white false teeth, which perhaps were a little too large for his mouth, and these grinned in the gas-light very fiercely. On his cheeks were black whiskers, and over his glaring eyes fierce black eyebrows, and his bald head glittered like a billiard-ball. You would hardly have known that he was the original of that melancholy philosophic portrait which all the patients admired in the doctor's waiting-room.

"I find, Philip, that you took my carriage," said the father; "and Lord Ascot and I had to walk ever so far for a cab!"

"Hadn't he got his own carriage? I thought, of course, he would have his carriage on a State-day, and that you would come home with the lord," said Philip.

"I had promised to bring *him* home, sir!" said the father.

"Well, sir, I'm very sorry," continued the son, curtly.

"Sorry!" screams the other.

"I can't say any more, sir, and I *am* very sorry," answers Phil; and he knocked the ash of his cigar into the stove.

The stranger within the house hardly knew how to look on its master or his son. There was evidently some dire quarrel between them. The old man glared at the young one, who calmly looked his father in the face. Wicked rage and hate seemed to flash from the doctor's eyes, and anon came a look of wild pitiful supplication towards the guest, which was most painful to bear. In the midst of what dark family mystery was I? What meant this cruel spectacle of the father's terrified anger, and the son's scorn?

"I—I appeal to you, Pendennis," says the doctor, with a choking utterance and a ghastly face.

"Shall we begin *ab ovo*, sir?" says Phil. Again the ghastly look of terror comes over the father's face.

"I—I promise to bring one of the first noblemen in England," gasps the doctor, "from a public dinner, in my carriage; and my son takes it, and leaves me and Lord Ascot to walk!—Is it fair, Pendennis? Is it the conduct of a gentleman to a gentleman; of a son to a father?"

"No, sir," I said, gravely, "nothing can excuse it." Indeed I was shocked at the young man's obduracy and undutifulness.

"I told you it was a mistake!" cries Phil, reddening. "I heard Lord Ascot order his own carriage; I made no doubt he would bring my father home. To ride in a chariot with a footman behind me, is no pleasure to me, and I would far rather have a Hansom and a cigar. It was a blunder, and I am sorry for it—there! And if I live to a hundred I can't say more."

"If you are sorry, Philip," groans the father, "it is enough." "You remember, Pendennis, when—when my son and I were not on this—on this footing," and he looked up for a moment at a picture which was hanging over Phil's head—a portrait of Phil's mother; the lady of whom my own mother spoke, on that evening when we had talked of the boy's illness. Both the ladies had passed from the world now, and their images were but painted shadows on the wall.

The father had accepted an apology, though the son had made none. I looked at the elder Firmin's face, and the character written on it. I remembered such particulars of his early history as had been told to me; and I perfectly recalled that feeling of doubt and misliking which came over my mind when I first saw the doctor's handsome face some few years previously, when my uncle first took me to the doctor's in Old Parr Street; little Phil being then a flaxen-headed, pretty child, who had just assumed his first trousers, and I a fifth-form boy at school.

My father and Dr. Firmin were members of the medical profession. They had been bred up as boys at the same school, whither families used to send their sons from generation to generation, and long before people had ever learned that the place was unwholesome. Grey Friars was smoky, certainly; I think in the time of the Plague great numbers of people were buried there. But had the school been situated in the most picturesque swamp in England, the general health of the boys could not have been better. We boys used to hear of epidemics occurring in other schools, and were almost sorry that they did not come to ours, so that we might shut up, and get longer vacations. Even that illness which subsequently befell Phil Firmin himself attacked no one else—the boys all luckily going home for the holidays on the very day of poor Phil's seizure; but of this illness more anon. When it was determined that little Phil Firmin was to go to Grey Friars, Phil's father bethought him that Major Pendennis, whom he met in the world and society, had a nephew at the place, who might protect the little fellow, and the major took his nephew to see Dr. and Mrs. Firmin one Sunday after church, and we had lunch at Old Parr Street, and there little Phil was presented to me, whom I promised to take under my protection. He was a simple little man; an artless child, who had not the least idea of the dignity of a fifth-form boy. He was quite unabashed in talking to me and other persons, and has remained so ever since. He asked my uncle how he came to have such odd hair. He partook freely of the delicacies on the

table. I remember he hit me with his little fist once or twice, which liberty at first struck me with a panic of astonishment, and then with a sense of the ridiculous so exquisitely keen, that I burst out into a fit of laughter. It was, you see, as if a stranger were to hit the Pope in the ribs, and call him "Old boy;" as if Jack were to tweak one of the giants by the nose; or Ensign Jones to ask the Duke of Wellington to take wine. I had a strong sense of humour, even in those early days, and enjoyed this joke accordingly.

"Philip!" cries mamma, "you will hurt Mr. Pendennis."

"I will knock him down!" shouts Phil. Fancy knocking *me* down,—ME, a fifth-form boy!

"The child is a perfect Hercules," remarks the mother.

"He strangled two snakes in his cradle," says the doctor, looking at me. (It was then, as I remember, I felt *Dr. Fell* towards him.)

"La, Dr. Firmin!" cries mamma, "I can't bear snakes. I remember there was one at Rome, when we were walking one day; a great, large snake, and I hated it, and I cried out, and I nearly fainted; and my uncle Ringwood said I ought to like snakes, for one might be an agreeable rattle; and I have read of them being charming in India, and I dare say you have, Mr. Pendennis, for I am told you are very clever; and I am not in the least; I wish I were; but my husband is, very—and so Phil will be. Will you be a very clever boy, dear? He was named after my dear papa, who was killed at Busaco when I was quite, quite a little thing, and we wore mourning, and we went to live with my uncle Ringwood afterwards; but Maria and I had both our own fortunes; and I am sure I little thought I should marry a physician—la, one of uncle Ringwood's grooms, I should as soon have thought of marrying him!—but, you know, my husband is one of the cleverest men *in the world*. Don't tell me,—you are, dearest, and you know it; and when a man is clever I don't value his rank in life; no, not if he was that fender; and I always said to uncle Ringwood, 'Talent I will marry, for talent I adore;' and I *did* marry you, Dr. Firmin, you know I did, and this child is your image. And you will be kind to him at school," says the poor lady, turning to me, her eyes filling with tears, "for talent is always kind, except uncle Ringwood, and he was very——"

"A little more wine, Mr. Pendennis?" said the doctor—*Doctor Fell* still, though he was most kind to me. "I shall put my little man under your care, and I know you will keep him from harm. I hope you will do us the favour to come to Parr Street whenever you are free. In my father's time we used to come home of a Saturday from school, and enjoyed going to the play." And the doctor shook me cordially by the hand, and, I must say, continued his kindness to me as long as ever I knew him. When we went away, my uncle Pendennis told me many stories about the great earl and family of Ringwood, and how Dr. Firmin had made a match—a match of the affections—with this lady, daughter of Philip Ringwood, who was killed at Busaco; and how she had been a

great beauty, and was a perfect *grande dame* always; and, if not the cleverest, certainly one of the kindest and most amiable women in the world.

In those days I was accustomed to receive the opinions of my informant with such respect that I at once accepted this statement as authentic. Mrs. Firmin's portrait, indeed, was beautiful: it was painted by young Mr. Harlowe, that year he was at Rome, and when in eighteen days he completed a copy of the Transfiguration, to the admiration of all the Academy; but I, for my part, only remember a lady weak, and thin, and faded, who never came out of her dressing-room until a late hour in the afternoon, and whose superannuated smiles and grimaces used to provoke my juvenile sense of humour. She used to kiss Phil's brow; and, as she held the boy's hand in one of her lean ones, would say, "Who would suppose such a great boy as that could be my son?" "Be kind to him when I am gone," she sighed to me, one Sunday evening, when I was taking leave of her, as her eyes filled with tears, and she placed the thin hand in mine for the last time. The doctor, reading by the fire, turned round and scowled at her from under his tall shining forehead. "You are nervous, Louisa, and had better go to your room, I told you you had," he said, abruptly. "Young gentlemen, it is time for you to be off to Grey Friars. Is the cab at the door, Brice?" And he took out his watch—his great shining watch, by which he had felt the pulses of so many famous personages, whom his prodigious skill had rescued from disease. And at parting, Phil flung his arms round his poor mother, and kissed her under the glossy curls; the borrowed curls; and he looked his father resolutely in the face (whose own glance used to fall before that of the boy), and bade him a gruff good-night, ere we set forth for Grey Friars.

CHAPTER II.

At School and at Home.

I DINED yesterday with three gentlemen, whose time of life may be guessed by their conversation, a great part of which consisted of Eton reminiscences and lively imitations of Dr. Keate. Each one, as he described how he had been flogged, mimicked to the best of his power the manner and the mode of operating of the famous doctor. His little parenthetical remarks during the ceremony were recalled with great facetiousness: the very *hwhish* of the rods was parodied with thrilling fidelity, and after a good hour's conversation, the subject was brought to a climax by a description of that awful night when the doctor called up squad after squad of boys from their beds in their respective boarding-houses, whipped through the whole night, and castigated I don't know how many hundred rebels. All these mature men laughed, prattled, rejoiced, and became young again, as they recounted their stories; and each of them heartily and eagerly bade the stranger to understand how Keate was a thorough gentleman. Having talked about their floggings, I say, for an hour at least, they apologized to me for dwelling upon a subject which after all was strictly local: but, indeed, their talk greatly amused and diverted me, and I hope, and am quite ready, to hear all their jolly stories over again.

Be not angry, patient reader of former volumes by the author of the present history, if I am garrulous about Grey Friars, and go back to that ancient place of education to find the heroes of our tale. We are but young once. When we remember that time of youth, we are still young. He over whose head eight or nine lustres have passed, if he wishes to

write of boys, must recall the time when he himself was a boy. Their habits change; their waists are longer or shorter; their shirt-collars stick up more or less; but the boy is the boy in King George's time as in that of his royal niece—once our maiden queen, now the anxious mother of many boys. And young fellows are honest, and merry, and idle, and mischievous, and timid, and brave, and studious, and selfish, and generous, and mean, and false, and truth-telling, and affectionate, and good, and bad, now as in former days. He with whom we have mainly to do is a gentleman of mature age now walking the street with boys of his own. He is not going to perish in the last chapter of these memoirs—to die of consumption with his love weeping by his bedside, or to blow his brains out in despair, because she has been married to his rival, or killed out of a gig, or otherwise done for in the last chapter but one. No, no; we will have no dismal endings. Philip Firmin is well and hearty at this minute, owes no man a shilling, and can enjoy his glass of port in perfect comfort. So, my dear miss, if you want a pulmonary romance, the present won't suit you. So, young gentleman, if you are for melancholy, despair, and sardonic satire, please to call at some other shop. That Philip shall have his trials, is a matter of course—may they be interesting, though they do not end dismally! That he shall fall and trip in his course sometimes, is pretty certain. Ah, who does not upon this life-journey of ours? Is not our want the occasion of our brother's charity, and thus does not good come out of that evil? When the traveller (of whom the Master spoke) fell among the thieves, his mishap was contrived to try many a heart beside his own—the Knave's who robbed him, the Levite's and Priest's who passed him by as he lay bleeding, the humble Samaritan's whose hand poured oil into his wound, and held out its pittance to relieve him.

So little Philip Firmin was brought to school by his mamma in her carriage, who entreated the housekeeper to have a special charge of that angelic child; and as soon as the poor lady's back was turned, Mrs. Bunce emptied the contents of the little boy's trunk into one of sixty or seventy little cupboards, wherein reposed other boy's clothes and haberdashery: and then Mrs. Firmin requested to see the Rev. Mr. X., in whose house Philip was to board, and besought him, and explained many things to him, such as the exceeding delicacy of the child's constitution, &c. &c.; and Mr. X., who was very good-natured, patted the boy kindly on the head, and sent for the other Philip, Philip Ringwood, Phil's cousin, who had arrived at Grey Friars an hour or two before; and Mr. X. told Ringwood to take care of the little fellow; and Mrs. Firmin, choking behind her pocket-handkerchief, gurgled out a blessing on the grinning youth, and at one time had an idea of giving Master Ringwood a sovereign, but paused, thinking he was too big a boy, and that she might not take such a liberty, and presently she was gone; and little Phil Firmin was introduced to the long-room and his schoolfellows of Mr. X.'s house; and having plenty of money, and naturally finding his way to the pastrycook's, the next day

after school, he was met by his cousin Ringwood and robbed of half the tarts which he had purchased. A fortnight afterwards, the hospitable doctor and his wife asked their young kinsman to Old Parr Street, Burlington Gardens, and the two boys went; but Phil never mentioned anything to his parents regarding the robbery of tarts, being deterred, perhaps, from speaking by awful threats of punishment which his cousin promised to administer when they got back to school, in case of the little boy's confession. Subsequently, Master Ringwood was asked once in every term to old Parr Street; but neither Mrs. Firmin, nor the doctor, nor Master Firmin liked the baronet's son, and Mrs. Firmin pronounced him a violent, rude boy.

I, for my part, left school suddenly and early, and my little *protégé* behind me. His poor mother, who had promised herself to come for him every Saturday, did not keep her promise. Smithfield is a long way from Piccadilly; and an angry cow once scratched the panels of her carriage, causing her footman to spring from his board into a pig-pen, and herself to feel such a shock, that no wonder she was afraid of visiting the City afterwards. The circumstances of this accident she often narrated to us. Her anecdotes were not numerous, but she told them repeatedly. In imagination, sometimes, I can hear her ceaseless, simple cackle; see her faint eyes, as she prattles on unconsciously, and watch the dark looks of her handsome, silent husband, scowling from under his eyebrows and smiling behind his teeth. I daresay he ground those teeth with suppressed rage sometimes. I dare say to bear with her endless volubility must have tasked his endurance. He may have treated her ill, but she tried him. She, on her part, may have been a not very wise woman, but she was kind to me. Did not her housekeeper make me the best of tarts, and keep goodies from the company dinners for the young gentlemen when they came home? Did not her husband give me of his fees? I promise you, after I had seen Dr. Fell a few times, that first unpleasing impression produced by his darkling countenance and sinister good looks wore away. He was a gentleman. He had lived in the great world, of which he told anecdotes delightful to boys to hear; and he passed the bottle to me as if I was a man.

I hope and think I remembered the injunction of poor Mrs. Firmin to be kind to her boy. As long as we stayed together at Grey Friars, I was Phil's champion, whenever he needed my protection, though of course I could not always be present to guard the little scapegrace from all the blows which were aimed at his young face by pugilists of his own size. There were seven or eight years' difference between us (he says ten, which is absurd, and which I deny); but I was always remarkable for my affability, and, in spite of our disparity of age, would often graciously accept the general invitation I had from his father for any Saturday and Sunday when I would like to accompany Philip home.

Such an invitation is welcome to any schoolboy. To get away from Smithfield, and show our best clothes in Bond Street, was always a

privilege. To strut in the Park on Sunday, and nod to the other fellows who were strutting there too, was better than remaining at school, "doing Diatessaron," as the phrase used to be, having that endless roast beef for dinner, and hearing two sermons in chapel. There may have been more lively streets in London than Old Parr Street; but it was pleasanter to be there than to look at Goswell Street over Grey Friars' wall; and so the present biographer and reader's very humble servant found Dr. Firmin's house an agreeable resort. Mamma was often ailing, or, if well, went out into the world with her husband; in either case, we boys had a good dinner provided for us, with the special dishes which Phil loved; and after dinner we adjourned to the play, not being by any means too proud to sit in the pit with Mr. Brice, the doctor's confidential man. On Sunday we went to church at Lady Whittlesea's, and back to school in the evening; when the doctor almost always *gave us a fee*. If he did not dine at home (and I own his absence did not much damp our pleasure), Brice would lay a small enclosure on the young gentlemen's coats, which we transferred to our pockets. I believe schoolboys disdain fees in the present disinterested times.

Everything in Dr. Firmin's house was as handsome as might be, and yet somehow the place was not cheerful. One's steps fell noiselessly on the faded Turkey carpet; the room was large, and all save the dining-table in a dingy twilight. The picture of Mrs. Firmin looked at us from the wall, and followed us about with wild violet eyes. Philip Firmin had the same violet odd bright eyes, and the same coloured hair of an auburn tinge; in the picture it fell in long wild masses over the lady's back as she leaned with bare arms on a harp. Over the sideboard was the doctor, in a black velvet coat and a fur collar, his hand on a skull, like Hamlet. Skulls of oxen, horned, with wreaths, formed the cheerful ornaments of the cornice. On the side-table glittered a pair of cups, given by grateful patients, looking like receptacles rather for funereal ashes than for festive flowers or wine. Brice, the butler, wore the gravity and costume of an undertaker. The footman stealthily moved hither and thither, bearing the dinner to us; we always spoke under our breath whilst we were eating it. "The room don't look more cheerful of a morning when the patients are sitting here, I can tell you," Phil would say; indeed, we could well fancy that it was dismal. The drawing-room had a rhubarb-coloured flock paper (on account of the governor's attachment to the shop, Master Phil said), a great piano, a harp smothered in a leather bag in the corner, which the languid owner now never touched; and everybody's face seemed scared and pale in the great looking-glasses, which reflected you over and over again into the distance, so that you seemed to twinkle off right through the Albany into Piccadilly.

Old Parr Street has been a habitation for generations of surgeons and physicians. I suppose the noblemen for whose use the street was intended in the time of the early Georges fled, finding the neighbourhood too dismal, and the gentlemen in black coats came and took possession of the

gilded, gloomy chambers which the sacred *mode* vacated. These mutations of fashion have always been matters of profound speculation to me. Why shall not one moralize over London, as over Rome, or Baalbec, or Troy town? I like to walk among the Hebrews of Wardour Street, and fancy the place, as it once was, crowded with chairs and gilt chariots, and torches flashing in the hands of the running footmen. I have a grim pleasure in thinking that Golding Square was once the resort of the aristocracy, and Monmouth Street the delight of the genteel world. What shall prevent us Londoners from musing over the decline and fall of city sovereignties, and drawing our cockney morals? As the late Mr. Gibbon meditated his history leaning against a column in the Capitol, why should not I muse over mine, reclining under an arcade of the Pantheon? Not the Pantheon at Rome, in the Cabbage Market by the Piazza Navona, where the immortal gods were worshipped,—the immortal gods who are now dead; but the Pantheon in Oxford Street, ladies, where you purchase feeble pomatums, music, glassware, and baby-linen; and which has its history too. Have not Selwyn, and Walpole, and March, and Carlisle figured there? Has not Prince Florizel flounced through the hall in his rustling domino, and danced there in powdered splendour? and when the ushers refused admission to lovely Sophy Baddeley, did not the young men, her adorers, draw their rapiers and vow to slay the doorkeepers; and, crossing the glittering blades over the enchantress' head, make a warlike triumphal arch for her to pass under, all flushed, and smiling, and perfumed, and painted? The lives of streets are as the lives of men, and shall not the street-preacher, if so minded, take for the text of his sermon the stones in the gutter? That you were once the resort of the fashion, O Monmouth Street! by the invocation of blessed St. Giles shall I not improve that sweet thought into a godly discourse, and make the ruin edifying? O *mes frères!* There were splendid thoroughfares, dazzling company, bright illuminations, in *our* streets when our hearts were young: we entertained in them a noble youthful company of chivalrous hopes and lofty ambitions; of blushing thoughts in snowy robes spotless and virginal. See, in the embrasure of the window, where you sate looking to the stars and nestling by the soft side of your first-love, hang Mr. Moses' bargains of turned old clothes, very cheap; of worn old boots, bedraggled in how much and how many people's mud; a great bargain. See! along the street, strewed with flowers once mayhap—a fight of beggars for the refuse of an apple-stall, or a tipsy basket-woman, reeling shrieking to the station. O me! O my beloved congregation! I have preached this stale sermon to you for ever so many years. O my jolly companions, I have drunk many a bout with you, and always found *vanitas vanitatum* written on the bottom of the pot!

I choose to moralize now when I pass the place. The garden has run to seed, the walks are mildewed, the statues have broken noses, the gravel is dank with green moss, the roses are withered, and the nightingales have

ceased to make love. It *is* a funereal street, Old Parr Street, certainly; the carriages which drive there ought to have feathers on the roof, and the butlers who open the doors should wear weepers—so the scene strikes you now as you pass along the spacious empty pavement. You are bilious, my good man. Go and pay a guinea to one of the doctors in those houses; there are still doctors there. He will prescribe taraxacum for you, or pil: hydrarg: Bless you! in *my* time, to us gentlemen of the fifth form, the place was bearable. The yellow fogs didn't damp our spirits—and we never thought them too thick to keep us away from the play: from the chivalrous Charles Kemble, I tell you, my Mirabel, my Mercutio, my princely Falconbridge: from his adorable daughter (O my distracted heart!): from the classic Young: from the glorious Long Tom Coffin: from the unearthly Vanderdecken—"Return, O my love, and we'll never, never part" (where art thou, sweet singer of that most thrilling ditty of my youth?): from the sweet, sweet *Victorine* and the *Bottle Imp*. Oh, to see that *Bottle Imp* again, and hear that song about the "Pilgrim of Love!" Once, but—hush!—this is a secret—we had private boxes, the doctor's grand friends often sending him these; and finding the opera rather slow, we went to a concert in M–d–n Lane, near Covent Garden, and heard the most celestial glees, over a supper of fizzing sausages and mashed potatoes, such as the world has never seen since. We did no harm; but I daresay it was very wrong. Brice, the butler, ought not to have taken us. We bullied him, and made him take us where we liked. We had rum-shrub in the housekeeper's room, where we used to be diverted by the society of *other* butlers of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, who would step in. Perhaps it was wrong to leave us so to the company of servants. Dr. Firmin used to go to his grand parties, Mrs. Firmin to bed. "Did we enjoy the performance last night?" our host would ask at breakfast. "Oh, yes, we enjoyed the performance!" But my poor Mrs. Firmin fancied that we enjoyed *Semiramide* or the *Donna del Lago;* whereas we had been to the pit at the Adelphi (out of our own money), and seen that jolly John Reeve, and laughed—laughed till we were fit to drop—and stayed till the curtain was down. And then we would come home, and, as aforesaid, pass a delightful hour over supper, and hear the anecdotes of Mr. Brice's friends, the other butlers. Ah, that was a time indeed! There never was any liquor so good as rum-shrub, never; and the sausages had a flavour of Elysium. How hushed we were when Dr. Firmin, coming home from his parties, let himself in at the street-door! Shoeless, we crept up to our bedrooms. And we came down to breakfast with innocent young faces—and let Mrs. Firmin, at lunch, prattle about the opera; and there stood Brice and the footman behind us, looking quite grave, the abominable hypocrites!

Then, sir, there was a certain way, out of the study window, or through the kitchen, and over the leads, to a building, gloomy, indeed, but where I own to have spent delightful hours of the most flagitious and criminal enjoyment of some delicious little Havannahs, ten to the shilling.

In that building there were stables once, doubtless occupied by great Flemish horses and rumbling gold coaches of Walpole's time; but a celebrated surgeon, when he took possession of the house, made a lecture-room of the premises,—"And this door," says Phil, pointing to one leading into the mews, "was very convenient for having *the bodies* in and out"—a cheerful reminiscence. Of this kind of furniture there was now very little in the apartment, except a dilapidated skeleton in a corner, a few dusty casts of heads, and bottles of preparations on the top of an old bureau, and some mildewed harness hanging on the walls. This apartment became Mr. Phil's smoking-room when, as he grew taller, he felt himself too dignified to sit in the kitchen regions: the honest butler and housekeeper themselves pointing out to their young master that his place was elsewhere than among the servants. So there, privately and with great delectation, we smoked many an abominable cigar in this dreary back-room, the gaunt walls and twilight ceilings of which were by no means melancholy to us, who found forbidden pleasures the sweetest, after the absurd fashion of boys. Dr. Firmin was an enemy to smoking, and ever accustomed to speak of the practice with eloquent indignation. "It was a low practice—the habit of cabmen, pot-house frequenters, and Irish apple-women," the doctor would say, as Phil and his friend looked at each other with a stealthy joy. Phil's father was ever scented and neat, the pattern of handsome propriety. Perhaps he had a clearer perception regarding manners than respecting morals; perhaps his conversation was full of platitudes, his talk (concerning people of fashion chiefly) mean and uninstructive, his behaviour to young Lord Egham rather fulsome and lacking of dignity. Perhaps, I say, the idea may have entered into young Mr. Pendennis's mind that his hospitable entertainer and friend, Dr. Firmin, of Old Parr Street, was what at the present day might be denominated an old humbug; but modest young men do not come quickly to such unpleasant conclusions regarding their seniors. Dr. Firmin's manners were so good, his forehead was so high, his frill so fresh, his hands so white and slim, that for some considerable time we ingenuously admired him; and it was not without a pang that we came to view him as he actually was—no, not as he actually was—no man whose early nurture was kindly can judge quite impartially the man who has been kind to him in boyhood.

I quitted school suddenly, leaving my little Phil behind me, a brave little handsome boy, endearing himself to old and young by his good looks, his gaiety, his courage, and his gentlemanly bearing. Once in a way a letter would come from him, full of that artless affection and tenderness which fills boys' hearts, and is so touching in their letters. It was answered with proper dignity and condescension on the senior boy's part. Our modest little country home kept up a friendly intercourse with Dr. Firmin's grand London mansion, of which, in his visits to us, my uncle, Major Pendennis, did not fail to bring news. A correspondence took place between the ladies of each house. We supplied Mrs. Firmin with little country presents, tokens of my mother's good-will and gratitude

towards the friends who had been kind to her son. I went my way to the university, having occasional glimpses of Phil at school. I took chambers in the Temple, which he found great delight in visiting; and he liked our homely dinner from Dick's, and a bed on the sofa, better than the splendid entertainments in Old Parr Street and his great gloomy chamber there. He had grown by this time to be ever so much taller than his senior, though he always persists in looking up to me unto the present day.

A very few weeks after my poor mother passed that judgment on Mrs. Firmin, she saw reason to regret and revoke it. Phil's mother, who was afraid, or perhaps was forbidden, to attend her son in his illness at school, was taken ill herself.

Phil returned to Grey Friars in a deep suit of black; the servants on the carriage wore black too; and a certain tyrant of the place, beginning to laugh and jeer because Firmin's eyes filled with tears at some ribald remark, was gruffly rebuked by Sampson major, the cock of the whole school; and with the question, "Don't you see the poor beggar's in mourning, you great brute?" was kicked about his business.

When Philip Firmin and I met again, there was crape on both our hats. I don't think either could see the other's face very well. I went to see him in Parr Street, in the vacant, melancholy house, where the poor mother's picture was yet hanging in her empty drawing-room.

"She was always fond of you, Pendennis," said Phil. "God bless you for being so good to her. You know what it is to lose—to lose what loves you best in the world. I didn't know how—how I loved her, till I had lost her." And many a sob broke his words as he spoke.

Her picture was removed from the drawing-room presently into Phil's own little study—the room in which he sate and defied his father. What had passed between them? The young man was very much changed. The frank looks of old days were gone, and Phil's face was haggard and bold. The doctor would not let me have a word more with his son after he had found us together, but, with dubious appealing looks, followed me to the door, and shut it upon me. I felt that it closed upon two unhappy men.

CHAPTER III.

A Consultation.

SHOULD I peer into Firmin's privacy, and find the key to that secret? What skeleton was there in the closet? In our last month's Magazine you may remember there were some verses about a portion of a skeleton. Did you remark how the poet and present proprietor of the human skull at once settled the sex of it, and determined off-hand that it must have belonged to a woman? Such skulls are locked up in many gentlemen's hearts and memories. Bluebeard, you know, had a whole museum of them—as that imprudent little last wife of his found out to her cost. And, on the other hand, a lady, we suppose, would select hers of the sort which had carried beards when in the flesh. Given a neat locked skeleton cupboard, belonging to a man of a certain age, to ascertain the sex of the original owner of the bones, you have not much need of a picklock or a blacksmith. There is no use in forcing the hinge, or scratching the pretty panel. *We* know what is inside—we arch rogues and men of the world. Murders, I suppose, are not many—enemies and victims of our hate and anger, destroyed and trampled out of life by us, and locked out of sight: but corpses of our dead loves, my dear sir—my dear madam—have we not got them stowed away in cupboard after cupboard, in bottle after bottle? Oh, fie! And young people! What doctrine is this to preach to *them*, who spell your book by papa's and mamma's knee? Yes, and how wrong it is to let them go to church, and see and hear papa and mamma publicly on their knees, calling out, and confessing to the whole congregation, that they are sinners! So, though I had not the key, I could see through the panel and the glimmering of the skeleton inside.

Although the elder Firmin followed me to the door, and his eyes only left me as I turned the corner of the street, I felt sure that Phil ere long would open his mind to me, or give me some clue to that mystery. I should hear from him why his bright cheeks had become hollow, why his

fresh voice, which I remember so honest and cheerful, was now harsh and sarcastic, with tones that often grated on the hearer, and laughter that gave pain. It was about Philip himself that my anxieties were. The young fellow had inherited from his poor mother a considerable fortune—some eight or nine hundred a year, we always understood. He was living in a costly, not to say extravagant manner. I thought Mr. Philip's juvenile remorses were locked up in the skeleton closet, and was grieved to think he had fallen in mischief's way. Hence, no doubt, might arise the anger between him and his father. The boy was extravagant and headstrong; and the parent remonstrant and irritated.

I met my old friend Dr. Goodenough at the club one evening; and as we dined together I discoursed with him about his former patient, and recalled to him that day, years back, when the boy was ill at school, and when my poor mother and Phil's own were yet alive.

Goodenough looked very grave.

"Yes," he said, "the boy was very ill; he was nearly gone at that time—at that time—when his mother was in the Isle of Wight, and his father dangling after a prince. We thought one day it was all over with him; but——"

"But a good doctor interposed between him and *pallida mors*."

"A good doctor? a good nurse! The boy was delirious, and had a fancy to walk out of window, and would have done so, but for one of my nurses. You know her."

"What! the Little Sister?"

"Yes, the Little Sister."

"And it was she who nursed Phil through his fever, and saved his life? I drink her health. She is a good little soul."

"Good!" said the doctor, with his gruffest voice and frown.—(He was always most fierce when he was most tender-hearted.) "Good, indeed! Will you have some more of this duck?—Do. You have had enough already, and it's very unwholesome. Good, sir? But for women, fire and brimstone ought to come down and consume this world. Your dear mother was one of the good ones. I was attending you when you were ill, at those horrible chambers you had in the Temple, at the same time when young Firmin was ill at Grey Friars. And I suppose I must be answerable for keeping two scapegraces in the world."

"Why didn't Dr. Firmin come to see him?"

"Hm! his nerves were too delicate. Besides, he *did* come. Talk of the * * *"

The personage designated by asterisks was Phil's father, who was also a member of our club, and who entered the dining-room, tall, stately, and pale, with his stereotyped smile, and wave of his pretty hand. By the way, that smile of Firmin's was a very queer contortion of the handsome features. As you came up to him, he would draw his lips over his teeth, causing his jaws to wrinkle (or dimple if you will) on either side. Meanwhile his eyes looked out from his face, quite melancholy and

independent of the little transaction in which the mouth was engaged. Lips said, "I am a gentleman of fine manners and fascinating address, and I am supposed to be happy to see you. How do you do?" Dreary, sad, as into a great blank desert, looked the dark eyes. I *do* know one or two, but only one or two faces of men, when oppressed with care, which can yet smile *all over*.

Goodenough nods grimly to the smile of the other doctor, who blandly looks at our table, holding his chin in one of his pretty hands.

"How do?" growls Goodenough. "Young hopeful well?"

"Young hopeful sits smoking cigars till morning with some friends of his," says Firmin, with the sad smile directed towards me this time. "Boys will be boys." And he pensively walks away from us with a friendly nod towards me; examines the dinner-card in an attitude of melancholy grace; points with the jewelled hand to the dishes which he will have served, and is off, and simpering to another acquaintance at a distant table.

"I thought he would take that table," says Firmin's cynical *confrère*.

"In the draught of the door? Don't you see how the candle flickers? It is the worst place in the room!"

"Yes; but don't you see who is sitting at the next table?

Now at the next table was a n–blem–n of vast wealth, who was growling at the quality of the mutton cutlets, and the half-pint of sherry which he had ordered for his dinner. But as his lordship has nothing to do with the ensuing history, of course we shall not violate confidence by mentioning his name. We could see Firmin smiling on his neighbour with his blandest melancholy, and the waiters presently bearing up the dishes which the doctor had ordered for his own refection. *He* was no lover of mutton-chops and coarse sherry, as I knew, who had partaken of many a feast at his board. I could see the diamond twinkle on his pretty hand, as it daintily poured out creaming wine from the ice-pail by his side—the liberal hand that had given me many a sovereign when I was a boy.

"I can't help liking him," I said to my companion, whose scornful eyes were now and again directed towards his colleague.

"This port is very sweet. Almost all port is sweet now," remarks the doctor.

"He was very kind to me in my school-days; and Philip was a fine little fellow."

"Handsome a boy as ever I saw. Does he keep his beauty? Father was a handsome man—very. Quite a lady-killer—I mean out of his practice!" adds the grim doctor. "What is the boy doing?"

"He is at the university. He has his mother's fortune. He is wild and unsettled, and I fear he is going to the bad a little."

"Is he? Shouldn't wonder!" grumbles Goodenough.

We had talked very frankly and pleasantly until the appearance of the other doctor, but with Firmin's arrival Goodenough seemed to button up

his conversation. He quickly stumped away from the dining-room to the drawing-room, and sate over a novel there until time came when he was to retire to his patients or his home.

That there was no liking between the doctors, that there was a difference between Philip and his father, was clear enough to me: but the causes of these differences I had yet to learn. The story came to me piecemeal; from confessions here, admissions there, deductions of my own. I could not, of course, be present at many of the scenes which I shall have to relate as though I had witnessed them; and the posture, language, and inward thoughts of Philip and his friends, as here related, no doubt are fancies of the narrator in many cases; but the story is as authentic as many histories, and the reader need only give such an amount of credence to it as he may judge that its verisimilitude warrants.

Well, then, we must not only revert to that illness which befell when Philip Firmin was a boy at Grey Friars, but go back yet farther in time to a period which I cannot precisely ascertain.

The pupils of old Gandish's painting academy may remember a ridiculous little man, with a great deal of wild talent, about the ultimate success of which his friends were divided. Whether Andrew was a genius, or whether he was a zany, was always a moot question among the frequenters of the Greek Street billiard-rooms, and the noble disciples of the Academy and St. Martin's Lane. He may have been crazy and absurd; he may have had talent, too: such characters are not unknown in art or in literature. He broke the Queen's English; he was ignorant to a wonder; he dressed his little person in the most fantastic raiment and queerest cheap finery; he wore a beard, bless my soul! twenty years before beards were known to wag in Britain. He was the most affected little creature, and, if you looked at him, would *pose* in attitudes of such ludicrous dirty dignity, that if you had had a dun waiting for money in the hall of your lodging-house, or your picture refused at the Academy—if you were suffering under ever so much calamity—you could not help laughing. He was the butt of all his acquaintances, the laughing-stock of high and low, and he had as loving, gentle, faithful, honourable a heart as ever beat in a little bosom. He is gone to his rest now; his palette and easel are waste timber; his genius, which made some little flicker of brightness, never shone much, and is extinct. In an old album, that dates back for more than a score of years, I sometimes look at poor Andrew's strange wild sketches. He might have done something had he continued to remain poor; but a rich widow, whom he met at Rome, fell in love with the strange errant painter, pursued him to England, and married him in spite of himself. His genius drooped under the servitude: he lived but a few short years, and died of a consumption, of which the good Goodenough's skill could not cure him.

One day, as he was driving with his wife in her splendid barouche through the Haymarket, he suddenly bade the coachman stop, sprang over the side of the carriage before the steps could be let fall, and his

astonished wife saw him shaking the hands of a shabbily-dressed little woman who was passing,—shaking both her hands, and weeping, and gesticulating, and twisting his beard and mustachios, as his wont was when agitated. Mrs. Montfitchet (the wealthy Mrs. Carrickfergus she had been, before she married the painter), the owner of a young husband, who had sprung from her side, and out of her carriage, in order to caress a young woman passing in the street, might well be disturbed by this demonstration; but she was a kind-hearted woman, and when Montfitchet, on reascending into the family coach, told his wife the history of the person of whom he had just taken leave, she cried plentifully too. She bade the coachman drive straightway to her own house: she rushed up to her own apartments, whence she emerged, bearing an immense bag full of wearing apparel, and followed by a panting butler, carrying a bottle-basket and a pie: and she drove off, with her pleased Andrew by her side, to a court in Saint Martin's Lane, where dwelt the poor woman with whom he had just been conversing.

It had pleased Heaven, in the midst of dreadful calamity, to send her friends and succour. She was suffering under misfortune, poverty, and cowardly desertion. A man, who had called himself Brandon when he took lodgings in her father's house, had married her, brought her to London, tired of her, and left her. She had reason to think he had given a false name when he lodged with her father: he fled, after a few months, and his real name she never knew. When he deserted her, she went back to her father, a weak man, married to a domineering woman, who pretended to disbelieve the story of her marriage, and drove her from the door. Desperate, and almost mad, she came back to London, where she still had some little relics of property that her fugitive husband left behind him. He promised, when he left her, to remit her money; but he sent none, or she refused it—or, in her wildness and despair, lost the dreadful paper which announced his desertion, and that he was married before, and that to pursue him would ruin him, and he knew she never would do *that*—no, however much he might have wronged her.

She was penniless then,—deserted by all,—having made away with the last trinket of her brief days of love, having sold the last little remnant of her poor little stock of clothing,—alone, in the great wilderness of London, when it pleased God to send her succour in the person of an old friend who had known her, and even loved her, in happier days. When the Samaritans came to this poor child, they found her sick and shuddering with fever. They brought their doctor to her, who is never so eager as when he runs up a poor man's stair. And, as he watched by the bed where her kind friends came to help her, he heard her sad little story of trust and desertion.

Her father was a humble person, who had seen better days; and poor little Mrs. Brandon had a sweetness and simplicity of manner which exceedingly touched the good doctor. She had little education, except that which silence, long-suffering, seclusion, will sometimes give. When

cured of her illness, there was the great and constant evil of poverty to meet and overcome. How was she to live? He got to be as fond of her as of a child of his own. She was tidy, thrifty, gay at times, with a little simple cheerfulness. The little flowers began to bloom as the sunshine touched them. Her whole life hitherto had been cowering under neglect, and tyranny, and gloom.

Mr. Montfitchet was for coming so often to look after the little outcast whom he had succoured that I am bound to say Mrs. M. became hysterically jealous, and waited for him on the stairs as he came down swathed in his Spanish cloak, pounced on him, and called him a monster. Goodenough was also, I fancy, suspicious of Montfitchet, and Montfitchet of Goodenough. Howbeit, the doctor vowed that he never had other than the feeling of a father towards his poor little *protégée*, nor could any father be more tender. He did not try to take her out of her station in life. He found, or she found for herself, a work which she could do. "Papa used to say no one ever nursed him so nice as I did," she said. "I think I could do that better than anything, except my needle, but I like to be useful to poor sick people best. I don't think about myself then, sir." And for this business good Mr. Goodenough had her educated and employed.

The widow died in course of time whom Mrs. Brandon's father had married, and her daughters refused to keep him, speaking very disrespectfully of this old Mr. Gann, who was, indeed, a weak old man. And now Caroline came to the rescue of her old father. She was a shrewd little Caroline. She had saved a little money. Goodenough gave up a country-house, which he did not care to use, and lent Mrs. Brandon the furniture. She thought she could keep a lodging-house and find lodgers. Montfitchet had painted her. There was a sort of beauty about her which the artists admired. When Ridley the Academician had the small-pox, she attended him, and caught the malady. She did not mind; not she. "It won't spoil my beauty," she said. Nor did it. The disease dealt very kindly with her little modest face. I don't know who gave her the nickname, but she had a good roomy house in Thornhaugh Street, an artist on the first and second floor; and there never was a word of scandal against the Little Sister, for was not her father in permanence sipping gin-and-water in the ground-floor parlour? As we called her "the Little Sister," her father was called "the Captain"—a bragging, lazy, good-natured old man—not a reputable captain—and very cheerful, though the conduct of his children, he said, had repeatedly broken his heart.

I don't know how many years the Little Sister had been on duty when Philip Firmin had his scarlet fever. It befell him at the end of the term, just when all the boys were going home. His tutor and his tutor's wife wanted their holidays, and sent their own children out of the way. As Phil's father was absent, Dr. Goodenough came, and sent his nurse in. The case grew worse, so bad that Dr. Firmin was summoned from the Isle of Wight, and arrived one evening at Grey Friars—Grey Friars so

silent now, so noisy at other times with the shouts and crowds of the playground.

Dr. Goodenough's carriage was at the door when Dr. Firmin's carriage drove up.

"How was the boy?"

"He had been very bad. He had been wrong in the head all day, talking and laughing quite wild-like," the servant said.

The father ran up the stairs.

Phil was in a great room, in which were several empty beds of boys gone home for the holidays. The windows were opened into Grey Friars Square. Goodenough heard his colleague's carriage drive up, and rightly divined that Phil's father had arrived. He came out, and met Firmin in the anteroom.

"Head has wandered a little. Better now, and quiet;" and the one doctor murmured to the other the treatment which he had pursued.

Firmin stept in gently towards the patient, near whose side the Little Sister was standing.

"Who is it?" asked Phil.

"It is I, dear. Your father," said Dr. Firmin, with real tenderness in his voice.

The Little Sister turned round once, and fell down like a stone by the bedside.

"You infernal villain!" said Goodenough, with an oath, and a step forward. "You are the man!"

"Hush! The patient, if you please, Dr. Goodenough," said the other physician.

Chinese Officials.

The *Pekin Almanack*, a work annually published at the metropolis of China, by the Emperor's authority, and which unites a Civil Service Guide to an Army and Navy List, enumerates fourteen thousand magistrates, or, as we call them, mandarins. This computation, however, excludes both the class of military mandarins who officer the army and the fleet of the Celestial Empire, and the host of minor officials, too humbly placed to be styled magistrates, and yet forming a not unimportant portion of the dominant caste. The well-known word "Mandarin," under which we generally comprehend all office-bearers and authorities in China, is not a Chinese phrase, nor is it understood by the natives. We owe the word to the Portuguese colonists at Macao, who derived it from their own Lusitanian verb "mandar," to command. But the classes we term mandarins, the Chinamen describe by the generic name of "Khiouping." In the civil service there are no less than nine of these grades, rising in a regular hierarchy, each bearing its well-known badge, and invested with a recognized amount of privilege. No office under government can be held by others than mandarins, and, great as is the difference between the viceroy of a province, lodged in a palace, surrounded by guards, and all but despotic, and the poor graduate who presides over a canal-side custom-house, they are both members of the reigning aristocracy, and the same ambition is open to each. Nothing can seem fairer, at first sight, than the Chinese system of dealing out the patronage of government. They have for centuries possessed our method of competing for appointments, but with infinitely less of restriction. Any Chinaman may become a candidate, at *any* age. He does not require to be nominated for examination; he need not be under twenty. It is neither necessary that he should be the *protégé* of an M.P., nor that a minister should have promised "to do something for him," nor that he should take an early start in the race of life, under penalty of being excluded from it altogether. Moreover, it is not, as with us, an established rule that a candidate may have but a single trial. John Chinaman is more considerately dealt with in this respect. If "plucked," he may try again, and yet again. Indeed, there have been many cases in which a dull man has been known to consume his life in periodical attempts to take a degree which he never had wit to attain; while often does a middle-aged dunce, after years of failure, contrive to stumble over the Asses' Bridge at last. No qualification is exacted. The candidates are self-nominated, and the examinations are conducted half-yearly. It is merely needful to present a simple testimonial of good behaviour, signed by the mayor of the aspirant's commune. This is to prove

the candidate a decently-conducted person, not under legal censure for felony, filial impiety, or, what is the same thing, treason. With this exception (and also noting a power on the part of the candidate's father to "forbid the banns," without assigning reasons, a power springing from that tremendous theory of paternal authority which is the root of all Chinese institutions), any permission to enter into the arena where literary honours are won, is wholly superfluous. Nor is an average middle-class Chinaman placed at any disadvantage with reference to the instruction necessary to passing through the ordeal. Education is cheap in the empire. Such stereotyped knowledge as Protection retains in the Central Land, unchanged and unimproved, is widely diffused; and where there are so many to teach, it cannot be very costly to be taught. China swarms with schoolmasters. Most hamlets in the south, and every large village in the ruder north, have a school of primary instruction. These village schools are not at the charge of government. The masters lead rather a precarious life, boarding alternately with the different farmers and substantial householders, and bartering lessons for rice and samshu. The viceroy may, if he see fit, bestow some small subsidy out of the provincial treasury upon the village schools, and sometimes an endowed pagoda serves for the seminary, in which case, the Buddhist priests undertake the duty of rudimentary teaching, receiving a money payment, seldom exceeding a few sapecks, from the parents of each little scholar. Poorly paid as these schoolmasters are, they are not useless, since a surprising number of even the poorest Chinese are competent to read and write. Then comes the normal school, the expenses of which government defrays, and in which the *curriculum* turns entirely upon the studies requisite for passing the official examination. Every *chef lieu*, or capital of a province, called "Fou" by the Chinese, has a large seminary of this nature, where many masters are employed, under the vigilance of an inspector of education.

In second-class towns, called technically "tcheou," there is a smaller school, presided over by a sub-inspector. The third order of walled cities, classed under the head of "tsien," contain a minor establishment, with two or more tutors, who are in due time promoted to the central schools. To these normal institutions resort the prize pupils of the village instructors, as well as those luckier young Chinese whose parents have been able to hire private teachers of more extensive attainments. The normal schools impart a knowledge of the sacred books, the rites, as they style the ceremonial rules which regulate every action from the cradle to the coffin, the Confucian Apophthegms, the history of all the dynasties, and the polite art of writing. It is perfectly possible for a diligent youth to go straight from the normal school to the board of examiners, to pass creditably, and come forth qualified for the petty posts under the imperial system, for tide-waiterships, and collectorships of salt-excise, and such small deer of office. But if he wishes to mount the higher rounds of the gilded ladder—if he cherishes visions of gold and silver dragons flashing terror from his embroidered vest, of peacock plumage and gaudy silken banderols

drooping on his brocaded shoulders—if he hopes that the proud button of plain red coral will sprout one day on his silken cap—he must go farther afield. Pekin contains a kind of university, in which a student may go through a course of the sciences, gratuitously, or nearly so, and if he hopes to be a viceroy, a criminal inspector, a prefect, or a censor, he must take another journey, and repair to the university of Moukden, in Mantchooria, where he must devote himself to the acquisition of Tartar speech, and the careful study of Mongol peculiarities. He then returns to China Proper, and puts himself under the tutelage of a poet. He has never far to seek for one. There are plenty of lazy or disappointed sons of song, who have failed to pass their own "great go" or second examination, and who are willing to earn a few silver ounces by teaching the way to the Pierian spring. To write sonnets, odes, epithalamiums, elegies, and so forth, is absolutely necessary in China, at least to one who aspires to the highest grades of the literary aristocracy. Without a fluent facility of rhythm, no polite-letter writer is thought perfect, nor can any despatch be properly drawn, and very much of a public man's prosperity will depend on the quality of flattery he can administer to his chiefs. It is therefore he goes to a poet, and, despite the Latin grammar, a poet can be made, in China at least, where no invention or thought is needful, where there are certain stock similes, certain sonorous periods, a melodious tinkling, and that is all. Originality would now-a-days subject a rhymester to be thought a Taiping, or other subverter of authority, and all that is needed is to combine plenty of moons, suns, birds, flowers, and streams, in one harmonious web of words. When a student has added poetry to his other acquirements, he knows all that China can teach. He stands the test, and comes through it gloriously, gaining the immediate right to wear a high cap, surmounted by a button or ball, as large as the egg of a pigeon, and in this case constructed of copper, gilt and wrought. Our graduate is now a B.L. or bachelor of letters, a member of the ninth class of the order of mandarins, and duly fitted for the humbler posts. But though the successful student is now one of the upper hundred thousand, an elected aristocrat, he does not necessarily receive state pay nor pass into state employ. There is a "great go" or second ordeal to get through, before he can take rank as magistrate, treasurer, sub-prefect, or inspector. Between him and the loftiest situations lies yet another barrier, harder to scale than the two first. True, he has all Chinese learning in his brain, stored away in a crude state; but if he wishes to be a great mandarin he must show the power to apply it. He *can* learn; can he *think?* If he hopes to change his ninth-class button for one of those envied topknots of red coral, he must show an ability to make use of the raw material of knowledge, and as thought is not more active in China than with us, few are those who reach the topmost branches of the tree of preferment. Immense numbers of graduates flinch from the second examination, preferring to vegetate through life in some slenderly paid office, where there is not much to harass and trouble, and where court favour is

less needed, and shameful downfalls less probable. The storm that levels the lofty poplar, say they, spares the humble mushroom at its foot. But there are numbers who fail to obtain even a desk in a government bureau, or a "snug berth" in the customs, without hope of promotion. These become scribes, poets, parasites, scriveners, private tutors, one or all. Every city is full of these poor literary men, dinnerless aristocrats, with pliant backbones and tongues of honey. When a wealthy merchant's son marries another merchant's daughter, they jostle one another, these penniless graduates, as they hurry to present their fulsome stanzas on the happy event. When a rich man dies, and the paid howlers muster around the splendid coffin, a poet presents himself to express the grief of the heirs in mellifluous verse. The bachelors of letters are especially employed to "cram" the sons of wealthy families for examination, and they not only render all the services of the British private tutor, but now and then are said to personate their dear pupil on the awful day of trial, to take his place in the schools, and to receive his "*testamur*" for apt erudition—a crowning aid, which no Oxford or Cambridge "coach" has ever been known to render to his young friends. These little irregularities are rendered facile by the fact that Chinese examiners have itching palms, and know no salve like silver. A bribe works wonders in convincing the arbiters of the great progress which the student has made in the humanities; and in a country where the founts of justice are corrupt, it is no marvel if degrees are to be bought. But we must not hastily conclude that the whole system is a makebelieve one, and that *every* degree is a matter of bargain and sale. In practice, there is very little purchase, for the very good reason that the candidates have more brains than pistareens, and can more easily fag than pay. The mandarins, at least the mandarins of pure Chinese origin, are very seldom members of the opulent classes. It is only out of whim that a rich trader, a merchant prince such as China abounds with, brings up a son to the service of the State. The men of money make of their sons supercargoes, commercial travellers, corresponding clerks, and so on. If you ask them why they prefer—they who are rolling in riches, who own fleets of junks, overbrimming warehouses, and wealth untold—to make their sons traders instead of mandarins, they tell you frankly, mandarinism does not *pay*. It is a harassing life, very uncertain, and full of shoals and sunken rocks; even a viceroy may incur a "squeeze," and it does not fall to every one's lot to inhabit a Garden of Flowers, and call the emperor cousin. On this account it is that most of the haughty satraps who sway the destinies of millions are men of very humble origin, not absolutely of the humblest, because the poor and numerous race whom we call "coolies" can seldom contrive to educate their offspring at all. The lettered aristocracy generally springs from obscure little shops, from booths in the suburbs of cities, or from farms where the cultivator tills his field with as clumsy implements and as amazing neatness as his ancestors did when Europe was a tangled swamp. Yeh, for instance, a red-button of the

first class, was the son of a petty broker, *courtier-marron*, as the French style it. Let us follow our graduate, whom we will suppose to be able and ambitious, on his upward course. Being accomplished in all things, according to Chinese recipes, and having a little money to invest in presents, red note-paper, and dinners, the student soon gets a place. He is, let us say, a deputy's deputy in the customs; and his duty is to levy toll on the salt from the north, on the tea going to Canton for barbarian teapots, or the furs and felts of Tartary. Small, indeed, is his pay, perhaps a dollar a week; hardly enough to purchase the great sheets of letter-paper, crimson, scarlet, or rose-coloured, on which he inscribes long-winded compliments to the heads of his department, to the prefect, the judges, censors, everybody! Well for him, poor fellow, if red paper and florid flattery were all that his superiors required at his hands. Not so! he must make little birthday presents of sweetmeats, fruit, flowers, silken scarfs, and curious handkerchiefs, to fat commissioners and snug inspectors; he must fee their harpies of servants; he must give social suppers, pipes, and drink, to their secretaries, messengers, and general hangers-on. All this out of a poor hebdomadal crown-piece! And yet that same dollar should feed and clothe our young mandarin, provide him with fish and rice, tea and arrack, and opium and tobacco, and all his little comforts and luxuries. And yet he will live, and fatten, and smoke the pipe of contentment, and keep out of debt. Perquisites, as he and his masters well know, do for him what his pay cannot do. Nor is it difficult to screw a trifle from every unofficial person with whom he comes in contact —to insert a dexterous thumb into every pie that passes the customs. The danger is rather in the very facility of extortion. Roguery is permissible in an officer of the emperor's—scandal never! If a complaint is made by any sturdy merchant, or by any troublesome aggregate of smaller men, the mandarin's gilt copper button does not save him from loss of place. He that is too open in his thefts is no true literate, and unfit to "convey" to his decorous coffers the customary pickings of a mandarin. But a wise graduate will not act thus. Our rising young friend will take so little wool that no shorn sheep shall care to bleat against the shearer. Contenting himself with a little illegal tribute from many travellers, he will thrive. His presents will produce their fruit. He will be promoted to the eighth class, and wear a copper button still, but of another pattern. The same tactics will buoy him up. Good conduct can and will procure him the ball or button of the seventh class, copper also, but peculiarly wrought, gilt, and burnished. Good conduct, as the Chinese understand it, that is, decorous, prudent knavery, has brought him thus far; but now succeeds the stumbling-block of a new examination. Being an excellent scholar, and having the best professional help, our young mandarin gets well through, and proudly struts forth in a new and lofty cap, decorated with the sixth-class knob of white stone, generally of milk-white quartz. A sixth-class mandarin is somebody in the land. No longer a mere subaltern, fetching and carrying for his chiefs, he is now eligible for many posts in

the police, the revenue, or the treasury. He is a small magistrate now, has a tiny court of his own, and can bid a dozen red-robed constables, with pheasant feathers in their caps, to unsheath the sword of Justice. However, though he may unsheath the sword of Justice *in terrorem*, he is not yet qualified to use it. Capital punishments must be decreed by greater than he. His authority is over the thumbs and backs of the commonalty, whom he hangs up by the fingers, or bastinadoes soundly; but he dare not decapitate, and cannot administer even the "cangue," or bamboo pillory, for long periods. Still his motto is Excelsior, in a sense of strict worldliness, and he can only rise by friends and patrons. These must be conciliated; Mammon alone can win their good offices in that venal land, and public plunder can alone supply the wherewithal. Nor has a mandarin any means of self-advancement, apart from bribery sustained by extortion. Literature, in that learned land of bookworms, cannot be made to plump our graduate's purse. Books are esteemed, it is true, but not new books. Why have new books where new ideas are voted heresies? The wisdom of their ancestors is all the Chinese care for. Such authors as they have are poor starvelings, despised and neglected; and the writer does not seek a publisher, but a patron, for his smooth verses. Of course, the mandarin of the sixth order cannot condescend so far. He has made his election, and he sits in the seat of Themis, and weighs the arguments—silver ones—on both sides of a dispute. If he escapes a scandal, and consequent ruin, he may hope in a year or two to have a new cap, crystal-buttoned this time, and to enter the fifth class. There are some excellent rules respecting mandarins that are worthy of note. No man may be a mandarin holding office in his native place; he may exercise no trade; he is frequently moved from station to station, and he is strictly forbidden to marry any female belonging to the province where he is on duty. This is a good provision against seditious leagues being formed by powerful satraps in their native district, or in one that had long been their home, and is presumed to guard against the warping of justice to serve local friendships. But venality is worse than partiality; and the tribunals are corrupt enough to gratify that old emperor, second of the Tartar dynasty, who declared that the judges ought to be iniquitous, to check litigation, as otherwise the Chinese would never be cured of dabbling in law. One more promotion, and the cap of our mandarin is bedecked with a button of pale blue. His pay is higher, and his chances of peculation greater. Sedulously he applies himself to his future elevation. Another examination must be gone through, and a sort of doctorial degree taken, before he is capable of a loftier grade. This is a hard test, but his good memory and keen wit overcome it, and behold him in the third class! with a great button of transparent blue stone, beryl or sapphire, sparkling on his headgear. He is fit for much now, but not for all. There are comfortable berths awaiting him, but some of the most tempting baits are still beyond his reach. No more degrees, at least! no more cramming of pro-

verbs! He has enough to do to fill his pockets, polish his long curved nails, eat melon seeds between his opium pipes, talk *taoli*, and write letters. To talk *taoli* is a great art. As our mandarin rises in life, he converses in it more and more fluently. At every step, more and more flowery grows his discourse, stuffed with tropes, metaphors, and Delphic ambiguities. As for the letter-writing, it is a pretty sight to see him, brush in hand, painting those symbolic Chinese letters, firmly and elegantly, with perfumed black or yellow ink on scarlet paper edged with gold-leaf.

A third-class official is not yet too grand to write. By and by, he will have a secretary always at his elbow, but not yet. And a Chinaman writes more letters in a week than we in a year. Our friend is a collector, by this, or presides over the tribunal of rites, but it is in a third-rate town, a small place that he hopes soon to leave. Astuteness and industry manage the change. The carved coral button of the second class carries our mandarin to a great city, where a million of human beings shall tremble at his nod. No longer collector or president of rites, he is chief commissioner of treasures and morals, or possibly inspector of crimes. He dwells in a palace now, he has gardens and park, his banquets are superb, none are above him, save the viceroy, and it is *his* turn to have parasites and followers. Still he has a soul above buttons, at least above carved coral buttons. He fawns, and worms his way, and crawls up the gilded ladder to its topmost giddy round. Behold him at the summit of his ambitious dreams, mandarin of the first class, viceroy of a province! On his cap rises proudly the plain red coral button of the proudest Chinese chivalry. On his breast and back, wrought gorgeously in gold and silver, glitter the imperial arms, the dragon with open jaws. Through what difficulties, what traps and snares, what labyrinths of lies, has he fought his tortuous way! There is something admirable in the pertinacity of the man, however we despise his roguery and falseness. He was born in a cottage; he sleeps in a grand marble palace, guards at the gate, troops of silken attendants within call, everything rich, and fair, and bright, that China can offer and money buy, collected round him. And all this because he learned his lesson like a good boy, and was a studious youth, and took honours at college! Such, at least, is the theory of the thing, and there is something noble in the generous justice which first threw open to all the race of life, all comers, humble or high, to compete on equal terms for the first prizes of a public career, a fair field promised to all alike, and the best man to win. True, our mandarin is not impeccable, but the standard of Chinese morality is not a high one, and perhaps he is on a par with his neighbours. Will he rest now he has won the goal? Man is not made to rest, and mandarins, even coral-buttoned, are men still. Although our graduate is sure, now, of something good in the gift of the Downing-street of Pekin, he pants for more. It is not enough to be viceroy of a province, censor of China, governor of a town where Barbarians have to be dealt with, or imperial commissioner over one of those subject allies, the bordering kingdoms. It is not enough to have

the plain coral globe, and the dragon on breast and back, like a jewelled Brazilian beetle. To some favoured mandarins, the emperor grants the right to wear red sashes, yellow caps, and peacock feathers, the proud badges of the imperial family. Our mandarin, the son of a farmer or huckster, wins the day once more, and indues the marks of Mantchoo royalty, vain as Wolsey of his cardinal's hat. One more distinction—the lettered aristocrat is still untitled. He asks for one of those rare patents of nobility that are given only to high dignitaries. There are five such in the emperor's gift. They correspond with ordinary European titles, and were not improbably copied from them, since their antiquity seems dubious. There is the rank of *koung*, or duke (possibly the same as könig, or king); *heou*, or marquis; then count, which is *phy* in Chinese; *tze* for baron, much like *sneeze* in sound; and *nan* for knight. The mandarin, so long successful, can feel a flutter of hope still. Will he be a knight or a baron? low down in the roll of nobles; or will a loftier style be his? He draws the great prize! His patent arrives, and it creates him a koung or duke, under the emperor's dragon seal, and the signature of the emperor's own sacred vermilion pencil. But the dukedom is not hereditary, any more than the mandarinate. The nobility conferred in China does not go down; on the contrary, it goes *up*. A man's ancestors are ennobled, because it is thought monstrous that the son should rank above the father. So all our mandarin's progenitors, up to Adam, are nobles, dukes, and mandarins of the first class, and their ghosts are duly entitled to wear caps of yellow, coral buttons, peacock's plumage, dragons of gold and silver, and the rest, and to take place and precedency over all the other ghosts in ghostdom. And our mandarin puts up their statues (fancy portraits) in a fine hall, with an altar apiece, and burns incense and gilt paper before them on every feast day. The worship of ancestors is his religion—that and respect for the wisdom of Confucius. But his children will not inherit his honours. Even his savings are not secure from the fiscal authorities. They, the children, grow up dissipated and idle, and are the loungers and debauchees of China. Seldom do they pass an examination, and follow the footsteps of their lettered sire. Had our graduate been a military mandarin, his education would have been different. The military mandarins are generally Tartars; they have less book-lore, and more rule of thumb, to master. They pass examinations in learning, but more in the use of arms, horsemanship, shooting with the bow, and hurling great stones. Such was the discipline of those stout Tartars who made so gallant a stand the other day against our Sikh horse, and who showed that they lacked nothing of what a soldier should have, except weapons and European order. The military mandarins do not, however, take as high a position as the civil mandarins; and both are liable to confiscation, degrading punishments, and exile into Mongolia. The only hereditary nobles are the Tartar princes akin to the emperor, who hold no posts, but vegetate on little pensions, poor relations of the Brother of the Sun and Moon.

Light-Vessels.

To a voyager approaching the shores of England from the westward, one of the earliest objects for his attention would be a strange-looking craft moored in deep water midway between the Scilly Islands and the main. She floats, but does not seem to move; she has masts, but they are short and thick, with no sails, the rigging consisting only of a few stays, and the masts terminating in large open globes. The hull is of a bright red, with the name of the vessel painted in huge capitals upon her sides; and she lies as idle (but not as useless) as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

If the voyager should be a man of inquiring disposition, and were to go on board this curiosity, he would find a watch on deck, and (if it were Sunday) eleven or twelve men, all in uniform and all at prayers in the clean-swept cabin. There are no traces of trade or commerce, and, apart from the carronades for signals, the fittings speak still less of war. The flag has four ancient ships upon it, the arms have a mystical and religious motto, and something will probably be said about the guild, fraternity, and brotherhood of the holy and undivided Trinity; but even if the observer be come from a Catholic country, he will soon perceive that this, being a light-ship, cannot possibly be a relic of the dark ages.

The light-vessel is a thing characteristic of England; and it is rather strange that whilst there are at this moment thirty-four light-vessels at public stations round the coast of England proper, there are only four in Ireland, and none in Scotland. The reason is partly a geological one. The shores of Scotland and Ireland are chiefly granite, porphyry, and the harder rocks; and although centuries upon centuries of weather have disintegrated the softer veins in these, and created deeply-serrated seaboards, full of lochs, and loughs, and sounds, there remain isolated blocks of *terra firma*, lying far out to seaward, on which rock-lighthouses can be placed. But in the south and east of England, where the littorals are chalk or friable alluvial cliffs, and the bottoms shifting sands, there is often little or no basis for a lighthouse where a light is most wanted, and there is nothing for it but to station a vessel and keep it in position as best may be done.

The use of a lighthouse on a rock in the ocean is primarily to mark that rock, and to prevent ships knocking holes in their bottoms on it; but the class of dangers for which light-vessels are used is chiefly that of sands—sands which shift—and after which the light-vessel can be shifted also. Again, these sands have not only to be avoided for themselves, but the valleys between them are, in such places as Yarmouth and

Lowestoft Roads, the only entrances to safe anchorages and to harbours. The light-vessel may be placed either on the edge of the land, as a warning, or in the deep water of the mid-channel, to serve as a leading light, which ships may boldly steer for, and approach with impunity, short of rubbing sides. She may also be applied to a third use, as in Cardigan Bay, into which there is a most subtle and dangerous indraught—a set of water from the south-westward—so that vessels working up for Liverpool or the Clyde were in constant fear of drifting too far to the eastward, and getting on shore in the northern curve of the bay; but now that a light-vessel has been placed midway between the north and south horns of the curve, and on the chord of the arc, in water far too deep for the foundations of a lighthouse, the eastern boundary of the proper fair-way is as distinctly marked as the roadway of a street.

The *Nore* light (the oldest of its race) was placed in 1732; the *Dudgeon*, off the Lincolnshire coast, in 1736; the *Newarp*, the *Goodwin*, and the *Owers*, go back into the last century; and the *Sunk* and *Galloper* were placed early in this. This last and the *Bembridge* were stationed by the Admiralty for the guidance of the navy in the old war, but at the peace were surrendered to the Trinity House, in whose hands the system has attained its present dimensions.

A century has done wonders. The old original *Dudgeon* was a cutter, and at one time had lights hanging to the extremities of its yards, probably not unlike a Chinese junk celebrating a Feast of Lanterns; but now the light-ships are vessels of from 160 to 180 tons burden, 80 or 90 feet long, by 21 broad: except the little *Calshot*, which, moored in sheltered water between Southampton and the Isle of Wight, barely reaches 100 tons. The main object to be attained may be said to be the reverse of a packet-ship. The aim in constructing a mail-boat is to find a shape that will allow wind or steam to force it quickly through the water; in a light-vessel the desideratum is that the wind or water should go as freely past it as possible. With this view, stem and stern are rounded wedges, and to give it steadiness two bilge-pieces are fastened on each side.

That light-vessels do occasionally behave like other ships, and roll and pitch under the influence of wave and tide, is unfortunately too true, and this condition has defined the character of the lighting apparatus. On shore, in a perfectly steady structure, with a large 14-feet lantern, the optician and the lamp-manufacturer can make all sorts of delicate arrangements, can adjust their prisms and their pressure lamps to a nicety, and, however great the elevation and consequent range, can strike the horizon truly without any waste of light; but the primary condition on board a pitching and rocking vessel is to see that the light will "live." Hence, with the exception of two dioptric apparatus, which are kept on deck or at low elevations, to be near the centre of gravity, the lights are argand-lamps, balanced and gimbled to get the vertical position in which alone they can remain alight. These lamps are seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and are placed in 12-inch parabolic reflectors; eight of these

back to back complete the circle, which, of course, can be doubled. The lanterns in which the lamps are fixed surround the masts, and slide up and down them, being housed on deck by day, and elevated and suspended at night by lantern-ties. The height of the light above the sea is generally thirty-eight feet, but where two or more are shown from one ship a difference of elevation serves to give greater distinction from any light borne by other vessels.

A light at this elevation will be seen by an observer whose eye is on the level of the water at the distance of between six and seven miles; but as the eye of an observer at sea is generally some considerable height above the water level, an ordinary floating light may be seen by mariners for about ten miles; a distance which is considered sufficient for ordinary purposes. Where it is considered desirable to have a revolving light, four burners are generally used, and the motion is given by clock-work. It is said that revolving lights are seen farther than fixed lights; not because they actually travel farther, but because the flash appeals to the optic nerve more sensibly, and keeps attention more alive; but this is of less consequence in floating lights, where the lowness of the elevation practically limits the range. When, therefore, the revolving light is used on board a light-vessel, it is not so much to ensure length of range as distinctiveness; and with the same object we have the frequent use of red light.

There is no article of combustion suitable for lighthouse purposes which generates a red light; the only way to produce one is to put a red glass in front of the ordinary white light; and practically it is found that a light cannot be seen through red glass much above nine or ten miles. When, therefore, a light is exhibited from a pillar in the sea 100 feet high, which would give a range to the deck of a ship of fifteen or sixteen miles; or from a tower on a headland 540 feet high, which gives a range of thirty-two miles, it would be a pity, unless for special reasons, to make that light red, and limit its range to ten miles; but since no floating light at thirty-eight feet can, owing to the curve of the earth's surface, be seen farther than ten miles, and is seldom wanted to be seen more than half or two-thirds that distance, red becomes legitimate and very useful for distinctive purposes.

One of the gravest questions connected with the consideration of placing a light-vessel, is whether she will be likely to stay where she is put; the rule amongst sailors being, better no light at all than an uncertain one. The precautions against breaking adrift are consequently very great. The cables are iron, peculiarly prepared and toughened, "patent, proved, short-linked, 1½-inch cable," strong enough to hold a vessel of 600 or 700 tons, and these are only 160. In narrow channels the moorings consist of a chain lying along the ground for 1,260 feet, with a thirty-two hundredweight anchor, in the shape of a mushroom, at each end, and a swivel in the centre, from which rises 630 feet of chain as a bridle or veering cable, passing into the vessel on one side of the bow. In deep-sea channels a single vertical chain is

employed, 1,260 feet long; but there is one vessel in 240 feet water, the one alluded to at the beginning of this Article, which has a chain 1,890 feet, or more than one-third of a mile long, with a mushroom of forty hundredweight; and such is the occasional condition of weather in which this vessel lives, that she has been known to have out 1,800 feet of chain at once. This chain, lying along the bottom, acts as additional drag upon the vessel when she is driving before the full scud of those terrific seas which rush by from the Atlantic, with the momentum of 3,000 miles upon them, and when she comes to the end of her tether, and has to lift it, or part from it, it rises in a curve, which spares both the vessel at one end and the anchor at the other. Once this vessel broke adrift, and only once. In common with all the rest, she has ground-tackle on board to use in such emergencies, two bower anchors twenty and fifteen hundredweight each, with cables respectively 1,260 and 900 feet long. One of these goes overboard the moment the vessel is felt to be either parted from her mooring, or to be dragging her mushroom. Sometimes they bring up instantly, sometimes not for many hours; but if the position is much shifted, out go what have become misleading lights, red warning signals are hoisted, guns fired, assistance summoned, and the vessel replaced as soon as may be.

A spare vessel is always lying ready at the head-quarters of the district, and in these days of telegraphs the accident is sometimes known within an hour; the men on shore are then mustered, the fresh vessel is in tow of a powerful steamer, and perhaps at the station which the other has quitted, before the evening sunset. Sometimes in a great gale of wind with thick weather and drifting rain or snow, with no marks or bearings visible, and the vessel pitching heavily in the storm, it is difficult to know whether she is dragging or not; at such times the spare anchor is prepared for letting go, and it is the special duty of the officer in charge to keep a vigilant look out the whole of the lee tide, having the deep-sea lead overboard, lying on the ground, with the rope loose. This deep-sea lead weighs twenty-eight pounds, and lies quietly at the bottom, with the rope slack, so long as the vessel is held by its anchor; but the moment she drags, the rope tightens, and the tale is told. Sometimes the chain goes with a snap: there is no mistake about it then. When all is right again, the broken link is cut out and sent up to head-quarters, to be compared with the link which was taken off when the cable was proved; it is there examined as to its grain and fibre, and, indeed, has a sort of general court-martial held upon it: for the breaking adrift of a light-vessel is regarded as a very serious affair, and when it happens, everybody concerned, from the superintendent of the district to the last man who has joined, has to look sharp and have his wits about him. Here is the record of a case, in the words of one in whose family, for three generations, vigilance has been hereditary, and the service an honourable calling.

"On the 13th October, 1829, I went out from Yarmouth in the *Diligent* tender, for the purpose of relieving the *Haisbro'* light-vessel (now called the *Newarp*) and shifting and replacing one or two buoys.

After shifting the St. Nicholas buoy, proceeded to the northward, but the weather looking dirty, bore up, and anchored off the jetty, and came on shore for letters, leaving orders for the boat to come for me in the morning. Upon going down to the beach the next morning, there being every appearance of an increasing gale, I sent the boat off with an order to proceed for the harbour; but, unfortunately, the tender got on shore upon the north land, where she laid until dark, when she got off, as the water flowed, and proceeded for Lowestoft Roads. By this time the gale had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from W.N.W. to N.E. I had just got home and changed my clothing, having got wet through everything, and was about to take a nap, being very tired, when the door-bell rang. I answered it myself, thinking it might be the wives of some of the people on board the *Diligent*, but, upon opening the door, found two men, who said the *Haisbro'* light-vessel was adrift. On going to the town look-out, I found it was too true. I immediately proceeded to the beach, in hopes of getting a boat off to her; but although I offered the beachmen 100*l.*, they would not attempt it. After waiting until midnight, and the vessel still driving, and no chance of getting off to her the sea making a fair run over the jetty, and breaking at the inner end up to the walls of the houses, I took a postchaise and proceeded to Lowestoft, in hopes of getting off from there, the vessel still driving to the southward, but with no better success. I therefore gave orders to the beachmen, as soon as there was the slightest chance of getting off, to come and call me at the inn where I stopped. I threw myself on the bed, with my clothes on, and dropped off to sleep; but, waking in a short time, and daylight just making its appearance, got up, and went down to the beach, to find a boat in the act of launching, but before I could get to her they pushed her outside the breakers, so that I could not get on board. On the return of the boat, they reported that she had parted from her ground-chain, &c. There being no steam-vessel procurable, I was glad to avail myself of what assistance I could get, and therefore sent off the same large yawl, and two large lug-sails used by the fishing-boats in the mackerel season, with the master of the light-vessel (the mate having previously been in charge) and some extra hands, with directions, should the wind come from the south-west, to get her under weigh and proceed to the station, she being about eighteen to twenty miles distant therefrom. In the meantime I returned to Yarmouth and got new moorings, &c. on board the tender, and on the 18th the light-vessel was re-moored at her station."

This vessel had been moored with 180 feet of 2-inch chain nearest the ground, joined to 720 feet of 13½-inch rope, and as it had given way at the junction of the two, and the ship when drifting was trailing this 720 feet of thick rope along the bottom, the officer in charge represented that, in the confusion of wind and weather, the drift had been too imperceptible for him to discern it for awhile: but occurrences of this sort are always subjected to the most searching inquiry, and any one to whom the

slightest shadow of blame can attach has necessarily reason to remember it long after.

There was a great storm on the east coast at the close of the year 1849, when the *Leman* and *Ower*, the *Cockle Gatt* and the *Nore*, were all adrift, and their lights out for two or three nights. Again, 1856 and 1857 proved somewhat trying years for light-vessels; but when it is considered what conditions of wind and weather these vessels have to live through, and that they have to be anchored not in the most sheltered positions, or in the best holding ground, but just where their light will be the most useful, the wonder is, not that they go adrift, but that they don't. In addition to these natural dangers, they are exposed to the risk of being run into by other vessels, and are sometimes seriously damaged in that way; yet amongst the whole thirty-four, there is no instance of one having been either ashore or lost. Is it not fair to infer that not only are they and all their appointments very strong, but that the service is highly organized and well-regulated, under which such results have been attained? The sailors themselves say, simply and piously, that Providence certainly watches over them in an especial degree.

The crew of an ordinary light-ship consists of master, mate, and nine men, the latter divided into three watches, two on board and one on shore; therefore, the men are on board two months and on shore one, the master and mate on board alternately month and month. Among the nine men, three are lamp-trimmers, two on board at the same time, one of them taking the management of the lighting for one month, the other acting as cook during the same time; whilst the other five, one of whom is a qualified carpenter, keep the vessel clean and everything in good order. The general routine of the duty is somehow thus:—Sunday; at sunrise the lantern is lowered down into the lantern-house, the lamplighter then cleans the lantern, and trims the lamps ready for lighting the ensuing evening. At 8 A.M. all hands are called, the hammocks triced, and breakfast served. After this, the crew clean themselves, and at 10.30 muster in the cabin for divine service. At sunset the lantern is hoisted, and at 6 P.M. worship is again celebrated in the cabin. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, the routine is the same, without the service; and on Wednesday and Saturday it is varied by washing of decks and a general cleaning out below. The state of the wind and weather is noted every day at 3 A.M., at sunrise, at 9 A.M., and noon, at 3 P.M., at sunset, at 9 P.M., and at midnight. In foggy weather the gong is beat at intervals of from two to five minutes, both by day and night. The watch consists of two men on deck, the others relieving them at stated intervals. As near as possible to the full and change of the moon, the cable is heaved in short, in order that the shackles and swivels may be examined, and then veered out again.

The wages of these men is at present about fifty-five shillings a month, increasing through the higher grades; the master receiving eighty pounds per annum. They are victualled, when afloat, upon a weekly allowance

of 10 lbs. of meat, ½ lb. of suet, 7 lbs. of bread, 2 lbs. of flour, 7 lbs. of potatoes, 1 pint of pease, 2 oz. of tea, ¾ lb. of sugar, and may draw 1*s.* 6*d.* per week in lieu of 3 gallons of small-beer. When on shore, they draw 1*s.* 3*d.* per day per man in lieu of provisions.

The vessels are supplied every month by means of a steamer or sailing tender, at which time the men are also relieved, master or mate and three men coming off, and the same number going on shore. When on shore, they are employed at the depôt cleaning chains, painting buoys, filling oil tins, and on the general work of the store.

It is obvious from the foregoing that when afloat the men have a good deal of time upon their hands. Regard is had to this, and a general tone of decent, orderly, and superior conduct is successfully enforced. The men, as a body, are very respectable, are nearly all married, and with families. Swearing and profane language are, of course, prohibited; each man is supplied with a Bible and Prayer-book for his own use; there is a permanent library of varied and entertaining literature on board; and boxes of books (little "Mudie's" in pea-jackets) are constantly circulating amongst them. Some of the men who upon entering the service could neither read nor write, have, with the assistance of the master and mate, got sufficient education to justify their promotion; one, in particular, is now a master himself, and a very efficient officer.

Moreover, as a class, the men are very ingenious fellows. Some of them take canvas, &c. from the slop-sellers, and make it up; others learn shoemaking, and make and mend for themselves and families; some make models of vessels, washing troughs, linen horses, pegs, mats, wheelbarrows, and toys: it is a common saying at Yarmouth, "Wait for the relief of a light-vessel, and you can get anything, from a chest of drawers to a penny whistle."

Sometimes the even tenor of their daily lives is more painfully varied. The light-vessels at the outer stations, such as the *Kentish Knock*, *Sunk*, or *Leman* and *Ower*, frequently have shipwrecked crews on board, who have escaped from their vessels in boats and made for the light-ship; where they obtain food and shelter until they can be sent on shore. If a vessel is seen standing into danger, guns are fired to warn her, and if a ship be actually in distress, assistance is summoned from the shore in the same manner.

Upon two occasions within our recollection light-vessels' boats have put off to save life, and have succeeded. Once the boat of the *Sunk* saved six men and a boy who were in a raft; and once from the *Kentish Knock* they got a crew of four persons from a small vessel on the sand. This was considered a very heroic action. There was no other vessel in sight, the men were utterly exhausted, the ship in pieces, and a most dangerous sea on at the time. As a general rule the men are not encouraged to do this; for it is not advisable for a light-ship's boat to leave her, unless it is quite clear it can return; the five men required to man the boat would leave only two on board the light-vessel; and if anything should happen

to one of those two, the other could not possibly carry on the business of the ship.

At times there are occasional incidents of a more pleasing character. The vessels are frequently visited by large flights of birds, which are attracted by the lights in the night and fly to them. Many get killed and fall on the deck, others alight on the lantern too exhausted to make any attempt at escape. There is a tradition on board the *Newarp* (the same vessel which led the superintendent such a dance along the east coast in 1829), that as many as a thousand birds were once taken in a night—this vessel, having three lanterns, is more than ordinarily attractive; it is added that the crew began at six o'clock in the morning to prepare some for an enormous sea-pie, into which they put six hundred, and what with plucking the birds and cooking the pie, it was six in the evening before dinner was announced. A sea-pie is made by putting a crust into the bottom of a deep earthen jar and placing a layer of meat or birds upon it, then another crust, more birds, and so on; according to the number of tiers it is called a two or three decker. The pie in question is doubtless still remembered as the *Great Eastern* of the caboose.

These are some of the curiosities of a service which is in itself, to borrow the title of a recent book, one of the "curiosities of civilization." To maintain light on shore is comparatively easy even in the early times of a community: since sailors guide themselves by marks on shore in daylight, what so natural as that their relatives and friends should endeavour to make the same marks still visible after daylight has departed, by lighting fires upon them or about them; but when it comes to lighting up sands and channels far from shore, so that England's great hearty hands may stretch out twenty miles to seaward to guide her adventurous children and greet the commerce of the world, the providence and the forethought, the wisdom and the audacity to do this thoroughly and well, could only emanate from a board of experienced sailors well qualified for their work.

Some very interesting records might be given of the progress and development of an institution which is still animated with the spirit of the early navigators, and which Queen Elizabeth, with Drake and Raleigh for approving counsellors, cherished and endowed. It may be that some of its usages and titles are as quaint and venerable as its flag; but that is only because it has had vitality enough to live on until its original customs have become quaint and venerable. By virtue of its peculiar constitution, which saves it from the perils of political party patronage on the one hand, and of local jobbery on the other, it has not only survived many centuries of change, but has kept advancing abreast of the best practical science of the day; and whilst the highest in influence or station in the realm count it an added honour to be enrolled as Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, the common sailor feels the dignity of the button, and the privilege of belonging to a light-vessel.

Falling in Love.

You could not resist it! I knew you could not. You, dear young lady in the turban-hat, hair netted-up, with flushing cheek; your eyes sparkle, you breathe hurriedly, and there is an evident fluster in the way you are turning over the leaves, to get to this article! Ah! you are caught by three words! You believe in them? No! only *did* believe once? Heigho! How firmly you *then* did believe in the reality of what, perhaps, you now wish you were certain you might disbelieve entirely. And you want to know what is said on the subject here? Come then, we will talk the matter freely over. Settle yourself snugly and be calm: it shall be entirely *entre nous*. Keep your book up: nobody shall know what we are talking about.

But you, sir, what is your excuse for finding this page so quickly? You believe in falling in love! Indeed! how? when? how deep? how slightly? how long? how very short? Did you, with that sweet Alice? Did you, with pretty Patty at the Angel Inn? Did you, with the stately Adelaide? And, to pass over several, with whom now at least you are fallen out, can you say you fell in love with that charming widow—*you know who?* You!

Madam, that pleasant dream of youth, which still revives and lightens up those too oft saddened eyes, will not be here rough-handled! No: you may safely, quietly read and think upon the fact, which cannot be recalled, alas! except in memory! If woke, it shall be *gently*, and to give your heart relief. It may do so, should it teach you to forget, and show you that you can.

How very strange! you! fie! a man in prime of life turning so quickly here! "To read what rubbish could be said about it," is it? You don't believe in love at all, except for girls and boys: it's all a fancy? Oh! very well: but still you turn to read; because you have some deep-felt doubt of your own disbelief!

And now, you dark and merry-eyed young lady, who have professed so great an interest in that dear Lucy Robarts, how can you leave the reading of those chapters in which we look to find that poor Lord Lufton has wooed once more and won? Quite so: you deferred that till you had more time, and thought you would but glance at what this paper said about—— Exactly! and perhaps you also felt it might touch yourself more closely than a mere story of true lovers.

Miss Grantly, and all like you—your pardon, Lady Dumbello!—you, of course, don't care for such stuff. No! Not now, perhaps. But then your dream of dreams will come hereafter, when you wake up in rich unhappiness—dull, sad, and disappointed. Then you will wish you had believed in love—nay, even fallen in love—and married foolishly, rather than live your dreary, heartless life! Poor Lucy sows in tears to reap in

joy. But you begin not even in joy, to end in longing sighs, if not in tears. Still you would like to hear whether there is any one who really thinks there can be such a thing as love. Well, then, read on. But even if there is not, how will that mend your miserable case?

Ad omnes! Is falling in love a reality? If it be, we ought to be able to say, what kind of reality. Of course, everybody knows that people do fall in love, or say, or think, they do, in England. Therefore, it might be said, the thing is so far real. But that answer is unsatisfactory. Not to treat the matter either ethically or metaphysically, in a strict or technical sense, let us examine what we really mean when we speak of it, and how far it is true, or even possible. There is no question as to love itself being an affection of the mind and an instinct of man. The question rather is, is it a mere instinct and more or less involuntary? Can we—must we fall in love? Or is love under our control? Can we love, or refrain from loving, at our will?

Scarcely any one would think of affirming that there can be one law of love in England and another elsewhere among mankind. And yet it would be difficult to make out, that any theory of falling in love has been adopted anywhere out of England and the range of modern English influences. We may think so, while we retain a very vivid recollection of the frequent cases of most desperate love at first sight narrated in the charming *Arabian Nights*. These Easterns, in fact, if they fell in love at all, fell faster and easier than we do! Shakspeare certainly paints the English lover, while sighing like furnace, inditing sonnets "to his mistress' eyebrow;" but that's a poetical licence, or, at least, if the eyebrow was specially praised, doubtless her whole face had at least once been seen, before the falling in love took place. But these Eastern lovers literally see but the eyebrows of the first pretty woman they meet, to be desperately enamoured. In England we don't go so far as that. We like to have a good and thorough examination of the whole features, and occasionally a peep at the ankles, before we ever do tumble hopelessly into the sweet abyss. There is, as it were, the least bit of method in our madness, that may serve to upset the plea of insanity altogether.

Adam and Eve, placed together by Providence, naturally loved one another; and so any two men and women, in like manner brought together, would, unless there was something in one or other repulsive. This exception is important; but don't be in a hurry and conclude it upsets everything. Perhaps a great amount of repulsiveness would be necessary to prevent the natural feeling of love in the supposed case: and, mark, it would probably require the existence of a knowledge of something better and more attractive, before we can conceive that the want of certain perfections would have much effect in hindering the flow of love. Love exists, in a measure, among the most repulsive savages; and, holding the rational faith, that God created man in His own image, male and female, very good, and breathed into them His breath of life, it is scarcely possible to conceive that two such perfect beings, made to suit one another,

could fail to love when brought together. Human nature so far remains the same, and so fully does the analogy hold good even now, that we feel certain a man and woman, even far from perfect, but let us suppose only tolerably suitable, and free from repulsive characteristics, moral and physical, would naturally draw towards one another, and love, if brought together by circumstances.

Lord Lufton and Lucy Robarts may serve as a true illustration. This, however, introduces us to all the moral and social complications of the question, arising from modern manners, mental cultivation, and an artificial state of society. But, in saying this, it is not admitted that Lord Lufton and Lucy Robarts fell in love with one another. Not, if by falling in love is understood an involuntary and uncontrollable act or state of mind. Not, if it is imagined that at their first meeting—at first sight—their "fate was sealed." Nobody would deny that they liked one another, admired certain things in one another, indulged in fancies as to other things, perhaps saw little faults, and thought how they could cure them; and that all this, by little and little, grew into their loving one another. I am very sorry to say anything against dear Lucy; but when she told Lord Lufton she did not love him, it was not her first lie, poor thing, on the subject! No; she told lots of fibs to herself before that, though perhaps quite innocently. She never got fairly to the bottom of her warm, wilful little heart. She loved that man by setting her heart upon him—not on his title or any adventitious adjuncts; indeed she rather hated them, because they were as bars in her way—but him—the man—she set about loving very early, and almost without knowing it. He was her Adam; she his Eve. He, of course, knew much better what he was about, though probably no metaphysician either, except in that practical way in which all, logically or illogically, from reasoning or by a kind of instinct, have some notion of what is going on within their heart of hearts. He did not fall in love, but liked her; and of love prepense, indulged in liking and longing for her love.

The important point we have to consider is, how far our affections are in our power—whether falling in love is proper, if inevitable, or if always mere fancy; and, as already hinted, we must of course consider this, not with reference to any small portion of the human race, but with respect to mankind at large—the whole human family, and in all time. This, at the threshold of the inquiry, leads us to observe in how very small a portion of the earth can falling in love be possible, considering the manners and customs of the various peoples. In many countries the bride and bridegroom have never met till they are brought to the marriage ceremony. Is domestic happiness and true love, therefore, to be deemed impossible in such states of society? Of course an extreme case of an ill-matched pair might be supposed; but, talking generally, are we to imagine that marriages of this kind are totally contrary to nature, and that love and domestic happiness are impossible under such conditions? On the other hand, if we cannot quite see our way to such a conclusion, are we then justified in arguing from analogy in favour of mere marriages of *con-*

venience, and in condemning love-matches altogether? Or *what?* This "what" is of some importance: and now let us consider the subject with more especial reference to our own days, and our own manners and customs.

In the first place, if we met any one prepared to contend that love at first sight, and falling in love, (whether by a plunge at once, or a gradual but uncontrollable sinking, as it were, into mire or honey!) are moral realities, and were the argument sustained by *quasi* instances of such falling in love—we should doubtless find that the parties to the fall were thrown together, in a way that at least one of them had not before been with one of the opposite sex. And when we compare a number of such cases, we must be struck by the fact of the apparent reciprocity in every such instance: the gentleman falls in love and makes his suit, and the lady is over head and ears straightway. Not, of course, in every case; but, poetry and Shakspeare notwithstanding, in by far the great majority of cases when a man falls in love with a woman, the woman returns the compliment and accepts the lover. So far as regards obstacles on the part of the man and woman themselves, to say "the course of true love *ever* does run smooth" is far truer than the contrary. Perhaps in nine cases out of ten in which a woman rejects a man, it is because she has been offered his hand without his heart; and she has instinct enough to know it, whatever may have been professed.

Now, this is just what it ought to be. The "falling in love" should always commence on the man's side;—and then, fair lady, when you admit that—as you will, with your true notions of delicacy and propriety—we get rid of "falling in love" altogether! We deny it, then, with their own consent, to the better half of creation; and, to say truth, the only half in which the belief can work very much mischief. Surely no one would attempt to maintain that man's moral nature and affections in this respect can be different from woman's? But there is always a little mystery mixed up with love; and we shall be reminded that "marriages are made in heaven:" that the attraction may be simultaneous and mutual, though the man must make the first overtures; that when some eyes meet there is a flutter at the heart unfelt before—a something, in short, that proves the power of love, and that falling in love, and even love at first sight, are realities.

My dear young lady (excuse my "familiarity"), you are very, very far gone indeed, if you entertain such notions. It was precisely to put you on your guard that this paper was written. You are already forgetting Adam and Eve, and the Eastern maiden led to her future husband whom she has never seen before; and you are overlooking the very small range of eye-choice allowed to royal children and some others in our own days, though love and happy marriages have resulted notwithstanding. Besides, I am not saying that you should not be admired, or may not admire in turn the handsomest of the fellows who have sighed for you. I am only alleging that it is a wilful act on both sides; that if you and —— did "fall in love" that way, there was a something

that preceded the fall; that there was no necessity in the case; and perhaps—will you dare to deny it?—once before—or twice (I must not tell *all!*) you *have* felt just a little quite like it, only you and —— didn't happen to meet again so frequently. Indeed, that first flame, to say truth, also met another lady—the very same day he appeared to be, and was indeed, smitten with you—one whom he admired still more; and, curiously enough, he has "happened" to meet her frequently ever since. Therefore, the first two or three (well, two!) "falls" were not very deep, and I admit frankly you had really forgotten all about them, and "never loved till now"—to the best of your recollection! But now, after this, let us be sensible and perfectly honest about it.

Instead of denying such mutual attractions—vulgarly called "smites" at school—it is because of them, and the great danger that may result from them, that I wish you to examine your heart, and understand how far it is really in your own keeping. More young ladies, and not a few weak young gentlemen, and some old fools, have made fatal mistakes in life, from a superstitious belief in love at first sight, and from supposing that falling in love had controlled them like a fate. I am really most anxious to add to the happy poetry of your life: I wish that you may "love once, love ever." Therefore I say, Don't fall in love. Be very cautious, and keep your heart, till a very worthy fellow—I don't say necessarily handsome (for handsome women especially know what is the real value of mere outward beauty)—but a man, a noble fellow, a gentleman, a Christian, offers to you his heart, his hand, his home; and then set your heart upon him, and love him with all your soul. You don't object to that arrangement, I know. Well, then, it is not likely to be carried out, or ever to succeed in your case, if you are only eager to catch some one—if you are ready to flirt with every coxcomb. You must really, and steadfastly, be very passive, and keep your heart all disengaged for that sweet expected whisper and embarrassed declaration of love.

A "matron" might have given other advice, or given it in another way; and I am going to tell you what she probably does not know. Strange as it may appear to you, I assure you that, even in this case, you will truly be the first to love! Were the secret of man's heart known, it would be found that he really cannot love, in the full sense of that sacred word, till he is loved. Woman never ought to love till she at least thinks she is loved. Man loves in order to be loved; woman, to bestow her love. When a man admires the beauty and grace of woman (I speak not of the mere sensualist), his desire is not so much to indulge his love of these, as that he may be loved by the possessor. True woman chiefly feels a longing to bestow her heart and lavish all her sweet attractive grace upon the man who adores or worships her. It is this distinction in the character of the passion of love in man and woman, that renders reciprocal affection, and those mutual attractions of which we have been speaking, so complete, and perfect, and congruous. It is this difference between man and woman that naturally assigns to each their proper part

in the everlasting bond they contract. "Her desire shall be to her husband," rather than his to her, and he shall rule over her—a loving rule, however, while both are true to their obligations of love. "It is not good for man to be alone:" he requires the solace she gives as "his helpmate;" while she has her joy in thus watching and helping and being devoted to "her lord."

Not only does this theory of loving at will (not loving what is incongruous to our nature, but what pleases) serve to regulate the chief joy of life at first, but it both creates the bond, and secures it from rupture in future. The heart is fixed; it never is disturbed by foolish dreams of uncontrollable love, which too often ought to have another name; for it shows how great is the guilt of those who are unfaithful in doing their part to render the married life ever harmonious. We are too apt to talk of human failings and infirmities, and plead for their indulgence, instead of striving to correct or eradicate them. Like foolish girls who believe in falling in love, when people begin to accept their own imperfections as inevitable, and take for granted they "can't be helped," they mostly realize to the full the evil effects of their belief. Their infirmities grow upon them—a vexation to themselves and others.

Perhaps three-fourths of the misery of the better classes among us result from errors at the outset of life in this matter of love, or supposed love; and a great deal of it is, no doubt, due to a belief in love being beyond our perfect control. It is the master passion, and when once indulged has doubtless potent sway, and scarce can be uprooted. It must then live till it dies down—is worn out; but hence the great necessity to take care of the beginnings. The grand precept of the Christian religion is to love: it is given as a command which we are to obey. To love is, therefore, an act of the human will; not a mere instinct or uncontrollable desire. The command implies the obligation and the power. In religion, we are to "set our hearts on things above," and renounce what is contrary to our profession. In morals, and as a social precept, it is in like manner our duty "to set our hearts upon" worthy objects: and only "to love" where it is proper. "To fall in love" with a woman or man is, strictly speaking, as absurd as to talk of falling in love with your neighbour's house, or to yield to any other covetousness, as if it were uncontrollable.

Although people do not profess openly to any great extent to believe in "falling in love," the belief is too often really entertained and whispered secretly, and has extensive influence upon women. It is too often the argument and excuse for seduction, as well as the temporary justification of most foolish marriages. The freedom with which the sexes meet in modern society, both before and subsequent to marriage, makes it of the greatest consequence that they should have right notions on this subject. That many who have implicit faith in the uncontrollable nature of love are, nevertheless, able to restrain their desires through fear of consequences, or from a sense of duty to parents or to society, or from high religious principle, may be very true; but three-fourths of the power of the

temptation they have had to resist would utterly cease, if they clearly and once for all understood there was no fatality in the case: that the passion itself was wilful in its beginnings, and that, of all the good and evil in life, none are so fully *made by thinking* as this.

Fathers and mothers ought always to remember that when a young man and woman, of ordinarily pleasing appearance and manners, are thrown much together, they will naturally take to loving one another; and when this has gone on they will probably trace back their feelings a very long way, and think they had "fallen in love" from the very first. After this dream of love has been allowed to commence, it ought not lightly to be interrupted—and cannot be, without some damage to the *morale* of the lovers. Such intimacies ought not to be allowed by guardians who are not prepared to see them result in marriage. But, it may be said, everybody knows that; and that guardians have chiefly to object to proposed marriages in cases where they have never sanctioned, or, perhaps, even known of the intimacy; that young people manage to meet and fall in love, while those who could have advised them know nothing about it. This is very true; and while a word of caution to parents and guardians is here given, it is especially intended that the young themselves should be put upon their guard, by being made aware that they have it in their power to keep their hearts; and that loving is a wilful act.

I do not say that Miranda could *at will* have loved Caliban, although, if she had happened to have a coarse taste, and had never seen Ferdinand—and considering what we sometimes see—it may not be far from true! But without discussing this, it is more to the purpose to observe, that when youth or beauty is induced to mate with forbidding old age or deformity as a *mariage de convenance*, and the victim has not sufficient moral or religious principle to enable her to bear her lot, we know what naturally follows when she meets the Ferdinands or Lotharios of society. But remember, unlawful love, however it may be imagined or described, has nothing of the divine within it: it cannot spring up in innocence; hope cannot cherish it for a moment; faith cannot come forth of faithlessness; it is always and only lust, whatever form it may assume for a time.

In a Christian country, where the sexes openly mingle in society, the only safeguard for domestic happiness and the purity of social life is to be found in prudent marriages of affection. These are only possible when the affections are properly controlled, and set upon proper objects, which, again, cannot be, unless we know and believe we can control them. The knowledge of what is true, is here the power of truth in the soul—or conscience itself. On the other hand, a superstitious belief that "falling in love" may happen to a person, is most likely to plunge that person at best into a foolish marriage; or, if married, into a deeper fall. If true at all, it would be true for all; and, most probably, would result in society becoming one general, love-crossed, *Midsummer Night's Dream* entanglement.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Sowerby without Company.

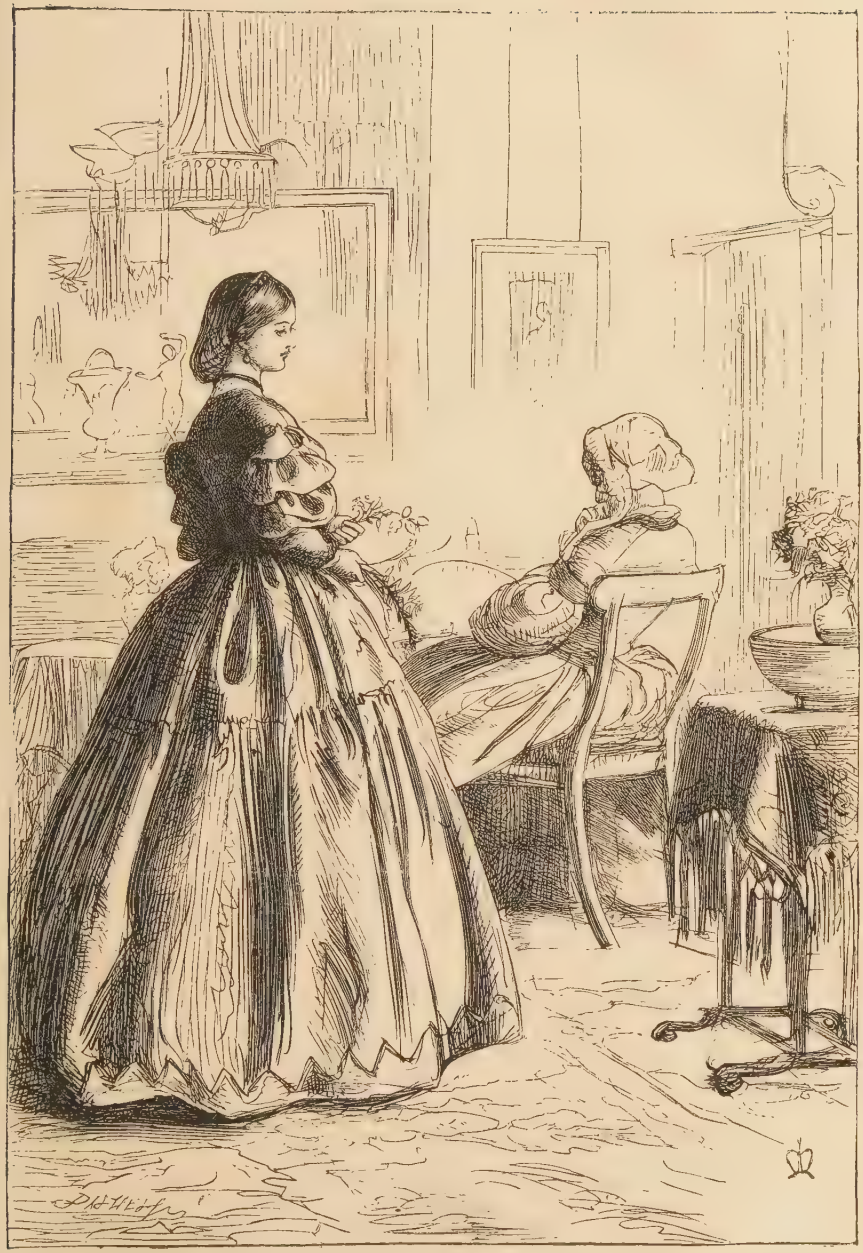
And now there were going to be wondrous doings in West Barsetshire, and men's minds were much disturbed. The fiat had gone forth from the high places, and the Queen had dissolved her faithful Commons. The giants, finding that they could effect little or nothing with the old house, had resolved to try what a new venture would do for them, and the hubbub of a general election was to pervade the country. This produced no inconsiderable irritation and annoyance, for the house was not as yet quite three years old; and members of parliament, though they naturally feel a constitutional pleasure in meeting their friends and in pressing the hands of their constituents, are, nevertheless, so far akin to the lower order of humanity that they appreciate the danger of losing their seats; and the certainty of a considerable outlay in their endeavours to retain them is not agreeable to the legislative mind.

Never did the old family fury between the gods and giants rage higher than at the present moment. The giants declared that every turn which they attempted to take in their country's service had been thwarted by faction, in spite of those benign promises of assistance made to them only a few weeks since by their opponents; and the gods answered by asserting that they were driven to this opposition by the Bœotian fatuity of the giants. They had no doubt promised their aid, and were ready to give it to measures that were decently prudent; but not to a bill enabling government at its will to pension aged bishops! No; there must be some limit to their tolerance, and when such attempts as these were made that limit had been clearly passed.

All this had taken place openly only a day or two after that casual whisper dropped by Tom Towers at Miss Dunstable's party—by Tom Towers, that most pleasant of all pleasant fellows. And how should he have known it, he who flutters from one sweetest flower of the garden to another,

> "Adding sugar to the pink, and honey to the rose,
> So loved for what he gives, but taking nothing as he goes?"

But the whisper had grown into a rumour, and the rumour into a fact, and the political world was in a ferment. The giants, furious about their bishops' pension bill, threatened the house—most injudiciously; and then it was beautiful to see how indignant members got up, glowing with honesty, and declared that it was base to conceive that any gentleman in that house could be actuated in his vote by any hopes or fears with reference to his seat. And so matters grew from bad to worse, and these contending



Mrs. Gresnam and Miss Dunstable.

parties never hit at each other with such envenomed wrath as they did now;—having entered the ring together so lately with such manifold promises of good-will, respect, and forbearance!

But going from the general to the particular, we may say that nowhere was a deeper consternation spread than in the electoral division of West Barsetshire. No sooner had the tidings of the dissolution reached the county than it was known that the duke intended to change his nominee. Mr. Sowerby had now sat for the division since the Reform Bill! He had become one of the county institutions, and by the dint of custom and long establishment had been borne with and even liked by the county gentlemen, in spite of his well-known pecuniary irregularities. Now all this was to be changed. No reason had as yet been publicly given, but it was understood that Lord Dumbello was to be returned, although he did not own an acre of land in the county. It is true that rumour went on to say that Lord Dumbello was about to form close connections with Barsetshire. He was on the eve of marrying a young lady, from the other division indeed, and was now engaged, so it was said, in completing arrangements with the government for the purchase of that noble crown property usually known as the Chase of Chaldicotes. It was also stated—this statement, however, had hitherto been only announced in confidential whispers—that Chaldicotes House itself would soon become the residence of the marquis. The duke was claiming it as his own—would very shortly have completed his claims and taken possession;—and then, by some arrangement between them, it was to be made over to Lord Dumbello.

But very contrary rumours to these got abroad also. Men said—such as dared to oppose the duke, and some few also who did not dare to oppose him when the day of battle came—that it was beyond his grace's power to turn Lord Dumbello into a Barsetshire magnate. The crown property—such men said—was to fall into the hands of young Mr. Gresham, of Boxall Hill, in the other division, and that the terms of purchase had been already settled. And as to Mr. Sowerby's property and the house of Chaldicotes—these opponents of the Omnium interest went on to explain—it was by no means as yet so certain that the duke would be able to enter it and take possession. The place was not to be given up to him quietly. A great fight would be made, and it was beginning to be believed that the enormous mortgages would be paid off by a lady of immense wealth. And then a dash of romance was not wanting to make these stories palatable. This lady of immense wealth had been courted by Mr. Sowerby, had acknowledged her love,—but had refused to marry him on account of his character. In testimony of her love, however, she was about to pay all his debts.

It was soon put beyond a rumour, and became manifest enough, that Mr. Sowerby did not intend to retire from the county in obedience to the duke's behests. A placard was posted through the whole division in which no allusion was made by name to the duke, but in which Mr. Sowerby warned his friends not to be led away by any report that he intended to

retire from the representation of West Barsetshire. "He had sat," the placard said, "for the same county during the full period of a quarter of a century, and he would not lightly give up an honour that had been extended to him so often and which he prized so dearly. There were but few men now in the house whose connection with the same body of constituents had remained unbroken so long as had that which bound him to West Barsetshire; and he confidently hoped that that connection might be continued through another period of coming years till he might find himself in the glorious position of being the father of the county members of the House of Commons." The placard said much more than this, and hinted at sundry and various questions, all of great interest to the county; but it did not say one word of the Duke of Omnium, though every one knew what the duke was supposed to be doing in the matter. He was, as it were, a great Llama, shut up in a holy of holies, inscrutable, invisible, inexorable,—not to be seen by men's eyes or heard by their ears, hardly to be mentioned by ordinary men at such periods as these without an inward quaking. But nevertheless, it was he who was supposed to rule them. Euphemism required that his name should be mentioned at no public meetings in connection with the coming election; but, nevertheless, most men in the county believed that he could send his dog up to the House of Commons as member for West Barsetshire if it so pleased him.

It was supposed, therefore, that our friend Sowerby would have no chance; but he was lucky in finding assistance in a quarter from which he certainly had not deserved it. He had been a staunch friend of the gods during the whole of his political life,—as, indeed, was to be expected, seeing that he had been the duke's nominee; but, nevertheless, on the present occasion, all the giants connected with the county came forward to his rescue. They did not do this with the acknowledged purpose of opposing the duke; they declared that they were actuated by a generous disinclination to see an old county member put from his seat;—but the world knew that the battle was to be waged against the great Llama. It was to be a contest between the powers of aristocracy and the powers of oligarchy, as those powers existed in West Barsetshire,—and, it may be added, that democracy would have very little to say to it, on one side or on the other. The lower order of voters, the small farmers and tradesmen, would no doubt range themselves on the side of the duke, and would endeavour to flatter themselves that they were thereby furthering the views of the liberal side; but they would in fact be led to the poll by an old-fashioned, time-honoured adherence to the will of their great Llama; and by an apprehension of evil if that Llama should arise and shake himself in his wrath. What might not come to the county if the Llama were to walk himself off, he with his satellites and armies and courtiers? There he was, a great Llama; and though he came among them but seldom, and was scarcely seen when he did come, nevertheless,—and not the less but rather the more—was obedience to him considered as salutary

and opposition regarded as dangerous. A great rural Llama is still sufficiently mighty in rural England.

But the priest of the temple, Mr. Fothergill, was frequent enough in men's eyes, and it was beautiful to hear with how varied a voice he alluded to the things around him and to the changes which were coming. To the small farmers, not only on the Gatherum property but on others also, he spoke of the duke as a beneficent influence, shedding prosperity on all around him, keeping up prices by his presence, and forbidding the poor rates to rise above one and fourpence in the pound by the general employment which he occasioned. Men must be mad, he thought, who would willingly fly in the duke's face. To the squires from a distance he declared that no one had a right to charge the duke with any interference;—as far, at least, as he knew the duke's mind. People would talk of things of which they understood nothing. Could any one say that he had traced a single request for a vote home to the duke? All this did not alter the settled conviction on men's minds; but it had its effect, and tended to increase the mystery in which the duke's doings were enveloped. But to his own familiars, to the gentry immediately around him, Mr. Fothergill merely winked his eye. They knew what was what, and so did he. The duke had never been bit yet in such matters, and Mr. Fothergill did not think that he would now submit himself to any such operation.

I never heard in what manner and at what rate Mr. Fothergill received remuneration for the various services performed by him with reference to the duke's property in Barsetshire; but I am very sure that, whatever might be the amount, he earned it thoroughly. Never was there a more faithful partizan, or one who, in his partizanship, was more discreet. In this matter of the coming election he declared that he himself,—personally, on his own hook,—did intend to bestir himself actively on behalf of Lord Dumbello. Mr. Sowerby was an old friend of his, and a very good fellow. That was true. But all the world must admit that Sowerby was not in the position which a county member ought to occupy. He was a ruined man, and it would not be for his own advantage that he should be maintained in a position which was fit only for a man of property. He knew—he, Fothergill—that Mr. Sowerby must abandon all right and claim to Chaldicotes; and if so, what would be more absurd than to acknowledge that he had a right and claim to the seat in Parliament. As to Lord Dumbello, it was probable that he would soon become one of the largest landowners in the county; and, as such, who could be more fit for the representation? Beyond this, Mr. Fothergill was not ashamed to confess—so he said—that he hoped to hold Lord Dumbello's agency. It would be compatible with his other duties, and therefore, as a matter of course, he intended to support Lord Dumbello;—he himself, that is. As to the duke's mind in the matter——! But I have already explained how Mr. Fothergill disposed of that.

In these days, Mr. Sowerby came down to his own house—for ostensibly it was still his own house: but he came very quietly, and his

arrival was hardly known in his own village. Though his placard was stuck up so widely, he himself took no electioneering steps; none, at least, as yet. The protection against arrest which he derived from parliament would soon be over, and those who were most bitter against the duke averred that steps would be taken to arrest him, should he give sufficient opportunity to the myrmidons of the law. That he would, in such case, be arrested was very likely; but it was not likely that this would be done in any way at the duke's instance. Mr. Fothergill declared indignantly that this insinuation made him very angry; but he was too prudent a man to be very angry at anything, and he knew how to make capital on his own side of charges such as these which overshot their own mark.

Mr. Sowerby came down very quietly to Chaldicotes, and there he remained for a couple of days, quite alone. The place bore a very different aspect now to that which we noticed when Mark Robarts drove up to it, in the early pages of this little narrative. There were no lights in the windows now, and no voices came from the stables; no dogs barked, and all was dead and silent as the grave. During the greater portion of those two days he sat alone within the house, almost unoccupied. He did not even open his letters which lay piled on a crowded table in the small breakfast parlour in which he sat; for the letters of such men come in piles, and there are few of them which are pleasant in the reading. There he sat, troubled with thoughts which were sad enough, now and then moving to and fro the house, but for the most part occupied in thinking over the position to which he had brought himself. What would he be in the world's eye, if he ceased to be the owner of Chaldicotes, and ceased also to be the member for his county? He had lived ever before the world, and, though always harassed by encumbrances, had been sustained and comforted by the excitement of a prominent position. His debts and difficulties had hitherto been bearable, and he had borne them with ease so long that he had almost taught himself to think that they would never be unendurable. But now,——

The order for foreclosing had gone forth, and the harpies of the law, by their present speed in sticking their claws into the carcase of his property, were atoning to themselves for the delay with which they had hitherto been compelled to approach their prey. And the order as to his seat had gone forth also. That placard had been drawn up by the combined efforts of his sister, Miss Dunstable, and a certain well-known electioneering agent, named Closerstill, presumed to be in the interest of the giants. But poor Sowerby had but little confidence in the placard. No one knew better than he how great was the duke's power.

He was hopeless, therefore, as he walked about through those empty rooms, thinking of his past life and of that life which was to come. Would it not be well for him that he were dead, now that he was dying to all that had made the world pleasant! We see and hear of such men

as Mr. Sowerby, and are apt to think that they enjoy all that the world can give, and that they enjoy that all without payment either in care or labour; but I doubt that, with even the most callous of them, their periods of wretchedness must be frequent, and that wretchedness very intense. Salmon and lamb in February and green pease and new potatoes in March can hardly make a man happy, even though nobody pays for them; and the feeling that one is an *antecedentem scelestum* after whom a sure, though lame, Nemesis is hobbling, must sometimes disturb one's slumbers. On the present occasion Scelestus felt that his Nemesis had overtaken him. Lame as she had been, and swift as he had run, she had mouthed him at last, and there was nothing left for him but to listen to the "whoop" set up at the sight of his own death-throes.

It was a melancholy, dreary place now, that big house of Chaldicotes; and though the woods were all green with their early leaves, and the gardens thick with flowers, they also were melancholy and dreary. The lawns were untrimmed and weeds were growing through the gravel, and here and there a cracked Dryad, tumbled from her pedestal and sprawling in the grass, gave a look of disorder to the whole place. The wooden trellis-work was shattered here and bending there, the standard rose-trees were stooping to the ground, and the leaves of the winter still encumbered the borders. Late in the evening of the second day Mr. Sowerby strolled out, and went through the gardens into the wood. Of all the inanimate things of the world this wood of Chaldicotes was the dearest to him. He was not a man to whom his companions gave much credit for feelings or thoughts akin to poetry, but here, out in the chase, his mind would be almost poetical. While wandering among the forest trees, he became susceptible of the tenderness of human nature: he would listen to the birds singing, and pick here and there a wild flower on his path. He would watch the decay of the old trees and the progress of the young, and make pictures in his eyes of every turn in the wood. He would mark the colour of a bit of road as it dipped into a dell, and then, passing through a water-course, rose brown, rough, irregular, and beautiful against the bank on the other side. And then he would sit and think of his old family: how they had roamed there time out of mind in those Chaldicotes woods, father and son and grandson in regular succession, each giving them over, without blemish or decrease, to his successor. So he would sit; and so he did sit even now, and, thinking of these things, wished that he had never been born.

It was dark night when he returned to the house, and as he did so, he resolved that he would quit the place altogether, and give up the battle as lost. The duke should take it and do as he pleased with it; and as for the seat in parliament, Lord Dumbello, or any other equally gifted young patrician, might hold it for him. He would vanish from the scene and betake himself to some land from whence he would be neither heard nor seen, and there—starve. Such were now his future outlooks into the world; and yet, as regards health and all physical capacities, he knew

that he was still in the prime of his life. Yes; in the prime of his life! But what could he do with what remained to him of such prime? How could he turn either his mind or his strength to such account as might now be serviceable? How could he, in his sore need, earn for himself even the barest bread? Would it not be better for him that he should die? Let not any one covet the lot of a spendthrift, even though the days of his early pease and champagne seem to be unnumbered; for that lame Nemesis will surely be up before the game has been all played out.

When Mr. Sowerby reached his house he found that a message by telegraph had arrived for him in his absence. It was from his sister, and it informed him that she would be with him that night. She was coming down by the mail train, had telegraphed to Barchester for post-horses, and would be at Chaldicotes about two hours after midnight. It was therefore manifest enough that her business was of importance.

Exactly at two the Barchester post-chaise did arrive, and Mrs. Harold Smith, before she retired to her bed, was closeted for about an hour with her brother.

"Well," she said, the following morning, as they sat together at the breakfast-table, "what do you say to it now? If you accept her offer you should be with her lawyer this afternoon."

"I suppose I must accept it," said he.

"Certainly, I think so. No doubt it will take the property out of your own hands as completely as though the duke had it, but it will leave you the house, at any rate for your life."

"What good will the house be, when I can't keep it up?"

"But I am not so sure of that. She will not want more than her fair interest; and as it will be thoroughly well managed, I should think that there would be something over—something enough to keep up the house. And then, you know, we must have some place in the country."

"I tell you fairly, Harriett, that I will have nothing further to do with Harold in the way of money."

"Ah! that was because you would go to him. Why did you not come to me? And then, Nathaniel, it is the only way in which you can have a chance of keeping the seat. She is the queerest woman I ever met, but she seems resolved on beating the duke."

"I do not quite understand it, but I have not the slightest objection."

"She thinks that he is interfering with young Gresham about the crown property. I had no idea that she had so much business at her fingers' ends. When I first proposed the matter she took it up quite as a lawyer might, and seemed to have forgotten altogether what occurred about that other matter."

"I wish I could forget it also," said Mr. Sowerby.

"I really think that she does. When I was obliged to make some allusion to it—at least, I felt myself obliged, and was sorry afterwards that I did—she merely laughed—a great loud laugh as she always does, and then went on about the business. However, she was clear about this,

that all the expenses of the election should be added to the sum to be advanced by her, and that the house should be left to you without any rent. If you choose to take the land round the house you must pay for it, by the acre, as the tenants do. She was as clear about it all as though she had passed her life in a lawyer's office."

My readers will now pretty well understand what last step that excellent sister, Mrs. Harold Smith, had taken on her brother's behalf, nor will they be surprised to learn that in the course of the day Mr. Sowerby hurried back to town and put himself into communication with Miss Dunstable's lawyer.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Is there Cause or Just Impediment?

I now purpose to visit another country house in Barsetshire, but on this occasion our sojourn shall be in the eastern division, in which, as in every other county in England, electioneering matters are paramount at the present moment. It has been mentioned that Mr. Gresham junior, young Frank Gresham as he was always called, lived at a place called Boxall Hill. This property had come to his wife by will, and he was now settled there,—seeing that his father still held the family seat of the Greshams at Greshamsbury.

At the present moment Miss Dunstable was staying at Boxall Hill with Mrs. Frank Gresham. They had left London,—as, indeed, all the world had done, to the terrible dismay of the London tradesmen. This dissolution of parliament was ruining everybody except the country publicans, and had of course destroyed the London season among other things.

Mrs. Harold Smith had only just managed to catch Miss Dunstable before she left London; but she did do so, and the great heiress had at once seen her lawyers, and instructed them how to act with reference to the mortgages on the Chaldicotes property. Miss Dunstable was in the habit of speaking of herself and her own pecuniary concerns as though she herself were rarely allowed to meddle in their management; but this was one of those small jokes which she ordinarily perpetrated; for in truth few ladies, and perhaps not many gentlemen, have a more thorough knowledge of their own concerns or a more potent voice in their own affairs, than was possessed by Miss Dunstable. Circumstances had lately brought her much into Barsetshire and she had there contracted very intimate friendships. She was now disposed to become, if possible, a Barsetshire proprietor, and with this view had lately agreed with young Mr. Gresham that she would become the purchaser of the Crown property. As, however, the purchase had been commenced in his name, it was so to be continued; but now, as we are aware, it was rumoured that, after all,

the duke, or, if not the duke, then the Marquis of Dumbello, was to be the future owner of the Chase. Miss Dunstable, however, was not a person to give up her object if she could attain it, nor, under the circumstances, was she at all displeased at finding herself endowed with the power of rescuing the Sowerby portion of the Chaldicotes property from the duke's clutches. Why had the duke meddled with her, or with her friend, as to the other property? Therefore it was arranged that the full amount due to the duke on mortgage should be ready for immediate payment; but it was arranged also that the security as held by Miss Dunstable should be very valid.

Miss Dunstable, at Boxall Hill or at Greshamsbury, was a very different person from Miss Dunstable in London; and it was this difference which so much vexed Mrs. Gresham; not that her friend omitted to bring with her into the country her London wit and aptitude for fun, but that she did not take with her up to town the genuine goodness and love of honesty which made her loveable in the country. She was as it were two persons, and Mrs. Gresham could not understand that any lady should permit herself to be more worldly at one time of the year than at another—or in one place than in any other.

"Well, my dear, I am heartily glad we've done with that," Miss Dunstable said to her, as she sat herself down to her desk in the drawing-room on the first morning after her arrival at Boxall Hill.

"What does 'that' mean?" said Mrs. Gresham.

"Why, London and smoke and late hours, and standing on one's legs for four hours at a stretch on the top of one's own staircase, to be bowed at by any one who chooses to come. That's all done—for one year, at any rate."

"You know you like it."

"No, Mary; that's just what I don't know. I don't know whether I like it or not. Sometimes, when the spirit of that dearest of all women, Mrs. Harold Smith, is upon me, I think that I do like it; but then again, when other spirits are on me, I think that I don't."

"And who are the owners of the other spirits?"

"Oh! you are one, of course. But you are a weak little thing, by no means able to contend with such a Samson as Mrs. Harold. And then you are a little given to wickedness yourself, you know. You've learned to like London well enough since you sat down to the table of Dives. Your uncle, — he's the real impracticable, unapproachable Lazarus who declares that he can't come down because of the big gulf. I wonder how he'd behave, if somebody left him ten thousand a year?"

"Uncommonly well, I am sure."

"Oh, yes; he is a Lazarus now, so of course we are bound to speak well of him; but I should like to see him tried. I don't doubt but what he'd have a house in Belgrave Square, and become noted for his little dinners before the first year of his trial was over."

"Well, and why not? You would not wish him to be an anchorite?"

"I am told that he is going to try his luck,—not with ten thousand a year, but with one or two."

"What do you mean?"

"Jane tells me that they all say at Greshamsbury that he is going to marry Lady Scatcherd." Now Lady Scatcherd was a widow living in those parts; an excellent woman, but one not formed by nature to grace society of the highest order.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham, rising up from her chair while her eyes flashed with anger at such a rumour.

"Well, my dear, don't eat me. I don't say it is so; I only say that Jane said so."

"Then you ought to send Jane out of the house."

"You may be sure of this, my dear: Jane would not have told me if somebody had not told her."

"And you believed it?"

"I have said nothing about that."

"But you look as if you had believed it."

"Do I? Let us see what sort of a look it is, this look of faith.' And Miss Dunstable got up and went to the glass over the fire-place. "But Mary, my dear, ain't you old enough to know that you should not credit people's looks? You should believe nothing now-a-days; and I did not believe the story about poor Lady Scatcherd. I know the doctor well enough to be sure that he is not a marrying man."

"What a nasty, hackneyed, false phrase that is—that of a marrying man! It sounds as though some men were in the habit of getting married three or four times a month."

"It means a great deal all the same. One can tell very soon whether a man is likely to marry or no."

"And can one tell the same of a woman?"

"The thing is so different. All unmarried women are necessarily in the market; but if they behave themselves properly they make no signs. Now there was Griselda Grantly; of course she intended to get herself a husband, and a very grand one she has got; but she always looked as though butter would not melt in her mouth. It would have been very wrong to call her a marrying girl."

"Oh, of course she was," says Mrs. Gresham, with that sort of acrimony which one pretty young woman so frequently expresses with reference to another. "But if one could always tell of a woman, as you say you can of a man, I should be able to tell of you. Now, I wonder whether you are a marrying woman. I have never been able to make up my mind yet."

Miss Dunstable remained silent for a few moments, as though she were at first minded to take the question as being, in some sort, one made in earnest; but then she attempted to laugh it off. "Well, I wonder at that," said she, "as it was only the other day I told you how many offers I had refused."

"Yes; but you did not tell me whether any had been made that you meant to accept."

"None such was ever made to me. Talking of that, I shall never forget your cousin, the Honourable George."

"He is not my cousin."

"Well, your husband's. It would not be fair to show a man's letters; but I should like to show you his."

"You are determined, then, to remain single?"

"I didn't say that. But why do you cross-question me so?"

"Because I think so much about you. I am afraid that you will become so afraid of men's motives as to doubt that any one can be honest. And yet sometimes I think you would be a happier woman and a better woman, if you were married."

"To such an one as the Honourable George, for instance?"

"No, not to such an one as him; you have probably picked out the worst."

"Or to Mr. Sowerby?"

"Well, no; not to Mr. Sowerby, either. I would not have you marry any man that looked to you for your money principally."

"And how is it possible that I should expect any one to look to me principally for anything else? You don't see my difficulty, my dear? If I had only five hundred a year, I might come across some decent middle-aged personage, like myself, who would like me, myself, pretty well, and would like my little income—pretty well also. He would not tell me any violent lie, and perhaps no lie at all. I should take to him in the same sort of way, and we might do very well. But, as it is, how is it possible that any disinterested person should learn to like me? How could such a man set about it? If a sheep have two heads, is not the fact of the two heads the first and, indeed, only thing which the world regards in that sheep? Must it not be so as a matter of course? I am a sheep with two heads. All this money which my father put together, and which has been growing since like grass under May showers, has turned me into an abortion. I am not the giantess eight feet high, or the dwarf that stands in the man's hand,—"

"Or the two-headed sheep—"

"But I am the unmarried woman with—half a dozen millions of money—as I believe some people think. Under such circumstances have I a fair chance of getting my own sweet bit of grass to nibble, like any ordinary animal with one head? I never was very beautiful, and I am not more so now than I was fifteen years ago."

"I am quite sure it is not that which hinders it. You would not call yourself plain; and even plain women are married every day, and are loved, too, as well as pretty women."

"Are they? Well, we won't say more about that; but I don't expect a great many lovers on account of my beauty. If ever you hear of such an one, mind you tell me."

It was almost on Mrs. Gresham's tongue to say that she did know of one such—meaning her uncle. But in truth, she did not know any such thing; nor could she boast to herself that she had good grounds for feeling that it was so—certainly none sufficient to justify her in speaking of it. Her uncle had said no word to her on the matter, and had been confused and embarrassed when the idea of such a marriage was hinted to him. But, nevertheless, Mrs. Gresham did think that each of these two was well inclined to love the other, and that they would be happier together than they would be single. The difficulty, however, was very great, for the doctor would be terribly afraid of being thought covetous in regard to Miss Dunstable's money; and it would hardly be expected that she should be induced to make the first overture to the doctor.

"My uncle would be the only man that I can think of that would be at all fit for you," said Mrs. Gresham, boldly.

"What, and rob poor Lady Scatcherd!" said Miss Dunstable.

"Oh, very well. If you choose to make a joke of his name in that way, I have done."

"Why, God bless the girl! what does she want me to say? And as for joking, surely that is innocent enough. You're as tender about the doctor as though he were a girl of seventeen."

"It's not about him; but it's such a shame to laugh at poor dear Lady Scatcherd. If she were to hear it she'd lose all comfort in having my uncle near her."

"And I'm to marry him, so that she may be safe with her friend!"

"Very well; I have done." And Mrs. Gresham, who had already got up from her seat, employed herself very sedulously in arranging flowers which had been brought in for the drawing-room tables. Thus they remained silent for a minute or two, during which she began to reflect that, after all, it might probably be thought that she also was endeavouring to catch the great heiress for her uncle.

"And now you are angry with me," said Miss Dunstable.

"No, I am not."

"Oh, but you are. Do you think I'm such a fool as not to see when a person's vexed? You wouldn't have twitched that geranium's head off if you'd been in a proper frame of mind."

"I don't like that joke about Lady Scatcherd."

"And is that all, Mary? Now do try and be true, if you can. You remember the bishop? *Magna est veritas.*"

"The fact is you've got into such a way of being sharp, and saying sharp things among your friends up in London, that you can hardly answer a person without it."

"Can't I? Dear, dear, what a Mentor you are, Mary! No poor lad that ever ran up from Oxford for a spree in town got so lectured for his dissipation and iniquities as I do. Well, I beg Dr. Thorne's pardon, and Lady Scatcherd's, and I won't be sharp any more; and I will—let me see, what was it I was to do? Marry him myself, I believe; was not that it?"

"No; you're not half good enough for him."

"I know that. I'm quite sure of that. Though I am so sharp, I'm very humble. You can't accuse me of putting any very great value on myself."

"Perhaps not as much as you ought to do—on yourself."

"Now, what do you mean, Mary? I won't be bullied and teased, and have innuendos thrown out at me, because you've got something on your mind, and don't quite dare to speak it out. If you have got anything to say, say it."

But Mrs. Gresham did not choose to say it at that moment. She held her peace, and went on arranging her flowers—now with a more satisfied air, and without destruction to the geraniums. And when she had grouped her bunches properly she carried the jar from one part of the room to another, backwards and forwards, trying the effect of the colours, as though her mind was quite intent upon her flowers, and was for the moment wholly unoccupied with any other subject.

But Miss Dunstable was not the woman to put up with this. She sat silent in her place, while her friend made one or two turns about the room; and then she got up from her seat also. "Mary," she said, "give over about those wretched bits of green branches and leave the jars where they are. You're trying to fidget me into a passion."

"Am I?" said Mrs. Gresham, standing opposite to a big bowl, and putting her head a little on one side, as though she could better look at her handiwork in that position.

"You know you are; and it's all because you lack courage to speak out. You didn't begin at me in this way for nothing."

"I do lack courage. That's just it," said Mrs. Gresham, still giving a twist here and a set there to some of the small sprigs which constituted the background of her bouquet. "I do lack courage—to have ill motives imputed to me. I was thinking of saying something, and I am afraid, and therefore I will not say it. And now, if you like, I will be ready to take you out in ten minutes."

But Miss Dunstable was not going to be put off in this way. And, to tell the truth, I must admit that her friend Mrs. Gresham was not using her altogether well. She should either have held her peace on the matter altogether,—which would probably have been her wiser course,—or she should have declared her own ideas boldly, feeling secure in her own conscience as to her own motives. "I shall not stir from this room," said Miss Dunstable, "till I have had this matter out with you. And as for imputations,—my imputing bad motives to you,—I don't know how far you may be joking, and saying what you call sharp things to me; but you have no right to think that I should think evil of you. If you really do think so, it is treason to the love I have for you. If I thought that you thought so, I could not remain in the house with you. What! you are not able to know the difference which one makes between one's real friends and one's mock friends! I don't believe it of you, and I

know you are only striving to bully me." And Miss Dunstable now took her turn of walking up and down the room.

"Well, she shan't be bullied," said Mrs. Gresham, leaving her flowers, and putting her arm round her friend's waist;—"at least, not here, in this house, although she is sometimes such a bully herself."

"Mary, you have gone too far about this to go back. Tell me what it was that was on your mind, and as far as it concerns me, I will answer you honestly."

Mrs. Gresham now began to repent that she had made her little attempt. That uttering of hints in a half-joking way was all very well, and might possibly bring about the desired result, without the necessity of any formal suggestion on her part; but now she was so brought to book that she must say something formal. She must commit herself to the expression of her own wishes, and to an expression also of an opinion as to what had been the wishes of her friend; and this she must do without being able to say anything as to the wishes of that third person.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you know what I meant."

"I suppose I did," said Miss Dunstable; "but it is not at all the less necessary that you should say it out. I am not to commit myself by my interpretation of your thoughts, while you remain perfectly secure in having only hinted your own. I hate hints, as I do—the mischief. I go in for the bishop's doctrine. *Magna est veritas.*"

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Gresham.

"Ah! but I do," said Miss Dunstable. "And therefore go on, or for ever hold your peace."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Gresham.

"What's just it?" said Miss Dunstable.

"The quotation out of the Prayer Book which you finished just now. 'If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the first time of asking.' Do you know any cause, Miss Dunstable?"

"Do you know any, Mrs. Gresham?"

"None, on my honour!" said the younger lady, putting her hand upon her breast.

"Ah! but do you not?" and Miss Dunstable caught hold of her arm, and spoke almost abruptly in her energy.

"No, certainly not. What impediment? If I did, I should not have broached the subject. I declare I think you would both be very happy together. Of course, there is one impediment; we all know that. That must be your look out."

"What do you mean? What impediment?"

"Your own money."

"Psha! Did you find that an impediment in marrying Frank Gresham?"

"Ah! the matter was so different there. He had much more to give than I had, when all was counted. And I had no money when we—

when we were first engaged." And the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the circumstances of her early love;—all of which have been narrated in the county chronicles of Barsetshire, and may now be read by men and women interested therein.

"Yes; yours was a love match. I declare, Mary, I often think that you are the happiest woman of whom I ever heard; to have it all to give, when you were so sure that you were loved while you yet had nothing."

"Yes; I was sure," and she wiped the sweet tears from her eyes, as she remembered a certain day when a certain youth had come to her, claiming all kinds of privileges in a very determined manner. She had been no heiress then. "Yes; I was sure. But now with you, dear, you can't make yourself poor again. If you can trust no one—"

"I can. I can trust him. As regards that I do trust him altogether. But how can I tell that he would care for me?"

"Do you not know that he likes you?"

"Ah, yes; and so he does Lady Scatcherd."

"Miss Dunstable!"

"And why not Lady Scatcherd, as well as me? We are of the same kind—come from the same class."

"Not quite that, I think."

"Yes, from the same class; only I have managed to poke myself up among dukes and duchesses, whereas she has been content to remain where God placed her. Where I beat her in art, she beats me in nature."

"You know you are talking nonsense."

"I think that we are both doing that—absolute nonsense; such as schoolgirls of eighteen talk to each other. But there is a relief in it; is there not? It would be a terrible curse to have to talk sense always. Well, that's done; and now let us go out."

Mrs. Gresham was sure after this that Miss Dunstable would be a consenting party to the little arrangement which she contemplated. But of that she had felt but little doubt for some considerable time past. The difficulty lay on the other side, and all that she had as yet done was to convince herself that she would be safe in assuring her uncle of success if he could be induced to take the enterprise in hand. He was to come to Boxall Hill that evening, and to remain there for a day or two. If anything could be done in the matter, now would be the time for doing it. So at least thought Mrs. Gresham.

The doctor did come, and did remain for the allotted time at Boxall Hill; but when he left, Mrs. Gresham had not been successful. Indeed, he did not seem to enjoy his visit as was usual with him; and there was very little of that pleasant friendly intercourse which for some time past had been customary between him and Miss Dunstable. There were no passages of arms between them; no abuse from the doctor against the lady's London gaiety; no raillery from the lady as to the doctor's country habits. They were very courteous to each other, and, as Mrs. Gresham thought, too civil by half; nor, as far as she could see,

did they ever remain alone in each other's company for five minutes at a time during the whole period of the doctor's visit. What, thought Mrs. Gresham to herself,—what if she had set these two friends at variance with each other, instead of binding them together in the closest and most durable friendship!

But still she had an idea that, as she had begun to play this game, she must play it out. She felt conscious that what she had done must do evil, unless she could so carry it on as to make it result in good. Indeed, unless she could so manage, she would have done a manifest injury to Miss Dunstable in forcing her to declare her thoughts and feelings. She had already spoken to her uncle in London, and though he had said nothing to show that he approved of her plan, neither had he said anything to show that he disapproved it. Therefore she had hoped through the whole of those three days that he would make some sign,—at any rate to her; that he would in some way declare what were his own thoughts on this matter. But the morning of his departure came, and he had declared nothing.

"Uncle," she said, in the last five minutes of his sojourn there, after he had already taken leave of Miss Dunstable and shaken hands with Mrs. Gresham, "have you ever thought of what I said to you up in London?"

"Yes, Mary; of course I have thought about it. Such an idea as that, when put into a man's head, will make itself thought about."

"Well; and what next? Do talk to me about it. Do not be so hard and unlike yourself."

"I have very little to say about it."

"I can tell you this for certain, you may if you like."

"Mary! Mary!"

"I would not say so if I were not sure that I should not lead you into trouble."

"You are foolish in wishing this, my dear; foolish in trying to tempt an old man into a folly."

"Not foolish if I know that it will make you both happier."

He made her no further reply, but stooping down that she might kiss him, as was his wont, went his way, leaving her almost miserable in the thought that she had troubled all these waters to no purpose. What would Miss Dunstable think of her? But on that afternoon Miss Dunstable seemed to be as happy and even-tempered as ever.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How to write a Love Letter.

Dr. Thorne, in the few words which he spoke to his niece before he left Boxall Hill, had called himself an old man; but he was as yet on the right side of sixty by five good years, and bore about with him less of the

marks of age than most men of fifty-five do bear. One would have said in looking at him that there was no reason why he should not marry if he found that such a step seemed good to him; and looking at the age of the proposed bride, there was nothing unsuitable in that respect.

But nevertheless he felt almost ashamed of himself, in that he allowed himself even to think of the proposition which his niece had made. He mounted his horse that day at Boxall Hill—for he made all his journeys about the county on horseback—and rode slowly home to Greshamsbury, thinking not so much of the suggested marriage as of his own folly in thinking of it. How could he be such an ass at his time of life as to allow the even course of his way to be disturbed by any such idea? Of course he could not propose to himself such a wife as Miss Dunstable without having some thoughts as to her wealth; and it had been the pride of his life so to live that the world might know that he was indifferent about money. His profession was all in all to him,—the air which he breathed as well as the bread which he ate; and how could he follow his profession if he made such a marriage as this? She would expect him to go to London with her; and what would he become, dangling at her heels there, known only to the world as the husband of the richest woman in the town? The kind of life was one which would be unsuitable to him;—and yet, as he rode home, he could not resolve to rid himself of the idea. He went on thinking of it, though he still continued to condemn himself for keeping it in his thoughts. That night at home he would make up his mind, so he declared to himself; and would then write to his niece begging her to drop the subject. Having so far come to a resolution he went on meditating what course of life it might be well for him to pursue if he and Miss Dunstable should, after all, become man and wife.

There were two ladies whom it behoved him to see on the day of his arrival—whom, indeed, he generally saw every day except when absent from Greshamsbury. The first of these—first in the general consideration of the people of the place—was the wife of the squire, Lady Arabella Gresham, a very old patient of the doctor's. Her it was his custom to visit early in the afternoon; and then, if he were able to escape the squire's daily invitation to dinner, he customarily went to the other, Lady Scatcherd, when the rapid meal in his own house was over. Such, at least, was his summer practice.

"Well, doctor, how are they at Boxall Hill?" said the squire, waylaying him on the gravel sweep before the door. The squire was very hard set for occupation in these summer months.

"Quite well, I believe."

"I don't know what's come to Frank. I think he hates this place now. He's full of the election, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; he told me to say he should be over here soon. Of course there'll be no contest, so he need not trouble himself."

"Happy dog; isn't he, doctor? to have it all before him instead of behind him. Well, well; he's as good a lad as ever lived,—as ever lived.

And let me see; Mary's time——" And then there were a few very important words spoken on that subject.

"I'll just step up to Lady Arabella now," said the doctor.

"She's as fretful as possible," said the squire. "I've just left her."

"Nothing special the matter, I hope?"

"No, I think not; nothing in your way, that is; only specially cross, which always comes in my way. You'll stop and dine to-day, of course?"

"Not to-day, squire."

"Nonsense; you will. I have been quite counting on you. I have a particular reason for wanting to have you to-day,—a most particular reason." But the squire always had his particular reasons.

"I'm very sorry, but it is impossible to-day. I shall have a letter to write that I must sit down to seriously. Shall I see you when I come down from her ladyship?"

The squire turned away sulkily, almost without answering him, for he now had no prospect of any alleviation to the tedium of the evening; and the doctor went up-stairs to his patient.

For Lady Arabella, though it cannot be said that she was ill, was always a patient. It must not be supposed that she kept her bed and swallowed daily doses, or was prevented from taking her share in such prosy gaieties as came from time to time in the way of her prosy life; but it suited her turn of mind to be an invalid and to have a doctor; and as the doctor whom her good fates had placed at her elbow thoroughly understood her case, no great harm was done.

"It frets me dreadfully that I cannot get to see Mary," Lady Arabella said, as soon as the first ordinary question as to her ailments had been asked and answered.

"She's quite well and will be over to see you before long."

"Now I beg that she won't. She never thinks of coming when there can be no possible objection, and travelling, at the present moment, would be——" Whereupon the Lady Arabella shook her head very gravely. "Only think of the importance of it, doctor," she said. "Remember the enormous stake there is to be considered."

"It would not do her a ha'porth of harm if the stake were twice as large."

"Nonsense, doctor, don't tell me; as if I didn't know myself. I was very much against her going to London this spring, but of course what I said was overruled. It always is. I do believe Mr. Gresham went over to Boxall Hill, on purpose to induce her to go. But what does he care? He's fond of Frank; but he never thinks of looking beyond the present day. He never did, as you know well enough, doctor."

"The trip did her all the good in the world," said Dr. Thorne, preferring anything to a conversation respecting the squire's sins.

"I very well remember that when I was in that way it wasn't thought that such trips would do me any good. But, perhaps, things are altered since then."

"Yes, they are," said the doctor. "We don't interfere so much now-a-days."

"I know I never asked for such amusements when so much depended on quietness. I remember before Frank was born—and, indeed, when all of them were born—— But as you say, things were different then; and I can easily believe that Mary is a person quite determined to have her own way."

"Why, Lady Arabella, she would have stayed at home without wishing to stir if Frank had done so much as hold up his little finger."

"So did I always. If Mr. Gresham made the slightest hint I gave way. But I really don't see what one gets in return for such implicit obedience. Now this year, doctor, of course I should have liked to have been up in London for a week or two. You seemed to think yourself that I might as well see Sir Omicron."

"There could be no possible objection, I said."

"Well; no; exactly; and as Mr. Gresham knew I wished it, I think he might as well have offered it. I suppose there can be no reason now about money."

"But I understood that Mary specially asked you and Augusta?"

"Yes; Mary was very good. She did ask me. But I know very well that Mary wants all the room she has got in London. The house is not at all too large for herself. And, for the matter of that, my sister, the Countess, was very anxious that I should be with her. But one does like to be independent if one can, and for one fortnight I do think that Mr. Gresham might have managed it. When I knew that he was so dreadfully out at elbows I never troubled him about it,—though, goodness knows, all that was never my fault."

"The squire hates London. A fortnight there in warm weather would nearly be the death of him."

"He might at any rate have paid me the compliment of asking me. The chances are ten to one I should not have gone. It is that indifference that cuts me so. He was here just now, and, would you believe it?——"

But the doctor was determined to avoid further complaint for the present day. "I wonder what you would feel, Lady Arabella, if the squire were to take it into his head to go away and amuse himself, leaving you at home. There are worse men than Mr. Gresham, if you will believe me." All this was an allusion to Earl de Courcy, her ladyship's brother, as Lady Arabella very well understood; and the argument was one which was very often used to silence her.

"Upon my word, then, I should like it better than his hanging about here doing nothing but attend to those nasty dogs. I really sometimes think that he has no spirit left."

"You are mistaken there, Lady Arabella," said the doctor, rising with his hat in his hand and making his escape without further parley.

As he went home he could not but think that that phase of married life was not a very pleasant one. Mr. Gresham and his wife were sup-

posed by the world to live on the best of terms. They always inhabited the same house, went out together when they did go out, always sat in their respective corners in the family pew, and in their wildest dreams after the happiness of novelty never thought of Sir Cresswell Cresswell. In some respects—with regard, for instance, to the continued duration of their joint domesticity at the family mansion of Greshamsbury,—they might have been taken for a pattern couple. But yet, as far as the doctor could see, they did not seem to add much to the happiness of each other. They loved each other, doubtless, and had either of them been in real danger, that danger would have made the other miserable; but yet it might well be a question whether either would not be more comfortable without the other.

The doctor, as was his custom, dined at five, and at seven he went up to the cottage of his old friend Lady Scatcherd. Lady Scatcherd was not a refined woman, having in her early days been a labourer's daughter and having then married a labourer. But her husband had risen in the world—as has been told in those chronicles before mentioned,—and his widow was now Lady Scatcherd with a pretty cottage and a good jointure. She was in all things the very opposite to Lady Arabella Gresham; nevertheless, under the doctor's auspices, the two ladies were in some measure acquainted with each other. Of her married life, also, Dr. Thorne had seen something, and it may be questioned whether the memory of that was more alluring than the reality now existing at Greshamsbury.

Of the two women Dr. Thorne much preferred his humbler friend, and to her he made his visits not in the guise of a doctor, but as a neighbour. "Well, my lady," he said, as he sat down by her on a broad garden seat—all the world called Lady Scatcherd "my lady,"—"and how do these long summer days agree with you? Your roses are twice better out than any I see up at the big house."

"You may well call them long, doctor. They're long enough surely."

"But not too long. Come, now, I won't have you complaining. You don't mean to tell me that you have anything to make you wretched? You had better not, for I won't believe you."

"Eh; well; wretched! I don't know as I'm wretched. It'd be wicked to say that, and I with such comforts about me."

"I think it would, almost." The doctor did not say this harshly, but in a soft, friendly tone, and pressing her hand gently as he spoke.

"And I didn't mean to be wicked. I'm very thankful for everything—leastways, I always try to be. But, doctor, it is so lonely like."

"Lonely! not more lonely than I am."

"Oh, yes; you're different. You can go everywheres. But what can a lone woman do? I'll tell you what, doctor; I'd give it all up to have Roger back with his apron on and his pick in his hand. How well I mind his look when he'd come home o' nights."

"And yet it was a hard life you had then, eh, old woman? It would be better for you to be thankful for what you've got."

"I am thankful. Didn't I tell you so before?" said she, somewhat crossly. "But it's a sad life, this living alone. I declares I envy Hannah, 'cause she's got Jemima to sit in the kitchen with her. I want her to sit with me sometimes, but she won't."

"Ah! but you shouldn't ask her. It's letting yourself down."

"What do I care about down or up? It makes no difference, as he's gone. If he had lived one might have cared about being up, as you call it. Eh, deary; I'll be going after him before long, and it will be no matter then."

"We shall all be going after him, sooner or later; that's sure enough."

"Eh, dear, that's true, surely. It's only a span long, as Parson Oriel tells us when he gets romantic in his sermons. But it's a hard thing, doctor, when two is married, as they can't have their span, as he calls it, out together. Well, I must only put up with it, I suppose, as others does. Now, you're not going, doctor? You'll stop and have a dish of tea with me. You never see such cream as Hannah has from the Alderney cow. Do'ey now, doctor."

But the doctor had his letter to write, and would not allow himself to be tempted even by the promise of Hannah's cream. So he went his way, angering Lady Scatcherd by his departure as he had before angered the squire, and thinking as he went which was most unreasonable in her wretchedness, his friend Lady Arabella, or his friend Lady Scatcherd. The former was always complaining of an existing husband who never refused her any moderate request; and the other passed her days in murmuring at the loss of a dead husband, who in his life had ever been to her imperious and harsh, and had sometimes been cruel and unjust.

The doctor had his letter to write, but even yet he had not quite made up his mind what he would put into it; indeed, he had not hitherto resolved to whom it should be written. Looking at the matter as he had endeavoured to look at it, his niece, Mrs. Gresham, would be his correspondent; but if he brought himself to take this jump in the dark, in that case he would address himself direct to Miss Dunstable.

He walked home, not by the straightest road, but taking a considerable curve, round by narrow lanes, and through thick flower-laden hedges, —very thoughtful. He was told that she wished to marry him; and was he to think only of himself? And as to that pride of his about money, was it in truth a hearty, manly feeling; or was it a false pride, of which it behoved him to be ashamed as it did of many cognate feelings? If he acted rightly in this matter, why should he be afraid of the thoughts of any one? A life of solitude was bitter enough, as poor Lady Scatcherd had complained. But then, looking at Lady Scatcherd, and looking also at his other near neighbour, his friend the squire, there was little thereabouts to lead him on to matrimony. So he walked home slowly through the lanes, very meditative, with his hands behind his back.

Nor when he got home was he much more inclined to any resolute line of action. He might have drank his tea with Lady Scatcherd, as well

as have sat there in his own drawing-room, drinking it alone; for he got no pen and paper, and he dawdled over his teacup with the utmost dilatoriness, putting off, as it were, the evil day. To only one thing was he fixed—to this, namely, that that letter should be written before he went to bed.

Having finished his tea, which did not take place till near eleven, he went downstairs to an untidy little room which lay behind his depôt of medicines, and in which he was wont to do his writing; and herein he did at last set himself down to his work. Even at that moment he was in doubt. But he would write his letter to Miss Dunstable and see how it looked. He was almost determined not to send it; so, at least, he said to himself: but he could do no harm by writing it. So he did write it, as follows:—

"Greshamsbury,—June, 185—.

"My dear Miss Dunstable,—"

When he had got so far, he leaned back in his chair and looked at the paper. How on earth was he to find words to say that which he now wished to have said? He had never written such a letter in his life, or anything approaching to it, and now found himself overwhelmed with a difficulty of which he had not previously thought. He spent another half-hour in looking at the paper, and was at last nearly deterred by this new difficulty. He would use the simplest, plainest language, he said to himself over and over again; but it is not always easy to use simple, plain language,—by no means so easy as to mount on stilts, and to march along with sesquipedalian words, with pathos, spasms, and notes of interjection. But the letter did at last get itself written, and there was not a note of interjection in it.

"My dear Miss Dunstable,—I think it right to confess that I should not be now writing this letter to you, had I not been led to believe by other judgment than my own that the proposition which I am going to make would be regarded by you with favour. Without such other judgment I should, I own, have feared that the great disparity between you and me in regard to money would have given to such a proposition an appearance of being false and mercenary. All I ask of you now, with confidence, is to acquit me of such fault as that.

"When you have read so far you will understand what I mean. We have known each other now somewhat intimately, though indeed not very long, and I have sometimes fancied that you were almost as well pleased to be with me as I have been to be with you. If I have been wrong in this, tell me so simply, and I will endeavour to let our friendship run on as though this letter had not been written. But if I have been right, and if it be possible that you can think that a union between us will make us both happier than we are single, I will plight you my word and troth with good faith, and will do what an old man may do to make the burden of the world lie light upon your shoulders. Looking at my age I can hardly keep myself from thinking that I am an old fool: but I try to reconcile myself to that by remembering that you yourself are no longer a girl. You see that I pay you no compliments, and that you need expect none from me.

"I do not know that I could add anything to the truth of this, if I were to write three times as much. All that is necessary is, that you should know what I mean.

If you do not believe me to be true and honest already nothing that I can write will make you believe it.

"God bless you. I know you will not keep me long in suspense for an answer.

"Affectionately your friend,

"THOMAS THORNE."

When he had finished he meditated again for another half-hour whether it would not be right that he should add something about her money. Would it not be well for him to tell her—it might be said in a postscript—that with regard to all her wealth she would be free to do what she chose? At any rate he owed no debts for her to pay, and would still have his own income, sufficient for his own purposes. But about one o'clock he came to the conclusion that it would be better to leave the matter alone. If she cared for him, and could trust him, and was worthy also that he should trust her, no omission of such a statement would deter her from coming to him: and if there were no such trust, it would not be created by any such assurance on his part. So he read the letter over twice, sealed it, and took it up, together with his bed candle, into his bed-room. Now that the letter was written it seemed to be a thing fixed by fate that it must go. He had written it that he might see how it looked when written; but now that it was written, there remained no doubt but that it must be sent. So he went to bed, with the letter on the toilette-table beside him; and early in the morning—so early as to make it seem that the importance of the letter had disturbed his rest—he sent it off by a special messenger to Boxall Hill.

"I'se wait for an answer?" said the boy.

"No," said the doctor: "leave the letter, and come away."

The breakfast hour was not very early at Boxall Hill in these summer months. Frank Gresham, no doubt, went round his farm before he came in for prayers, and his wife was probably looking to the butter in the dairy. At any rate, they did not meet till near ten, and therefore, though the ride from Greshamsbury to Boxall Hill was nearly two hours' work, Miss Dunstable had her letter in her own room before she came down.

She read it in silence as she was dressing, while the maid was with her in the room; but she made no sign which could induce her Abigail to think that the epistle was more than ordinarily important. She read it, and then quietly refolding it and placing it in the envelope, she put it down on the table at which she was sitting. It was full fifteen minutes afterwards that she begged her servant to see if Mrs. Gresham were still in her own room. "Because I want to see her for five minutes, alone, before breakfast," said Miss Dunstable.

"You traitor; you false, black traitor!" were the first words which Miss Dunstable spoke when she found herself alone with her friend.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I did not think there was so much mischief in you, nor so keen and commonplace a desire for match-making. Look here. Read the first

four lines; not more, if you please; the rest is private. Whose is the other judgment of whom your uncle speaks in his letter?"

"Oh, Miss Dunstable! I must read it all."

"Indeed you'll do no such thing. You think it's a love-letter, I dare say; but indeed there's not a word about love in it."

"I know he has offered. I shall be so glad, for I know you like him."

"He tells me that I am an old woman, and insinuates that I may probably be an old fool."

"I am sure he does not say that."

"Ah! but I'm sure that he does. The former is true enough, and I never complain of the truth. But as to the latter, I am by no means so certain that it is true—not in the sense that he means it."

"Dear, dearest woman, don't go on in that way now. Do speak out to me, and speak without jesting."

"Whose was the other judgment to whom he trusts so implicitly? Tell me that."

"Mine, mine, of course. No one else can have spoken to him about it. Of course I talked to him."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him—"

"Well, out with it. Let me have the real facts. Mind, I tell you fairly that you had no right to tell him anything. What passed between us, passed in confidence. But let us hear what you did say."

"I told him that you would have him if he offered." And Mrs. Gresham, as she spoke, looked into her friend's face doubtingly, not knowing whether in very truth Miss Dunstable were pleased with her or displeased. If she were displeased, then how had her uncle been deceived!

"You told him that as a fact?"

"I told him that I thought so."

"Then I suppose I am bound to have him," said Miss Dunstable, dropping the letter on to the floor in mock despair.

"My dear, dear, dearest woman!" said Mrs. Gresham, bursting into tears, and throwing herself on to her friend's neck.

"Mind you are a dutiful niece," said Miss Dunstable. "And now let me go and finish dressing."

In the course of the afternoon, an answer was sent back to Greshamsbury, in these words:—

"Dear Dr. Thorne,—I do and will trust you in everything; and it shall be as you would have it. Mary writes to you; but do not believe a word she says. I never will again, for she has behaved so bad in this matter.

"Yours affectionately and very truly,

"Martha Dunstable."

"And so I am going to marry the richest woman in England," said Dr. Thorne to himself, as he sat down that day to his mutton-chop.

The Career of an Indian Officer.

Little more than a stone's throw from the spot whence this volume is issued, there is a spacious edifice which was once the centre of a mighty government. Six months ago there was notice in these pages of the impending ruin of Leadenhall. What was then a prophecy has become a tradition. The old home of the East India Company is now a desolation of brick and stone. The roar and bustle of the outer street meets with no response from within. All is solitude and silence in those vast passages —in those spacious committee-rooms—in those departmental rookeries, where erst the business of an empire was transacted. The apocalyptical New Zealander might wander about them without encountering aught more substantial than the ghost of a clerk.

"'Twill soon become a history little known" that those passages were once haunted by suitors, eager for admission into the rooms which skirted them; for there sate the directors and there was erst dispensed the patronage of the Company. Men who had governed great provinces, or who still ruled magnificent banking-houses, sate in these small dingy rooms for three hundred a year. They would have sate there for nothing, for their patronage was their pay. What power there was in it—and what pleasure, too! To make the fortunes of a score or so of fine ingenious youths every year, and so to lighten the burdens of a score of families. I have heard talk of abuse of patronage. Well! *de mortuis* ——it is all over now. The great ogre, Competition, has eaten up all the loaves and fishes. But nearly half a century ago, when my story commences, the directors of the Company had vast patronage to dispense; and I sometimes think that if they have turned none of their opportunities to worse account than their opportunities as patrons, they will not stand abashed before the eternal Rhadamanthus when they are called up to answer for their sins.

It is a story of an India House appointment that I am about to tell; speaking of things as they were under the old system, when Mr. John Company gave what he would to whom he liked, and no one asked any questions. I will tell it as briefly as I can.—Up one of those long stone passages, and into a little waiting-room on the right, nearly forty and two years ago, went a boy of fifteen, to be summoned thence, after some hours' wearisome delay, before the military committee of the Honourable Court of Directors, and sworn in as an officer of their establishment. It may be that he thought no more about the matter than the other boys, who hung about the waiting-room and took the oath of service and fidelity, repeating the words as carelessly as if they belonged to the multiplication table, and putting the Bible to their lips with no more

solemnity than if it were a whistle or a Jew's-harp. Fine things might be written about day-dreams of future greatness, stirring the hearts of those fledgling heroes—glimpses of the great Hereafter—previsions of glory; anything but the sordid fact, a common thought of luncheon, as day advances and they are not released. Ah! it is not a subject for fine writing—but, in sober earnestness, what would you wish a boy of fifteen to think of, an hour or two after noon, but luncheon, unless it may be dinner? And what hope, I ask you, should I have of that little group of soldierlings, if there were not good appetites among them? Cramming-shops and competitive examinations in these days may break down the natural appetite. In those days there were no such things. We talk in our enlightened times about encouraging an "appetite for distinction." Give my young hero an appetite for dinner, and see if he will not beat yours in the race.

I hope, therefore, that young James Outram, waiting to be sworn in on that spring morning in the year of our Lord 1819, bethought himself how luncheon-time had come and gone, and left him with his oath untaken and his appetite unappeased. We would rather think of him as of other boys, than as one with any precocious manhood about him. Indeed, we doubt much whether he distinguished himself at school by any extraordinary proficiency in book-learning, or carried with him into the Company's service much ancient or modern lore. It is probable that before a board of examiners he would have been hopelessly out in his dates, and that he might not have been able to trace on a skeleton map the windings of all the great rivers of Europe, and to jot down the cities which they water. But whatever the verdict of the schools, there was the making of a hero in him; and young James Outram carried to India with him what was far more to the purpose than a head full of facts and a memory gravid with figures.

He went to Bombay, and was posted to a sepoy regiment. There he learned the rudiments of his profession; taking kindly to the work; going at it, indeed, even in its least attractive manifestations, with all his might, and plainly showing, at the outset of his career, the good stuff that was in him. It was soon seen that the young subaltern of the 23rd was not only developing into a good soldier, but that there were all the essentialities of good comradeship in him, and that he came to the front as naturally in play as in work. With a quick eye; of an active, sturdy figure; no superfluous length of limb, to be in his own or his horse's way; with a firm hand, a steady pulse, and a heart that never quailed, young Outram was soon distinguished as a sportsman. The jungle is the battle-field of play-hours; it leads straight up to the red ribbon and the Victoria Cross. Think of this, ye who destine your sons for the grand Indian career! If the examiners will let you, subject your young hopeful to the discipline of the saddle; put him on pony-back almost as soon as he can walk; do not check the instinctive longings of boyhood after the workmanship of Purdey and Marston, and the percussion of copper caps:

there is rough work before him, for which he will need a true eye, a steady hand, a strong nerve, not to be acquired in the school-room and the cramming-shop. Do not fret yourselves if you find that he takes more kindly to the stable and the rabbit-warren than to Euclid and Eutropius. When the struggle comes, as come some day it will, for dear life, what will it avail him that he can demonstrate the *Pons Asinorum* or recount the labours of Hercules? But that true eye, that steady hand, that firm seat in the saddle, with all the cool courage of the hunting-field —these are the aids which will find him out in the hour of trial, and help him to the front in the grand Indian career.

Having surmounted the difficulties of Company's drill and battalion exercise, James Outram soon obtained the grand reward of efficiency in regimental subalternship, the adjutancy of a corps. A new sepoy regiment, now known in history as the 23rd Bombay Native Infantry, was raised, and the boy-soldier was appointed to its staff. The youthful days of his regiment, like his own, were days of action. It was not suffered to drowse away life in a quiet cantonment, but was continually on the move; and on the line of march in Western India, young Outram learned lessons never forgotten. But he was disturbed by continual longings to encounter other enemies than rough roads and formidable jungles. And "Heaven soon granted" the boon he sought; for the 23rd was ordered to Candeish, in those days in a chronic state of lawlessness and tumult, which soon developed into a paroxysm of acute rebellion.* The insurgent leader, flaunting the standard of the Peishwah, occupied a hill fortress, which young Outram, who was sent out with a party of 200 sepoys to support the civil authorities, soon determined to attack. After a forced march of thirty-five miles, he fell suddenly upon the enemy's stronghold under cover of the night, and by operations as skilful as they were daring, struck such a panic into the hearts of the garrison that they fled in dismay. Utterly disorganized, their leader slain, their plunder recaptured, they dispersed themselves about the country, only to be cut up by Outram's pursuing troops. It was his first service in the field, and it was a great success. It made him at once famous. All the highest functionaries in the land thanked him for what he had done. Seldom had such commendations been bestowed upon so young a soldier.

James Outram had now proved himself to be deserving of promotion, and he was to be promoted. A great man then sat in the presidential chair of Bombay—a great man who has only recently passed away

* Soon after the regiment reached Candeish, Outram was taken ill, and ordered to Bombay. It is characteristic of the dawning heroism of the man, that whilst on sick leave, a force having been despatched for active service into the Southern Mahratta Country, young Outram obtained permission to accompany it as a volunteer; and when the force arrived opposite to Kittoor, which it was bent on capturing, he volunteered to lead the storming-party, and his offer was accepted. The garrison, however, capitulated; and the yearnings of the young soldier were disappointed.

from amongst us—and he saw that in the young subaltern of the 23rd there was one capable of great things, if the opportunity only were granted to him. So Mountstuart Elphinstone gave him the opportunity. James Outram was promoted. Now, promotion in that old Company's army was of a peculiar kind. If a subaltern did good service, he was not promoted to a captaincy—if a captain did the like, he was not presented with the spurs of a field-officer. In no wise could service in the field, whatsoever the heroism of its manifestation, raise a regimental officer an inch above the great dead level of the seniority system. It was the wont, therefore, as soon as a man gave proof or promise of being a good soldier, to strip him at once of all his soldierly environments and to turn him into a civilian. The great vortex of the Staff swallowed up the very pith and flower of the army; and the regiment was left with the scant remainder, and with the failures returned upon its hands. So half a dozen years after his first entrance into the Company's service, James Outram ceased to be a regimental officer. The 23rd from that time knew him only by reputation, and very proud they were of his fame. But he was not turned into a clerk, a diplomatist, or a courtier; he was not shelved in the Pay or Audit department, exiled to a distant court, or polished up into an aide-de-camp to his Honour the Governor. There were always a few extra-regimental appointments to which a promising young soldier might be nominated without a total abandonment of his military character. These were the irregular corps, which have been rendered so famous by the exploits of such men as Chamberlain, Hodgson, Probyn, Watson, and others of the same heroic stamp. Now, James Outram was just the man for such a corps. A first-rate leader of irregular horse would he have been, if there had been a grand war in progress over a vast extent of country. But this was not the service for which he was now designed. There was a war then going on—but it was a war against barbarism and darkness—and James Outram was selected to fight it. By Mountstuart Elphinstone was he sent on a mission to the Bheels of Candeish—a lawless tribe, whom long-continued tyranny and proscription had wrought into a state of ferocity, little above that of the wild beasts of the jungle. For long years had they been at war with Authority; robbers and marauders were they—tempering cattle-lifting with murder; in return for which Authority killed them off by hundreds, choking up the wells of the country with their headless trunks, and glorying in such periodical battues as great administrative successes. To Governor Elphinstone, with his enlarged views and humane instincts, this appeared to be both a folly and a crime. There might be better means of taming these wild people; and he bethought himself of how humanity might best effect that which cruelty had failed to do. It was possible that better treatment might develop better qualities. Treat them as men and they might become human. This was the one cardinal idea; and Outram was sent into the Bheel country to give it practical illustration. The Bheels were desperate marauders, because they had nothing else to

do and no other way of living. It was thought that, if legitimate occupation were given to them, they might cease from their lawlessness. Soldiers are readily convertible into bandits; might not bandits be as readily convertible into soldiers? The experiment was worth trying; a Bheel corps might be raised; this done, and it appeared probable that all the rest would follow in due course.

No better man than James Outram could have been sent into that wild Bheel country—no better man for the rough work before him. To civilize these savage tribes, it is necessary that you should win their confidence, and excite their veneration. You might address them in all the languages of the earth, and demonstrate the immorality of their habits with a force of logic worthy of Mill; you might go among them with all the learning of all the schools, explain the solar system, and produce no greater impression upon them than you would upon the rock-temples of Ellora or Bameean. But show them how to shoot a tiger, and lo! they worship you at once. Nothing was there which they so affected as tiger-slaying, unless it were brandy; and so James Outram, slaying tigers by scores, and having, seemingly, at his command, an unlimited supply of brandy, was admired by them as little less than a god. Having found them, on his first arrival among them, in the flush of some great marauding exploit, he showed them first how he could fight by leading a detachment of his old regiment against them, and pursuing them into their mountain homes; and, having done this, he became their friend, went freely amongst them, listened to their stories, talked and laughed with them, made soldiers of some, agriculturists of others, and altogether effected such a reformation of their habits, that, in a few years, going among them, you would scarcely have recognized the wild robber clans, who had been the Ishmaels of Western India—their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them.

In the Bheel country Outram remained, peaceful among the people he had pacified, until his services were again needed, to educe order out of chaos. There was trouble and confusion in the Mye-Caunta, a province of Guzerat, peopled by warlike and predatory tribes. Law had long ceased to be respected, and order had long ceased to be, when, in 1835, under the government of Robert Grant, Outram was sent for and consulted. Truly, a good and a kind man was Governor Grant. To the honour be it written of both the sons of the strong-headed, right-minded director, who long ruled in Leadenhall Street, they had ever the liveliest pity for the oppressed. Prone to believe always that when a country is rent by the restless, rebellious energies of its uncivilized people, there are wrongs to be redressed, and injustice of some kind to be remedied, they looked forgivingly on the lawless extravagances of the so-called rebel, and tried what the might of mildness could do to bring him into subjection. These rebel chiefs of the Mye-Caunta, after all, might have their grievances—nay, doubtless they had; and would not Justice, asked Robert Grant, be the harbinger of Peace? The most esteemed remedy for rebellion,

both in Africa and in Asia, was, in those days, the supposed grand panacea of "Punch-his-head." But neither the Colonial minister nor the Indian Governor affected this head-punching process; and when Robert Grant sent for James Outram, he sent for a man with reliance on other agencies than the probings of the cold steel, and the riddlings of grape and canister. But Outram, in one respect, differed from Grant. He believed that men are never in a better mood to listen to your reason, and to appreciate your kindness, than after you have well beaten them. Demonstrate your power over them, and they will respect your moderation, and appreciate your clemency. To the Bombay Governor it was repugnant to make even a show of strength; and he would have reduced the military force, which Outram would have increased. In spite, however, of these differences of opinion, Outram went to the Mye-Caunta. He found, as he had expected, that a display of force at the outset was necessary to the furtherance of his conciliatory measures. So, proclaiming the chief rebel as an outlaw, he hunted him from point to point, beat up the mountain fastnesses of his comrades, and made the British bayonets glitter in recesses which were held to be impenetrable by our arms. Then came clemency, conciliation, the redress of grievances. Governor Grant, seeing his instructions violated, was quick to uphold the principle he had enunciated, but slow to condemn the soldier. And Outram went on with his good work, not without some peril to his reputation, for the Bombay Government regarded him as too "essentially warlike," but emerging, at last, into the full light of admitted success.

Whilst Outram was doing this good work in the Mye-Caunta the government of Lord Auckland was drifting into the great criminal folly of the war in Afghanistan. It was a season of hopeful excitement in military circles, from one end of India to the other. Of the justice of the cause few men thought at that time; but all were eager for the affray. Only one of many brave men, who were willing in that crisis to lay down fat staff appointments and to join their regiments as captains and subalterns—only one of many such brave men was James Outram; but there was not one with truer chivalry in his nature among them all. He started with the Bombay column as an honorary aide-de-camp on the Staff of Sir John Keane. A more serviceable man the commander could not have had at his elbow—one more ready to do any kind of honourable work, or better able to do it well. If carriage-cattle were to be collected, or an obnoxious treaty to be dictated to a native chief; if a band of desperate Mussulman fanatics, flaunting the green standard of the Prophet, were to be broken up and dispersed; or if the great leader of the Afghans, still the leader now after a lapse of more than twenty years, were to be hunted down, Outram was the man to do it. He did everything of that kind better than any one else. His pursuit of Dost Mahomed was one of the most romantic passages of a war full of romantic passages. The best thing about it was that he suffered the fugitive Ameer to escape. "The Dost" was, perhaps, the only good Afghan in the

country—good after his kind—and the English were hunting him down like vermin. If it had not been for the treachery of one, who promised to betray the fugitive prince, Outram would in all probability have returned with the Ameer's head at his saddle-bow. The great Afghan leader was reserved for a better fate, and Outram for nobler duties.

When there was no more work to be done for a while in Caubul, James Outram turned up in Scinde. He seemed to sniff danger from afar. The great Beloochee stronghold of Khelat was to be taken, and he played a conspicuous part in its capture. He was sure to be where the danger was the hottest—where the service was the most hazardous ; and now that Khelat had fallen, he was the man to convey through the enemy's country the glad tidings of the victory to Bombay. Disguised as a syud, or holy man, wearing a dress that had belonged to the chief minister of Khelat, and mounted on a sturdy little country pony, Outram, with the despatches in his saddle-bags, encountering much danger and much hardship by the way, made a week's journey of 360 miles, and then, embarking at Kurrachee for Bombay, delivered his despatches. For these services at Khelat Captain Outram was breveted into Major Outram, and would have grown into a lieutenant-colonel but for "an oversight at home."

But in India he was not overlooked; the Government appointed him political agent in Lower Scinde. There he soon won the confidence of the chiefs. Prompt to obey the orders, and even to anticipate the wishes, of his Government, for he believed that it was his duty to execute and not to criticize, Outram was sometimes, as subordinate functionaries ever must be, the agent of a policy which neither his conscience nor his judgment approved. But he did not like all this rough dragooning work—this invasion of the homes, this violation of the rights of chieftains, who desired not our presence amongst them. He sympathized truly with them, and when they were not in arms against us he regarded them as friends to be cherished and protected. And acting ever in this kindly, generous spirit, he so won the heart of Noor Mohamed Khan, chief of the Hyderabad Ameers, that when the prince lay sick unto death, he sent for Outram, commended his family to the care of the British officer, and holding him in his feeble embrace said to him: "From the days of Adam no one has known such truth and friendship as I have found in you." And so it was with all the chiefs with whom he had intercourse, at any time of his career; they recognized his high and chivalrous nature, and were touched by the sympathetic influences of one of the kindest of human hearts.

With old and young it was all the same. His next experiment was upon the affections of a mere boy. Young Nusser Khan, the son of the slain chief of Khelat, had been flitting about for some time, unwilling to be caught, or, as they diplomatically phrased it, to "come in;" and he had only just suffered the political salt to be sprinkled on his tail, when Outram, summoned to Upper Scinde by the death of Mr. Ross Bell,

arrived on dromedary-back, well nigh shrivelled by the intense heat of the Beloochee desert. The young chief was caught, but not tamed. He was restless, timid, mistrustful. He looked upon the white men who had killed his father, and reasonably enough, as his natural enemies. But Outram's kind words and cordial manner soothed and attracted him. His boyish confidence was soon won; and, without a misgiving, he placed his hand in that of his new friend, and suffered himself to be placed upon his father's throne.

But that tremendous Nemesis which had marked from the first our iniquities in Afghanistan, was now beginning to threaten us with the mighty hand and the stretched-out arm. In the dreary mid-winter of 1841–42, the day of retribution arrived. Outram was supreme in Scinde, and a heavy weight of responsibility fell upon him. But he was equal to the occasion. His was it in that conjuncture not only to maintain the peace and security of the country immediately under his political care, but to aid our imperilled countrymen in the territory beyond the Beloochee passes. He stood on the high road to Candahar. If that road had been closed, if Scinde and Beloochistan had risen against us, it would have gone hard with our beleaguered garrisons in Western Afghanistan. But the country did not rise; and Outram, all his energies roused into intense action, grieving over the dishonour that was falling upon the nation, and vehemently protesting against the recreant counsels of those who would have withdrawn our beaten army within the British frontier without chastising the insolence of our enemies, did mighty service, at a most critical time, by throwing troops, stores, ammunition, and money into Candahar. His eager protests against withdrawal are on record by scores. "Nothing is easier than to retrieve our honour in Afghanistan," he wrote in one manly letter; "and I pray God, Lord Ellenborough may at once see the damnable policy of shirking the undertaking."

Our honour was retrieved—how, the world knows; and once again we were "able," as Colonel Sutherland said, "to look a native in the face." But a still darker cloud of dishonour was about to fall upon the nation. Had the chiefs of Scinde and Beloochistan, in the crisis of our disasters, risen against us, it would have been hard to fathom the depths of the slough of despond in which we should have sunk. But when the danger was over in Afghanistan—when we had withdrawn our troops within the frontier and rescued our prisoners—we had leisure to think that, though Pollock and Nott had carried victory with them from one end of the country to another, the evacuation of Afghanistan and the abandonment of our policy was in itself a national disaster—at all events, a great national failure. So the idea of beating some one arose in the mind of the Governor-General, and the choice fell upon the princes of Scinde. A quarrel was to be picked with them, and then we were to wash our soiled and dishonoured garments white in their blood and tears.

Sir Charles Napier was the man to do it—Outram protested against it. "It grieves me to say," he wrote to the military chief, "that my heart,

and that judgment which God has given me, unite in condemning the course which we are carrying out for his lordship, as most tyrannical, positive robbery. And I consider that every life that may hereafter be lost in consequence, will be a murder." An obnoxious and humiliating treaty was forced upon the Ameers. They signed it. But still Napier's Bombay column advanced menacingly on their capital. Thither went Outram to try whether anything could be done to avert a collision which appeared imminent. But the Ameers were irritated past endurance by much wrong. Napier continued to advance. Nothing now could be done by diplomacy. Outram's whole soul revolted against the policy of Lord Ellenborough, but it was his duty to endeavour to reconcile those unhappy Scinde princes to wrongs which stirred with measureless indignation the depths of his own heart. They respected the envoy, but they could not listen to him. The Beloochees were growing furious, and the Ameers besought him to leave the capital, lest the fury of the soldiery should be turned upon him. But he refused to quit his post, and, when the Beloochees streamed upon the Residency, he stood at bay with his small escort. Sparkling, as it does everywhere, with the record of noble deeds, the history of India has no brighter page than that which chronicles the defence of the Hyderabad Residency. It is too familiar an incident to need that I should dwell upon it here. Nor need the circumstantialities of the war that followed—a war as glorious in its military as it was shameful in its political environments—find any record in these pages. Another war arose out of it—a bitter paper war, by no means pleasant to contemplate. Napier, who a short time before the collision with the Ameers had publicly extolled Outram as a stainless knight—"the Bayard of the Indian army"—opened upon him afterwards the flood-gates of his objurgatory rhetoric. I have often thought, however, that the strife between those two brave and able men would never have risen to such a height, if it had not been for the intemperate intervention of a third brave and able man, who was tempted, Heaven knows by what foul sorcery, to spend the last years of his life in the polluted atmosphere of personal controversy of the bitterest kind.

That Outram, too, I may say here once for all, was prone to personal controversy, is not to be denied. His friends often regretted what they called his "mania for pamphleteering." But there was something noble at the bottom of it all. He clung to the truth with a dogged tenacity which nothing could loose. And though he was over-sensitive on the score of his personal reputation, and did not hold to the doctrine that "Speech is silver, Silence is gold;" or believe, as most practical men believe, that life is too short for explanations, it will commonly be found that, however much the controversy may have been crusted over with personalities, there was beneath it some great principle to be contended for, some injustice or dishonesty to be exposed. Thus at the bottom of all his utterances in the Scinde controversy, there was a strong feeling of sympathy with the sufferings of the outraged Ameers—an honest hatred

of the wrong that had been done them. Of the sincerity of his convictions there can be no skeleton or ghost of a doubt. The grandest test of sincerity is the breeches-pocket. To this test James Outram was ever ready to be subjected. The Napiers flung in his face the crime of poverty; they said that he was a poor man, and in debt to his bankers. But this poor man, much as he wanted money, refused to touch his share of the Scinde prize. He said it was the price of blood, and he would not stain his conscience with it; he would not tacitly sanction, by acceptance, the unholy spoliation of the country of men who, under better treatment, would have been our faithful allies.

And so, in the Baroda controversy, of which four folio volumes of illustrations stand before us as we write. There was a strong hatred and contempt of dishonesty and corruption at the bottom of the vehemence which offended the Government he served. But before I come to this part of the story, of which I purpose to write very briefly, there is another and a pleasanter episode to be sung in the great epic of James Outram's life. When the Scinde war was over, he went to England; but scarcely had time been allowed him to revive his recollections of home, when news came of the sanguinary revolution at Lahore, which was the prelude to our great war with the Sikhs. Believing that the contest with the British power would come before it actually did, Outram, then Colonel Outram (I have said nothing about his gradual promotion, for in the political department military rank, save *nam-ka-wasti*, or for name's sake, is of no great account), hastened with all speed back to India, in the belief that his services might be required. But the time had not yet come for operations on the banks of the Five Rivers; and Outram would, therefore, have again betaken himself to England: but a storm was brewing in the Southern Mahratta Country, and his name was now to be associated with a series of worthy exploits in Kolapoor and Sawunt Warree. Twice did he proceed to the theatre of war, and gain such credit as could be gained in operations against a rebel force, from contact with which it was difficult, under any circumstances, to gain *much* military honour, and very easy to lose it. The lessons which he had learnt under Robert Grant had not been thrown away upon him, but the doctrines of that school were not regarded with much favour by his successors. Sir George Arthur thought that Outram was too much inclined to make charitable allowance for the misdeeds of the rebels whom it was now our mission to coerce. His first experiment, therefore, in a political capacity, did not give much satisfaction to Government; but when, after his departure from the scene of action, everything seemed to languish—when general officers, with well-equipped brigades, sank into a state of inglorious inactivity, as though a great paralysis had descended upon them—it was found that Outram was the sort of man to restore the waning vigour of our drooping force, and that they could not do well without him. Ever ready for any honourable work, he consented to organize a light corps for active service, and there he was again, within a few days' space, pushing on towards the strongholds of the rebel

chiefs, and striking such terror into the hearts of the insurgents, that, as was well said by a kindred spirit, by one now gone to his rest, who had all Outram's high heroic qualities, and who loved though he had never seen him—Henry Lawrence; as was well said by that fine soldier-statesman, "his very advanced guard drove before them the half-armed rabble that had kept three brigades at bay."

And now all was changed: there was confidence where before had been despondency; courage, where pale panic had prevailed; and vigorous activity in the place of paralytic indolence. I cannot enter into the details of the successful operations which then followed. Outram's light field detachment did marvellous service, and had, what it strove to secure, nearly all the fighting to itself. The rebels, well beaten, lost heart, and subsided into the quietude of prostration. To which may be added, as always is added on these occasions, that "tranquillity was restored."

In acknowledgment of these services Outram was appointed in the early part of 1845 to one of the best political situations under the Bombay Government. He became Resident at Sattarah, and two years afterwards he rose to a still higher post, for the Bombay Governor of the day was that George Clerk, who, having himself bravely protested against the panic flight from Afghanistan, admired the vigorous earnestness with which Outram had aided the forward movement, and had since watched his career with approving interest. The Baroda Residency was then under the Bombay Government. It was the highest post in the gift of that Government, and it was now conferred on Colonel Outram. Going to the court of the Guicowar, he went headlong into a sea of trouble. The history, to which huge volumes have been devoted, must be dismissed here in a few brief sentences. It was simply a case of corruption at a native court—truly a very bad case, and brought out in all its naked hideousness by the untiring zeal and unflinching courage of the Resident. There was a great giant called Khutput, against whom Outram did battle with all his might. Interpreted into our mother-tongue, this means backstairs influence—bribery and corruption—any underhand and illicit means of obtaining unjust decisions. There was a corrupt minister—corrupt functionaries under him—and corrupt native officials in the employment of the British Government; and through all these channels the stream of corruption had poured on in a heady current, sweeping away truth and justice, and floating nothing safely on the surface but the rankest and most noxious weeds.

How far British officers may have been implicated in these foul transactions was, and perhaps still is, a question; but that, justly or unjustly, their characters were compromised by the misdeeds of their native subordinates, is a fact. An English officer in high place, especially if his dealings are with a native court, has good cause for profoundest gratitude if foul things are never done in his name. Some know it, some do not. But seldom does a week pass that money does not find its way from the pocket of some native suitor, which is at least supposed to

flow into the coffers of the high European functionary. In well nigh every case it stops just short of this final point. The European functionary never sees the money—but the scandal is the same. Now, Outram, finding that this "Khutput" had for a long time been going on, almost without check or hindrance of any kind, between Baroda and Bombay, and that even the highest names were tainted with suspicion, braced himself up for the conflict, and encased himself in armour of mail. He went about the work very earnestly, very resolutely. He was determined to strike Khutput down to the dust, and to place his indignant heel upon the monster's neck. So he went at it, as he had aforetime gone against the fortresses of the enemy, and he struck such a blow at the outset as made corruption reel and totter under it. But carrying on the war with all singleness of purpose, and with a fiery zeal which hissed indignantly under every sprinkling of cold water, he in some sort offended against the official proprieties, even as David, when he slew Goliath with the pebble from the brook, may have sinned against the autocracy of Red Tape. He was somewhat rude in speech—little blessed with the set phrase of the Bureau ; and so the officials of Bombay were too much for him; and the Governor in Council (George Clerk had by this time gone home) struck him down. But he brought Khutput down with him as he fell; and was victorious in his defeat.

O James Outram! — O James Outram! Had you been all these years—a quarter of a century or more—in "Government employ," and not learnt that great official lesson—*quieta non movere?* Could you not, a kind-hearted man as you were—nay, thank God, as you *are*—could you not "make things pleasant?" Could you not consider the feelings of Government and your fellow-servants, and hold your tongue? You were not obliged to recognize the existence of these foul things; could you not hold your handkerchief to your nose, and pass on? You might have bought some eau-de-Cologne of any *box-wallah*. Or there is attah of roses, doubtless, of best quality, at the court of his Highness the Guicowar. At all events, what need was there to stir it? "The more you——" you know the rest of the proverb; and what are such proverbs written for but for our warning? Now, mark this.—If you had been a weaker man —if Government could have done without you—that unhappy stirring of inodorous garbage might have ruined you then and there. And only think how it will be if men of half your pith follow your example, and begin to stir. They had better, in an official sense, hang themselves at once than commence so perilous an operation. The great art of life is to make things pleasant. A troublesome man is the despair of his superiors; he must have as good stuff in him as you, James Outram, if his stirrings do not bring him to grief.

After this Baroda business, James Outram came to England, and, for some time, he was engaged in the war of pamphlets of which I have spoken, eager to vindicate himself and to expose the villanies of Khutput. Public opinion was on his side; and the Home Government halted

between two opinions, scarcely knowing whether to applaud what he did, or to censure his manner of doing it. Bound to maintain the authority of their distant rulers, and to condemn insubordination of language, the Directors of the Company could not help feeling, not only that he had done nobly, but that he had done well—that he had promoted their interests whilst he was demonstratively asserting his own honesty and courage. So, after much discussion, they determined to recommend him to the Governor-General for re-employment in the Political Department, and he went back to India, not doubting that, in spite of this little misadventure, there was a career of distinction before him.*

It is characteristic of Outram's zealous energy, of his untiring devotion to the Public Service, that he never could pass to or from India without doing a good stroke of business, for the benefit of his country, on the way. It was his opinion, that the overland route to India was to be regarded by other than a traveller's eye; so he took in, with the keen glance of the soldier, all the country of Egypt and the shores of the Red Sea, as one on which some day there might be a desperate contest between two great European Powers. These pencillings by the way may some time prove to be not the least of his many services to the State. But it was not merely as a passing traveller that he recorded his opinions, for he was appointed to the chief political and military control of Aden, and in that capacity propounded a scheme for its defence. If you had sent him to be Governor of Sleepy Hollow, he would not have drowsed away his tenure of that somnolent office.

But I must now hurry on again to India, and meet him there in 1855–56, in the highest and most coveted political office, under the Government of India—the Residency at Lucknow. They were the last days of that Residency. It was about to become a commissionership; or, in other words, Oude was to become a British province. You may think this a good work or an evil work, O reader; but it was not Sir James Outram's. Ay, he had won his spurs by this time; they had made him a Knight of the Bath; and the ejected of Bombay was in the full flush of diplomatic honour. Do not prefix a syllable to the word. It was not, as I have said, *his* fault that Oude was "annexed." He was only the agent of a predetermined policy, which no representation on his part could have arrested. Moreover, he saw around him measureless iniquities against which his whole soul revolted. He thought, as many good men thought at that time, that justice and mercy demanded the interposition of the Paramount State. And so they did. But if I see a madman or an idiot flourishing a sword, all stuck about with gold and diamonds, in the streets, I may very properly take it away from him, but not appropriate it to myself. All this had

* Bombay, after this exposure, was not deemed worthy of having Baroda under its charge any more. So the affairs of the Guicowar, and the control of the Residency, were placed under the Supreme Government.

been well considered by "her Majesty's Government." Downing Street had set its *imprimatur* on the act; and Outram, dictating an obnoxious treaty to the wretched king, was only fulfilling the commands of his sovereign. It is not a pleasant picture, this first "Relief of Lucknow." You may see it all in the Blue Book.—That obese, helpless specimen of Eastern kingship, grovelling and blubbering before our true type of Western chivalry. Both men, by God's creating hand—but one with all his manhood wallowed out of him; the other, by the excess of that manhood, so physically enfeebled and attenuated that you might think he was doing God and man his final service, and would soon appear at the heavenly *Durbar*. But even for that poor heaving carcase of a king we may shed a tear of compassion. Was he not born to it? did he not live after the fashion of his kind? Enough. The picture is not a pleasant one. We will turn its face to the wall.

In broken health, a mere wreck or shadow of the tiger-slayer of Candeish, Outram came again to England, and his friends looked sorrowfully at his wasted frame and his poor pale face, thinking that he had done his work. Be quiet a little, O strong man! Even the Titans need repose at times. Outram's friends thought that he ought to be very quiet; he thought so himself, too, at odd times, but only when the world was quiet. But there came from a distance the sound of a war-trumpet, and Outram pricked up his ears. European diplomacy, on the most approved European principles under the broad seal of the Foreign Office, was bungling us into a war with Persia. An expedition was being fitted out at Bombay for service on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and, it might be, up to Shiraz and Teheran. All Outram's soldierly instincts were roused at once; and the strong man put on his strength, as a garment to be indued at will, and placed his services at the disposal of his country.

Outram even in that state was better than other men in their prime; and the Home Government, therefore, when they knew that he would go, sent him forthwith to command the Persian expedition; and though many predicted that he would leave his bones in Bushire, he did his work as well as if he had been in the full flush of robustest manhood. Braced up, invigorated, vulcanized by work—that mighty tonic which puts to shame all the tonics of the pharmacopœia—he performed the service entrusted to him, vigorously and sagaciously, and brought the war to a close, in time to release his battalions for duties more urgent and important in another part of the world.

This was in the mid-year of that disastrous 1857, which is even now scarcely to be thought of without a shudder. The sepoys of the Company's army rose in rebellion against their masters. There was more work, therefore, for Outram. If he had sheathed his sword for ever at that point of time, he would have earned a reputation second to none in the Indian annals of the nineteenth century. But he was destined to achieve new exploits which would have made him famous in History if the world had never heard of him before. I would that I were

beginning, instead of closing this sketch, that I might have ample space to dwell upon his great services in the Sepoy War. But, after all, who does not know them? Who does not know that the happy peace with Persia sent Outram and Havelock to the aid of our imperilled countrymen in Northern India? Who does not know how Havelock, preceding his chief, first turned the tide of victory, and filled with new hopes all our mourning homes? Who does not know how Outram, vested with supreme military and political control, followed his lieutenant to the scene of action, but would not supersede him in a command which he had proved himself so worthy to hold? But who knows what it may have cost him? Who can measure the extent of the sacrifice at the time, now that we know the abundance of the reward? Think of the work to be done. Think of the joy of relieving that beleaguered garrison of Lucknow—of saving those brave men, and those tender women and children, now believed to be at their last gasp, after one of the noblest defences known in History. It was a proud thing to be the humblest member of that relieving force. Think, then, what it was to command it! * *

I am not satisfied with this scant notice of such a deed. Reading over in type what I have written, it appears bald and unappreciative. I have not padded out this sketch with extracts from General Orders or State Papers of any kind; nor have I consulted many authorities as I have advanced. The records from which it has been written are graven on my heart. But I am minded in this place to introduce the officialities of Outram's great act of self-negation; for the language of the public notifications, which announce and recognize it, are as touching as any in a romance. On first taking the field, Outram had written to Havelock, saying, "I shall join you with the reinforcements. But to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as commissioner, placing my military service at your disposal should you please, serving under you as a volunteer." On the 15th September, Outram, with his reinforcements, joined Havelock at Cawnpore. "The veterans of nine fights welcomed their comrades with enthusiasm," writes Havelock's biographer, John Marshman, in a book which every one should read. "The meeting between the two generals was most cordial. Three months before they had parted on the banks of the Euphrates, little dreaming that they should next be associated in the more arduous task of restoring British supremacy in the revolted provinces." On the next day Outram put forth that famous division order, which the reader who has spelt it a score of times will thank me for enabling him to spell again—that order in which he said that the important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow had been entrusted by him to General Havelock:—"Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought, will now, under the blessing

of Providence, be accomplished. The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity of Chief Commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer." This noble order stirred the heart of Outram's chief to its very depths. Appreciating, in a true spirit of chivalry, so chivalrous an act, Colin Campbell issued an order to his army, in which he said,—"Seldom, perhaps never, has it occurred to a Commander-in-Chief to publish and confirm such an order as the following one, proceeding from Major-General Sir James Outram, K.C.B. With such a reputation as Major-General Sir James Outram has won for himself, he can afford to share glory and honour with others. But that does not lessen the value of the sacrifice he has made with such disinterested generosity." There!—Is there a reader who does not thank me for laying before him such noble words as these, though they come out of General Orders?

Thus on this first march to Lucknow, Major-General Sir James Outram, K.C.B., commanding the Cawnpore and Dinapore divisions of the army, and Chief Commissioner in Oude, went as a humble volunteer, and charged with the yeomanry cavalry, like a person of no account —charged, and it has been truly said, "with as much ardour as when he started in pursuit of Dost Mahomed nineteen years before." But, when the actual work of relieving Inglis and his gallant comrades was to be done, he planned with Havelock the attack, and commanded a brigade under him, sharing freely the danger, but giving up the glory to his friend. But the garrison of Lucknow once rescued, he assumed his rightful position; and the next chapter in the great story of his life is known as the Defence of the Alumbaugh. Havelock and Outram had saved the Lucknow garrison, but the united force was girt about with peril, and though stronger in number, it was in one sense weaker, for there were more mouths to feed. But, still Outram, with characteristic self-denial, had pressed upon the Commander-in Chief that, much as he needed assistance, it was of more importance to the national interests, that the Gwalior rebels should be dispersed, and so he could afford to wait. But in God's good time, Colin Campbell had arrived, and relieved the double garrison of Lucknow; and so towards the end of November, Outram sat down near the great walled enclosure known as the Alumbaugh, two miles from Lucknow, stretching out his camp in its rear, and standing resolutely on his defence, until reinforcements could be brought up to complete the reconquest of Oude. There, during three long months he held his own, exposed to continual attack, but ever meeting the onslaughts of the enemy so warmly and defiantly, that they gained nothing by their impetuosity but disastrous defeat. His personal character shone out brightly during this epoch; all who served under him speak of his modesty, his kindness, his regard for the welfare of others, his habitual disregard of self. Never

soldier served under him who did not love the man as deeply as he admired the chief.

Ever since his return to Oude, Outram, though in high military command, had held the civil office of Commissioner—a name, so long as the country was in the enemy's hands; a reality when British authority was again established. Policy now took the place of strategy; and the statesman was enthroned where the soldier had sat. It was then his desire to manifest in a striking manner the generosity of the Government he served. Some grievous mistakes had been committed on our first occupation of Oude. We had alienated the affections which we ought to have conciliated; we had crushed the confidence which wisely we should have cherished. We had turned against us, by acts of injustice, the most powerful classes of the community, and we had reaped the fruits of our folly in their virulent hostility in the hour of our need. That the policy which, on the reconquest of the country, Outram supported, was not that which, in the first instance, his Government favoured, is matter of notoriety; but, in the end, his views were wrought out, and admitted to be wise; and the great landholders of Oude, secure of their rights, are now identified with us in the interests of order and good government.

His work done in the field, he was summoned to the council chamber. Sir James Outram became the military member of what is now called the "Council of the Governor-General." His health was much broken by continued exposure; and the wonder is that even the sustaining properties of work, and the soothing influences of a sense of duty done, had enabled him to bear up against what had crushed down many a younger and stronger constitution. After much toil and much excitement a season of rest is often a critical one. Outram had time now to be sick. Moreover, there was that which tried him more than fatigue, exposure, and privation. He was sorely troubled by the thought of the coming revolution, which was utterly to sweep away the fine old local army of India, in which he had risen to rank and station. He lifted up his voice against it, but his utterances were vain. Whitehall put cotton in its ears; and the Nestors of the Indian camp and the Indian council-chamber gave their warnings only to the winds. Outram believed that injustice would be done to his old comrades of the Company's army, and the belief nearly broke his heart.

So he closed his portfolio, and came to England. Arriving at the end of the summer of the bygone year, when men's minds were intent upon the great periodical exodus from the Metropolis, and coming amongst us, too, in such feeble health, that any public greetings would have been unwelcome, and might have been pernicious to him, he passed quietly into the privacy of the English gentleman. But, as this sheet issues from the press, the mighty City which produces it is astir with the excitement of a great ovation; and the citizens of London, never slow to do honour to the brave, are making a freeman of James Outram, with honest pride in their hearts. Let us shout with them. Has not Cornhill a ward of its own?

Are not we of the City, citizens? Do we not all rejoice to think that he is one of us?

And may he long be so! There is one honest man more in the country when Outram dwells on our shores. The story of his life has now been told, briefly—but, it is hoped, truthfully—so far, at least, as the exigencies of time and space have permitted the record of so eventful a career. It is for the biographer of living men to recite their deeds, not to describe their characters; and by their deeds shall ye know them. The actions of such men as James Outram speak for themselves. His character is written legibly upon them. When another good man, trained in the same great service, lay a-dying, he desired that on his tomb might be inscribed the words, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." He tried nobly, and he did it. James Outram tried nobly, and he also did his duty; and doing his duty in all singleness of purpose, thinking much of the good of the State, little of his own, except of his reputation, he earned for himself not only high rank and station, but a place in the affections of his contemporaries and in the history of the nation. The lesson is the grandest lesson taught by the life of man—such lesson as the life of Wellington embodied, and the Laureate sang:—

"Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
The voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

Reform in the Navy.

What is the state of the Navy? What have we been doing for the Navy? and what ought we to do for the Navy? Let us endeavour to answer these questions in the fewest possible words, and take a comprehensive view of the case before us.

The Navy, it must be admitted, is in a very unsatisfactory state; it is labouring under a chronic disorder, discreditable to our character as a great maritime power, and dangerous to our safety as a nation.

We have been treating the symptoms homœopathically, under a constant change of doctors and prescriptions: a system which has produced no beneficial effect. We ought immediately to trace the origin of this disorder, and by going to the root of the evil eradicate it; thus laying the foundation for a restoration to health and strength. I will confine myself to the *personnel* of the Navy, that being the most important feature of the subject before us.

What are the symptoms of this disorder, and what is the root of the evil?

The symptoms disclose themselves by a disinclination on the part of the seaman class to enter our service, and a desire to escape from it when there; by a laxity of discipline in the fleet, and a want of *esprit de corps*, zeal, and contentment: in short, a condition plainly indicating some very pernicious and dangerous latent cause.

The root of the evil is, that whilst the spirit of enlightenment has in this country reached the sailor class, we have not provided suitably for the change which has taken place.

The discipline of the military services must always be a constraint upon that love of freedom which levels the distinction of classes and is autonomous in its very nature, but we have not met these considerations by any suitable palliatives. We have prescribed more money and more food, and in the spirit of philanthropy have converted summary and exemplary punishment into a refined system of tedious and vexatious mental provocation; but these measures have not directly met the sailor's objections to the Navy, nor have they indirectly acted upon his nature and temperament.

The incentives of glorious achievements, and the allurements of prize-money, no longer come to aid in recruiting the Navy, by alleviating its hardships. The first is for the time buried with the last generation. The latter, owing to the amount of protection which civilization has thrown over the private property of nations in time of war, has faded away, never to return. Thus circumstances have changed; while Jack also has altered

in his character and aspirations: he is now more competent than formerly to estimate the value of his services, and the nature of the treatment he receives; he claims more freedom of thought and action, and looks for an *entourage* consistent with his advancement. But Jack finds now, as in days of yore, the same hulks for his habitation, where the dirt, and discomfort, and disorder of every kind are so repellent to him, that he seeks every means and opportunity of escape from such a scene, and rushes into dissipation and even into crime. Whilst he is revelling in the grog-shops and brothels—though these may not seem evils to him—he feels their baneful effects in the after consequences, and attaches the painful impression they leave behind to the service he belongs to, and not to his own vices. These hulks have been truly called the *curse of the Navy*. The recruit enters the Navy through this channel, and thus receives at his first start the tendency to disorder and discontent; which may be controlled for the time when on foreign service, but is renewed each time he is brought in contact with its influence.

Here is the root of the evil: the source from which all our difficulties arise. The hulk system is destructive to discipline, and an incentive to vice; it also breaks up the bonds of fellowship between messmate and shipmate, owing to the licence afforded for thieving, which is promoted by the temptation to get on shore from such a comfortless habitation: its evil influences are, in fact, unmitigable, and fatal in their results.

Yet this is our sailor's home, while fitting out, refitting, and paying off! It is only varied by a change of port, or change of hulk—a habitation long since condemned as too bad for the convicted felon! So pernicious is this evil that no ship or fleet is ever in good order on the home station. A ship of war coming home in a high state of discipline is quickly disorganized, and it is long before the ill effects of even one month's residence in a hulk is overcome. No one who has not witnessed the effects of this hulk life can imagine how much, and for how long, it demoralizes the character of seamen. Much has been done to popularize the Navy, in the shape of increased pay, pensions, and provisions; by the issue of mess-traps and bedding gratuitously; by greater uniformity in the routine; by shortening the drills and exercises; by a system of minor punishments, and the restriction of the lash; by the distinction of men in conduct classes; by a greater supply of ready money in port, and by a greater amount of leave. But these advantages have not sufficed to give popularity to the service, or to remove the main obstacles which stand between the seaman supply and the State: these improvements have been received as instalments only. Moreover, Jack has been confused by the multiplicity of circulars, each contradicting the other, and each upsetting some previous arrangement; and as they were generally coupled with some ungracious condition, contained some suspicious element, or were issued at some time, or in some way, that gave them the appearance of lures and baits, they did not produce an effect due to their intrinsic merits: certainly they have not inspired confidence

in the seamen, nor have they overcome any of the prejudices which the mariner class entertained against the Navy.

These prejudices, I believe, can only be removed by a system which shall promote the social well-being of the sailor, and sympathize with all the domestic relations of his life. Give him a good home in the Navy—some permanent resting-place after his long voyages; and the comforts and associations afforded him there will wean him from vice and dissipation. Ensure to him a fixed portion of his service in his own country; influence him through the better part of his nature, instead of striving to control his passions through the fear of punishment alone; remove as far from him as is in your power all that leads him into crime and folly, and you will reap the fruits of such a course in his good conduct, amenability to discipline, contentment, and zeal.

The service will therefore rejoice to hear that the days of hulks are numbered, and that the present Board of Admiralty have agreed to ask in the ensuing session of Parliament for the means of erecting barracks at all our naval ports, as habitations for the seamen. It is to be hoped that this reform will be carried out without loss of time, and in a generous spirit. We must have no half-measures. These barracks must be on a sufficient scale to afford recreation as well as shelter, and have all the advantages now being afforded to the soldier; there Jack will enjoy comradeship and comfort; there he may get food for the mind as well as the body; enjoy dance and song; spin his yarns, and have his smoke. Such a home will be most effectual in keeping him out of the way of temptation; for there he might be visited by his wife and his relations, without feeling shame, as he has done in a hulk, at associating them with the scenes of his disgraceful dwelling-place.

In the words of an able writer on this subject,* these barracks "would be the centre of the naval system, where its organization would be commenced and developed; would be the depôt for its supply, the head-quarters for its recruitment, and the home for its unemployed. Their establishment would exhibit an earnestness of purpose, a promise of permanence, which would renew confidence in the seamen and assure the character of a standing Navy, besides obliterating all the other disadvantages which are now associated in his mind with life in a man-of-war."

The men should be attached in divisions, as far as possible, to particular ports, and the ships belonging to and fitted out at each port should, whenever possible, return thither on all occasions of repairs, or in the intervals of service and in paying off. As it is proposed to keep a considerable reserve in the home ports, the men would embark in their turn; and thus would be ensured, in peace time, a portion of their service in their own country with their families, who would obtain a fixed home instead of wandering about at great inconvenience and expense,

* Capt. Charles Hamley, Royal Marines.

as they now do, to follow their husbands from port to port. These barracks should also afford a shelter for seamen on leave from ships in commission: such a want often drives a sailor to sell his clothes for a night's lodging. From thence he would also always be ensured a passage to his ship, which would often save him from breaking his leave, and keep him out of the hands of the crimp. Preliminary drill and training would also be undergone there, not an atom of which can be done in a hulk. In short, these barrack homes would be the death-blow to the hulk-system, and the starting point from which all reforms would progress in the efficient organization and maintenance of a standing Navy; they would regenerate the character of our seamen, and stimulate the best impulses of the service. Dissoluteness has been looked upon as part of the nature of a tar; but this is very much owing to his being generally seen under his worst aspect. We believe his dissoluteness in a great measure to be the result of impulses and circumstances, and that the barrack system would become a great corrective, if made attractive by every reasonable means of comfort and recreation.

The coast-guard are the reverse of a dissolute body of men; they become very domestic and social in their habits. Jack is naturally domestic, and charitable, and faithful in his friendships. He loves children, and pets, and social relations; touch that sanctum of domestic memorial, his *ditty* box,* what angry passions you will rouse! He will stick by his *chum*, and *lie* for him, and even offer his back to the lash rather than "split" on him. Unfortunately, we have not been working on him through his better nature; but it is our interest to do so: the great purpose must be to raise and elevate the moral tone of the service, by improving the present men, and getting men of a better stamp in the future. In peace time, the Navy should be manned almost entirely from boys trained up for the purpose; although the door should never be closed against the merchant sailor, for it is upon that class we must depend on a sudden emergency.

The barrack system has hitherto been opposed by the prejudice of our old naval officers; but we rejoice to hear that, at last, it has been determined to introduce this most desirable reform. As it is to be feared, the necessary demand upon the public purse may cause this beneficial measure to be coldly regarded by the legislature on the score of its expense, we now confidently affirm that the barrack system will prove economical in the end.

Hulks are very expensive habitations: the whole fabric is composed of perishable and expensive materials. To convert men-of-war into hulks, and keep them in repair and safely moored, involve heavy and continuous outlay. Hulks block up harbours, and require officers, men, and boats, to take care of them. The crew of a ship in a hulk must be conveyed to and fro for their work in the dockyards. This entails a

* A small box in which the sailor keeps his letters and other treasures.

great loss of time, and sometimes (owing to winds and tides) great exposure to wet and cold, producing sickness and discomfort, causing wear and tear of clothes, and also *expense* from loss of labour hours: sometimes, indeed, the men cannot get to their work at all, in bad weather, for days together. Moreover, hulks lead to desertion; thus involving a considerable loss of money to the country. Add to all this the money which will accrue from the sale of these hulks, and I think it will be seen that the country will not be a loser in a pecuniary sense by the construction of naval barracks.

The French Navy sets us an admirable example in the organization of their seamen in the home ports, by means of their barrack system, which we should do well to imitate, with such modification as is suitable to our national requirements. Their fleet is in as good order in their home ports as it is abroad, and nothing can be better than the condition of their crews when their ships go out of harbour. The inspection they then undergo is of the strictest character: everything is then examined in the closest detail; not only the *matériel* of the ship, but the clothing and equipment of the men. Our inspection report contains all the headings that are required; but, from the nature of things, it is expedient not to look into matters too closely, as under our present system, ships leaving harbour are unavoidably "all adrift:" indeed I question if they get much better until they leave England.

Now, when we are organizing a standing Navy and a Naval Reserve, is the proper time to bring forward some sound and comprehensive measure of reform for improving the moral and physical well-being of our sailors. And it will be wise, whilst doing so, to consider seriously how much the introduction of steam has deprived us of the great advantage we formerly possessed from the superior seamanship of our men; and how much more than formerly the safety of this country will in future depend upon the efficiency of our home fleet: for it is no less important that we should excel in the high training and discipline of our seamen than in the numbers and perfection of our ships. It is painful to admit that in the present state of discipline in our home ports, we cannot regard our fleet with confidence and pride; but it is notorious to every officer conversant with the matter that there are existing evils, unavoidable under our present regulations, which are dangerous to our maritime superiority.

Wrongs of my Boyhood.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," said the wisest of men; but he left it to succeeding generations to settle the methods of training. What these have been in other countries, and in past ages, history and biography tell us; and what they were, and still are, in this country, most of us know by experience more or less painful. As my individual experience will serve to exemplify the kind of "training," so called, to which the majority of our British youth are subjected, it may be amusing, if not profitable, to give a sketch of it; my memory being very retentive of the incidents of my childhood.

It was my misfortune to have a serious aunt: and in this first mention of that relative, let it be understood that I do not use the word "serious" scoffingly, as I do not doubt that people may be serious and good. In my aunt's case, however, her seriousness arose from the fact of her being jilted by an officer in early life, and her change from a wild rose in the bud to a full-blown rose in the religious world was so sudden that it savoured more of moroseness than piety.

I remember a feeling of holy awe which I had imbibed from those who first spoke to me of sacred things. I had been taught to scorn a lie as a mean and cowardly thing, and up to the age of seven years—the period of which I speak first—I had been spared the recital of those terrors with which some serious persons like to fill the minds of little people. I could repeat many pretty poems and hymns; I was as bold and light-hearted as boys will be, and could ride a little wicked-eyed, black-tailed pony, by name Black Diamond, over anything: in short, the morning of my life was bright, and the surface of the stream was unruffled, up to the time of my aunt's visit, which clouded my prospects.

My aunt arrived at my father's house just before Christmas-day in the year 18—, and as she travelled by stage-coach it may be supposed that 18— does not refer to this Christmas. My father who was very great at welcoming a coming guest, and usually observed the good old English custom of meeting him on the threshold, as much as to say, "I could not wait till you came into the house," postponed his welcome until my aunt made her appearance in the drawing-room. Boys are keen-eyed, and I remarked that he held aloof pending the kissing which was going round, and his "How do you do, Maria?—glad to see you," seemed to stick in his throat. I remember, too, that on passing a pile of boxes in the hall, which plainly betokened "*a three months' stay*," my father muttered, "I wish that woman was ——" Clergymen don't usually express such wishes, therefore I omit the concluding words.

Christmas-eve was a jolly day at the vicarage which was my home, and we had so much fun on that day with bell-ringing, carol-singing, mumming, and pudding-stirring, that Christmas-day's merriment was almost anticipated by us in our hurry to begin to be merry.

We were sitting at breakfast on the morning of Christmas-eve, and the first gloom which I ever remember to have been thrown over our joviality at this season originated with my aunt, who boldly stated that, in her opinion, Christmas-day was a much more solemn day than Sunday; my father took the cudgels up manfully for a merry Christmas, so my aunt went crying to my mother, over whom she had great influence in private. But finding that she could not carry her point entirely by converting Christmas-day into a puritanical sabbath, she compromised matters by getting me into her bedroom on Christmas morning, and reading to me a tremendous tract about the burning of a ship at sea; from which dismal story so many horrible similes were drawn, appropriate to the dark view of religious teaching, that for the first time in my life I began to be afraid of going about in the dark, and was uneasy, unless a candle was left in my room till I was asleep. Church-time on Christmas-day had always been a pleasure to me, as the holly and evergreens made our village church look very gay, and the little marble figures of Sir Thomas de Boulton and family, who knelt in a row in bas-relief out of a colossal monument, and for whose *sowles all pepel were desired to praie*, looked like an owl's nest in an ivy bush. Moreover the village choir, which consisted of the most drunken and the least musical of our population, were superseded on Christmas-day by the school children, who sang the Advent hymn, and the Angels' song to the shepherds, and their fresh childish voices touched my young feelings.

A great annual event on Christmas-day was the opening of a large hamper from London; an event, in the days of stage-coaches. Messrs. Plums and Co., the grocers, "took the liberty of sending a little model cuirass and sword as worn by the King's Life Guards;" whereupon I, who had heard twenty times from my eldest sister the story of Waterloo, and knew all about Shaw the Life-Guardsman, buckled on my armour and rushed into the drawing-room, exclaiming, "I am Shaw, Aunt Maria," and I made a mimic attempt to cut her down.

"These are not toys for Christmas-day," said my aunt, sternly, "and at all times improper for a drawing-room: you nearly knocked my teeth out, George!"

"You could have put them in again, aunt," I answered, innocently, "for I saw you take them in and out in your bedroom." My father burst out laughing at this remark; but for me it was no laughing matter. From that moment my fate was sealed: not only were the new sword and cuirass taken from me, but my aunt made me learn a hymn—appropriate to my alleged offence—about guarding the tongue, and she aggravated the punishment by telling me that the hymn was not given to me to learn on account of my remark about her teeth, but because it was a more

proper amusement for a little boy on Christmas-day than playing at Shaw the Life-Guardsman.

On the following morning, my aunt, who had spoilt my Christmas-day, undertook, by her own desire, my education ; and in exchange for a kind, patient sister, who loved me dearly, I had for my preceptress a morose, middle-aged woman, of the most severe virtue: a stern she-Gamaliel.

I soon found the impossibility of doing right: I was either too quick or too slow, or too forward or too backward; my cuirass and sword were constantly ordered to be hung up out of my reach for days together, and my rides on Black Diamond forbidden for all sorts of imaginary crimes. The old gardener used to get me into his confidence, and on one occasion called my aunt an "old devil;" but such was the influence which she had acquired over me, that I took her part and told the gardener that "my aunt had told me that my punishment was for my good." I think the gardener spoke to my father, for within an hour after my conversation with the gardener, Black Diamond was saddled for me; though my aunt, with the malice of a cross old maid, impressed on my mind that the ride was for the purpose of exercising the pony, and not for my pleasure : but in spite of my aunt, I never felt lighter in the saddle or merrier in mind than during that ride.

Things at last came to a climax, when, pending a writing lesson, a spot of ink fell on my white trousers, unknown to me.

"You have inked your trousers, you naughty boy," said my aunt.

"I have *not*, aunt," I answered, looking at the wrong leg.

"Put your writing away, sir: I cannot teach a *liar*."

"I am *not* a liar," I cried, stamping my foot ; "I did not see the ink, aunt Maria, and *you* are a liar to call me one. I will go to Kate (my sister) and tell her about it."

But my aunt was too quick for me. She locked the door of that infernal bastile, her bedroom, and although she must have known that she was in the wrong, she bullied me into submission ; so on the strength of her own story—at the telling of which I was not present—my mother reluctantly consented to my being kept prisoner in my aunt's custody. My aunt was now in her glory, and for two mortal hours she lectured me, and read aloud, with bitter comments, the story of Ananias and Sapphira. The chapter I afterwards got by heart, with a feeling of sulky indifference. The first words of consolation which fell on my ear during that day were from the housemaid who put me to bed, and when honest Hannah assured me that neither she nor any of the servants believed for a moment that I was guilty, I burst into tears (the first I had shed since my accusation), and although Hannah abused my aunt roundly, my frame of mind was changed, and I did not defend her any more. I was further consoled by a stolen visit which my sister paid to me before she went to bed; her assurances of my innocence comforted me, and I ate, with a light heart, some cake which she had brought to me, trusting to the

certainty of my release on my father's return on the next morning. But if I live to be as old as Mr. Parr, I never shall forget the misery of that night. As soon as the candle was removed, I saw nothing but Ananias lying dead on the bed; and when my feelings of terror began to subside, I went on to speculate on the possibility of Ananias having been innocent, as I was; and what a dreadful thing it must be if he had been struck dead by mistake. So the result of my aunt's punishment was this—first, I was half frightened to death; secondly, I sympathized with Ananias as a *possible* friend in misfortune; thirdly, I, for the first time, entertained feelings of hatred and revenge; and lastly, doubts arose in my mind as to the justice of a Divine judgment.

On my father's return, I claimed my right of audience: I had refused my aunt's overtures of forgiveness with scorn, telling her, "that if I was guilty, God only could forgive me; but, as I was innocent, I would be judged by my father." It was a rare occurrence for my father to interfere with domestic matters, but, in this case, he did so, and my sentence was reversed. The Life-Guardsman's uniform was restored, Black Diamond and I went where we pleased, and, better still, my dear sister undertook my education once more. I have reason to think that my father had a private audience with my aunt; for she cried a great deal, and sulked at meals, and, although she never attempted to pack up, she whimpered something about going away. She still clung to the few shreds of authority which remained to her; for, in spite of a general amnesty which had been proclaimed on the subject of my alleged lie, it must have been through her influence that I learned a hymn of Dr. Watts', one verse of which commenced with the words: "For liars we can never trust——" But, happily for me, I was released from her gloomy domination.

At the age of ten years, I went to a private tutor, who had been at school with my father at the college of St. Hollys, of Holystone, near Itchenwell. He was a popular preacher at a small watering-place, and took "*six pupils, to be treated as one of the family.*" In this respect, the Rev. Silas Groans' programme, in spite of its bad grammar, was correct. We, the pupils, were all treated like *one* of the family; and that member of the family was a monkey-faced boy, whose ears were frequently boxed, and whose trousers were constantly dusted with a black cane. The Rev. Silas, who often told us that he loved us like his own sons, certainly treated us with a similar discipline; and my firm impression is, that Mr. Groans delighted in thrashing little boys. Solomon provided him with scriptural arguments in favour of his system, and he quoted Scripture, and punished us accordingly, like a coward as he was. I have taken the trouble of ascertaining the natural history of Mr. Groans. He never was a *boy*, in the proper acceptation of that term: at St. Hollys he played neither at cricket, nor football; neither did he run, jump, or swim: the last-named pastime he specially avoided, as he eschewed water, and was known as "dirty Groans." His wife and her widowed sister vied with each other in everything which

could be repulsive to a boy's feelings. They were five-hundredth cousins to a Scotch peer, and were proud, methodistical, and fond of dress. This last passion was, I believe, indulged in at the expense of the housekeeping, for the Rev. Silas did not keep such a table for the boys as a parent who paid a hundred pounds a year had a right to expect. I know not which of these *in*estimable women we had to thank for a monthly refection of *warm* senna tea, with milk and sugar, and a piece of bread.

My main grievances, however, were, that all light-heartedness and animal spirits were considered forwardness, and an offence to the Groanses. In order to create a good religious impression on our young minds the Sundays were passed as follows:—Before breakfast, Greek Testament, aided by the black cane; after breakfast, verses repeated from the Bible, aided by ditto; then a long, formal walk to church, where we had an extemporary sermon of at least one hour from the Rev. Silas, on the most doleful subjects imaginable; after church we walked formally back to dinner, at which, and at other meals, we were not allowed to talk; after dinner we went back again to church, and were again *sat upon* by the Rev. Silas. Tea at 5.30, was followed by hymns and stories appropriate to the day, until bedtime, 8 P.M. Fortunately for me I had a facility of inventing and telling to myself fairy stories, with which I relieved the gloomy monotony of the Sunday. Still more fortunate was it that I was only under Mr. Groans for six months, as, through some influence of his own or his wife's, he got, what he had long preached for, a good fat living, and gave up taking pupils. The only thing which I have to thank the Rev. Silas Groans for is that he got into my head a little Greek, and six Eclogues and one book of the *Æneid* of Virgil.

I was between ten and eleven years old when I was sent to the Rev. Mr. Buffet, who kept a preparatory school at a pretty village on the banks of the Thames. He was a first-rate scholar, and certainly not a hypocrite, and as regarded the domestic arrangements his school was perfect. He received only thirty boys, the pay was one hundred and twenty pounds a year, and the most fastidious mamma could not find fault with the eating, drinking, or sleeping; for all which necessary comforts his excellent little wife carefully provided. "Not a bad fellow, this Buffet," the reader may exclaim. But Buffet was a *demon* in temper: a merciful governor in a penal colony would never have allowed him to superintend a chain-gang. His maxim was:—"No play allowed until all lessons and impositions were done," This rule alone turned the school into a prison for nine-tenths of the boys; for the impositions accumulated like a national debt, and never could be paid off. Every word we missed in repeating any lesson by heart had to be written out a hundred times, at the least; and when Buffet was extra furious he would roar out, "Write that word five hundred times," "a thousand times," "ten thousand times," and I have even heard him say "a million times." Of course our impositions were never done, and although the task of finishing them was an impossibility we were shut

up in a dreary room called the imposition room, till two o'clock in the morning sometimes, and during a great part of Sunday.

Wearing out a boy's mind was Buffet's system; but he by no means neglected the body; for corporal punishment was actively practised by the reverend gentleman. To do him justice, he never whined or quoted Scripture over his flagellations, and he never told a boy "that it hurt him, the flogger, more than the floggee:" which, in my humble opinion, is the basest falsehood that the canting school ever utter. Buffet's weapons were of four kinds:—1. A long swinging birch, which drew a small stream of blood at every cut. 2. A heavy ruler, or a green lilac stick, short and thick, and imperfectly smoothed at the knots. 3. His fist, or open hand. 4. His foot. Sometimes he would punish by deputy, when the following scene would be acted. *Buffet.* "No. 2, give No. 1 ten boxes on the ear." "No. 3, give No. 2 twenty boxes on the ear, for *not hitting hard enough.*" This grim pantomime of three boys boxing one another's ears, like clown, pantaloon, and harlequin, absurd as it may seem, was anything but droll either to the actors or spectators; for the tears and grimaces were real: many a time have I had my face black, blue, and purple from this cruel persecution. This was bad enough; but sometimes Buffet seized a boy by the hands, and in a paroxysm of rage showered down blows with all his might on the palms and knuckles, till the wretched victim was stupid with pain, and could neither cry nor speak, but stood with his mouth open and his eyes half out of his head like an idiot. The birch, too, was terrible when Buffet was furious. Now I don't think that Solomon ever intended that poor boys should be scourged so unmercifully, or that knocking down boys senseless, and kicking them in the ribs when on the ground, was a fitting mode of correction. If these instances of brutality had been rare or exceptional, I would have passed them by; but they were part of a system, and some recent examples seem to show that the system is still practised in some schools.

One good resulted from the brutal discipline of Mr. Buffet: after a year and a half of his teaching and thrashing, I was so well grounded in Greek and Latin, that when I went to the college of St. Hollys of Holystone, near Itchenwell, besides knowing the Latin and Greek grammars by heart, I had mastered six books of the *Æneid*, all the Odes of Horace, a book of the *Iliad*, a Greek Play, and other miscellaneous learning. I was on the foundation of St. Hollys' College, and high up in the school for a boy of twelve years of age; and like most other public schoolmen, I retain pleasant recollections of sports enjoyed and friendships formed there.

We had many masters and tutors at St. Hollys, and many other authorities of whom we knew nothing; the latter were called *Socii*, whose arduous duties were, eating marrow-pudding in common room twice a year, and drawing large cheques from the funds arising from the lands of St. Hollys. One of the wrongs arising out of this system was that a portion of the college was reserved for such of the Socii as chose

to live there, and the boys were overcrowded in their dormitories in consequence. I much doubt whether St. Hollys would not turn in his grave if he thought that the Reverend Drs. Pluralist and others were living on his charity without doing anything for their money; and whether he would not have preferred the sinecures (if any) being bestowed on men of learning who were poor and unable to earn their bread through age or sickness. Strange rumours were afloat that much jobbing was perpetrated in the name of St. Hollys: and certainly the best chance of getting a slice out of the pudding which St. Hollys left behind him was, being the son or grandson of some man who had cut a good slice in his time. Indeed, on inquiry I found that Dr. Pighead having been Custos, Mr. Pighead, his son, naturally became Socius, and Pighead junior under master, and perfectly ready to be Socius too: in fact, the Pighead family sucked the bones of St. Hollys, and cracked them and ate the marrow. I attribute it to these abuses of St. Hollys' liberality that I was doomed to wear a *serge* gown (which in the days of St. Hollys was to cost as much as a groat a yard, a high price in those days), and I fancy that had St. Hollys lived to this day and seen how the world went, and calculated the value of a groat in his time as compared with our present currency, he would not have been quite satisfied with the conduct of the Custos, Socii, and assembled worthies of his college.

Amongst the masters, Mr. Drawl was in the habit of bullying, brow-beating, and cross-questioning boys until he could get an admission to found some charge on. Mr. Stokes, on the contrary, trusted to Arnold's system (I am *not* a Rugby man), and treated the boys like gentlemen and men of honour, and was loved and respected accordingly. Mr. Vane was a vacillating man, but had many a noble quality; and Mr. Pighead's qualifications for a master were about as good as yours and mine would be for training a wild horse or jumping through a hoop on to his back.

I am not opposed to fagging; but it must have been the fault of some of the many masters that it was ever carried to such an extent that boys had no time to learn their lessons. A holiday to a junior was so odious, owing to the incessant fagging, that we juniors used to arrange amongst ourselves to pray earnestly in chapel for *rain on a Saint's day*. Were St. Hollys alive, he would smile good-humouredly at little Minor baking toast or devilling kidneys, and might not grumble at seeing a dozen juniors at a time appointed, like a watch on board ship, to fag at stated intervals; but I much doubt whether the worthy saint would not prefer seeing the boys jumping over hedges and ditches at hare and hounds, to seeing them mewed up within the monastic walls of his college from year's end to year's end; except on Saints' days and occasions when, under surveillance, they walked in rank and file to St. Pervert Hill or St. Hollys Cathedral. These are my public wrongs. My private wrongs were of another kind, arising partly out of fagging, partly out of the mismanagement of my pastors and masters.

I have no doubt but that I was as careless and idle as other boys, but I was well up to my work, and Mr. Vane liked me for it, so I was in his favour; I soon rose to the top of my part, but my fall was as sudden as my rise. Mr. Vane was a disciplinarian, for which I commend him—and part of his discipline was that all boys who were not "up to books" when the part was sent for were sent to the bottom. "May I go, please, Bullyman (whose cheese I was toasting); my part is sent for." * * * * * Those five stars represent words unfit for utterance, in which Bullyman refused his leave.

Looking through the spectacles of experience, and not forgetting the beam in my own eye, I saw many motes in the eyes of Mr. Vane; and in spite of an idea of his own that he was infallible, I am convinced that he had two besetting sins—favouritism and hastiness. I was the most punctual boy in my part, yet, without asking a question, Mr. Vane sent me to the bottom, and suddenly disliked me. I sulked, and grew idle and desperate for many months, until my sister, who had conducted my early education, reasoned with me; then I put my shoulder to the wheel, and got into favour with Mr. Vane, and at the end of two years I carried off a prize. I could just as easily have won it at the end of my first six months, if I had not gone up and down in my part according to the current of Mr. Vane's breath: when he blew hot, I rose, and when he blew cold, I fell; so I travelled up and down a given space for two whole years, like the quicksilver in a thermometer. Now, had Mr. Vane not been so intemperate, and had he pressed me for the reason of my unusual tardiness, the truth would have come out. Bullyman would have got two hundred lines to learn by heart, and I should not have lost a year and a half of my time, and (what I thought worse then) a fellowship at St. Hollys' College, at Oxbridge.

When, bigger and older, I went into the upper school, under Mr. Drawl, with a good character from Vane, I was turned down in a very important half-yearly competitive examination because Mr. Drawl chose to believe Mr. Pighead's eyes and ears instead of my word. Yet I was seventeen years of age, and was not only an unconvicted, but an unsuspected boy, in all matters which depended on veracity.

The penalty of copying, or speaking to another boy, was "a void examination." I was sitting with a Horace examination paper before me (and a stiff paper it was), and being in the habit of talking to myself and staring vacantly when in deep thought, Mr. Pighead, said, "Brown, you are talking to Smith—leave the room." "I am not, sir," I answered; "ask Smith." But Pighead would not ask Smith, so he dismissed me and warned Smith.

The consequence was, that in the public statement which was made of the result of the examination, the only remark made on my papers, to which I had devoted a large part of my summer vacation, was, "Brown was detected copying, and his examination is void: he will be put down below Smith, Jones, Robinson, Walker, and Johnston."

In vain I pleaded my innocence. Mr. Drawl had passed sentence; and, for the glory of old Vane, I say it now, that although I was *not* under him, he, the man who could not see his own beam, saw Mr. Drawl's mote, and, without condemning his brother master, he sympathized with me, and told me that I was possibly the victim of a mistake. Vane also cheered me up, and gave me assistance in my private studies, encouraging me to fresh exertions. The result was, that, at the end of six months, I shone in the examination, and recovered my lost ground.

If the reader should question my reason for giving these details of the wrongs of my boyhood, my answer is this:—I believe that more moral wrong is done in the world by severe treatment and hasty punishments, than all the precepts of pastors and masters, both lay and clerical, can undo. I believe that choking boys with religion, and making them learn the Bible as a punishment, has been the cause of a distaste for religious teaching in very many men.

I do not mean to disparage religious education—very far from it; but I allude to a system, which is not uncommon, of trying to make boys good by showing them all the dark and dreary side of scriptural teaching.

Teaching of all kinds is a very great gift, which a very large number of volunteer and professional masters and mistresses have not. The Arnold system, of which Rugbians so justly boast, was, as far as the world can learn, based on impartial justice, sympathy with boyhood, and ruling by love instead of fear. All masters cannot be Arnolds, but they may follow in his footsteps.

Children of all ages have a keen sense of justice, and in all cases of right or wrong in which they are interested, their evidence ought to be received with the respect due to truth; unless they have been convicted of falsehood. The matters recorded here may be thought commonplace, but I have selected them as exemplifying the wrongs which arise from the prejudices and incapacity of teachers. Having been educated under severe discipline, my present impression is, that I was as frequently punished when I was in the right as in the wrong; and while kindness and encouragement will support and strengthen many a bruised reed, threatenings and floggings have only a bad effect on a boy of high spirit and courage. Solomon's precept, which has passed into the proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is read and acted upon in too literal a sense. The doctrine of, *Commendat rarior usus*, is a better one, as applicable to punishment.

Portrait of a Russian Gentleman.

Anton Antonovitch was a good and pious Russian, who held sin, soap, and razors, in almost equal detestation, despised cold water as a destructive luxury, and, so far from holding that cleanliness is next to godliness, looked upon that supposed virtue as the origin if not of all, at least of a great many evils. A man with white hands, delicately-pared nails, a clean face, well-brushed hair, and neatly-arranged mustachios, was apt, he thought, to be proud of his personal appearance; whereas, unwashed, unkempt, and unshorn, he would, in all probability, be full of humility and self-contempt. There were other reasons why Anton Antonovitch retained his beard. In the first place, his ancestors had always worn theirs (Anton Antonovitch had ancestors), and it did not become the present generation to assume to be wiser than their forefathers. Moreover, man had been made in the image of the Deity, and it was irreverential to interfere in any way with the likeness. In addition to this, no good, but only ingenious and deceptive forms of evil had ever come out of the west, and shaving was an occidental custom introduced by the great barber-Emperor Peter I.

We have said that Anton Antonovitch had ancestors, out of respect to whom we suppress his family name. One of them has an historical place among the most celebrated of the old Russian poets, and had held a high position at the court of Catherine. The brother of Anton Antonovitch was a general of division, and he had himself been an officer of artillery—the most distinguished arm of the Russian military service. No amount, then, of *a priori* reasoning could have led to the conclusion that Anton Antonovitch would be uncleanly in his person; and when he was in the army, his colonel was naturally astonished, amazed, and indignant at the discreditable appearance he presented on parade. By the regulations of the service he was, of course, unable to wear his beard, but he frequently omitted to shave, and carried out his system of facial and manual uncleanliness with the most scrupulous exactness. The colonel remonstrated in vain; Anton Antonovitch would not wash. There was no precedent for dismissing an officer from the service for such an offence, and it was impossible to address a report to the Emperor on the subject. At last the commanding officer bethought himself of an expedient. He could not order the offending—we had nearly said offensive—lieutenant into arrest every time he appeared in an unbecoming condition by the side of his battery, or he would have passed the whole of his time in prison; still more impossible was it to administer corporal punishment to an officer and a nobleman. But Anton Antonovitch had a servant, a gunner in his company, whose duty it was to attend to his master's wardrobe.

The colonel added to these functions the superintendence of his toilet, and promised the man a dozen lashes if he ever allowed the lieutenant to make his appearance unshaved, unwashed, or with a button of his uniform out of place. On two or three occasions when, in spite of his most earnest endeavours, he had found it impossible to get his master up to the requisite point of neatness, the servant was flogged. At last Anton Antonovitch could stand it no longer. He was a kind-hearted man, and rather than expose the unfortunate gunner to fresh thrashings, and having an aversion, founded on principle, to soap and water, he quitted the service.

On his own estate Anton Antonovitch could appear as he thought fit, so he allowed his beard to grow, and replaced his uniform, not by the black coat of ordinary civilized life, but by the national caftan now worn only by peasants and the lower class of merchants, but formerly by every one in Russia, from the serf to the Czar. The retired officer at the same time became a great biblical student: or rather he continued his theological studies, for he had always been religiously inclined. At last he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to idleness and pilgrimages. He sold his five hundred serfs, with the ground to which they were attached, his house, his furniture, and all his wearing apparel, with the exception of a caftan, a couple of shirts, and a pair of trousers; he gave all to the poor; and with a long stick and a dirty face, started on a journey of devotion to the Greek monastery on Mount Athos.

We have mentioned two things which will in particular appear strange to the reader; first, that the pious Anton Antonovitch sold his serfs; secondly, that in a commercial country like Russia he was able to undertake a long journey without having a single copeck in his pocket. He believed, however, that to have liberated his slaves would have been to send them to utter perdition. He had faith in the old patriarchal serf-holding system, which provides the peasant with a house, a patch of ground, a horse, a cow, and the necessary implements of husbandry; insures him against the chances of famine, and guarantees to him in his old age a comfortable asylum and abundant means of subsistence in the midst of his own family. "A proprietor might ill-treat his serfs," we have heard Anton Antonovitch say, "as he might injure the cattle on his estate; but in either case he would be looked upon as a madman; for he cannot injure his serf without injuring himself, and he would be despised as much as a person who would beat his own children, or his wife." *

Thus Anton Antonovitch, penniless and in the meanest attire, contrived to reach Mount Athos, in Asia Minor, where the faithful make their devotions to our miraculous Lady of Iberia. Hence he retraced his steps through the Crimea to the ancient city of Kieff, with its monasteries, and its caves full of the bones of the martyrs murdered for their faith by the infidel

* It is needless to observe that Anton Antonovitch saw only the bright side of the serf question.

Tartars. From Kieff he returned to Moscow, "The Mother," "The Holy," "The White-Walled," whence he lost no time in making a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the Laura of the Holy Trinity, about forty miles distant; and having prostrated himself before the uncorrupted body of St. Sergius, and kissed the relics, he proceeded to the monastery of the New Jerusalem, to implore a blessing on a fresh journey he already contemplated to the Laura of St. Alexander of the Neva, near St. Petersburg. The monastery of the New Jerusalem, which, like that of the Holy Trinity, is near Moscow, had a wonderful interest for Anton Antonovitch; as it must indeed have for every one. It is built on the model of the Holy City, the principal churches and chapels of which have been reproduced with wonderful exactness. However, our pilgrim returned to Moscow, and regardless of the excellent railway which connects the two capitals, started on foot for St. Petersburg, where in due time he paid his respects to the "uncorrupted body" of St. Alexander "Nevsky." St. Alexander "Nevsky," like Anton Antonovitch himself, was a military saint, and owes his canonization to the victory gained by him over the Swedes and the Teutonic Knights, on the ice of the Neva—the first encounter, by the way, that ever took place between Russia and the West of Europe.

Returning once more to Moscow, Anton Antonovitch found ample scope for the exercise of his devotional energy in visiting the dozens of monasteries and the hundreds of churches which the city and its environs contain. He also walked from time to time to the Laura of the Holy Trinity and the New Jerusalem, and once his religious enthusiasm carried him as far as Kieff, already well known to him. In fact, he occupied the whole of his time in pilgrimages to the Russian Holy Places, devoting the necessary intervals between his journeys to the study of sacred literature, contemplation, and smoking. For Anton Antonovitch was a great smoker; not on the road, when he was proceeding to some monastery, but only when he was at Moscow, living with his friends. Perhaps it would be wrong to smoke on a pilgrimage; but however that may be, there was at least one very sufficient reason why Anton Antonovitch never did so; he had no money wherewith to buy tobacco. If money was offered to him, he would not refuse it, but he gave it away again without delay to the poor; and though at the house of a friend he would smoke like a Turk, his principles only allowed him to satisfy his present necessities: if a pound of tobacco had been presented to him, he would at once have sold it, and bestowed the money in charity. But it was only at Moscow, and at some of the monasteries, that Anton Antonovitch had friends. On the road he stopped, when he was hungry or fatigued, at the first peasant's hut he came to, always sure of a hospitable welcome. This hospitality will be awarded to any traveller; and on roads where there are no inns, travellers of all kinds are sometimes only too glad to accept of it. In most cases, the owner of the hut will refuse the money that is offered him in acknowledgment of a night's lodging and such simple refreshment as he may be able to provide; but when the guest is a poor pilgrim,

it is a sacred duty to entertain him, and the peasant performs "the rites of hospitality" in the ancient and religious meaning of the phrase.

We have said that Anton Antonovitch was not particular about his costume: to put it more correctly, he was only more particular that it should be of the worst possible description; he never wore boots even in winter, nor a fur coat, nor indeed any overcoat, however cold the weather might be. We have seen him on a January morning, when the thermometer marked 16° (Réaumur) below freezing point, wearing an ordinary caftan and shoes without goloshes: he had not even gloves; though we cannot say that his hands were uncovered, for they were covered with dirt. His clothing was so old that it might have been one of the last purchases he made before turning mendicant. His shoes, however, must have been renewed from time to time, for shoe-leather *will* wear out.

When the war against the Western Powers leagued with the infidel Turks broke out, Anton Antonovitch, as became a constant devotee at the shrines of those warrior-saints St. Sergius and St. Alexander Nevsky, went, burning with military and religious ardour, and splashed all over with mud, to offer his services to the Government. He could not re-enter the regular army, which was fully officered, but he was very desirous of obtaining employment in the militia of his province; and as a member of one of the principal territorial families of the district, and a retired officer, he imagined he would have no difficulty in getting appointed to a commission. Will it be believed, although the ——— Militia was under orders for the seat of war, and officers of experience were much wanted in the regiment, the services of Anton Antonovitch were positively declined? He was so evidently unfitted for duties requiring order and precision, that, even if he had not in his carelessness stumbled into an enormous puddle immediately before entering the office of the staff, the general would have been quite justified in not accepting his patriotic offer. In some State record or other the fact of Anton Antonovitch having volunteered to serve in the Crimea must have been chronicled (in Russia everything is chronicled that is connected with the doings of the Government), together with the general's reason for rejecting his proffered sword. The entry of the military superintendent must have been very nearly as follows:—"September, 1854—Anton Antonovitch volunteered. Refused. Too dirty to serve."

Anton Antonovitch, independently of his general wish to serve his country, had doubtless special reasons for desiring to take part in the war of 1854. In all probability he had visions of a triumphal entry into Constantinople, a "holy place" to which he had long wished to make a pilgrimage. To Anton Antonovitch, Constantinople was not merely the key to universal empire, it was the ancient residence of the chief patriarchs of the Greek Church; it was the city which had sent forth the missionary who converted Russia; it was the capital of the great Christian Empire, from which, after the fall of the last Palæologus,

Russia received the two-headed eagle, to be carried back sooner or later to Byzantium.

When we were first introduced to Anton Antonovitch, we had already been warned that we should be surprised at his appearance. He was staying at Moscow with the friends already mentioned, whose house he made his head-quarters during the intervals of his pilgrimages. On his coming to live with them they had ventured to hope that he would adopt the costume, and as much as possible the habits, of civilized life; but they had reckoned without their guest, who was prepared for no such change. As he was simply in want of everything, his friends had to go to the tailor's to buy him a coat, to the hatter's to buy him a hat, &c., like Mother Hubbard with her dog. Anton Antonovitch let them pursue their mad course. Wash he would not; to shave he was ashamed; but he accepted the garments, and the very next day started on a pilgrimage to the Laura of the Holy Trinity.

When he returned he was in rags. He had given away his shirts, his boots, his coat, in short, the whole of his decent apparel, to the poor, and came back to his hospitable entertainers in a miserable caftan and a pair of slippers. What could be done? This man was the declared enemy of superfluity, and his friends had furnished him with a number of shirts, to say nothing of cloth coats, and other abominations of the West; such, for instance, as waistcoats. It was evident that Anton Antonovitch was irreclaimable. To remonstrate with him would have been absurd. After he had given away an estate with five hundred peasants, what importance could he attach to some linen and a couple of suits of clothes? It was necessary, then, to accept him as he was. Like the Cossacks of whom Haxthausen says, "Sint ut sunt aut non sunt," one mode of life was alone possible to Anton Antonovitch. He could only exist as a sort of dignified mendicant. We say *dignified*, because if he received, it must be remembered that he never had any occasion to ask, and in the midst of his vagabondage he had not lost an atom of his self-respect. On the contrary, he must have been proud of his poverty, though we will do him the justice to say that he never attempted to *afficher* it; nor did he in his conversation or manner in any way affect that humility of which his raggedness and his dirt might have been regarded as the badges. He certainly maintained that it was not good for man to be clean; but with his general untidiness, sheer laziness must have had at least as much to do as principle. What rendered Anton Antonovitch tolerable, and even interesting, was the fact that he had literally sold all he had and given it to the poor. Here was a real sacrifice to conviction; but coupled with it there must have been some predisposition to untidiness, a strong natural dislike to the towel, a dread of soap, a contempt for the nail-brush, and a mortal antipathy to cold water. It is said of the founder of the Russian navy, that though he succeeded through his indomitable will in at last becoming a good sailor, he had constitutionally a horror of water. This happens to be

untrue of Peter the Great, but it was certainly the case with Anton Antonovitch.

But we were speaking of our introduction to this extraordinary man. We had been told that he was a strange-looking person, and he indeed *did* look odd. He was upwards of six feet high, with broad shoulders, a big head, long black uncombed hair, bushy eyebrows, and a thick grizzly beard. More than this we could not distinguish, for he was enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. With his long chibouk in one hand, and in the other a volume of the Psalms, of which he occasionally recited a verse in a loud sonorous voice, he stood erect with his back against the wall, as motionless as an image. When we were presented to him he bowed with solemn dignity, but did not say a word; and as we understood that he spoke no language but Russian, and did not wish to expose our ignorance by attempting to address him in that tongue, no conversation took place between us. But when we had heard the particulars of his life from his friends (to whom, and not to Anton Antonovitch we were making our visit) we felt anxious to know something more of him, and endeavoured through the medium of our host, to enter into conversation with him. But he was not friendly; or to be nearer the truth, he was slightly bearish.

One day, however, he heard us say that we intended to visit the Laura of the Holy Trinity, which, both as a fortress and as a monastery, is full of historical interest. Then the features of Anton Antonovitch relaxed; he smiled, his eyes brightened, and he said, "*Vous allez, donc, à la Troitsa, monsieur? Vous en serez bien content.*" We were not a little astonished, and all the Russians present were amazed; for none of them had ever heard Anton Antonovitch speak French before, and we had often talked together in that language about our devotee's past life, his wandering habits, his uncleanliness, etc.: on these occasions not a muscle in his countenance moved; and it was impossible, judging from his appearance, to imagine that he had the slightest suspicion of what was being said. Doubtless he had learnt French as a child, and at the military school, but every one supposed that he had forgotten it. He, in fact, wished to do so, as Stendhal boasted that he had forgotten German, "*par mépris.*" However, the name of the Troitsa (Trinity) had roused him, and he was determined not to let a foreigner visit that monastery without enlightening him on the subject of its religious and military history. From the Troitsa he passed to the Kremlin; and finding that we could listen with interest to his remarks about the Russian churches and Church, he at last asked us, with some anxiety, if we knew what had become of Palmer? We replied, that Palmer, having been convicted of poisoning his brother, had been hanged by the neck until he was dead. Anton Antonovitch looked incredulous and somewhat annoyed; his friends could scarcely restrain their laughter on hearing of the melancholy fate which had befallen the only acquaintance he seemed to have possessed in England.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Anton Antonovitch; "he was the friend of M. Mouravieff. M. Mouravieff mentions him in his travels."

We replied, that Palmer had once been a not disreputable, though a sporting character, and that M. Mouravieff, who is the historian of the Russian Church, might possibly have met him; but that for all that he had been hanged. At last we found it was not against Anton Antonovitch the laugh should have been raised; he was speaking of Palmer, the author of *Dissertations on the Russian Church*, who is, in fact, mentioned by M. Mouravieff in one of his interesting works.

Having now admitted his knowledge of French, Anton Antonovitch could not avoid joining in the general conversation. He came away from his place against the wall, leaving a black mark where he had been in the habit of resting his head, sat down at the table, abandoned his long pipe, and even consented to accept a "papiros," or cigarette, which he nevertheless looked upon as a sign of the decadence.

"The old Russians smoked pipes," he said: "not merely the peasantry and the merchants, but the most distinguished nobles. The present race," he added, "are ashamed of their ancestors; they are becoming children of the West in everything."

He then asked whether I imagined any one of the present day could wield the massive clubs, the maces, and the battle-axes, which are exhibited in the Treasury of the Kremlin, and which belonged to the ancient Czars and their officers? Had I seen the brancard in which Charles XII. was carried at the battle of Pultawa, and the iron-pointed stick which Ivan the Terrible (or Redoubtable, as Anton Antonovitch preferred to call him) was wont to place on the foot of any one he happened to be conversing with, occasionally piercing his interlocutor's boot, and, if he ostensibly winced, transfixing his instep? Did we mean to visit Kieff, only a few hundred miles to the south, and possessing a magnificent Laura? At all events we were going to the Troitsa: we must not abandon that intention; and if we desired it, he would write us an account of the monastery, and a brief history of St. Sergius, its founder. On our thanking him for his kind offer, he expressed his willingness to supply us also with descriptions of the other holy places (with all of which, as with their history, he was thoroughly familiar). He said he would begin at once, only he had no paper. There were plenty of pens in the house, he told us, and note-paper in abundance; but he liked to write on large sheets, and would be obliged to us if we would send him some.

The next morning we sent Anton Antonovitch our compliments and a quire of letter-paper. In the evening he called to tell us that our paper (the ordinary Bath Post,) "*ne valait rien*;" it was too thin. He must have it exceedingly fine, and exceedingly thick. He had never been accustomed to write on paper of any other kind.

What most astonished us in this visit was, that Anton Antonovitch should have called on us at all, for it was a practice he had long given up. Perhaps he was pleased to find a foreigner whom he could interest in the

affairs of the Russian Church. Perhaps, after the manner of his countrymen, and in spite of his natural prejudices, he was anxious to show all the attention in his power to a visitor from abroad; and in order to do this it was necessary first of all that he should have "*du beau papier blanc*." He was, at first, somewhat disconcerted at not finding the usual holy picture, or *eikon*, in the eastern corner of the room; but, having made the sign of the cross, he sat down and took some tea: of which, like a great many other Russians, he would drink any quantity at any time of the day.

Before Anton Antonovitch went away, we had some conversation with him on political and literary subjects. He was more than a conservative—he was a retrogressionist. All the progress, according to him, which had taken place in Russia since Peter the Great's time, was progress in a false direction. "We have foreign wines, foreign silks, foreign ornaments," he said, "and we dress like foreigners" (not Anton Antonovitch, however), "so much so that the peasants look upon us as a different race; there has been a fall in our moral tone: we have more luxuries than formerly, but a man's word is less trustworthy, and our merchants have become cheats." He was not at all sanguine as to the success of Alexander the Second's reforms, and he looked upon Nicolas as the true father of his country; justifying the Crimean war as having been undertaken in defence of the Christians of Turkey against their Mahomedan oppressors. Of modern Russian literature he had no opinion. Poushkin had purified the language—that was his great merit; but as a poet he was not to be compared to Lomonossoff, the father of Russian literature, and the felicitous versifier of the Psalms.

The next morning we sent Anton Antonovitch some paper of creamy white, and as thick as parchment. It appeared that to write on the very best paper was his only luxury. Some men in their poverty will contrive, even if their coat be in tatters, to wear fine linen; others, unable to endure the smell of a tallow candle, to whatever straits they may be reduced, will read by the light of a wax taper; others again, if they go without their dinner, will always stir their tea with a silver spoon. Thus Anton Antonovitch, with all his raggedness and dirt, was unable to forsake an early acquired habit of scribbling "*sur du beau papier blanc*." Yet he had never any money; and the paper he so particularly affected does not cost less, in Russia, than four or five shillings a quire.

The reader would not take so much interest as we ourselves did in Anton Antonovitch's literary productions; suffice it to say, that in due time we received long, and, to us, interesting, accounts of all the holy places in Russia, and especially of the "Laura of the Troitsa."

Of the miraculous birth of St. Sergius and his three præ-natal cries, symbolic of the "Troitsa," or Holy Trinity; of his divine tuition; of his interview with a bear, who, though starving, respected the holy man, and consented to share his humble meal in a spirit of fairness; of the monastery the saint founded; of his mysterious, inconceivable death; of his uncorrupted body; of his reappearance to the metropolitan Plato in 1812,

when Napoleon, terrified by a vision of an incalculable army of black soldiers, (*i. e.* monks,) on the road to Troitsa, abstained from attacking that great depository of ecclesiastical wealth; and finally, of the miracles performed at his shrine;—we possess particulars written on several "*cahiers de beau papier blanc*," adorned with a portrait of St. Sergius in his fighting costume, and a representation in stone, which was found in the Aural mountains, and which is, indeed, one of the greatest curiosities the treasury of the monastery can show.

Towards the end of the year, when every one was giving and going to parties, Anton Antonovitch started suddenly on a pilgrimage. On the evening of the thirty-first of December, just before his departure, he sent us a letter wishing us, according to the Russian expression, "with the new year, new happiness." His letter began thus: "According to the ancient Russian custom, no presents from me (*point de cadeaux de ma part*):" but even if he had not sold his estate, he would not, on principle have departed from the usage of his ancestors, who, however generous on other festivals, confined themselves on New Year's Day to the interchange of good wishes.

We saw Anton Antonovitch once again, as he was returning from his pilgrimage. It was about nine in the morning, and he had just walked into Moscow from the country. It was miserably cold, and, what was worse, windy; for we are inclined to think that in Russia the wintry wind is really as unkind "as man's ingratitude,"—or his ingratitude must be cutting indeed. Yet Anton Antonovitch wore nothing but his old blue caftan, a pair of trousers which might once have been white, and a pair of shoes which apparently had never been blacked. He had left a pair of goloshes in the corridor, without which he would have lost his feet before he had walked a mile; but he had nothing to protect his ears or throat. Then we remembered that in the life of St. Sergius the following line occurred, "he never wore a pelisse, nor any kind of fur in winter."

During Anton Antonovitch's absence from Moscow we had visited the Troitsa monastery, and had even remained there three days. He was glad to hear this; but seemed especially delighted when we told him that we had ascended to the top of the highest tower in the Laura; this he was pleased to regard as a feat of piety. He said he hoped to see us again, as we hoped to see him, wished us good-bye, made the sign of the cross, and went.

The Parochial Mind.

If any one essence or thing requires a champion, it is surely that suffering, abused, and despised entity, the Parochial Mind. For far too many years has it been kicked and cuffed, and pelted with unsavoury eggs, and dragged through unpleasant mud-baths. For far too many years has it been the obvious accessible target of small wits, who have showered their little arrows about its devoted head. For far too many years have heavier humorists sat upon its body, and done all that human intellect could do to flatten it into nothingness. It still lives. They have called it Bumbleism and Little Pedlington; but it still survives, for all that. Its fancy portrait has been sketched in many contemptible forms, and painted with many gaudy colours; but yet it grows apace, even as a pampered child. The favourite images of the red-nosed beadle, and the fiery orator who deals in cabbage and shakes the vestry in his senatorial overtime, have been powerless to laugh it down. They are very amusing personifications, so far as they go, but the *reductio ad absurdum* process is too broad in its application to be otherwise than confined in its results. Because Socrates was henpecked, it does not follow that his philosophy was all wind; nor was the greatness of Cromwell neutralized by that ridiculous wart upon his nose.

The loudest opponents of the Parochial Mind are usually men of the shortest memories. They forget that it was only the other day when England itself was nothing but a Little Pedlington. The despised parish of the present hour, in value, if not in extent, would put to shame that little Britain which William the First is immortalized for conquering. That other little Britain, which turned round and beheaded its king, was nothing to boast of in the shape of imports and exports; and the unruly parliament that the Protector defied, had a marvellous resemblance to a modern vestry.

The great weakener of the present age seems to be an ignorant impatience of the Parochial Mind—and an equally ignorant passion for universality. It instils its poison at the very root of life: the most ordinary child at the most ordinary school is taught to spend his slender stock of memory and intellect over the widest possible area. The doubtful chronologies of all creation are first of all crammed into his languid ear, and then "wrung from him like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit." He must know a little of everything,—classics, up to a certain unsatisfactory point; history, according to the vaguest authorities; languages sufficient to write the Lord's prayer in three tongues, and forget all about the unmeaning exercise in less than three years afterwards. He is taken to task for not remembering what has probably had no authenticated existence,—the so-called landmarks of universal history,

He is led into disputes about the dates of events that possibly never occurred, and considered a marvel of successful teaching if his answers are given in a confident and unhesitating manner. No one will charitably take him aside and whisper into his ear that little comes of real knowledge but increased modesty, doubt, and suspicion. No one is either bold enough, or honest enough, to tell him how the great Past has wrapped itself in a dense fog, into which it is almost vain to attempt to penetrate. No one will point out to him the patient labour and incessant application required to let in the light even through one little loophole of this dark and silent barrier. No guide, philosopher and friend will teach him these things; and he will go into the world a noisy, superficial babbler. His mental condition is a fair average specimen of the broad, universal mind, as distinguished from that other mental condition which is sneeringly called the parochial.

As he grows up to man's estate the heroes most likely to command his admiring worship will be the encyclopædical men—the anti-parochial speakers, thinkers, and actors. He will pass by the solid monuments of the parochial mind, to run after the dazzling phantoms of Admirable Crichtonism. He will see his ideal of eminence only in those self-conscious learned posturers who are pointed at as having drained the cup of knowledge to the dregs, and as crying out aloud for it to be again filled. He will be prone to have faith in intuition,—in royal roads to learning,—in the power of untutored genius,—in happy guessing,—in the virtues of touch-and-go. He must exhaust a science before breakfast; another science before dinner; and a language in the intervals of a week's business. He will bestow his flying attention upon national and personal records, but only on the scale of about one inch to a century; for it is a first necessity of the anti-parochial and universal mind that it should "survey the world from China to Peru." He will glance rapidly over all books that issue from the press, to keep up his easily-earned character as a well-informed man. To be convicted of not knowing, at least, the title of a work, and the name of its author, would be heartburn and mortification for many weeks. As an authority upon taste, upon pictures, upon secret memoirs, the laws of colour, the real and the ideal, the finite and the infinite, the back-fall, the musical pitch, the incidence of taxation; upon social reform, the Evans' gambit, the inner meaning of the Pyramids, and the principles of Greek harmony, the distribution of races, the wave theory in shipbuilding,—the well-informed, the anti-parochial mind will have enough to do. A mixture of rope-dancing and juggling with brass balls will best describe the position of its representative in his social moments. When he is moved (and that is not infrequently) to commit his thoughts to paper, his undigested and varied acquirements lie in hard, coarse lumps upon his skin, instead of enriching his blood. He presents the spectacle of a clever dog who is constantly running round after his own tail. There is no real progress—no new work done—and nothing proved. The universal mind, after firing off its

rockets, its blue lights, its Roman candles, and its ingenious combinations of all kinds of combustibles, has always ended by leaving the world a little darker than it found it.

How pleasing it is to escape from the restless clatter of productions such as these into the monastic calmness of a thoroughly parochial book. The *Journey Round my Room*, of Xavier de Maistre; the *Tour Round my Garden*, of Alphonse Karr; and the *Natural History of Selborne*, of Gilbert White, are the first works of the kind that spring to the surface of my memory. The latter book is a perfect type of its class—a class that the world is always ready to welcome whenever it appears, and to preserve, at all hazards, from the chance of death. The production of such books is not effected by yearnings after the broad, the grand, the infinite—but by the labour of earnest, patient men, who despise not the humblest pebble by the roadside. They are produced without any love of display, any affectation of superior knowledge, on the part of the writers; and they shine only in the simple beauty of truth and good faith. They are written with a concentrated conscientious love and regard for their subjects, and not with a constant eye to the audience on the other side of the footlights. They owe their birth more to a recording, resistless impulse within the writers, than to the desire for fame, or the greed of pecuniary profit.

If Boswell had felt a contempt for the parochial mind, the world would have lost one of the best biographies that has ever been written. The whole structure of its composition is essentially parochial. It deals with only one man—one single, half-blind, old man; it regards him as the centre of a system, and only touches upon those who revolved round him as a crowd of accidental satellites. Nothing that ever happened to that man, no remark that ever fell from his lips, no journeys that he ever made, were without an intense interest to the parochial Boswell. The scraps of his letters were treasured like precious gold, and no suspicion of commonplace triviality ever checked the parochial mind in its welcome task of recording. All this must seem very mean and very contemptible to the universal mind, as it looks down from those lofty mounts from which it loves to sweep the horizon. Put all the books, however, that the latter has manufactured in the scale of human interest with the biographer's volumes, and which will be the load to win the trial?

If every man who wields a pen, or lives with observing eyes, would take a hint from this triumph of the parochial mind, what works might we not have to refer to on our nearest and dearest bookshelves? The records of a street, of a house, of a family, of a fishpond, or a dead wall, may be full of wisdom, poetry, and enduring interest, if only carefully collected. What pleasure there is in grasping a favourite volume, and feeling, as you seem to shake the hand of the writer, that you are about to sit down for an hour's communion with one who devoted his whole life to a single subject. What satisfaction there is in looking upon such a sturdy octavo, as it lies upon your table, and knowing that you have there a perfectly reliable guide to some little nook of knowledge! It is only such books as

these that can really become the cherished companions of thinking men; the rest, for all the names they may proudly display upon their backs, must sink into neglect as a maze of literary upholstery.

The broad, the universal mind, thinks differently from this, and acts in a manner consistent with its teaching. In its pleasures it always seeks the strange and the remote, in preference to the familiar and the accessible. Its knowledge of its own country is confined to a few fashionable resorts, and a few famous lakes; while in London it claims a merit for affecting a total ignorance of the suburbs. What kind of wine is drunk by the peasants in the south of France, or what are the habits of the Neapolitan beggars, the universal mind is ever ready to tell you in books, in lectures, or in conversation; but when you inquire what kind of food is consumed in Bethnal Green, or what has become of the Irish expelled from Field Lane and St. Giles's, the same universal mind is ignorantly and contemptuously silent. Of the Louvre it knows much—of Dulwich College very little; and when it wishes to indulge in a view of sunrise, it flies at once to the Righi. It would never seek for unexpected aspects of nature on the top of the Monument; far less on Primrose Hill, or the heights of Hampstead. And yet an hour or two may be spent far less agreeably and instructively than at the latter place, watching the sunset, on a summer's evening, from the station of the old Hill Telegraph. There, the parochial, if not the universal mind, may feed luxuriously upon the picture—the city lying in the valley, backed by the Surrey Hills; the plum-bloom mist that settles over the house-tops, the orange glow that comes from the hidden sun through the mellow side-trees of the country lane, that, seen through an opening in the thick leaves, seems all on fire—the houses, lighted up into a bright, burning yellow—the long, glistening glass of some building in the distant London valley, that looks like a row of footlights, or the furnaces in the Potteries—and the two towers of the Crystal Palace, standing up like columns of living flame. It may seem an almost child-like cockney weakness, to be pleased with such sights as these: but there they are, with many like them, for narrow-minded parochial gratification.

The same universal mind, that closes its eyes and ears to such common, familiar things, is easily traced in the formation of libraries and museums. A country town or village requires something that shall inform its ignorance, amuse its leisure, or elevate its taste, and the duty devolves upon the universal mind to decide upon the nature and organization of this something. The first thing that raises its head, in all probability, is what is called a suitable building for an institution,—a cold oblong structure of stucco, built after the style of the Parthenon, with a portico like a four-post bedstead. The first sight of such a building is enough to chill the young enthusiast, bent upon improving his mind—in the universal style—and the secret of the blight which seems to hang over its Doric columns, is found in the fact that it harmonizes with no other part of the old town—not even with the bleak, bare congregational chapel. The next step is to fill this receptacle after the most approved plan; and here

the universal mind is seen in remarkable vigour. Subscriptions are solicited, donations are thankfully received; and a collection grows up that is as varied as the stock-in-trade of a general curiosity dealer. One leg, two-thirds of an arm, and a portion of the neck of a man or woman in sooty relievo, on a crumbled stone, is joyfully accepted as a representative of Grecian sculpture. It came from some temple; it was presented by some advocate for the diffusion of universal knowledge, and it is duly ticketed as a notable object of interest. The mummy of an Egyptian prince, supposed to be about eighteen hundred years old, is always welcome in such a place; as well as the tooth of a whale or an elephant, and the skeleton of a crocodile. Two or three vertebræ of a rhinoceros, an Indian sable, a lizard's skin from Brazil, a petrified toadstool, a precious stone from Ethiopia, an Assyrian bean, and a Persian tobacco-pipe are always sure of being put in posts of honour. A wooden effigy of Osiris, a copper idol from Siam, a Roman buckle, a pair of Norwegian skates, an earthen vessel from China, a basket of Muscovian money, a beetle brought from the Cape of Good Hope, the brain-pan of an ostrich, and a preserved thunderbolt from the vale of Chamouni are equally prized and equally honoured. Where is England represented in such a motley collection; and, above all, where is the corner devoted to the particular village, town, county, or parish in which the exhibition stands? What is the character, or meaning of such an exhibition; and what can it possibly teach? Has it any local stamp, or local colour, or local interest? Might it not be all pitchforked into a travelling caravan and driven from place to place, as a thing without root? If any one effigy or anatomical wonder were taken away, and another effigy or anatomical wonder introduced instead, would any hidden harmony be disturbed, or any sense of fitness be outraged? If the old rampant lion in front of the town-hall were struck down by an unlucky flash of lightning or a gust of wind, a thousand men (of course, with parochial minds) would feel as if their right hands had been cut off, or their front teeth had been maliciously drawn by enchantment in the night. But if the fragment of the Greek gladiator in the universal museum were stolen by gipsies, with a view to a heavy ransom, there would hardly be a man in the county, or parish, who would subscribe a copper for its rescue.

If the parochial mind, through good or evil report, would devote itself to the formation of thoroughly parochial museums, what different results might be arrived at! No little obscure village is too small, or too remote, to be utterly worthless to itself; and by respecting its own individual value, it takes the surest course to become generally respected. Wherever a road has been cut, a tree planted, and smoke has curled from the meanest cottages; wherever men have been born, have suffered, and have died, there is much that ought never to be buried and forgotten. The origin, the progress, or even the decay of such a place; its daily life, its dimly remembered worthies, its old traditions, its old songs,

its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, are all worthy of historical preservation. It may be that the universal mind, when it condescends to trace a local event, to prove a fact, or substantiate a date, would not be displeased to find such a well-filled storehouse ready to its hand, overflowing with the rich materials of county history. What an amount of hopeless error, of idle speculation, of English composition, would be saved to the world by the existence of such parochial records! If Warwickshire had only thought and acted like this in Shakspeare's time, what pleasant and profitable pilgrimages might now be made,—what bitter controversies might never have been heard of!

If the parochial mind was a little more active in the field of politics than it seems to be at present, it would rather raise than lower the dignity of the country. Our senators seem to be nothing, if not universal. Their grasp of intellect makes the timid taxpayer tremble, and their denunciations of foreign tyrants are masterpieces of fretful, useless declamation. When Little Pedlington steps out of its proper sphere, to place one hand upon its heart and to point at distant unpopular emperors with the other, it is then that it plunges headlong into the gulf of hopeless Bumbleism. Keeping within its own walls, and working upon its own vineyard, it is unassailable by the keenest shafts of ridicule: beyond these wholesome limits it is weaker than a child. Its representatives are members for Little Pedlington, and not the champions of all Europe in distress. The Little Pedlingtons of Gloucestershire, of Somersetshire, and of Staffordshire have surely matters of more pressing local interest to occupy their minds than the willing or unwilling annexation of Nice and Savoy. Their members should be told this in no inaudible voice; and this ever-gushing, universal tendency to flow into other people's property, should be unmistakeably dammed up. The gift of seeing ourselves as others see us is vouchsafed to few; and those Little Pedlington members, it seems, are not amongst the number.

However backward the parochial mind may be in asserting its dominion over education, literature, history, science, and art, the inevitable changes of financial government will force it into the front rank of politics. Our indirect taxation—a system under which no man can tell how much he pays to the State—is crumbling beneath our feet, to be replaced by direct taxes, which every one will see and feel. When the bulk of that necessary or unnecessary expenditure of seventy or eighty annual millions sterling has to be met by an income-tax of, perhaps, about five shillings in the pound, it will then be astonishing to see the rising crops of breeches-pocket politicians, the growth of non-intervention principles, and the intoxicating popularity of the despised parochial mind.

All at Sea with the Fleet.*

England owes her high position among the nations to her Navy. Ships, colonies, and commerce, were the height of Napoleon's ambition; and the latter were coveted by him chiefly to secure the former, that his navy might rival ours. It is infinitely to the credit of France that she has accomplished her main desire, without those means to that end which we possess. Her navy fairly rivals that of England, without England's commerce or colonies. In ships she is almost, if not altogether, our equal; and her system of manning her navy is more economical and effective than any of the many complicated schemes which have been vainly tried in England. France has, in fact, a sea-militia, or maritime inscription, even more sweeping than her conscription for the army. A landsman may escape being drawn for a soldier; but every seafaring man in France must serve his time in her navy, before he can enter a merchant ship. Every sailor in France, without exception, is thus enrolled and trained for the service of his country; and she is only less powerful than England in that respect, because the *personnel* of her mercantile marine does not number so much as a third of that of England. But till her whole 90,000 seafaring men are used up, she can recruit her war-ships to that extent with much greater facility than England could raise a like number for her Royal Navy. We hope, indeed, that were war proclaimed, men would flock to our navy; but it is no hope founded on experience. On the contrary, all evidence is the other way; and it is the opinion of many of our most eminent naval officers, that in a serious war we should be obliged to have recourse to impressment, in order to obtain men for the fleet with anything like the rapidity that would be absolutely necessary for our safety. During our greatest naval wars, culminating in Trafalgar and the death of our greatest naval hero, and up to 1814, when Waterloo brought peace to Europe, impressment was found to be necessary. During the late war with Russia we did not resort to it; but then our ships went forth only partially manned, and with crews half trained. Besides, from the French Revolution in 1793 to 1801, the annual number of seamen and marines in our fleet rose from 59,000 to 132,000 men, and, in 1813, it had reached its highest number—147,000; whereas, between 1854 and 1856, it never amounted to half that number, or only about 68,000. Even now, during "peace," we have 80,000 men in the navy—that is, 12,000 more than during the Russian war.

* We insert a second Article on the Navy, believing that our readers will be glad to have information from more authorities than one on this national question.—Ed.

For the last twelve months the Navy has been constantly in everybody's thoughts, but attention has been chiefly directed, during that period, to our ships. To our ships, unfortunately, because, first, in respect of line-of-battle ships, and more recently in iron-cased frigates, we have suddenly discovered the French to be far in advance of us. Between these graver themes, too, we have had the startling episode of the rotten gunboats, further to shake our faith in the management of naval affairs. In the *Cornhill Magazine* for October, the most important of these subjects was discussed,—Shall England's future bulwarks be wood or iron? Coincident with the issue of that number, the leading journal took up the subject, and the whole press followed: and thereupon three additional iron-clad vessels, like the *Warrior*, were ordered to be built. After that, however, *The Times* reverted to the subject, recalling attention to experiments made at Portsmouth on perpendicular and oblique iron-plates, as narrated in its own columns in August, and which were the foundation of the views put forth in this Magazine, when suddenly the progress of the new wall-sided vessels was countermanded by the Admiralty. Fresh councils are being held on the subject of iron-cased ships; and it is to be hoped that some well-founded decision may be come to in accordance with what is contained in our October number.*

The state of our Navy, as regards its *matériel*, has not only been earnestly discussed in the public press; but both ministers and parliament were alive to the subject. Lord Derby appointed a Confidential Committee, in December, 1858, "to inquire into the comparative state of the navies of England and France;" following upon which came Sir John Pakington's famous announcement in parliament, that the English navy required "reconstruction." This was ridiculed at first, for a time; but full justice was afterwards done to Sir John, for the promptitude with which he had discovered and remedied some of our very serious deficiencies. A Committee on Dockyard Economy was likewise appointed by the Board of Admiralty under Lord Derby; but its report was a mere analysis of petty details, founded upon evidence scarcely better than dockyard gossip, if we may judge from the strictures passed upon it in a memorandum by the present First Lord of the Admiralty. Then there was a Committee on the Gunboats, whose recent finding was certainly rather mild against some few contractors who had scamped the Government work. And now we have a Royal Commission prosecuting fresh inquiries into the management of the dockyards; including, it is to be hoped, all that relates to ships and ship-building.

Certainly, the press has done its part, in directing attention to the kind of ships we ought now to have. Louis Napoleon is doing his part, with that characteristic silent efficiency that always reminds us of peace by continual preparations for war. And we can only hope that at last

* An able Article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December supports the same views as to our "future Bulwarks."

the Lords of the Admiralty will do their part also, for the nation's sake, and for the sake of the liberties and highest interests of Europe.

Before quitting the subject of ships, it may be interesting to state that the *Warrior*, which will be probably launched before this is read, is the largest ship in the world, after the *Great Eastern*. Those who have seen the latter will be able to form the best idea of the hull and general appearance of the iron-cased *Warrior*, by imagining they see a *Great Eastern*, only one-third less, and without paddle-boxes. The one ship is 600 feet in length, the other 400. The *Warrior* has also fine lines. Both are built of iron, and with water-tight compartments. The middle part of the exterior iron of the *Warrior*, for about 300 feet, bends inwards from near the water-line, and above that becomes an *inward* lining to a coating of 18-inch teak, with which the middle part of the vessel is covered. Over this teak coating are fastened the armour-plates of wrought-iron, 4½ inches thick, dove-tailed together and bolted through the teak. These plates extend up as far as the bottom of the bulwarks; the coating round which is of timber only. The iron-clad portion of the ship has port-holes at present nearly 4 feet square and 12 feet apart; but these will probably be reduced in size to about 2 feet square, after the vessel is launched on the 29th of December. When she takes the water, only the lower row of armour-plates will have been affixed to her. The two ends of the vessel are built in the ordinary way, of sheet iron only five-eighths of an inch thick—not stronger, probably, than the *Great Eastern* is throughout; but there are interior "bulk-heads" of great strength, running across the vessel at each end of the iron-cased middle part, formed of teak and covered with armour-plates, similar to her plated sides. She will only be pierced for thirty-six guns on her main deck, eighteen each broadside. Her bulwarks are not to be pierced for guns, and being only formed of wood they will only be rifle-proof. One or two guns may probably be carried on her upper deck; but that is not yet decided. Her deck is not to be cannon-ball proof; and it is there and in her gaping portholes, if they are not reduced in size, that her greatest weakness will be found. She will of course be infinitely stronger than a wooden vessel, and not so likely to be set on fire by means of shells filled with molten iron. But she will be a large and unwieldy vessel—perhaps only too like the *Great Eastern* in that respect; she will be an enormous target for an enemy's guns; and her breadth of beam and great length will place her in jeopardy from shells and vertical fire, even at considerable distances. They talk complacently of her ends being "even shot away," and her invulnerable part remaining as strong as ever! But it would be only an "invulnerable" box upon the water, without any power of moving whatever. She may be even seriously crippled in her manœuvres if her vulnerable forepart and stern are much knocked about, as her screw would probably be thus entirely put out of gear. Even if she carries the most powerful Armstrong guns, her armament and offensive power must be regarded as very small in comparison with her enormous

cost and great size. It will be fatal to her success if she cannot steam even faster than the French *La Gloire;* with which vessel—even with equal speed—she would contend at great disadvantage in-shore and in shallow waters. The burden of the *Warrior* is no less than 6,000 tons, and the power of her engines is equal to that of 1,200 horses.

It should be borne in mind that France now intends to have sixteen iron-cased frigates, instead of the ten once spoken of, and also a fleet of 150 gunboats, tortoise-shaped, with sides on which the iron plates are to be fixed sloping inwards obliquely, in order that the shot striking them may glance.

But assuming that England will be provided with a sufficiency of iron-clad vessels of the best construction science can devise, and that the bows of our line-of-battle ships may be also so protected that they will be able safely to approach such cuirassed opponents till near enough to bring their overwhelming broadsides of fifty or sixty guns to bear—in short, that our navy will be rendered fit to cope with that of any enemy upon the seas—let us now revert to some other considerations relating to the fleet.

Nothing can be more popular than the Navy of England. Every man—and no less certainly every woman—admires a sailor. Even the fond mother, who weeps at first when her darling son declares he will go to sea, soon becomes proud of her sailor boy. Our "blue-jackets" have inherited a traditional glory, and, thank God, they have ever, with few exceptions, nobly handed down the honours they have derived from generations of naval heroes. The living memory of our most glorious era, which may truly be described as the "Rule Britannia Epoch," is now just passing away. In it—that is, between 1793 and 1816—Pitt was longest Prime Minister; in it, Wellington commanded the British army, and won his last laurel wreath; in it, Howe and Bridport, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson lived and died; and in it, we need not forget, Napoleon Buonaparte was First Consul of republican France, afterwards Emperor, then King of Elba, and finally an exile at St. Helena. Neither should we omit in our chronicle of glory, our latest departed hero, the fiery Cochrane—the veteran Dundonald.

If the Navy thus derives a reflected glory from the past, it unfortunately also suffers from certain traditions of evil connected with the service. Popular as it is, the real state of the Navy is not well known to the public. A marked proof of this was lately exhibited by a letter published in *The Times* newspaper, purporting to be written by "one who knows the service," in which it may truly be said, that almost everything connected with the navy, whether pay, food, pensions, treatment, or discipline, was grossly misrepresented. And although these mis-statements of the most patent facts were immediately corrected by other correspondents, yet it produced a strong leader on the subject challenging further disproof; from which we may be sure that the writer was evidently some one who ought to have known the service, and whom *The Times* concluded could scarcely be mistaken. Nor is that all. Should a poor neighbour

apply to you about his getting out his boys in the world, and you suggest to send them to Woolwich or Portsmouth to enter the navy, you will soon discover what absurd notions widely prevail among the lower classes as to treatment and life in the navy. The traditions of the pressgang, and of bygone brutalities, in connection with the naval service, have still hold of the popular mind, as firmly as those of "Rule Britannia" and a sailor's dare-devil courage. Unfortunately, also, among some who ought to know better, there are traditions attempted to be fostered, of a kind of immoral licence that must always be conceded to sailors; and those whose evil propensities would fain encourage such a notion, set up for "chartered libertines," because some great naval hero may have fallen under great temptations. Out upon such fellows! Away with them!

It behoves Englishmen to know—and it should be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land—that the seamen of her Majesty's fleet are well paid, well fed, and kindly treated while serving, and liberally pensioned afterwards; and that the discipline and work on board ship are neither severe nor heavy. They ought also to know that blustering, swearing, and drinking officers now scarcely exist, and are not tolerated in the service; that, in fact, not in workshops, warehouses, or counting-houses, not in chambers or colleges, not in offices public or private, nor in any other of the various places on shore where men congregate for the business of life, can greater regularity or propriety of conduct, or more quiet and gentlemanly manners be found, than on board her Majesty's ships. This is no flattering tale or highly-coloured description: it is only a fair picture of the general characteristics of the naval service. That there are exceptions is, of course, too true. It must also be admitted that the desertions from the fleet are numerous, and that, of late, many "blackguards" and too many "jail-birds" are to be found in the navy. Nor, unhappily, can it be denied that, at the present time, the discipline is not all that it ought to be in so good a service.

The pamphlets on the want of discipline in the fleet, are probably as numerous as those on iron-cased vessels and national defences. Moreover, we read of grave accusations, affecting the characters of officers as gentlemen; but still, courts-martial are very rare; and it is still exceptional, and well nigh unprecedented, for a naval officer, while serving, to commit any gross delinquency and escape dismissal from the service, or, at least, from his ship or command. The general tendency of the naval regulations is certainly to get rid entirely of all blackguards and men of tainted character, be they high or be they low. If there be one case that would seem to refute this statement, there are fifty to confirm it. If a father, mother, or guardian, who may read this, should heave a sigh and think of a son or nephew ruined through loose and extravagant habits learned in one of her Majesty's ships, this, too, is an exceptional case, that could only happen, perhaps, under one or two men of the hundreds now employed in command of the fleet.

With respect to defective discipline in the navy, it is mainly to be

attributed to the large influx of newly raised men during the last two years, and especially since the bounty proclamation of April, 1859. But this indiscipline might be more truly characterized as disorderly conduct, rather than anything approaching disaffection to the service or mutinous insubordination. Since April, 1859, to the present date, the fleet has increased from 60,000 to 80,000; and according to a return lately presented to Parliament, by which it appeared that 16,000 had entered the navy in twelve months, when the increased number remaining at the end of that time was only 11,000, at least some 30,000 must have entered to raise the increase of 20,000 since April, 1859. The question naturally arises, what has become of the difference of 10,000 men between those numbers? Taking the same parliamentary return as a sound basis for the answer, we may conclude that of these men not fewer than 5,000 deserted; or, to speak more accurately, that 5,300 had deserted, and some 300 deserters during the same period had been apprehended or returned voluntarily to their ships. The remainder will be made up of those who had died, were invalided, or were discharged the service by purchase, or free, or had been pensioned. From the same data we may conclude that the majority of these deserters had been paid bounty money—amounting, at a low average of all the rates that have been paid, to 5*l.* each man; that many of them had, in addition, been granted gratuitous clothing worth about 2*l.* 10*s.*, and all of them gratuitous bedding, and mess-traps (all under very recent regulations since April, 1859), of the value of 16*s.* or 17*s.*; and that many of them were, besides, in debt to the Crown for other supplies.

Several years ago, when a return of deserters was furnished to Parliament, it appeared that money was generally due to men on their "running," as it is called; but at that period wages in the navy were not so closely paid up as they now are by recent regulations. It will scarcely be out of the way if we conclude, that each deserter causes a loss to the country of 8*l.* to 10*l.* at the present time. But if that be doubted, we must remember that this loss is the least part of the real expense to the country. The time, wages, food, and training of the man have been a loss—and is generally a loss, not merely to the Royal Navy, but to the naval service of the whole country. Only a fraction of deserters come back to us at all; at least not till after many years, when they may have outgrown their former personal appearance. Moreover, it appears that every man raised for the navy is estimated to cost 11*l.*; so that every 5,000 deserters cost the country 55,000*l.* on that account alone. But add to this the average bounty, gratuitous clothing, &c., and debts (say 9*l.*), taking the whole as only 20*l.* per man, and we have 100,000*l.* dead loss; not reckoning the cost of keeping, paying, feeding, and training men who afterwards run away. Here, then, we have a very large margin for raising wages, and yet making a better bargain than now, if raising wages in the navy would prevent desertions.

The late Sir Charles Napier, and Sir James Graham also, strongly

opposed the grant of bounty for raising the numbers of the Fleet in 1859. Sir Charles afterwards moved for a return of the number of deserters, being under the impression that they would be found to have been much more numerous since the bounty had been granted. This is in accordance with the long experience of the War Department, where it is found that desertions are exactly in proportion to the largeness of bounty. Indeed, it is well known that deserters make a trade of bounty, and in many cases have successively entered the army, militia, and navy as seamen or marines. But it did not appear from the return prepared for Sir Charles Napier, that the proportion of deserters from the navy had much increased, if at all. Of course, all the advocates for bounty immediately seize upon this as a fact which proves their views to be right. But it proves nothing of the sort. Statistics require careful handling. If bare results are taken, they are worthless: nay, worse, they are deceptive. Even if bounty does not increase desertion, if it fails to reduce the number of deserters it must be condemned as a great waste of money. But the bounty was only given in 1859, and the return moved for was for the twelve months immediately following; in which time it could scarcely be expected that those who had been tempted to enter merely by the offer of bounty, had had sufficient leisure to repent them of the bargain and run away. The next year's desertions will better show how the bounty system is calculated to affect the navy in the long run; but there seems to be no reason to doubt that desertions are largely on the increase: had they not been, doubtless the gratifying fact would have been publicly stated by the naval authorities.

Both in the army and navy, bounty should be abolished. It is the remains of an almost barbarous custom, offered as a bribe or bait to improvident and loose characters, tempting them to make a bad bargain with the State, and serve for lower wages, in consideration of a sum paid down, to be—as it almost always is—mis-spent and wasted in debauchery. Coupled as it is with "Bringing money," scarcely anything can be imagined more demoralizing in its tendency: and yet it is done in the name of the Queen! This "bringing money" is given to the crimps who take sailors to the naval rendezvous; and half the poor fellow's bribe is also authorized to be assigned to the crimps and low lodging-house keepers, in repayment of *quasi* debts due to them,—debts which would probably not have been incurred but for this means of repayment. The poor fellow's trunk is kept as a pledge, till the officer who enters him for the navy has had the assignment of half "the Queen's bounty" made out in favour of the lodging-house keeper; and when "Jack" goes to get his box he will perhaps find it has been opened, and all his clothes stolen and sold, so that the bounty has been to him altogether a curse and an actual loss. Here is a tradition of the past, that has been—not handed down unbroken, and therefore allowed to exist merely from our familiarity with its abominations—but revived when it had passed away altogether from one branch of H.M.'s service—revived in these days,

when sailors' homes were instituted and had well-nigh succeeded in sweeping away the race of crimps altogether—revived against the earnest remonstrance of Sir James Graham, the only living statesman who has ever presided at the Admiralty for a longer period than three short years! Sir James himself was at the Admiralty altogether for about six years; while Sir John Pakington, who carried the re-enactment of bounty, had not then one single year's experience of naval affairs!

If anything were wanted more to show the inexpediency of giving bounty in 1859, it is the fact that at the same time gratuitous bedding and mess-traps were allowed to all men entering the navy, and a suit of clothing besides, worth 2*l.* 10*s.*, to all men entering for ten years' continuous service. Even this grant of clothing is rather an encouragement to men to sell the clothes they have and drink the proceeds, knowing they can have a fresh "rig-out" by merely signing an engagement to serve for ten years. The men are treated as improvident, and they are made improvident by such a system. What they have thus been taught to do once they are likely to do again; they remember the coarse sweetness of their stolen waters, and say to themselves, "Only the price of another jacket will be charged against my wages;" so they sell or pawn it, and afterwards, when in debt, they desert.

It is not intended here to go minutely into the peculiar manner in which the seamen of various grades are paid in the Royal Navy. But take one class:—An able seaman entered for ten years' continuous service, besides his bedding and mess-traps (on joining worth 16*s.*), will have clothing worth more than 2*l.* 10*s.* also given to him. His wages per month are 2*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* If he is a trained gunner, he will have in addition 1*d.* a day; or, if a second-class seaman-gunner, 2*d.* a day; or, if a first-class seaman-gunner, 4*d.* a day; if qualified as a diver, 1*d.* a day, and 1*s.* 6*d.* an hour when diving. If he has earned a good-conduct badge, he will have another additional 1*d.* a day; if two badges, 2*d.* a day; if three badges, 3*d.* a day. If a sick-berth attendant, he may have 8*d.*, 6*d.*, or 4*d.*, or half these sums, per day, extra, according to circumstances. He will have his rations also, more than he can eat, of which men used to save a quantity, valued at about 1½*d.* a day; and the allowance has since been increased upon the recommendation of the late Manning Commission. He has frequent leave granted him when in port, and on returning home is allowed a six-weeks' run at a time, with a railway pass to his door, and he may return to the flag-ship of the port most convenient for him. If he is hurt by an accident, or wounded in action, he has a gratuity or pension awarded him according to circumstances. If sick, he is sent to hospital, and has treatment perfectly free when aboard until cured or sent home, with his pay running on all the time; if in England, he has free hospital treatment for ninety days, and after that only a small deduction is made from his pay till cured. If his services are not wanted after ten years, he may have a pension of 6*d.* a day; after fifteen years, a pension of 8*d.*; or if he serves for twenty years after

he is 18, he is entitled to the long-service pension, ranging from 9*l.* 4*s.* to 40*l.*: moreover, in counting his time, additions are made to it, of one-fifth, for instance, for service as a seaman-gunner; and his possession of badges, his having served as superior or inferior petty officer, and various other things, are reckoned as grounds of increase. Or, if he prefers to live in Greenwich Hospital, he may go there and be clothed and fed; but in the present poor state of that once noble institution, this should not be counted among the boons held out to seamen to enter the navy. Then there are medals and money gratuities, on paying off; but as they are granted in very meagre proportions to a whole ship's crew, only a lottery-minded man could possibly reckon on them as a ground for entering the service.

Let us take breath now, and glance at the Navy List, where we shall find other possible contingent advantages to a man-of-war's man! There is not a common seaman, a first lieutenant, a captain, or a lord of the Admiralty—even if he has been a year or two in office—who is able, unless indeed he speaks by the card, to count off one-half of them upon his fingers. And these benefits only relate to an able seaman; who may rise to be leading seaman, or stoker; or one of the cooper's, carpenter's, armourer's, blacksmith's, or sailmaker's crew; or a painter, captain of the hold, yeoman of storerooms, caulker's mate, cooper, coxswain of the cutter, pinnace, or barge, captain of the mizentop, foretop, maintop, of the after-guard, forecastle, or captain of the guard, cook, or steward, &c. &c. &c. To each and all these and other different grades, numbering by hundreds, are assigned wages ranging upwards to 3*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* a month, and downwards to 1*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* (excluding the two classes of boys), besides the various pennies, twopences, and threepences which may be added to each. It would be too tedious to enumerate, and difficult to understand, the ingenious complication and plethora of benefits, which well-meaning Boards of Admiralty have thus from time to time devised, as ever varied and ever new attractions for the naval service.

If one could get at the result of this preposterous system of regulating wages, we should find that men in the Royal Navy are really more highly paid than in merchant ships. But instead of this patchwork system there ought to be certain distinctive classes of Forecastle Officers—"petty officers" is a bad name: and non-naval readers must remember it is not applied to the "young gentlemen," the little cadets and middies, but to the great hulking Long Tom Coffins and broad-shouldered Ben Braces and Tom Bowlings of the service! There should also be a few distinctive classes of Able Seamen; into which several grades, men should be promoted upon their acquiring superior qualifications combined with good conduct. The men's badges for good behaviour should be given for honour, and count towards their thus rising to a higher class; and the wages in each class should be distinctive—a liberal rate of pay, with no twopenny-halfpenny additions, and rising gradually from the rate for a second-class boy up to that for warrant officers. No bounty need then be given: "bringing

money" should be abolished, of course. Neither are gratuitous clothing, bedding, or mess-traps needed: let men buy their own things, and pay for them out of their liberal wages, and they will value them all the more. No short-service pensions, either, should be promised—this, also, is a demoralizing expedient; for, give a hale young man of easy morals 6*d.* a day without labour, and he will almost certainly become a lazy, loafing, sneaking, guzzling drone, picking up odd jobs, or living mainly upon the laundry-work of his wife: he will soon forget what it is to earn a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour. Even the long-service pension had better be given, not after twenty years, but only when the recipient is worn out; and then let it be liberal. And further, let Greenwich Hospital be restored to what the good Queen Anne intended it to be, and prove a real longed-for haven of rest for our wearied hearts of oak.

Do these things, and let the rates of wages be clearly and unmistakeably *higher* than in the merchant service, and *higher* than in the American navy; and this country will have the selection of the best men for the fleet out of the three or four hundred thousand British tars who now brave the billows in the two hemispheres. All things considered, the change would probably not cost so much as we are now paying; but if it did cost somewhat more it would be worth the cost. As to the periods for which men should be hired, we should follow the example of America. Take the men for three years, or a commission, and then let them go if they will. If they return to another ship within three months, let them be paid without interruption, and re-enter them for another three or four years. Let dismissal from the service be the ordinary punishment for the unworthy. Make it a favour to take men again; and only do so if they have very good characters. Pass even these by degrees away from the navy for a time, and take in fresh ordinary seamen for man-of-war's training. Do in this way what the French do in theirs. All the mercantile marine will thus become our Naval Reserve; and whenever a Queen's ship wants men they will crowd to man her.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XL.

INTERNECINE.

It must be conceived that there was some feeling of triumph at Plumstead Episcopi, when the wife of the rector returned home with her daughter, the bride elect of the Lord Dumbello. The heir of the Marquis of Hartletop was, in wealth, the most considerable unmarried young nobleman of the day; he was noted, too, as a man difficult to be pleased, as one who was very fine and who gave himself airs,—and to have been selected as the wife of such a man as this was a great thing for the daughter of a parish clergyman. We have seen in what manner the happy girl's mother communicated the fact to Lady Lufton, hiding, as it were, her pride under a veil; and we have seen also how meekly the happy girl bore her own great fortune, applying herself humbly to the packing of her clothes, as though she ignored her own glory.

But nevertheless there was triumph at Plumstead Episcopi. The mother, when she returned home, began to feel that she had been thoroughly successful in the great object of her life. While she was yet in London she had hardly realized her satisfaction, and there were doubts then whether the cup might not be dashed from her lips before it was tasted. It might be that even the son of the Marquis of Hartletop was subject to parental authority, and that barriers should spring up between Griselda and her coronet; but there had been nothing of the kind. The archdeacon had been closeted with the marquis, and Mrs. Grantly had been closeted with the marchioness; and though neither of those noble persons had expressed themselves gratified by their son's proposed marriage, so also neither of them had made any attempt to prevent it. Lord Dumbello was a man who had a will of his own,—as the Grantlys boasted

amongst themselves. Poor Griselda! the day may perhaps come when this fact of her lord's masterful will may not to her be matter of much boasting. But in London, as I was saying, there had been no time for an appreciation of the family joy. The work to be done was nervous in its nature, and self-glorification might have been fatal; but now, when they were safe at Plumstead, the great truth burst upon them in all its splendour.

Mrs. Grantly had but one daughter, and the formation of that child's character and her establishment in the world had been the one main object of the mother's life. Of Griselda's great beauty the Plumstead household had long been conscious; of her discretion also, of her conduct, and of her demeanour there had been no doubt. But the father had sometimes hinted to the mother that he did not think that Grizzy was quite so clever as her brothers. "I don't agree with you at all," Mrs. Grantly had answered. "Besides, what you call cleverness is not at all necessary in a girl; she is perfectly ladylike; even you won't deny that." The archdeacon had never wished to deny it, and was now fain to admit that what he had called cleverness was not necessary in a young lady.

At this period of the family glory the archdeacon himself was kept a little in abeyance, and was hardly allowed free intercourse with his own magnificent child. Indeed, to give him his due, it must be said of him that he would not consent to walk in the triumphal procession which moved with stately step, to and fro, through the Barchester regions. He kissed his daughter and blessed her, and bade her love her husband and be a good wife; but such injunctions as these, seeing how splendidly she had done her duty in securing to herself a marquis, seemed out of place and almost vulgar. Girls about to marry curates or sucking barristers should be told to do their duty in that station of life to which God might be calling them; but it seemed to be almost an impertinence in a father to give such an injunction to a future marchioness.

"I do not think that you have any ground for fear on her behalf," said Mrs. Grantly, "seeing in what way she has hitherto conducted herself."

"She has been a good girl," said the archdeacon, "but she is about to be placed in a position of great temptation."

"She has a strength of mind suited for any position," replied Mrs. Grantly, vain-gloriously.

But nevertheless even the archdeacon moved about through the close at Barchester with a somewhat prouder step since the tidings of this alliance had become known there. The time had been—in the latter days of his father's lifetime—when he was the greatest man of the close. The dean had been old and infirm, and Dr. Grantly had wielded the bishop's authority. But since that things had altered. A new bishop had come there, absolutely hostile to him. A new dean had also come, who was not only his friend, but the brother-in-law of his wife; but even this advent had lessened the authority of the archdeacon. The vicars choral did not hang upon his words as they had been wont to do, and the

minor canons smiled in return to his smile less obsequiously when they met him in the clerical circles of Barchester. But now it seemed that his old supremacy was restored to him. In the minds of many men an archdeacon, who was the father-in-law of a marquis, was himself as good as any bishop. He did not say much of his new connection to others beside the dean, but he was conscious of the fact, and conscious also of the reflected glory which shone around his own head.

But as regards Mrs. Grantly it may be said that she moved in an unending procession of stately ovation. It must not be supposed that she continually talked to her friends and neighbours of Lord Dumbello and the marchioness. She was by far too wise for such folly as that. The coming alliance having been once announced, the name of Hartletop was hardly mentioned by her out of her own domestic circle. But she assumed, with an ease that was surprising even to herself, the airs and graces of a mighty woman. She went through her work of morning calls as though it were her business to be affable to the country gentry. She astonished her sister, the dean's wife, by the simplicity of her grandeur; and condescended to Mrs. Proudie in a manner which nearly broke that lady's heart. "I shall be even with her yet," said Mrs. Proudie to herself, who had contrived to learn various very deleterious circumstances respecting the Hartletop family since the news about Lord Dumbello and Griselda had become known to her.

Griselda herself was carried about in the procession, taking but little part in it of her own, like an Eastern god. She suffered her mother's caresses and smiled in her mother's face as she listened to her own praises, but her triumph was apparently within. To no one did she say much on the subject, and greatly disgusted the old family housekeeper by declining altogether to discuss the future Dumbello *ménage*. To her aunt, Mrs. Arabin, who strove hard to lead her into some open-hearted speech as to her future aspirations, she was perfectly impassive. "Oh, yes, aunt, of course," and "I'll think about it, aunt Eleanor," or "Of course I shall do that if Lord Dumbello wishes it." Nothing beyond this could be got from her; and so, after half-a-dozen ineffectual attempts, Mrs. Arabin abandoned the matter.

But then there arose the subject of clothes—of the wedding *trousseau!* Sarcastic people are wont to say that the tailor makes the man. Were I such a one, I might certainly assert that the milliner makes the bride. As regarding her bridehood, in distinction either to her girlhood or her wifehood—as being a line of plain demarcation between those two periods of a woman's life—the milliner does do much to make her. She would be hardly a bride if the *trousseau* were not there. A girl married without some such appendage would seem to pass into the condition of a wife without any such line of demarcation. In that moment in which she finds herself in the first fruition of her marriage finery she becomes a bride; and in that other moment, when she begins to act upon the finest of these things as clothes to be packed up, she becomes a wife.

When this subject was discussed Griselda displayed no lack of a becoming interest. She went to work steadily, slowly, and almost with solemnity, as though the business in hand were one which it would be wicked to treat with impatience. She even struck her mother with awe by the grandeur of her ideas and the depth of her theories. Nor let it be supposed that she rushed away at once to the consideration of the great fabric which was to be the ultimate sign and mark of her status, the quintessence of her briding, the outer veil, as it were, of the tabernacle —namely, her wedding-dress. As a great poet works himself up by degrees to that inspiration which is necessary for the grand turning point of his epic, so did she slowly approach the hallowed ground on which she would sit, with her ministers around her, when about to discuss the nature, the extent, the design, the colouring, the structure, and the ornamentation of that momentous piece of apparel. No; there was much indeed to be done before she came to this; and as the poet, to whom I have already alluded, first invokes his muse, and then brings his smaller events gradually out upon his stage, so did Miss Grantly with sacred fervour ask her mother's aid, and then prepare her list of all those articles of underclothing which must be the substratum for the visible magnificence of her *trousseau*.

Money was no object. We all know what that means; and frequently understand, when the words are used, that a blaze of splendour is to be attained at the cheapest possible price. But, in this instance, money was no object;—such an amount of money, at least, as could by any possibility be spent on a lady's clothes, independently of her jewels. With reference to diamonds and such like, the archdeacon at once declared his intention of taking the matter into his own hands—except in so far as Lord Dumbello, or the Hartletop interest, might be pleased to participate in the selection. Nor was Mrs. Grantly sorry for such a decision. She was not an imprudent woman, and would have dreaded the responsibility of trusting herself on such an occasion among the dangerous temptations of a jeweller's shop. But as far as silks and satins went—in the matter of French bonnets, muslins, velvets, hats, riding-habits, artificial flowers, head-gilding, curious nettings, enamelled buckles, golden tagged bobbins, and mechanical petticoats—as regarded shoes, and gloves, and corsets, and stockings, and linen, and flannel, and calico—money, I may conscientiously assert, was no object. And, under these circumstances, Griselda Grantly went to work with a solemn industry and a steady perseverance that was beyond all praise.

"I hope she will be happy," Mrs. Arabin said to her sister, as the two were sitting together in the dean's drawing-room.

"Oh, yes; I think she will. Why should she not?" said the mother.

"Oh, no; I know of no reason. But she is going up into a station so much above her own in the eyes of the world that one cannot but feel anxious for her."

"I should feel much more anxious if she were going to marry a poor

man," said Mrs. Grantly. "It has always seemed to me that Griselda was fitted for a high position; that nature intended her for rank and state. You see that she is not a bit elated. She takes it all as if it were her own by right. I do not think that there is any danger that her head will be turned, if you mean that."

"I was thinking rather of her heart," said Mrs. Arabin.

"She never would have taken Lord Dumbello without loving him," said Mrs. Grantly, speaking rather quickly.

"That is not quite what I mean either, Susan. I am sure she would not have accepted him had she not loved him. But it is so hard to keep the heart fresh among all the grandeurs of high rank; and it is harder for a girl to do so who has not been born to it, than for one who has enjoyed it as her birthright."

"I don't quite understand about fresh hearts," said Mrs. Grantly, pettishly. "If she does her duty, and loves her husband, and fills the position in which God has placed her with propriety, I don't know that we need look for anything more. I don't at all approve of the plan of frightening a young girl when she is making her first outset into the world."

"No; I would not frighten her. I think it would be almost difficult to frighten Griselda."

"I hope it would. The great matter with a girl is whether she has been brought up with proper notions as to a woman's duty. Of course it is not for me to boast on this subject. Such as she is, I, of course, am responsible. But I must own that I do not see occasion to wish for any change." And then the subject was allowed to drop.

Among those of her relations who wondered much at the girl's fortune, but allowed themselves to say but little, was her grandfather, Mr. Harding. He was an old clergyman, plain and simple in his manners, and not occupying a very prominent position, seeing that he was only precentor to the chapter. He was loved by his daughter, Mrs. Grantly, and was treated by the archdeacon, if not invariably with the highest respect, at least always with consideration and regard. But, old and plain as he was, the young people at Plumstead did not hold him in any great reverence. He was poorer than their other relatives, and made no attempt to hold his head high in Barsetshire circles. Moreover, in these latter days, the home of his heart had been at the deanery. He had, indeed, a lodging of his own in the city, but was gradually allowing himself to be weaned away from it. He had his own bedroom in the dean's house, his own arm-chair in the dean's library, and his own corner on a sofa in Mrs. Dean's drawing-room. It was not, therefore, necessary that he should interfere greatly in this coming marriage; but still it became his duty to say a word of congratulation to his granddaughter,—and perhaps to say a word of advice.

"Grizzy, my dear," he said to her—he always called her Grizzy, but the endearment of the appellation had never been appreciated by the

young lady—"come and kiss me, and let me congratulate you on your great promotion. I do so very heartily."

"Thank you, grandpapa," she said, touching his forehead with her lips, thus being, as it were, very sparing with her kiss. But those lips now were august and reserved for nobler foreheads than that of an old cathedral hack. For Mr. Harding still chanted the Litany from Sunday to Sunday, unceasingly, standing at that well-known desk in the cathedral choir; and Griselda had a thought in her mind that when the Hartletop people should hear of the practice they would not be delighted. Dean and archdeacon might be very well, and if her grandfather had even been a prebendary, she might have put up with him; but he had, she thought, almost disgraced his family in being, at his age, one of the working menial clergy of the cathedral. She kissed him, therefore, sparingly, and resolved that her words with him should be few.

"You are going to be a great lady, Grizzy," said he.

"Umph!" said she.

What was she to say when so addressed?

"And I hope you will be happy,—and make others happy."

"I hope I shall," said she.

"But always think most about the latter, my dear. Think about the happiness of those around you, and your own will come without thinking. You understand that; do you not?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," she said.

As they were speaking Mr. Harding still held her hand, but Griselda left it with him unwillingly, and therefore ungraciously, looking as though she were dragging it from him.

"And Grizzy—I believe it is quite as easy for a rich countess to be happy, as for a dairymaid——"

Griselda gave her head a little chuck which was produced by two different operations of her mind. The first was a reflection that her grandpapa was robbing her of her rank. She was to be a rich marchioness. And the second was a feeling of anger at the old man for comparing her lot to that of a dairymaid.

"Quite as easy, I believe," continued he; "though others will tell you that it is not so. But with the countess as with the dairymaid, it must depend on the woman herself. Being a countess—that fact alone won't make you happy."

"Lord Dumbello at present is only a viscount," said Griselda. "There is no earl's title in the family."

"Oh! I did not know," said Mr. Harding, relinquishing his granddaughter's hand; and, after that, he troubled her with no further advice.

Both Mrs. Proudie and the bishop had called at Plumstead since Mrs. Grantly had come back from London, and the ladies from Plumstead, of course, returned the visit. It was natural that the Grantlys and Proudies should hate each other. They were essentially church people, and their views on all church matters were antagonistic. They had been compelled

to fight for supremacy in the diocese, and neither family had so conquered the other as to have become capable of magnanimity and good-humour. They did hate each other, and this hatred had, at one time, almost produced an absolute disseverance of even the courtesies which are so necessary between a bishop and his clergy. But the bitterness of this rancour had been overcome, and the ladies of the families had continued on visiting terms.

But now this match was almost more than Mrs. Proudie could bear. The great disappointment which, as she well knew, the Grantlys had encountered in that matter of the proposed new bishopric had for the moment mollified her. She had been able to talk of poor dear Mrs. Grantly! "She is heartbroken, you know, in this matter, and the repetition of such misfortunes is hard to bear," she had been heard to say, with a complacency which had been quite becoming to her. But now that complacency was at an end. Olivia Proudie had just accepted a widowed preacher at a district church in Bethnal Green,—a man with three children, who was dependent on pew-rents; and Griselda Grantly was engaged to the eldest son of the Marquis of Hartletop! When women are enjoined to forgive their enemies it cannot be intended that such wrongs as these should be included.

But Mrs. Proudie's courage was nothing daunted. It may be boasted of her that nothing could daunt her courage. Soon after her return to Barchester, she and Olivia—Olivia being very unwilling—had driven over to Plumstead, and, not finding the Grantlys at home, had left their cards; and now, at a proper interval, Mrs. Grantly and Griselda returned the visit. It was the first time that Miss Grantly had been seen by the Proudie ladies since the fact of her engagement had become known.

The first bevy of compliments that passed might be likened to a crowd of flowers on a hedge rosebush. They were beautiful to the eye but were so closely environed by thorns that they could not be plucked without great danger. As long as the compliments were allowed to remain on the hedge—while no attempt was made to garner them and realize their fruits for enjoyment—they did no mischief; but the first finger that was put forth for such a purpose was soon drawn back, marked with spots of blood.

"Of course it is a great match for Griselda," said Mrs. Grantly, in a whisper the meekness of which would have disarmed an enemy whose weapons were less firmly clutched than those of Mrs. Proudie; "but, independently of that, the connection is one which is gratifying in many ways."

"Oh, no doubt," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Lord Dumbello is so completely his own master," continued Mrs. Grantly, and a slight, unintended semi-tone of triumph mingled itself with the meekness of that whisper.

"And is likely to remain so, from all I hear," said Mrs. Proudie, and the scratched hand was at once drawn back.

"Of course the estab——," and then Mrs. Proudie, who was blandly continuing her list of congratulations, whispered her sentence close into the ear of Mrs. Grantly, so that not a word of what she said might be audible by the young people.

"I never heard a word of it," said Mrs. Grantly gathering herself up, "and I don't believe it."

"Oh, I may be wrong; and I'm sure I hope so. But young men will be young men, you know;—and children will take after their parents. I suppose you will see a great deal of the Duke of Omnium now."

But Mrs. Grantly was not a woman to be knocked down and trampled on without resistance; and though she had been lacerated by the rose-bush she was not as yet placed altogether *hors de combat*. She said some word about the Duke of Omnium very tranquilly, speaking of him merely as a Barsetshire proprietor, and then, smiling with her sweetest smile, expressed a hope that she might soon have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. Tickler; and as she spoke she made a pretty little bow towards Olivia Proudie. Now Mr. Tickler was the worthy clergyman attached to the district church at Bethnal Green.

"He'll be down here in August," said Olivia, boldly, determined not to be shamefaced about her love affairs.

"You'll be starring it about the Continent by that time, my dear," said Mrs. Proudie to Griselda. "Lord Dumbello is well known at Homburg and Ems, and places of that sort; so you will find yourself quite at home."

"We are going to Rome," said Griselda, majestically.

"I suppose Mr. Tickler will come into the diocese soon," said Mrs. Grantly. "I remember hearing him very favourably spoken of by Mr. Slope, who was a friend of his."

Nothing short of a fixed resolve on the part of Mrs. Grantly that the time had now come in which she must throw away her shield and stand behind her sword, declare war to the knife and neither give nor take quarter, could have justified such a speech as this. Any allusion to Mr. Slope acted on Mrs. Proudie as a red cloth is supposed to act on a bull; but when that allusion connected the name of Mr. Slope in a friendly bracket with that of Mrs. Proudie's future son-in-law it might be certain that the effect would be terrific. And there was more than this: for that very Mr. Slope had once entertained audacious hopes—hopes not thought to be audacious by the young lady herself—with reference to Miss Olivia Proudie. All this Mrs. Grantly knew, and, knowing it, still dared to mention his name.

The countenance of Mrs. Proudie became darkened with black anger and the polished smile of her company manners gave place before the outraged feelings of her nature.

"The man you speak of, Mrs. Grantly," said she, "was never known as a friend by Mr. Tickler."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Grantly. "Perhaps I have made a mistake. I am sure I have heard Mr. Slope mention him."

"When Mr. Slope was running after your sister, Mrs. Grantly, and was encouraged by her as he was, you perhaps saw more of him than I did."

"Mrs. Proudie, that was never the case."

"I have reason to know that the archdeacon conceived it to be so, and that he was very unhappy about it." Now this, unfortunately, was a fact which Mrs. Grantly could not deny.

"The archdeacon may have been mistaken about Mr. Slope," she said, "as were some other people at Barchester. But it was you, I think, Mrs. Proudie, who were responsible for bringing him here."

Mrs. Grantly, at this period of the engagement, might have inflicted a fatal wound by referring to poor Olivia's former love affairs, but she was not destitute of generosity. Even in the extremest heat of the battle she knew how to spare the young and tender.

"When I came here, Mrs. Grantly, I little dreamed what a depth of wickedness might be found in the very close of a cathedral city," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Then, for dear Olivia's sake, pray do not bring poor Mr. Tickler to Barchester."

"Mr. Tickler, Mrs. Grantly, is a man of assured morals and of a highly religious tone of thinking. I wish every one could be so safe as regards their daughters' future prospects as I am."

"Yes, I know he has the advantage of being a family man," said Mrs. Grantly, getting up. "Good morning, Mrs. Proudie; good day, Olivia."

"A great deal better that than——" But the blow fell upon the empty air; for Mrs. Grantly had already escaped on to the staircase while Olivia was ringing the bell for the servant to attend the front-door.

Mrs. Grantly, as she got into her carriage, smiled slightly, thinking of the battle, and as she sat down she gently pressed her daughter's hand. But Mrs. Proudie's face was still dark as Acheron when her enemy withdrew, and with angry tone she sent her daughter to her work. "Mr. Tickler will have great reason to complain if, in your position, you indulge such habits of idleness," she said. Therefore I conceive that I am justified in saying that in that encounter Mrs. Grantly was the conqueror.

CHAPTER XLI.

Don Quixote.

On the day on which Lucy had her interview with Lady Lufton the dean dined at Framley Parsonage. He and Robarts had known each other since the latter had been in the diocese, and now, owing to Mark's preferment in the chapter, had become almost intimate. The dean was greatly pleased with the manner in which poor Mr. Crawley's children had been conveyed away from Hogglestock, and was inclined to open his heart to the whole

Framley household. As he still had to ride home he could only allow himself to remain half an hour after dinner, but in that half-hour he said a great deal about Crawley, complimented Robarts on the manner in which he was playing the part of the Good Samaritan, and then by degrees informed him that it had come to his, the dean's ears, before he left Barchester, that a writ was in the hands of certain persons in the city, enabling them to seize—he did not know whether it was the person or the property of the vicar of Framley.

The fact was that these tidings had been conveyed to the dean with the express intent that he might put Robarts on his guard; but the task of speaking on such a subject to a brother clergyman had been so unpleasant to him that he had been unable to introduce it till the last five minutes before his departure.

"I hope you will not put it down as an impertinent interference," said the dean, apologizing.

"No," said Mark; "no, I do not think that." He was so sad at heart that he hardly knew how to speak of it.

"I do not understand much about such matters," said the dean; "but I think, if I were you, I should go to a lawyer. I should imagine that anything so terribly disagreeable as an arrest might be avoided."

"It is a hard case," said Mark, pleading his own cause. "Though these men have this claim against me I have never received a shilling either in money or money's worth."

"And yet your name is to the bills!" said the dean.

"Yes, my name is to the bills, certainly, but it was to oblige a friend."

And then the dean, having given his advice, rode away. He could not understand how a clergyman, situated as was Mr. Robarts, could find himself called upon by friendship to attach his name to accommodation bills which he had not the power of liquidating when due!

On that evening they were both wretched enough at the parsonage. Hitherto Mark had hoped that perhaps, after all, no absolutely hostile steps would be taken against him with reference to these bills. Some unforeseen chance might occur in his favour, or the persons holding them might consent to take small instalments of payment from time to time; but now it seemed that the evil day was actually coming upon him at a blow. He had no longer any secrets from his wife. Should he go to a lawyer? and if so, to what lawyer? And when he had found his lawyer, what should he say to him? Mrs. Robarts at one time suggested that everything should be told to Lady Lufton. Mark, however, could not bring himself to do that. "It would seem," he said, "as though I wanted her to lend me the money."

On the following morning Mark did ride into Barchester, dreading, however, lest he should be arrested on his journey, and he did see a lawyer. During his absence two calls were made at the parsonage—one by a very rough-looking individual, who left a suspicious document

in the hands of the servant, purporting to be an invitation—not to dinner—from one of the judges of the land; and the other call was made by Lady Lufton in person.

Mrs. Robarts had determined to go down to Framley Court on that day. In accordance with her usual custom she would have been there within an hour or two of Lady Lufton's return from London, but things between them were not now as they usually had been. This affair of Lucy's must make a difference, let them both resolve to the contrary as they might. And, indeed, Mrs. Robarts had found that the closeness of her intimacy with Framley Court had been diminishing from day to day since Lucy had first begun to be on friendly terms with Lord Lufton. Since that she had been less at Framley Court than usual; she had heard from Lady Lufton less frequently by letter during her absence than she had done in former years, and was aware that she was less implicitly trusted with all the affairs of the parish. This had not made her angry, for she was in a manner conscious that it must be so. It made her unhappy, but what could she do? She could not blame Lucy, nor could she blame Lady Lufton. Lord Lufton she did blame, but she did so in the hearing of no one but her husband.

Her mind, however, was made up to go over and bear the first brunt of her ladyship's arguments, when she was stopped by her ladyship's arrival. If it were not for this terrible matter of Lucy's love—a matter on which they could not now be silent when they met—there would be twenty subjects of pleasant, or, at any rate, not unpleasant conversation. But even then there would be those terrible bills hanging over her conscience, and almost crushing her by their weight. At the moment in which Lady Lufton walked up to the drawing-room window, Mrs. Robarts held in her hand that ominous invitation from the judge. Would it not be well that she should make a clean breast of it all, disregarding what her husband had said? It might be well: only this—she had never yet done anything in opposition to her husband's wishes. So she hid the slip within her desk, and left the matter open to consideration.

The interview commenced with an affectionate embrace, as was a matter of course. "Dear Fanny," and "Dear Lady Lufton," was said between them with all the usual warmth. And then the first inquiry was made about the children, and the second about the school. For a minute or two Mrs. Robarts thought that, perhaps, nothing was to be said about Lucy. If it pleased Lady Lufton to be silent she, at least, would not commence the subject.

Then there was a word or two spoken about Mrs. Podgens' baby, after which Lady Lufton asked whether Fanny were alone.

"Yes," said Mrs. Robarts. "Mark has gone over to Barchester."

"I hope he will not be long before he lets me see him. Perhaps he can call to-morrow. Would you both come and dine to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, I think, Lady Lufton; but Mark, I am sure, will go over and call."

"And why not come to dinner? I hope there is to be no change among us, eh, Fanny?" and Lady Lufton as she spoke looked into the other's face in a manner which almost made Mrs. Robarts get up and throw herself on her old friend's neck. Where was she to find a friend who would give her such constant love as she had received from Lady Lufton? And who was kinder, better, more honest than she?

"Change! no, I hope not, Lady Lufton;" and as she spoke the tears stood in her eyes.

"Ah, but I shall think there is if you will not come to me as you used to do. You always used to come and dine with me the day I came home, as a matter of course."

What could she say, poor woman, to this?

"We were all in confusion yesterday about poor Mrs. Crawley, and the dean dined here; he had been over at Hogglestock to see his friend."

"I have heard of her illness, and will go over and see what ought to be done. Don't you go, do you hear, Fanny? You with your young children! I should never forgive you if you did."

And then Mrs. Robarts explained how Lucy had gone there, had sent the four children back to Framley, and was herself now staying at Hogglestock with the object of nursing Mrs. Crawley. In telling the story she abstained from praising Lucy with all the strong language which she would have used had not Lucy's name and character been at the present moment of peculiar import to Lady Lufton; but nevertheless she could not tell it without dwelling much on Lucy's kindness. It would have been ungenerous to Lady Lufton to make much of Lucy's virtue at this present moment, but unjust to Lucy to make nothing of it.

"And she is actually with Mrs. Crawley now?" asked Lady Lufton.

"Oh, yes; Mark left her there yesterday afternoon."

"And the four children are all here in the house?"

"Not exactly in the house—that is, not as yet. We have arranged a sort of quarantine hospital over the coach-house."

"What, where Stubbs lives?"

"Yes; Stubbs and his wife have come into the house, and the children are to remain up there till the doctor says that there is no danger of infection. I have not even seen my visitors myself as yet," said Mrs. Robarts with a slight laugh.

"Dear me!" said Lady Lufton. "I declare you have been very prompt. And so Miss Robarts is over there! I should have thought Mr. Crawley would have made a difficulty about the children."

"Well, he did; but they kidnapped them,—that is, Lucy and Mark did. The dean gave me such an account of it. Lucy brought them out by two's and packed them in the pony-carriage, and then Mark drove off at a gallop while Mr. Crawley stood calling to them in the road. The dean was there at the time and saw it all."

"That Miss Lucy of yours seems to be a very determined young lady

when she takes a thing into her head," said Lady Lufton, now sitting down for the first time.

"Yes, she is," said Mrs. Robarts, having laid aside all her pleasant animation, for the discussion which she dreaded was now at hand.

"A very determined young lady," continued Lady Lufton. "Of course, my dear Fanny, you know all this about Ludovic and your sister-in-law?"

"Yes, she has told me about it."

"It is very unfortunate—very."

"I do not think Lucy has been to blame," said Mrs. Robarts; and as she spoke the blood was already mounting to her cheeks.

"Do not be too anxious to defend her, my dear, before any one accuses her. Whenever a person does that it looks as though their cause were weak."

"But my cause is not weak as far as Lucy is concerned; I feel quite sure that she has not been to blame."

"I know how obstinate you can be, Fanny, when you think it necessary to dub yourself any one's champion. Don Quixote was not a better knight-errant than you are. But is it not a pity to take up your lance and shield before an enemy is within sight or hearing? But that was ever the way with your Don Quixotes."

"Perhaps there may be an enemy in ambush." That was Mrs. Robarts' thought to herself, but she did not dare to express it, so she remained silent.

"My only hope is," continued Lady Lufton, "that when my back is turned you fight as gallantly for me."

"Ah, you are never under a cloud, like poor Lucy."

"Am I not? But, Fanny, you do not see all the clouds. The sun does not always shine for any of us, and the down-pouring rain and the heavy wind scatter also my fairest flowers,—as they have done hers, poor girl. Dear Fanny, I hope it may be long before any cloud comes across the brightness of your heaven. Of all the creatures I know you are the one most fitted for quiet continued sunshine."

And then Mrs. Robarts did get up and embrace her friend, thus hiding the tears which were running down her face. Continued sunshine indeed! A dark spot had already gathered on her horizon which was likely to fall in a very waterspout of rain. What was to come of that terrible notice which was now lying in the desk under Lady Lufton's very arm?

"But I am not come here to croak like an old raven," continued Lady Lufton, when she had brought this embrace to an end. "It is probable that we all may have our sorrows; but I am quite sure of this,—that if we endeavour to do our duties honestly, we shall all find our consolation and all have our joys also. And now, my dear, let you and I say a few words about this unfortunate affair. It would not be natural if we were to hold our tongues to each other; would it?"

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Robarts.

"We should always be conceiving worse than the truth,—each as to the other's thoughts. Now, some time ago, when I spoke to you about your sister-in-law and Ludovic—I daresay you remember—"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"We both thought then that there would really be no danger. To tell you the plain truth I fancied, and indeed hoped, that his affections were engaged elsewhere; but I was altogether wrong then; wrong in thinking it, and wrong in hoping it."

Mrs. Robarts knew well that Lady Lufton was alluding to Griselda Grantly, but she conceived that it would be discreet to say nothing herself on that subject at present. She remembered, however, Lucy's flashing eye when the possibility of Lord Lufton making such a marriage was spoken of in the pony-carriage, and could not but feel glad that Lady Lufton had been disappointed.

"I do not at all impute any blame to Miss Robarts for what has occurred since," continued her ladyship. "I wish you distinctly to understand that."

"I do not see how any one could blame her. She has behaved so nobly."

"It is of no use inquiring whether any one can. It is sufficient that I do not."

"But I think that is hardly sufficient," said Mrs. Robarts, pertinaciously.

"Is it not?" asked her ladyship, raising her eyebrows.

"No. Only think what Lucy has done and is doing. If she had chosen to say that she would accept your son I really do not know how you could have justly blamed her. I do not by any means say that I would have advised such a thing."

"I am glad of that, Fanny."

"I have not given any advice; nor is it needed. I know no one more able than Lucy to see clearly, by her own judgment, what course she ought to pursue. I should be afraid to advise one whose mind is so strong, and who, of her own nature, is so self-denying as she is. She is sacrificing herself now, because she will not be the means of bringing trouble and dissension between you and your son. If you ask me, Lady Lufton, I think you owe her a deep debt of gratitude. I do indeed. And as for blaming her—what has she done that you possibly could blame?"

"Don Quixote on horseback!" said Lady Lufton. "Fanny, I shall always call you Don Quixote, and some day or other I will get somebody to write your adventures. But the truth is this, my dear: there has been imprudence. You may call it mine, if you will—though I really hardly see how I am to take the blame. I could not do other than ask Miss Robarts to my house, and I could not very well turn my son out of it. In point of fact, it has been the old story."

"Exactly; the story that is as old as the world, and which will con-

tinue as long as people are born into it. It is a story of God's own telling!"

"But, my dear child, you do not mean that every young gentleman and every young lady should fall in love with each other directly they meet! Such a doctrine would be very inconvenient."

"No, I do not mean that. Lord Lufton and Miss Grantly did not fall in love with each other, though you meant them to do so. But was it not quite as natural that Lord Lufton and Lucy should do so instead?"

"It is generally thought, Fanny, that young ladies should not give loose to their affections until they have been certified of their friends' approval."

"And that young gentlemen of fortune may amuse themselves as they please! I know that is what the world teaches, but I cannot agree to the justice of it. The terrible suffering which Lucy has to endure makes me cry out against it. She did not seek your son. The moment she began to suspect that there might be danger she avoided him scrupulously. She would not go down to Framley Court, though her not doing so was remarked by yourself. She would hardly go out about the place lest she should meet him. She was contented to put herself altogether in the background till he should have pleased to leave the place. But he—he came to her here, and insisted on seeing her. He found her when I was out, and declared himself determined to speak to her. What was she to do? She did try to escape, but he stopped her at the door. Was it her fault that he made her an offer?"

"My dear, no one has said so."

"Yes, but you do say so when you tell me that young ladies should not give play to their affections without permission. He persisted in saying to her, here, all that it pleased him, though she implored him to be silent. I cannot tell the words she used but she did implore him."

"I do not doubt that she behaved well."

"But he—he persisted, and begged her to accept his hand. She refused him then, Lady Lufton—not as some girls do, with a mock reserve, not intending to be taken at their words—but steadily, and, God forgive her, untruly. Knowing what your feelings would be, and knowing what the world would say, she declared to him that he was indifferent to her. What more could she do in your behalf?" And then Mrs. Robarts paused.

"I shall wait till you have done, Fanny."

"You spoke of girls giving loose to their affections. She did not do so. She went about her work exactly as she had done before. She did not even speak to me of what had passed—not then, at least. She determined that it should all be as though it had never been. She had learned to love your son; but that was her misfortune and she would get over it as she might. Tidings came to us here that he was engaged, or about to engage himself, to Miss Grantly."

"Those tidings were untrue."

"Yes, we know that now; but she did not know it then. Of course

she could not but suffer; but she suffered within herself." Mrs. Robarts, as she said this, remembered the pony-carriage and how Puck had been beaten. "She made no complaint that he had ill-treated her—not even to herself. She had thought it right to reject his offer; and there, as far as he was concerned, was to be an end of it."

"That would be a matter of course, I should suppose."

"But it was not a matter of course, Lady Lufton. He returned from London to Framley on purpose to repeat his offer. He sent for her brother —— You talk of a young lady waiting for her friends' approval. In this matter who would be Lucy's friends?"

"You and Mr. Robarts of course."

"Exactly; her only friends. Well, Lord Lufton sent for Mark and repeated his offer to him. Mind you, Mark had never heard a word of this before, and you may guess whether or no he was surprised. Lord Lufton repeated his offer in the most formal manner and claimed permission to see Lucy. She refused to see him. She has never seen him since that day when, in opposition to all her efforts, he made his way into this room. Mark,—as I think very properly,—would have allowed Lord Lufton to come up here. Looking at both their ages and position he could have had no right to forbid it. But Lucy positively refused to see your son, and sent him a message instead, of the purport of which you are now aware—that she would never accept him unless she did so at your request."

"It was a very proper message."

"I say nothing about that. Had she accepted him I would not have blamed her:—and so I told her, Lady Lufton."

"I cannot understand your saying that, Fanny."

"Well; I did say so. I don't want to argue now about myself,—whether I was right or wrong, but I did say so. Whatever sanction I could give she would have had. But she again chose to sacrifice herself, although I believe she regards him with as true a love as ever a girl felt for a man. Upon my word I don't know that she is right. Those considerations for the world may perhaps be carried too far."

"I think that she was perfectly right."

"Very well, Lady Lufton; I can understand that. But after such sacrifice on her part—a sacrifice made entirely to you—how can you talk of 'not blaming her?' Is that the language in which you speak of those whose conduct from first to last has been superlatively excellent? If she is open to blame at all, it is,—it is——"

But here Mrs. Robarts stopped herself. In defending her sister she had worked herself almost into a passion; but such a state of feeling was not customary to her, and now that she had spoken her mind she sank suddenly into silence.

"It seems to me, Fanny, that you almost regret Miss Robarts' decision," said Lady Lufton.

"My wish in this matter is for her happiness, and I regret anything that may mar it."

"You think nothing then of our welfare, and yet I do not know to whom I might have looked for hearty friendship and for sympathy in difficulties, if not to you?"

Poor Mrs. Robarts was almost upset by this. A few months ago, before Lucy's arrival, she would have declared that the interests of Lady Lufton's family would have been paramount with her, after and next to those of her own husband. And even now, it seemed to argue so black an ingratitude on her part—this accusation that she was indifferent to them! From her childhood upwards she had revered and loved Lady Lufton, and for years had taught herself to regard her as an epitome of all that was good and gracious in woman. Lady Lufton's theories of life had been accepted by her as the right theories, and those whom Lady Lufton had liked she had liked. But now it seemed that all these ideas which it had taken a life to build up were to be thrown to the ground, because she was bound to defend a sister-in-law whom she had only known for the last eight months. It was not that she regretted a word that she had spoken on Lucy's behalf. Chance had thrown her and Lucy together, and, as Lucy was her sister, she should receive from her a sister's treatment. But she did not the less feel how terrible would be the effect of any disseverance from Lady Lufton.

"O Lady Lufton," she said, "do not say that."

"But, Fanny, dear, I must speak as I find. You were talking about clouds just now, and do you think that all this is not a cloud in my sky. Ludovic tells me that he is attached to Miss Robarts, and you tell me that she is attached to him; and I am called upon to decide between them. Her very act obliges me to do so."

"Dear Lady Lufton," said Mrs. Robarts, springing from her seat. It seemed to her at the moment as though the whole difficulty were to be solved by an act of grace on the part of her old friend.

"And yet I cannot approve of such a marriage," said Lady Lufton.

Mrs. Robarts returned to her seat, saying nothing further.

"Is not that a cloud on one's horizon?" continued her ladyship. "Do you think that I can be basking in the sunshine while I have such a weight upon my heart as that. Ludovic will soon be home, but instead of looking to his return with pleasure I dread it. I would prefer that he should remain in Norway. I would wish that he should stay away for months. And, Fanny, it is a great addition to my misfortune to feel that you do not sympathize with me."

Having said this, in a slow, sorrowful, and severe tone, Lady Lufton got up and took her departure. Of course Mrs. Robarts did not let her go without assuring her that she did sympathize with her,—did love her as she ever had loved her. But wounds cannot be cured as easily as they may be inflicted, and Lady Lufton went her way with much real sorrow at her heart. She was proud and masterful, fond of her own way, and much too careful of the worldly dignities to which her lot had called her: but she was a woman who could cause no sorrow to those she loved without deep sorrow to herself.

CHAPTER XLII.

Touching Pitch.

In these hot midsummer days, the end of June and the beginning of July, Mr. Sowerby had but an uneasy time of it. At his sister's instance, he had hurried up to London, and there had remained for days in attendance on the lawyers. He had to see new lawyers, Miss Dunstable's men of business, quiet old cautious gentlemen whose place of business was in a dark alley behind the Bank, Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile by name, who had no scruple in detaining him for hours while they or their clerks talked to him about anything or about nothing. It was of vital consequence to Mr. Sowerby that this business of his should be settled without delay, and yet these men, to whose care this settling was now confided, went on as though law processes were a sunny bank on which it delighted men to bask easily. And then, too, he had to go more than once to South Audley Street, which was a worse infliction; for the men in South Audley Street were less civil now than had been their wont. It was well understood there that Mr. Sowerby was no longer a client of the duke's, but his opponent; no longer his nominee and dependant, but his enemy in the county. "Chaldicotes," as old Mr. Gumption remarked to young Mr. Gagebee; "Chaldicotes, Gagebee, is a cooked goose, as far as Sowerby is concerned. And what difference could it make to him whether the duke is to own it or Miss Dunstable. For my part I cannot understand how a gentleman like Sowerby can like to see his property go into the hands of a gallipot wench whose money still smells of bad drugs. And nothing can be more ungrateful," he said, "than Sowerby's conduct. He has held the county for five-and-twenty years without expense; and now that the time for payment has come, he begrudges the price." He called it no better than cheating, he did not—he, Mr. Gumption. According to his ideas Sowerby was attempting to cheat the duke. It may be imagined, therefore, that Mr. Sowerby did not feel any very great delight in attending at South Audley Street.

And then rumour was spread about among all the bill-discounting leeches that blood was once more to be sucked from the Sowerby carcase. The rich Miss Dunstable had taken up his affairs; so much as that became known in the purlieus of the Goat and Compasses. Tom Tozer's brother declared that she and Sowerby were going to make a match of it, and that any scrap of paper with Sowerby's name on it would become worth its weight in bank-notes; but Tom Tozer himself—Tom, who was the real hero of the family—pooh-poohed at this, screwing up his nose, and alluding in most contemptuous terms to his brother's softness. He knew better—as was indeed the fact. Miss Dunstable was buying up the squire, and by jingo she should buy them up—them, the Tozers, as well as others! They knew their value, the Tozers did;—whereupon they became more than ordinarily active.

From them and all their brethren Mr. Sowerby at this time endeavoured to keep his distance, but his endeavours were not altogether effectual. Whenever he could escape for a day or two from the lawyers he ran down to Chaldicotes; but Tom Tozer in his perseverance followed him there, and boldly sent in his name by the servant at the front-door.

"Mr. Sowerby is not just at home at the present moment," said the well-trained domestic.

"I'll wait about then," said Tom, seating himself on an heraldic stone griffin which flanked the big stone steps before the house. And in this way Mr. Tozer gained his purpose. Sowerby was still contesting the county, and it behoved him not to let his enemies say that he was hiding himself. It had been a part of his bargain with Miss Dunstable that he should contest the county. She had taken it into her head that the duke had behaved badly, and she had resolved that he should be made to pay for it. "The duke," she said, "had meddled long enough;" she would now see whether the Chaldicotes interest would not suffice of itself to return a member for the county, even in opposition to the duke. Mr. Sowerby himself was so harassed at the time, that he would have given way on this point if he had had the power; but Miss Dunstable was determined, and he was obliged to yield to her. In this manner Mr. Tom Tozer succeeded and did make his way into Mr. Sowerby's presence—of which intrusion one effect was the following letter from Mr. Sowerby to his friend Mark Robarts:—

"My dear Robarts,— "Chaldicotes, July, 185–

"I am so harassed at the present moment by an infinity of troubles of my own that I am almost callous to those of other people. They say that prosperity makes a man selfish. I have never tried that, but I am quite sure that adversity does so. Nevertheless I am anxious about those bills of yours"——

"Bills of mine!" said Robarts to himself, as he walked up and down the shrubbery path at the parsonage, reading this letter. This happened a day or two after his visit to the lawyer at Barchester.

"—— and would rejoice greatly if I thought that I could save you from any further annoyance about them. That kite, Tom Tozer, has just been with me, and insists that both of them shall be paid. He knows—no one better—that no consideration was given for the latter. But he knows also that the dealing was not with him, nor even with his brother, and he will be prepared to swear that he gave value for both. He would swear anything for five hundred pounds—or for half the money, for that matter. I do not think that the father of mischief ever let loose upon the world a greater rascal than Tom Tozer.

"He declares that nothing shall induce him to take one shilling less than the whole sum of nine hundred pounds. He has been brought to this by hearing that my debts are about to be paid. Heaven help me! The meaning of that is that these wretched acres, which are now mortgaged to one millionnaire, are to change hands and be mortgaged to another instead. By this exchange I may possibly obtain the benefit of having a house to live in for the next twelve months, but no other. Tozer, however, is altogether wrong in his scent; and the worst of it is that his malice will fall on you rather than on me.

"What I want you to do is this: let us pay him one hundred pounds between us.

Though I sell the last sorry jade of a horse I have, I will make up fifty; and I know you can, at any rate, do as much as that. Then do you accept a bill, conjointly with me, for eight hundred. It shall be done in Forrest's presence, and handed to him; and you shall receive back the two old bills into your own hands at the same time. This new bill should be timed to run ninety days; and I will move heaven and earth during that time to have it included in the general schedule of my debts which are to be secured on the Chaldicotes property."

The meaning of which was that Miss Dunstable was to be cozened into paying the money under an idea that it was part of the sum covered by the existing mortgage.

"What you said the other day at Barchester, as to never executing another bill, is very well as regards future transactions. Nothing can be wiser than such a resolution. But it would be folly—worse than folly—if you were to allow your furniture to be seized when the means of preventing it is so ready to your hand. By leaving the new bill in Forrest's hands you may be sure that you are safe from the claws of such birds of prey as these Tozers. Even if I cannot get it settled when the three months are over, Forrest will enable you to make any arrangement that may be most convenient.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, do not refuse this. You can hardly conceive how it weighs upon me, this fear that bailiffs should make their way into your wife's drawing-room. I know you think ill of me, and I do not wonder at it. But you would be less inclined to do so if you knew how terribly I am punished. Pray let me hear that you will do as I counsel you.

"Yours always faithfully,
"N. Sowerby."

In answer to which the parson wrote a very short reply :—

"My dear Sowerby,— "Framley, July, 185–

"I will sign no more bills on any consideration.

"Yours truly,
"Mark Robarts."

And then having written this, and having shown it to his wife, he returned to the shrubbery walk and paced it up and down, looking every now and then to Sowerby's letter as he thought over all the past circumstances of his friendship with that gentleman.

That the man who had written this letter should be his friend—that very fact was a disgrace to him. Sowerby so well knew himself and his own reputation, that he did not dare to suppose that his own word would be taken for anything,—not even when the thing promised was an act of the commonest honesty. "The old bills shall be given back into your own hands," he had declared with energy, knowing that his friend and correspondent would not feel himself secure against further fraud under any less stringent guarantee. This gentleman, this county member, the owner of Chaldicotes, with whom Mark Robarts had been so anxious to be on terms of intimacy, had now come to such a phase of life that he had given over speaking of himself as an honest man. He had become so used to suspicion that he argued of it as of a thing of course. He knew that no one could trust either his spoken or his written word, and he was content to speak and to write without attempt to hide this conviction.

And this was the man whom he had been so glad to call his friend; for whose sake he had been willing to quarrel with Lady Lufton, and at whose instance he had unconsciously abandoned so many of the best resolutions of his life. He looked back now, as he walked there slowly, still holding the letter in his hand, to the day when he had stopped at the school-house and written his letter to Mr. Sowerby, promising to join the party at Chaldicotes. He had been so eager then to have his own way, that he would not permit himself to go home and talk the matter over with his wife. He thought also of the manner in which he had been tempted to the house of the Duke of Omnium, and the conviction on his mind at the time that his giving way to that temptation would surely bring him to evil. And then he remembered the evening in Sowerby's bedroom, when the bill had been brought out, and he had allowed himself to be persuaded to put his name upon it;—not because he was willing in this way to assist his friend, but because he was unable to refuse. He had lacked the courage to say, "No," though he knew at the time how gross was the error which he was committing. He had lacked the courage to say, "No," and hence had come upon him and on his household all this misery and cause for bitter repentance.

I have written much of clergymen, but in doing so I have endeavoured to portray them as they bear on our social life rather than to describe the mode and working of their professional careers. Had I done the latter I could hardly have steered clear of subjects on which it has not been my intention to pronounce an opinion, and I should either have laden my fiction with sermons or I should have degraded my sermons into fiction. Therefore I have said but little in my narrative of this man's feelings or doings as a clergyman.

But I must protest against its being on this account considered that Mr. Robarts was indifferent to the duties of his clerical position. He had been fond of pleasure and had given way to temptation,—as is so customarily done by young men of six-and-twenty, who are placed beyond control and who have means at command. Had he remained as a curate till that age, subject in all his movements to the eye of a superior, he would, we may say, have put his name to no bills, have ridden after no hounds, have seen nothing of the iniquities of Gatherum Castle. There are men of twenty-six as fit to stand alone as ever they will be—fit to be prime ministers, heads of schools, judges on the bench—almost fit to be bishops; but Mark Robarts had not been one of them. He had within him many aptitudes for good, but not the strengthened courage of a man to act up to them. The stuff of which his manhood was to be formed had been slow of growth, as it is with many men; and, consequently, when temptation was offered to him, he had fallen.

But he deeply grieved over his own stumbling, and from time to time, as his periods of penitence came upon him, he resolved that he would once more put his shoulder to the wheel as became one who fights upon

earth that battle for which he had put on his armour. Over and over again did he think of those words of Mr. Crawley, and now as he walked up and down the path, crumpling Mr. Sowerby's letter in his hand, he thought of them again—"It is a terrible falling off; terrible in the fall, but doubly terrible through that difficulty of returning." Yes; that is a difficulty which multiplies itself in a fearful ratio as one goes on pleasantly running down the path—whitherward? Had it come to that with him that he could not return—that he could never again hold up his head with a safe conscience as the pastor of his parish! It was Sowerby who had led him into this misery, who had brought on him this ruin? But then had not Sowerby paid him? Had not that stall which he now held in Barchester been Sowerby's gift? He was a poor man now—a distressed, poverty-stricken man; but nevertheless he wished with all his heart that he had never become a sharer in the good things of the Barchester chapter.

"I shall resign the stall," he said to his wife that night. "I think I may say that I have made up my mind as to that."

"But, Mark, will not people say that it is odd?"

"I cannot help it—they must say it. Fanny, I fear that we shall have to bear the saying of harder words than that."

"Nobody can ever say that you have done anything that is unjust or dishonourable. If there are such men as Mr. Sowerby——"

"The blackness of his fault will not excuse mine." And then again he sat silent, hiding his eyes, while his wife, sitting by him, held his hand.

"Don't make yourself wretched, Mark. Matters will all come right yet. It cannot be that the loss of a few hundred pounds should ruin you."

"It is not the money—it is not the money!"

"But you have done nothing wrong, Mark."

"How am I to go into the church, and take my place before them all, when every one will know that bailiffs are in the house?" And then, dropping his head on to the table, he sobbed aloud.

Mark Robarts' mistake had been mainly this,—he had thought to touch pitch and not to be defiled. He, looking out from his pleasant parsonage into the pleasant upper ranks of the world around him, had seen that men and things in those quarters were very engaging. His own parsonage, with his sweet wife, were exceedingly dear to him, and Lady Lufton's affectionate friendship had its value; but were not these things rather dull for one who had lived in the best sets at Harrow and Oxford; — unless, indeed, he could supplement them with some occasional bursts of more lively life? Cakes and ale were as pleasant to his palate as to the palates of those with whom he had formerly lived at college. He had the same eye to look at a horse, and the same heart to make him go across a country, as they. And then, too, he found that men liked him,—men and women also; men and women who were high in worldly

standing. His ass's ears were tickled, and he learned to fancy that he was intended by nature for the society of high people. It seemed as though he were following his appointed course in meeting men and women of the world at the houses of the fashionable and the rich. He was not the first clergyman that had so lived and had so prospered. Yes, clergymen had so lived, and had done their duties in their sphere of life altogether to the satisfaction of their countrymen—and of their sovereigns. Thus Mark Robarts had determined that he would touch pitch, and escape defilement if that were possible. With what result those who have read so far will have perceived.

Late on the following afternoon who should drive up to the parsonage door but Mr. Forrest, the bank manager from Barchester—Mr. Forrest, to whom Sowerby had always pointed as the *Deus ex machinâ* who, if duly invoked, could relieve them all from their present troubles, and dismiss the whole Tozer family—not howling into the wilderness, as one would have wished to do with that brood of Tozers, but so gorged with prey that from them no further annoyance need be dreaded? All this Mr. Forrest could do; nay, more, most willingly would do! Only let Mark Robarts put himself into the banker's hand, and blandly sign what documents the banker might desire.

"This is a very unpleasant affair," said Mr. Forrest as soon as they were closeted together in Mark's bookroom. In answer to which observation the parson acknowledged that it was a very unpleasant affair.

"Mr. Sowerby has managed to put you into the hands of about the worst set of rogues now existing, in their line of business, in London."

"So I supposed; Curling told me the same." Curling was the Barchester attorney whose aid he had lately invoked.

"Curling has threatened them that he will expose their whole trade; but one of them who was down here, a man named Tozer, replied, that you had much more to lose by exposure than he had. He went further and declared that he would defy any jury in England to refuse him his money. He swore that he discounted both bills in the regular way of business; and, though this is of course false, I fear that it will be impossible to prove it so. He well knows that you are a clergyman, and that, therefore, he has a stronger hold on you than on other men."

"The disgrace shall fall on Sowerby," said Robarts, hardly actuated at the moment by any strong feeling of Christian forgiveness.

"I fear, Mr. Robarts, that he is somewhat in the condition of the Tozers. He will not feel it as you will do."

"I must bear it, Mr. Forrest, as best I may."

"Will you allow me, Mr. Robarts, to give you my advice. Perhaps I ought to apologize for intruding it upon you; but as the bills have been presented and dishonoured across my counter, I have, of necessity, become acquainted with the circumstances."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said Mark.

"You must pay this money, or, at any rate, the most considerable portion of it;—the whole of it, indeed, with such deduction as a lawyer may be able to induce these hawks to make on the sight of the ready money. Perhaps 750*l.* or 800*l.* may see you clear of the whole affair."

"But I have not a quarter of that sum lying by me."

"No, I suppose not; but what I would recommend is this: that you should borrow the money from the bank, on your own responsibility,—with the joint security of some friend who may be willing to assist you with his name. Lord Lufton probably would do it."

"No, Mr. Forrest——"

"Listen to me first, before you make up your mind. If you took this step, of course you would do so with the fixed intention of paying the money yourself,—without any further reliance on Sowerby or on any one else."

"I shall not rely on Mr. Sowerby again; you may be sure of that."

"What I mean is that you must teach yourself to recognize the debt as your own. If you can do that, with your income you can surely pay it, with interest, in two years. If Lord Lufton will assist you with his name I will so arrange the bills that the payments shall be made to fall equally over that period. In that way the world will know nothing about it, and in two years' time you will once more be a free man. Many men, Mr. Robarts, have bought their experience much dearer than that, I can assure you."

"Mr. Forrest, it is quite out of the question."

"You mean that Lord Lufton will not give you his name."

"I certainly shall not ask him, but that is not all. In the first place my income will not be what you think it, for I shall probably give up the prebend at Barchester."

"Give up the prebend! give up six hundred a year!"

"And, beyond this, I think I may say that nothing shall tempt me to put my name to another bill. I have learned a lesson which I hope I may never forget."

"Then what do you intend to do?"

"Nothing!"

"Then those men will sell every stick of furniture about the place. They know that your property here is enough to secure all that they claim."

"If they have the power, they must sell it."

"And all the world will know the facts."

"So it must be. Of the faults which a man commits he must bear the punishment. If it were only myself!"

"That's where it is, Mr. Robarts. Think what your wife will have to suffer in going through such misery as that! You had better take my advice. Lord Lufton, I am sure——"

But the very name of Lord Lufton, his sister's lover, again gave him courage. He thought, too, of the accusations which Lord Lufton had

brought against him on that night when he had come to him in the coffee-room of the hotel, and he felt that it was impossible that he should apply to him for such aid. It would be better to tell all to Lady Lufton! That she would relieve him, let the cost to herself be what it might, he was very sure. Only this;—that in looking to her for assistance he would be forced to bite the dust in very deed.

"Thank you, Mr. Forrest, but I have made up my mind. Do not think that I am the less obliged to you for your disinterested kindness,—for I know that it is disinterested; but this I think I may confidently say, that not even to avert so terrible a calamity will I again put my name to any bill. Even if you could take my own promise to pay without the addition of any second name, I would not do it."

There was nothing for Mr. Forrest to do under such circumstances but simply to drive back to Barchester. He had done the best for the young clergyman according to his lights, and perhaps, in a worldly view, his advice had not been bad. But Mark dreaded the very name of a bill. He was as a dog that had been terribly scorched, and nothing should again induce him to go near the fire.

"Was not that the man from the bank?" said Fanny, coming into the room when the sound of the wheels had died away.

"Yes; Mr. Forrest."

"Well, dearest?"

"We must prepare ourselves for the worst."

"You will not sign any more papers, eh, Mark?"

"No; I have just now positively refused to do so."

"Then I can bear anything. But, dearest, dearest Mark, will you not let me tell Lady Lufton?"

Let them look at the matter in any way the punishment was very heavy.

Chinese Police.

"The mandarin," says a time-honoured maxim of Chinese jurisprudence, "is the father and mother of the people." Such is the theory on which a paternal government undertakes the well-being of that rather numerous family of 360,000,000, whose capital our troops have occupied, and whose emperor we have scared from his palace. A beautiful idea of watchful heed and parental affection is embodied in that theory—as in most theories. But alas! for China; she, above all empires, may apply to herself the words of the Latin poet: she sees the better path, and not only sees, but bestows on it the chilly approval of her cool, moonshiny intellect—and then chooses the worse. The mandarin, for many a long and weary year, has been but an unjust stepmother, greedy as Harpagon, double-faced as Janus. Yet we cannot deny that the organization of what we now behold in the very rottenness of its decay, was excellent after its kind. The machine is rusted and obsolete; corruption and violence have nearly destroyed it; the capture of Pekin has possibly given it the *coup de grace;* but its inventor meant well and kindly when he planned it, and he was no dullard in his generation.

As usual, the sovereign of the Central Land is declared to be the fountain of justice; and the aim of those old lawgivers who shaped the constitution of Kathay was to render the emperor actually, not nominally alone, the first magistrate of his realm. Some Chinese statesmen, especially under the native dynasties of Han, of Song, and of Ming, when mind and speech were freer, were equal in capacity to Sully or Colbert, and they laboured, not unsuccessfully, to make the emperor the apex of the literary pyramid, the chief of the working bees, rather than the crowned drone so common in Eastern countries. Accordingly, even now, the Majesty of China has no sinecure; there are not only papers to sign, but memorials to read, boards to preside over, and an immense correspondence to attend to, for without the monarch's personal supervision the whole mechanism must receive a check. Independent of the Ministries of War and Finance, the Board of Works, the Tribunal of Rites, and the inspection of civil officers, the emperor is bound to pay particular attention to the Court of Censors and the Prefecture of Police, the Court of Appeal, and the Court of Criminal Justice, all of which have their seat at Pekin, under the august supervision of the sovereign himself. Moreover, large and populous as China may be, and great as are the powers vested in the viceroys and governors, the sword of justice may rightfully be unsheathed by no meaner hand than the supreme ruler's, and every death-warrant must receive the signature of the vermilion pencil before the headsman can complete the sentence of the judge.

Nothing can, at first sight, seem more fair than the judicial system of China in criminal matters, or more considerate than the system of checks which have been provided against error or malignity. A prisoner suspected of some grave offence, such as murder or treason, is first brought before the sianyo, or mayor of his village, an unpaid official, elected by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, and answering to the cotwalls and patels of India. Should the circumstances of the case appear to warrant such a step, the village mayor sends up the accused to a higher court, that of a simple magistrate of the lettered class, who has no power to punish, but may acquit if he thinks proper, and who in fact discharges the office of a grand jury in deciding on the evidence. Should a true bill be found by this crystal-buttoned Minos, the accused makes his next appearance before no less a personage than the ngan-tsha-tse, or district inspector of crimes. This officer acts as president of the tribunal, assisted by a bench of judges, and the prosecution is conducted sometimes by the relatives of the injured person, sometimes by a public prosecutor, who is appointed in case the complainants should prove incompetent, from infirmity or ignorance, to conduct the charge in a proper manner. This public prosecutor is not a permanent functionary, but an improvised attorney-general, chosen from among the numerous inferior mandarins who hang about the tribunals, and who constitute a species of bar. In the same manner, should the accused be a person incapable of doing justice to his own plea in defence, or in mitigation of the penalty, the court may appoint him an advocate, selected also from the ranks of the graduates present, and both counsel are paid from the provincial treasury. Should a verdict of guilty result, the prisoner may appeal to the viceroy for a new hearing, and in this case the great satrap will himself be the president of the new court, the inspector and judges sitting along with him, and unanimity being required, as in an English jury. Should the verdict of guilty be confirmed, the culprit has not yet exhausted his chances of escape. He is permitted to address a petition to the Grand Court of Appeal, otherwise called the Supreme Tribunal, at Pekin. At the cost of the province where he dwells, he may be transported to the capital, tried anew, virtually for the fifth time, and, if again condemned, he has a last appeal—to the emperor in person. That sovereign, assisted by his Council of Censors, called Toochayaen, is bound to examine into the evidence, and if he confirms the verdict, the fatal red letters are traced on the paper, and the Themis of China claims her six-times-convicted prey.

Such a system—so complicated, deliberate, and cautious—argues an extreme aversion to spill blood in the name of law; and such, indeed, is the theoretical legislation of China, based on the utmost avowed respect for the sanctity of human life. But in practice this plan, however wise and well-meant, was soon much modified. It was meant to save innocent lives, to ensure the sifting of evidence, and to keep the white robe of Justice unspotted by one drop of guiltless blood. This end, while the system was

fairly worked out, was probably attained in many instances. But, as we may easily suppose, it was not only the victim of mistake or malice who claimed the benefit of so much delay, and so many loopholes of escape. Red-handed ruffians, and villains whose guilt, though less patent, was still matter of conviction to all concerned in the case, were transferred from court to court, trusting to break prison, to elude or bribe their guards, to obtain immunity by some caprice of the authorities, or, perhaps, to share in the amnesty which the accession of a new prince, or some such extraordinary event, might call forth. In any case, life was sweet, and a reprieve worth having, even if nothing came of it; and a desperate offender may often have chuckled at the trouble he gave to the successive relays of judges, gaolers, guards, and advocates, who were compelled to toil on his account.

To check this, the practice sprang up of increasing the punishment of such offenders as had voluntarily claimed every ordeal, and been repeatedly pronounced guilty. The culprit had his choice between simple decapitation in his native province, or a death of lingering agony at Pekin. But those who devised this legal scarecrow knew little of human nature, of the wild hopes that prisoners, above all men, are apt to cherish as they brood over their condition with an instinctive egotism, or of the peculiar callousness of their own countrymen. At length it became patent that neither the cross nor the saw, neither the knife that cut the flesh from the bones by strips, nor the dismembering hatchet, nor the heated pincers, nor all that fire, and steel, and devilish cruelty could inflict upon a shrinking, quivering frame, were adequate to deter the wretch from trying another throw for life and liberty. Then the old fundamental law began to be glozed away. It was discovered that there was such a thing in human enactments as the *reductio ad absurdum;* it was asserted that the right of ultimate appeal depended on the petition being endorsed by a censor, on a writ of error being decreed by the supreme court, on the emperor's decision after perusing the written evidence, &c. The spirit of all these quibbles plainly was to defeat the humane, though troublesome dictum of bygone jurists, that it was better to open a door of mercy for thousands of the guilty than to spill the blood of a single innocent person. The practice of the courts has fluctuated like the tides themselves. There have been ebbs of clemency, and flows of severity. A good bustling emperor, kind, active, and a busybody, such as two, at least, of the Tartar dynasty have been, has generally shown exemplary patience in hearing all cases of importance argued in his presence. A lazy or cold-hearted sovereign has left all to the discretion of the mandarins. But the law officers of the Chinese Crown have not stopped short at the affirmation that a culprit's prayer must be backed by a great functionary of government to acquire the sterling stamp; they have found out that death-warrants in blank, signed by the vermilion pencil, are very convenient, and strictly constitutional. There are emperors who will not consent to part with their sign-manual for such a purpose, but every

purple-born one is not so scrupulous, and every now and then a Draco of a mandarin is able to stuff his desk with crimson autographs that give into his hands the lives and fortunes of all within his boundaries.

Another discovery was made by these able commentators on the constitution of the Flowery Land. A mandarin judge has not the power of the sword; that is certain: but he has the disposal of whip and stick; and when the whip is a long knout-like thong of raw hide, and the stick is a seasoned bamboo, Nero himself could hardly wish for more effective servants of the law. Moreover, the judge has the power of ordering the cangue for as long terms as he thinks fit, and as no nerves can endure the perpetual deprivation of sleep, death may be inflicted in this terrible way without ruffling the tender epidermis of the imperial conscience. So, as we shall presently see, the limitation of the mandarin's authority is often more to the prisoner's detriment than if the scimitar were a lawful award.

In so large and rich a realm, among swarms of keen-witted and covetous folks, free from any restraints of religion to an extent unparalleled in any great community elsewhere, crimes must be common. There are no trustworthy returns on this head, or, if there are, they have never yet come to the knowledge of the Outer Barbarians; but we may safely conclude that the Central Land is not more virtuous than her neighbours. The Pekin and provincial *Gazettes* are not more perfect barometers of passing events, than the *Mercuries* that were printed when the king's standard was set up at Nottingham, or the meagre broadsheets for which Sir Roger L'Estrange corrected the proofs. They only tell, in fact, what the government wishes to become known. But, from other sources, a good deal of information reaches the European residents on the coast, they who have little to do except to hearken wonderingly to the distant roar and din going on in the vast sealed-up empire on whose fringe they live, like children listening to the mystic murmur of a sea-shell. Making all allowance for exaggeration, and Oriental looseness of description, we may form a fair idea of the present condition of the criminal population of the empire. Another source of information is afforded by the petty police tribunals of Canton, Shanghai, and the other ports where Europeans trade: the amount of small thefts is considerable, though scarcely so great as would be the case in a place of equal size on the shores of the Mediterranean; and instances of violence are remarkably few. Such seems to be the rule in China: the towns contain a due amount of tame cheaters, but the bold hectoring highwayman, the truculent sea-robber, must be sought elsewhere. All along the Blue and Yellow rivers are found retail buccaneers, who hawk at a trifling quarry and fatten on slender profits. These poor rogues do not aspire to a ship of their own; they come paddling out of muddy creeks in the smallest of sampans, ill armed, ill clad, but plentifully smeared with fish-oil. If manfully confronted, they fly; if grappled by the crews of the fourth-class junks which they select as prizes, they slip like so many eels through the hands that grasp them,

and their swimming makes amends for their lax courage. Seldom do any very sinister results follow one of these attacks; if the fresh-water pirates prove victorious, they are mild conquerors, and only too eager to be on shore again with their booty of rice and corn, stray garments, odd fragments of chain, bits of brass and copper hastily ripped from the poop and cabins, and perhaps the glorious trophy of a few rattling strings of cash. The dollars and silver bars are generally too well hidden to be detected by such hurried searchers; food, rather than fortune, is the object of the foray; and, except in rare cases of remarkable temptation, no life is attempted, and no torture resorted to. With these amphibious petty larceny rogues the magistrate deals mildly, according to the traditions of Chinese justice. Three hundred strokes of the bamboo may be endured by the human frame. Four sleepless weeks in the "cangue," or bamboo pillory, may fail to madden a stolid, unimaginative Coolie. A few minor tortures need only be added to these two first-named inflictions, and the culprit is thought to have been most tenderly dealt with. Pilferers in a fair, or the streets of a town, are considered as still more venial offenders. A vigorous bastinado, and a week of the pillory, is the law's award in such trivial cases. Petty assaults are as leniently disposed of, but fire-raising is a sin of deeper dye; and the malicious piercing of a neighbour's dyke, to let in a devastating flood, is punished with extreme rigour. Murder, and treasonable practices, wholesale piracy, and armed brigandage, all cry aloud for death, more or less slow and painful; and parricide evokes the sternest chastisements of the Chinese, as it once did of the Roman law. Forgery is less harshly viewed than with us; Orientals generally take a merciful view of those crimes which are wrought by pure cunning—those æsthetic offences, as it were, which spill no blood, rifle no strong-box, and fire no roof. Accordingly, the astute fabricator of false hoondees, the talented imitator of commercial signatures, is pretty certain to meet with judges who can appreciate literary merit, even when it stoops to counterfeit invoices and sham promissory notes. And Chinese law has a very extraordinary principle, radically opposed to our European ethics, and which apportions light penalties to the high and erudite criminal, heavy and hard atonement for the misdeeds of the poor untaught sinner.

Kathay has a peculiar tenderness for Dives, especially for a Dives who loves his library, and pens a sonnet in the true classical style of the Han dynasty. The purblind Astræa of Mongolian philosophy can afford to wink at the trespasses of powerful wrongdoers; they are beaten with few stripes; and that which in meaner men shall be esteemed heinous and horrible, shall in them be classed as a mere peccadillo that dollars can wash away. But there are other offenders out of the pale of official sympathy, and these are the outlaws and the conspirators. The outlaws, or declared brigands, are in China a formidable fraternity. They are called, in the inland provinces where the pure court language is the orthodox standard, by the name of *kouan-kouen*, or desperado. But on the borders of the empire, in Mantchooria, and on the edge of Mongolian Tartary, the

Turkish words *orolis* and *haiduck* come into use; borrowed from the nomade tribes of the Transoxianian Steppe. All these words, Chinese or Turkish, denote a daring and avowed brigand, an open foe to law, a thing most hateful of all others to bureaucratic pedants like the formal mandarins. The kouan-kouen are not the most unpopular persons in the Central Land: they are admired by women, praised by men, sung of in the rude ballads of the peasantry, and when they mingle in the crowd at a village festival they are regarded pretty much as the mountain bandit is viewed by the rustics of Corsica and Sardinia. There have been Chinese Robin Hoods, and Mr. Richard Turpin has worn a pigtail and satin boots, and quaffed corn brandy in the intervals of his professional duties, no doubt, and these hardy marauders are not seldom liberal of their ill-got wealth, and scatter among the lowly what they wrest from the moneyed world. These freehanded depredators, the kouan-kouen, do not rely entirely on the popularity which their exploits and occasional gifts create for them among the indigent classes. They have confederates in the cities; their spies haunt the markets and hang about the inns; they have allies in the enemy's camp, and pay handsomely for intelligence. Here, a police brigadier gives timely warning of an expedition against the band; there a sleek cashier notifies by writing that such and such bales, or so much ready money, the property of his employers, will traverse a certain road or canal on a particular day.

The kouan-kouen are bold as well as wily; often it happens that they have been honest, well-meaning folks in their time, goaded into outlawry by some persecution on the part of the magistrates, stripped of their patrimony by a lawsuit, or plucked bare by Taiping or soldier. Many of them can show the scars of torments wrongly inflicted by some capricious pedant; others have seen a son die in the cangue or under the lash for a light or imaginary fault; some have been members of a secret society, the Carbonari of China, and detection has turned them into beasts of prey. Not every one can be a member of these predatory clubs: they test their neophytes by a severe initiatory penance, by hunger, and pain, and fatigue. A tremendous oath of obedience and fidelity is enforced by the certainty of dire vengeance on the false brother; and the Chinese avow that the faith observed by these robbers towards each other is remarkably evinced, even under tortures the most elaborate. To preserve the emperor's peace throughout the realm, the principal agents are the policemen attached to the tribunals small and great, and who are known by their red robes, their high black caps, and the official pheasant feather, surmounting their heads like a horn. A mere magistrate will preside over a score of these picturesque alguazils, while the yamun of a prefect or a criminal inspector contains fifty or more of armed constables, some of whom act as gaolers, others as headsmen in case of need, while nearly all have a happy knack of applying the stinging remedies dear to the Dogberries of Kathay.

The villages never have a prison more imposing than a roundhouse,

where culprits may be locked up while an escort is preparing; but all walled towns have their penitentiary, where the wretched jail-birds are crowded together like cattle in a pen, where the scowling governor economizes on the meagre rations of rice, and where the horrors of Dante's *Inferno* are squeezed into pocket-compass. The Chinese, of all ranks, dread these prisons more than death itself. It is not that they are dens of misery, but that the confinement is irksome to poor Ching, who is used to travel, who is by nature anything but the vegetable we deem him, and who has been in many a town, and ranged many a league of land and water. Ching has wonderful powers of endurance; he can chirrup and sing quite blithely on short commons, can sleep in a corner, can be cooped up where elbow-room is scanty, food meagre, and oxygen scarce, and still keep his politeness untarnished and his heart gay. He seldom dies without having seen the world; a Whittington in chequered cottons and rattan helmet, off he goes to the wonderful Fochan, or Nankin, or Kioungtcheou, to the city paved with gold and draped in silk, and there he leads a life of work and want, of scheming, triumph, riot, failure, until he becomes a substantial burgess, or rots in a ditch, or sneaks home again from the husks and the swine-trough.

There are more pedlars, more charlatans, more slippery adventurers in China than anywhere else; Sam Slick and Gil Blas are almost institutions of the Flowery Land, and Fortune's wheel spins merrily among those smooth-tongued, hard-headed millions. But hunger on compulsion, narrow lodgings on compulsion, a vile shed, a bare yard, frowzy rags, foul straw, the close companionship of lazars and ruffians, all upon compulsion, break down Ching's elastic spirit. Welcome death! welcome the *mauvais quart d'heure* on the wooden cross, with all its grim accompaniments of butcherwork, hacking knives, and pendent flesh, and the living bones laid bare, like those of the Abyssinian ox which poor Bruce had the ill luck to describe to an eighteenth-century audience. And the mandarins are not unwilling to indulge the captive's preference for death over captivity. Long terms of incarceration do not suit the pocket of a country where so many must eat, and where so few are idle. When a prisoner does not avail himself of the right of appeal, he seldom languishes long. But before decapitating the kouan-kouen, it is necessary to catch them. The mandarins are not negligent on this score; they know how needful it is in so populous a country to enforce the law, and to suppress those who defy it. Besides this, they have a personal interest involved; for the outlaws cherish an especial grudge against the lettered aristocracy, and never let slip an opportunity of pillaging the property of a magistrate, of intercepting a tax-collector, or holding a captured mandarin to ransom. They cannot often strike a blow at their cautious foes, but he who molests one graduate disturbs the whole learned corporation, and must look to encounter the stings of the entire hive of alarmed pedants.

The pheasant-plumed constabulary are quite capable of controlling mobs and arresting the small fry of rascaldom, but they are mere mousing

owls, quite unfit to hawk at such noble game as the kouan-kouen. For this purpose, either a band of braves must be hired at the expense of the provincial treasury, or the regular forces of government must be employed. The first plan is the most costly; the second is cheap, but entails an amount of correspondence and circumlocution worthy of the most civilized nations. A general in command of a district must be memorialized, the War Office at Pekin requires to be consulted, the Imperial Chancery takes time for consideration, the inspector of crimes recapitulates, the Military Board rejoins, and the viceroy and prefect report progress. Many large and beautiful letters are painted with careful brushes and perfumed ink, many clerks have to transcribe and abridge, before the imperial brief authorizes the civil officials to command the services of the crown troops. At length enough red tape is spun, and the web of destiny begins to close around the outlaws. A fourth-class mandarin usually commands the expedition. Although a civil magistrate, he goes forth armed and mounted; and under his orders are the two or more military mandarins who lead the soldiers, and who are also on horseback, with sword, and bow, and quiver, their men being on foot. Curiously enough, in spite of the superior valour of the Tartar division of the army, the mandarins are said to select Chinese troops for these duties of police, fearing possibly lest the fiery Mantchoo warriors might be over-rash in advancing on the ignoble foe. Cavalry are seldom in request, owing to the nature of the ground. Of course, in a country so full of men and so bare of trees, places of concealment are rare. There are rugged mountain ranges, but these have occupants of their own, as in India, and it is seldom that robbers of Chinese race own a hill fort. When they do, they can generally afford to laugh at the mandarins, and unless the country people become their enemies, they cannot easily be starved or surprised. But most of the kouan-kouen have to take refuge among the huge swamps, natural fastnesses which abound in almost every province, and where they erect their miniature stockade of bamboo, build wattled huts, and dig deep trenches around the little camp. Only the fowlers and fishermen ever penetrate these tangled morasses, guarded by fever and fathomless quicksands; and these poor men the kouan-kouen stand well with, paying liberally for provisions, salt, gunpowder, and news.

The magistrates would never venture a force among the quagmires without proper guidance. By threats and promises, by the exhibition of a little money and plenty of stick, they induce some of the fishers to pilot the column through the labyrinth of mud and waters; and an imposing aspect does that column present. First march a company of veterans, with long-barrelled gingals, matches lighted, and ammunition in plenty. The guides are with these matchlockmen, with their hands tied behind their backs, and a cord round each man's neck, as a delicate precautionary measure. Then comes the chief military mandarin, mounted, and armed like a Scythian. At his back come swordsmen and spearmen, all with shields and helmets, hideous with dragons and tigers of

fancy colours, very fearful to behold. The subaltern officers follow, gallantly heading the archers and rocket-men, the former of whom advance with their short bows bent, and a barbed arrow fitted to the string. The civil mandarin rides next, sword in hand, followed by his own policemen, in pheasant feathers and crimson serge, by a troop of impressed coolies, furnished with ropes, chains, fetters, and spare bamboos enough to secure a considerable amount of felons, and a band of music brings up the rear. But the gongs and flutes will not be wanted until the celebration of the victory, so the heroes advance without beat of drum or noisy clamour, twirling their wiry mustachios, and vapouring beneath their breath of the deeds they are about to perform. But when once fairly among the marshes, a change comes over these pigtailed Bobadils. They see spears through the rank grass and sedges; they huddle together like scared sheep at the waving of the cane-brake; when the wild fowl rise with clanging wing and harsh note, the sound suggests the war-cry of the kouan-kouen. The old adage is reversed, and it is the officer who takes every bush for a thief, and is pretty much of Lady Macduff's opinion as to the chance that the knaves may hang up the honest men. Sometimes the outlaws are surprised, and fall an easy prey; often they get safe off; now and then they repulse the attack. But if they fight, and are beaten, strange scenes occur. Hours are said to be occupied in the contest between two or three hundred soldiers and a score of highwaymen behind a bamboo stockade. The civil mandarin, with chattering teeth and dignity broken down, cowers beneath his horse, and squeaks at every shot like a wounded rabbit. The musicians throw away gong and cymbal, and run for their lives. The military mandarins rate and menace their men, urge them, drive them, abuse them, but never dream of leading them. It is not easy to get the poor privates to attack; they hang back, and duck at the shots of the enemy, and rattle their swords and shields, but decline to charge, while the matchlockmen lie down to take pot shots at the brigands, and the rockets are let off pretty much at random. At last comes a crisis; the powder of the robbers is exhausted, or the hard words of the mandarins are a worse annoyance than hostile bullets, and a rush is made, and a victory won. Not a bloodless victory; the kouan-kouen struggle hard, and sell their liberty dearly; but, at last, they are killed or taken. We can fancy the triumph, the songs of victory, the barbaric dissonance of all those bellowing gongs, strident horns, sibilant flutes, blatant trumpets, ringing out the notes of victory. We can fancy the civil mandarin, once more on his horse, hectoring nobly over the fettered foe, shaking his scimitar in their faces, and uttering leonine roars of martial wrath. I have seen a series of pictures by a native artist, portraying the glories of that homeward march: some of the prisoners in bamboo cages, others tied to poles, and loaded with irons; the robber chief, a man of great height and corpulence, with hands bound behind his back, dragged forward by a tow-rope, held by eight men, while as many more tugged at a restraining cord in the rear, each puller having a naked sword in one hand, while the civil

mandarin caracoled beside, and brandished his sabre over that detested head. Then the passage through the streets of the benighted city; the trampling, inquisitive crowd, the waving scarfs, the blazing incense, the flowers strewing the way, the triumphal arch covered with lamps and ribbons, the fireworks crackling and sputtering, the gaudy lanterns flaring at every door upon the glad procession, and the ever-ready poet stepping up smirking to offer his neat ode, the ink of which is hardly dry. The immediate effect of so successful an enterprise is to put a comfortable sum of silver into the purse of the civil mandarin, to gain for the captain and subalterns money or promotion, and for the soldiers a gratuity and double rations. Everybody is complimented, flattered, pelted with flowers, fed with sugar-plums, and enshrined in elegant verse and Gazette paragraphs. But the poor captives have the thorns for their share, not the roses. Beaten, cuffed, spit upon, assailed by every cowardly member of the mob, they are glad to find a resting-place in the gaol. Next day, or perhaps a day or two later, after the magistrates have come to an end of feasts and flattery, after his excellency the viceroy has sent off by extra courier a flaming despatch to Pekin—a despatch of which not only the contents, but also the paper, are *couleur de rose*—and when the populace have been regaled with fireworks, boat-races, and theatrical shows, the trial comes on.

There is evidence enough against the captives to consign them to the scaffold, if they had a thousand lives apiece. But it is an object to find out who were their decoy-ducks and accomplices, what are the ramifications of their society, whether any rich and squeezeable persons are affiliated, and so forth. Usually, too, there are individual crimes to be cleared up: who was the real murderer of the packman found dead near the pagoda; who was the traitor whose information led to the abstraction of such a collector's tax-money; and whether some confederate in the counting-house of the Fur and Eider-down Company prompted the too-successful onslaught upon the coffers of that respectable association. There is a long and hard contest between the rival obstinacies of tormentors and culprit; days and nights are consumed in an interrogatory where the talk is all on one side, for the kouan-kouen die and suffer mutely, like foxes, and take pride in their stubborn endurance, like Indians at the stake. All that whips, and sticks, and brimstone matches can inflict, dangling on iron hooks, and swinging in mid-air by a piece of whipcord artfully knotted around each thumb, semi-suffocation in smoke, dislocations, loppings of ears and toes, are tried in turn, but rare are the confessions to be wrung out of the sufferer's sullen resolution. The bandit usually "dies game," and betrays nobody. He is proud of his courage and fidelity; he has no hope of life, were he to be never so garrulous. He gives up the ghost, and makes no sign, even to escape the cangue. This cangue is the main prop of Mongolian order, the stocks, pillory, and penitential cell of Kathay. It is merely a cage of cross-bars, which are sometimes of bamboo, sometimes of iron, sometimes of heavy timber. The prisoner's body is enclosed in this cage, which

reaches from his knees to his neck; his head and limbs are alone free, his hands being strapped to a bar. Now it is manifest that a criminal thus accoutred must be the prop and support of his own portable jail; a captive Atlas, he carries about his own dungeon, and he cannot lie down to rest, but must pass whole days and nights on his feet, the poles attached to the cangue preventing him from lying down, while to the framework is fixed a placard inscribed with the wretch's name, offence, and sentence. A cangue may weigh one hundred pounds, or only twenty, but in any case it is a dreadful punishment, kept on as it is for periods varying from six hours to six weeks. Imagine days and nights of cramp and sleeplessness, the harassing stings of musquitoes and other tormenting insects worrying the naked skin, and no hand to brush them away; the scorching sun, and no screen; the chilly night, and no covering; weariness, dizzy brains, limbs racked by dire fatigue, fever, delirium, the pressure of the hard yoke on the galled shoulders, the strangling collar, the agony of long want of sleep, the thirst, the shame! They often go mad in the cangue, it is said; they fall asleep on their feet, like horses, from sheer exhaustion; they perish, and are found dead in their cages, like so many neglected wild beasts in captivity. But the cangue is a favourite punishment with the judges.

There are other marauders in China, who are less ceremoniously dealt with. All the larger mountain ranges have an aboriginal population, quite alien in tongue, manners, aspect, and blood, from the Chinese. The Lowas on the Burmese frontier, the Tchang-Colas in Quangsi province, are quite independent, and often troublesome. But the boldest and fiercest hill-men in China are the Miao-tse, who inhabit a huge chain of snow-capped heights that occupies nearly the centre of the empire, the Nan-ling Mountains. These savage highlanders make regular descents upon the rich grain-producing plains, and harass the three great roads which cross their difficult country. The Chinese have attempted to secure the passes by means of forts and garrisons; they make pompous expeditions from time to time against the mountain tribes, and a few salted heads are now and then transmitted to Pekin for the emperor's inspection, and in proof of the invincible heroism of his immortal veterans. But the barbarians generally have the best of it, and the best protection of the plains is found to be the custom of paying their chiefs black-mail, under the specious title of a benevolence.

The Taipings, too, as parricides, have forfeited all right of appeal, and short shrift is allowed them or their kindred when once in the clutch of justice. In spite of the foundling hospitals here and there attached to a convent of Bonzes or a pagoda, infanticide is the great distinctive crime of China, as of all Asia, from Lebanon to Corea. The light esteem in which women are held, their social degradation, the lack of profit in female labour, as compared to male, in a country where men do work of all kinds, combine to prompt cruel massacres of the innocents. But here the mandarin is meekness itself; the magistrate holds child-

killing to be no murder, and exacts no death-penalty for the crime, though mildly haranguing against it from the judgment-seat, and denouncing it in the Gazette. But the murder of an adult, especially of the male sex, is a serious matter.

China is the native country of coroners; her officials shine in an inquest, and they have ancient and wonderful rules for detecting hidden homicide, and for apportioning the responsibility among those who were the foes of the deceased, those who touched the body without orders, and those on whose ground the mute witness was found. The policemen, the actual constables, are divided into privates, corporals, and sergeants. They are sheltered in a magistrate's yamun, if bachelors, but if married, they often inhabit a hut within the compound of their superior's dwelling. They eat rice and melons at the charge of the province, and they receive a very small monthly payment, enough to buy tobacco and opium, should their chief not embezzle it on the way. But for this the pheasant-plumed care little; their dependence is on bribery, and where denunciation may cause ruin, and must cause annoyance, no *mouchard* need despair of a comfortable living. Curiously enough, the police extort less from the rich than from the poor. To crush a wealthy man is not such an easy task as in Mussulman kingdoms, and justice grows gentle as she mounts the social ladder. Even a great mandarin, when degraded for some offence, is not so harshly used as a Turk or a Persian of corresponding rank would be by *his* prince. When Commissioner Lin, our old enemy, and the concluder of the treaty of 1842, had his famous "squeeze," he lost his button of office, his sash and feather, and his whole fortune. All his wives were sold by auction, with the exception of Madame Lin number one, who was permitted to share her lord's exile into Tartary. Yet the Chinese declared that the emperor was not over harsh; this sharp discipline was meant for mere correction, and so it proved. Years after, Lin received a new button and a new government; true, the government was a bleak and poor command in the deserts, and the button was not of smooth coral; but the confiscated and ruined statesman rose again like a phœnix, and if the system lasts, may one day be a viceroy again. But will the system last? Long ere this, the news has spread like flame over the swarming empire that a handful of "foreign devils" hold the sacred city, and that the Dragon Emperor and his Tartar army have fled like sheep before the wolf. The Taipings had sapped the throne; surely the triumph of the Allies must shatter the rickety fabric past all state cobbling. By this time, in mountain and swamp, in mart and city, where fleets of junks swim, and myriads of roofs and towers arise, as well as far off among the nomads of the Land of Grass, the great tidings have spread. Every subject kingdom may be expected to throw off the yoke, and the huge system of grinding tyranny, pedantry, and hypocrisy, to come to an end for ever!

Philip.

CHAPTER IV.

A Genteel Family.

HAVE you made up your mind on the question of seeming and being in the world? I mean, suppose you *are* poor, is it right for you to *seem* to be well off? Have people an honest right to keep up appearances? Are you justified in starving your dinner-table in order to keep a carriage; to have such an expensive house that you can't by any possibility help a poor relation; to array your daughters in costly milliners' wares because they live with girls whose parents are twice as rich? Sometimes it is hard to say where honest pride ends and hypocrisy begins. To obtrude your poverty is mean and slavish; as it is odious for a beggar to ask compassion by showing his sores. But to simulate prosperity—to be wealthy and lavish thrice a year when you ask your friends, and for the rest of the time to munch a crust and sit by one candle—are the folks who practise this deceit worthy of applause or a whipping? Sometimes it is noble pride, sometimes shabby swindling. When I see Eugenia with her dear children exquisitely neat and cheerful; not showing the slightest semblance of poverty, or uttering the smallest complaint; persisting that Squanderfield, her husband, treats her well, and is good at heart; and denying that he leaves her and her young ones in want; I admire and reverence that noble falsehood—that beautiful constancy and endurance which disdains to ask compassion.

Mr. Frog requests the honour of Prince Ox's company at dinner.

When I sit at poor Jezebella's table, and am treated to her sham bounties and shabby splendour, I only feel anger for the hospitality, and that dinner, and guest, and host, are humbugs together.

Talbot Twysden's dinner-table is large, and the guests most respectable. There is always a bigwig or two present, and a dining dowager who frequents the greatest houses. There is a butler who offers you wine; there's a *menu du diner* before Mrs. Twysden; and to read it you would fancy you were at a good dinner. It tastes of chopped straw. Oh, the dreary sparkle of that feeble champagne; the audacity of that public-house sherry; the swindle of that acrid claret; the fiery twang of that clammy port! I have tried them all, I tell you! It is sham wine, a sham dinner, a sham welcome, a sham cheerfulness, among the guests assembled. I feel that that woman eyes and counts the cutlets as they are carried off the tables; perhaps watches that one which you try to swallow. She has counted and grudged each candle by which the cook prepares the meal. Does her big coachman fatten himself on purloined oats and beans, and Thorley's food for cattle? Of the rinsings of those wretched bottles the butler will have to give a reckoning in the morning. Unless you are of the very great *monde*, Twysden and his wife think themselves better than you are, and seriously patronize you. They consider it is a privilege to be invited to those horrible meals to which they gravely ask the greatest folks in the country. I actually met Winton there—the famous Winton—the best dinner-giver in the world (ah, what a position for a man!) I watched him, and marked the sort of wonder which came over him as he tasted and sent away dish after dish, glass after glass. "Try that Château Margaux, Winton!" calls out the host. "It is some that Bottleby and I imported." Imported! I see Winton's face as he tastes the wine, and puts it down. He does not like to talk about that dinner. He has lost a day. Twysden will continue to ask him every year; will continue to expect to be asked in return, with Mrs. Twysden and one of his daughters; and will express his surprise loudly at the club, saying, "Hang Winton! Deuce take the fellow! He has sent me no game this year!" When foreign dukes and princes arrive, Twysden straightway collars them, and invites them to his house. And sometimes they go once —and then ask, "*Qui donc est ce Monsieur Twisden, qui est si drôle?*" And he elbows his way up to them at the Minister's assemblies, and frankly gives them his hand. And calm Mrs. Twysden wriggles, and works, and slides, and pushes, and tramples if need be, her girls following behind her, until she too has come up under the eyes of the great man, and bestowed on him a smile and a curtsey. Twysden grasps prosperity cordially by the hand. He says to success, "Bravo!" On the contrary, I never saw a man more resolute in not knowing unfortunate people, or more daringly forgetful of those whom he does not care to remember. If this Levite met a wayfarer, going down from Jerusalem, who had fallen among thieves, do you think he would stop to rescue the fallen man? He would neither give wine, nor oil, nor money. He would pass on perfectly

satisfied with his own virtue, and leave the other to go, as best he might, to Jericho.

What is this? Am I angry because Twysden has left off asking me to his vinegar and chopped hay? No. I think not. Am I hurt because Mrs. Twysden sometimes patronizes my wife, and sometimes cuts her? Perhaps. Only women thoroughly know the insolence of women towards one another in the world. That is a very stale remark. They receive and deliver stabs, smiling politely. Tom Sayers could not take punishment more gaily than they do. If you could but see *under* the skin, you would find their little hearts scarred all over with little lancet digs. I protest I have seen my own wife enduring the impertinence of this woman, with a face as calm and placid as she wears when old Twysden himself is talking to her, and pouring out one of his maddening long stories. Oh, no! I am not angry at all. I can see *that* by the way in which I am writing of these folks. By the way, whilst I am giving this candid opinion of the Twysdens, do I sometimes pause to consider what they think of *me?* What do I care? Think what you like. Meanwhile we bow to one another at parties. We smile at each other in a sickly way. And as for the dinners in Beaunash Street, I hope those who eat them enjoy their food.

Twysden is one of the chiefs now of the Powder and Pomatum Office (the Pigtail branch was finally abolished in 1833, after the Reform Bill, with a compensation to the retiring under-secretary), and his son is a clerk in the same office. When they came out, the daughters were very pretty—even my wife allows that. One of them used to ride in the Park with her father or brother daily; and knowing what his salary and wife's fortune were, and what the rent of his house in Beaunash Street, everybody wondered how the Twysdens could make both ends meet. They had horses, carriages, and a great house fit for at least five thousand a year; they had not half as much, as everybody knew; and it was supposed that old Ringwood must make his niece an allowance. She certainly worked hard to get it. I spoke of stabs anon, and poor little breasts and sides scarred all over. No nuns, no monks, no fakeers take whippings more kindly than some devotees of the world; and, as the punishment is one for edification, let us hope the world lays smartly on to back and shoulders, and uses the thong well.

When old Ringwood, at the close of his lifetime, used to come to visit his dear niece and her husband and children, he always brought a cat-of-nine-tails in his pocket, and administered it to the whole household. He grinned at the poverty, the pretence, the meanness of the people, as they knelt before him and did him homage. The father and mother trembling brought the girls up for punishment, and, piteously smiling, received their own boxes on the ear in presence of their children. "Ah!" the little French governess used to say, grinding her white teeth, "I like milor to come. All day you vip me. When milor come, he vip you, and you kneel down and kiss de rod."

They certainly knelt and took their whipping with the most exemplary fortitude. Sometimes the lash fell on papa's back, sometimes on mamma's: now it stung Agnes, and now it lighted on Blanche's pretty shoulders. But I think it was on the heir of the house, young Ringwood Twysden, that my lord loved best to operate. Ring's vanity was very thin-skinned, his selfishness easily wounded, and his contortions under punishment amused the old tormentor.

As my lord's brougham drives up—the modest little brown brougham, with the noble horse, the lord chancellor of a coachman, and the ineffable footman—the ladies, who know the whirr of the wheels, and may be quarrelling in the drawing-room, call a truce to the fight, and smooth down their ruffled tempers and raiment. Mamma is writing at her table, in that beautiful, clear hand which we all admire; Blanche is at her book; Agnes is rising from the piano quite naturally. A quarrel between those gentle, smiling, delicate creatures! Impossible! About your most common piece of hypocrisy how men will blush and bungle: how easily, how gracefully, how consummately, women will perform it!

"Well," growls my lord, "you are all in such pretty attitudes, I make no doubt you have been sparring. I suspect, Maria, the men must know what devilish bad tempers the girls have got. Who can have seen you fighting? You're quiet enough here, you little monkeys. I tell you what it is. Ladies'-maids get about and talk to the valets in the housekeeper's room, and the men tell their masters. Upon my word I believe it was that business last year at Whipham which frightened Greenwood off. Famous match. Good house in town and country. No mother alive. Agnes might have had it her own way, but for that——"

"We are not all angels in our family, uncle!" cries Miss Agnes, reddening.

"And your mother is too sharp. The men are afraid of you, Maria. I've heard several young men say so. At White's they talk about it quite freely. Pity for the girls. Great pity. Fellows come and tell me. Jack Hall, and fellows who go about everywhere."

"I'm sure I don't care what Captain Hall says about me—odious little wretch!" cries Blanche.

"There you go off in a tantrum! Hall never has any opinion of his own. He only fetches and carries what other people say. And he says, fellows say they are frightened of your mother. La bless you! Hall has no opinion. A fellow might commit murder, and Hall would wait at the door. Quite a discreet man. But I told him to ask about you. And that's what I hear. And he says that Agnes is making eyes at the doctor's boy."

"It's a shame," cries Agnes, shedding tears under her martyrdom.

"Older than he is; but that's no obstacle. Good-looking boy, I suppose you don't object to that? Has his poor mother's money, and his father's: must be well to do. A vulgar fellow, but a clever fellow, and a determined fellow, the doctor—and a fellow who, I suspect, is capable of

anything. Shouldn't wonder at that fellow marrying some rich dowager. Those doctors get an immense influence over women; and unless I'm mistaken in my man, Maria, your poor sister got hold of a——"

"Uncle!" cries Mrs. Twysden, pointing to her daughters, "before these——"

"Before those innocent lambs! Hem! Well, I think Firmin is of the wolf sort:" and the old noble laughed, and showed his own fierce fangs as he spoke.

"I grieve to say, my lord, I agree with you," remarks Mr. Twysden. "I don't think Firmin a man of high principle. A clever man? Yes. An accomplished man? Yes. A good physician? Yes. A prosperous man? Yes. But what's a man without principle?"

"You ought to have been a parson, Twysden."

"Others have said so, my lord. My poor mother often regretted that I didn't choose the Church. When I was at Cambridge, I used to speak constantly at the Union. I practised. I do not disguise from you that my aim was public life. I am free to confess I think the House of Commons would have been my sphere; and, had my means permitted, should certainly have come forward."

Lord Ringwood smiled, and winked to his niece—

"He means, my dear, that he would like to wag his jaws at my expense, and that I should put him in for Whipham."

"There are, I think, worse members of Parliament," remarked Mr. Twysden.

"If there was a box of 'em like you, what a cage it would be!" roared my lord. "By George, I'm sick of jaw. And I would like to see a king of spirit in this country, who would shut up the talking shops, and gag the whole chattering crew!"

"I am a partizan of order—but a lover of freedom," continues Twysden. "I hold that the balance of our constitution——"

I think my lord would have indulged in a few of those oaths with which his old-fashioned conversation was liberally garnished; but the servant, entering at this moment, announces Mr. Philip Firmin; and ever so faint a blush flutters up in Agnes' cheek, who feels that the old lord's eye is upon her.

"So, sir, I saw you at the Opera last night," says Lord Ringwood.

"I saw you, too," says downright Phil.

The women looked terrified, and Twysden scared. The Twysdens had Lord Ringwood's box sometimes. But there were boxes in which the old man sate, and in which they never *could* see him.

"Why don't you look at the stage, sir, when you go to the Opera, and not at me? When you go to church you ought to look at the parson, oughtn't you?" growled the old man. "I'm about as good to look at as the fellow who dances first in the ballet—and very nearly as old. But if I were you, I should think looking at the Ellsler better fun."

And now you may fancy of what old, old times we are writing—times in

which those horrible old male dancers yet existed—hideous old creatures, with low dresses and short sleeves, and wreaths of flowers, or hats and feathers round their absurd old wigs—who skipped at the head of the ballet. Let us be thankful that those old apes have almost vanished off the stage, and left it in possession of the beauteous bounders of the other sex. Ah, my dear young friends, time *will* be when these too will cease to appear more than mortally beautiful! To Philip, at his age, they yet looked as lovely as houris. At this time the simple young fellow, surveying the ballet from his stall at the Opera, mistook carmine for blushes, pearl-powder for native snows, and cotton-wool for natural symmetry; and I dare say when he went into the world was not more clear-sighted about its rouged innocence, its padded pretensions, and its painted candour.

Old Lord Ringwood had a humorous pleasure in petting and coaxing Philip Firmin before Philip's relatives of Beaunash Street. Even the girls felt a little plaintive envy at the partiality which uncle Ringwood exhibited for Phil; but the elder Twysdens and Ringwood Twysden, their son, writhed with agony at the preference which the old man sometimes showed for the doctor's boy. Phil was much taller, much handsomer, much stronger, much better tempered, and much richer, than young Twysden. He would be the sole inheritor of his father's fortune, and had his mother's thirty thousand pounds. Even when they told him his father would marry again, Phil laughed, and did not seem to care—"I wish him joy of his new wife," was all he could be got to say: "when he gets one, I suppose I shall go into chambers. Old Parr Street is not as gay as Pall Mall." I am not angry with Mrs. Twysden for having a little jealousy of her nephew. Her boy and girls were the fruit of a dutiful marriage; and Phil was the son of a disobedient child. Her children were always on their best behaviour before their great uncle; and Phil cared for him no more than for any other man; and he liked Phil the best. Her boy was as humble and eager to please as any of his lordship's humblest henchmen; and Lord Ringwood snapped at him, browbeat him, and trampled on the poor darling's tenderest feelings, and treated him scarcely better than a lacquey. As for poor Mr. Twysden, my lord not only yawned unreservedly in his face—that could not be helped; poor Talbot's talk set many of his acquaintance asleep—but laughed at him, interrupted him, and told him to hold his tongue. On this day as the family sat together, at the pleasant hour—the before dinner hour—the fireside and tea-table hour—Lord Ringwood said to Phil—

"Dine with me to-day, sir?"

"Why does he not ask me, with my powers of conversation?" thought old Twysden to himself.

"Hang him, he always asks that beggar," writhed young Twysden, in his corner.

"Very sorry, sir, can't come. Have asked some fellows to dine at the Blue Posts," says Phil.

"Confound you, sir, why don't you put 'em off?" cries the old lord. "*You'd* put 'em off, Twysden, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, sir!" the heart of father and son both beat.

"You know you would; and you quarrel with this boy for not throwing his friends over. Good night, Firmin, since you won't come."

And with this my lord was gone.

The two gentlemen of the house glumly looked from the window, and saw my lord's brougham drive swiftly away in the rain.

"I hate your dining at those horrid taverns," whispered a young lady to Philip.

"It is better fun than dining at home," Philip remarks.

"You smoke and drink too much. You come home late, and you don't live in a proper *monde*, sir!" continues the young lady.

"What would you have me do?"

"Oh, nothing. You must dine with those horrible men," cries Agnes; "else you might have gone to Lady Pendleton's to-night."

"I can throw over the men easily enough, if you wish," answered the young man.

"I? I have no wish of the sort. Have you not already refused uncle Ringwood?"

"*You* are not Lord Ringwood," says Phil, with a tremor in his voice. "I don't know there is much I would refuse you."

"You silly boy! What do I ever ask you to do that you ought to refuse? I want you to live in our world, and not with your dreadful wild Oxford and Temple bachelors. I don't want you to smoke. I want you to go into the world of which you have the *entrée*—and you refuse your uncle on account of some horrid engagement at a tavern!"

"Shall I stop here? Aunt, will you give me some dinner—here?" asks the young man.

"We have dined: my husband and son dine out," said gentle Mrs. Twysden.

There was cold mutton and tea for the ladies; and Mrs. Twysden did not like to seat her nephew, who was accustomed to good fare and high living, to that meagre meal.

"You see I must console myself at the tavern," Philip said. "We shall have a pleasant party there."

"And pray who makes it?" asks the lady.

"There is Ridley the painter."

"My dear Philip! Do you know that his father was actually——"

"In the service of Lord Todmorden? He often tells us so. He is a queer character, the old man."

"Mr. Ridley is a man of genius, certainly. His pictures are delicious, and he goes everywhere—but—but you provoke me, Philip, by your carelessness; indeed you do. Why should you be dining with the sons of footmen, when the first houses in the country might be open to you? You pain me, you foolish boy."

"For dining in company of a man of genius? Come, Agnes!" And the young man's brow grew dark. "Besides," he added, with a tone of sarcasm in his voice, which Miss Agnes did not like at all—"besides, my dear, you know he dines at Lord Pendleton's."

"What is that you are talking of Lady Pendleton, children?" asked watchful mamma from her corner.

"Ridley dines there. He is going to dine with me at a tavern to-day. And Lord Halden is coming—and Mr. Winton is coming—having heard of the famous beefsteaks."

"Winton! Lord Halden! Beefsteaks! Where? By George! I have a mind to go, too! Where do you fellows dine? *au cabaret?* Hang me, I'll be one," shrieked little Twysden, to the terror of Philip, who knew his uncle's awful powers of conversation. But Twysden remembered himself in good time, and to the intense relief of young Firmin. "Hang me. I forgot! Your aunt and I dine with the Bladeses. Stupid old fellow, the admiral, and bad wine—which is unpardonable; but we must go—*on n'a que sa parole*, hey? Tell Winton that I had meditated joining him, and that I have still some of that Château Margaux he liked. Halden's father I know well. Tell him so. Bring him here. Maria, send a Thursday card to Lord Halden! You must bring him here to dinner, Philip. *That's* the best way to make acquaintance, my boy!" And the little man swaggers off, waving a bed-candle, as if he was going to quaff a bumper of sparkling spermaceti.

The mention of such great personages as Lord Halden and Mr. Winton silenced the reproofs of the pensive Agnes.

"You won't care for our quiet fireside whilst you live with those fine people, Philip," she sighed. There was no talk now of his throwing himself away on bad company.

So Philip did not dine with his relatives: but Talbot Twysden took good care to let Lord Ringwood know how young Firmin had offered to dine with his aunt that day after refusing his lordship. And everything to Phil's discredit, and every act of extravagance or wildness which the young man committed, did Phil's uncle, and Phil's cousin Ringwood Twysden, convey to the old nobleman. Had not these been the informers, Lord Ringwood would have been angry; for he exacted obedience and servility from all round about him. But it was pleasanter to vex the Twysdens than to scold and browbeat Philip, and so his lordship chose to laugh and be amused at Phil's insubordination. He saw, too, other things of which he did not speak. He was a wily old man, who could afford to be blind upon occasion.

What do you judge from the fact that Philip was ready to make or break engagements at a young lady's instigation? When you were twenty years old, had no young ladies an influence over *you?* Were they not commonly older than yourself? Did your youthful passion lead to anything, and are you very sorry now that it did not? Suppose you had had your soul's wish and married her, of what age would she be now?

And now when you go into the world and see her, *do* you on your conscience very much regret that the little affair came to an end? Is it that (lean, or fat, or stumpy, or tall) woman with all those children whom you once chose to break your heart about; and do you still envy Jones? Philip was in love with his cousin, no doubt, but at the university had he not been previously in love with the Tomkinsian professor's daughter Miss Budd; and had he not already written verses to Miss Flower, his neighbour's daughter in Old Parr Street? And don't young men always begin by falling in love with ladies older than themselves? Agnes certainly was Philip's senior, as her sister constantly took care to inform him.

And Agnes might have told stories about Blanche, if she chose—as you may about me, and I about you. Not quite true stories, but stories with enough alloy of lies to make them serviceable coin; stories such as we hear daily in the world; stories such as we read in the most learned and conscientious history-books, which are told by the most respectable persons, and perfectly authentic until contradicted. It is only *our* histories that can't be contradicted (unless, to be sure, novelists contradict themselves, as sometimes they will). What *we* say about people's virtues, failings, characters, you may be sure is all true. And I defy any man to assert that my opinion of the Twysden family is malicious, or unkind, or unfounded in any particular. Agnes wrote verses, and set her own and other writers' poems to music. Blanche was scientific, and attended the Albemarle Street lectures sedulously. They are both clever women as times go; well-educated and accomplished, and very well-mannered when they choose to be pleasant. If you were a bachelor, say, with a good fortune, or a widower who wanted consolation, or a lady giving very good parties and belonging to the *monde*, you would find them agreeable people. If you were a little Treasury clerk, or a young barrister with no practice, or a lady old or young, *not* quite of the *monde*, your opinion of them would not be so favourable. I have seen them cut, and scorn, and avoid, and caress, and kneel down and worship the same person. When Mrs. Lovel first gave parties, don't I remember the shocked countenances of the Twysden family? Were ever shoulders colder than yours, dear girls? Now they love her; they fondle her step-children; they praise her to her face and behind her handsome back; they take her hand in public; they call her by her Christian name; they fall into ecstasies over her toilettes, and would fetch coals for her dressing-room fire if she but gave them the word. *She* is not changed. She is the same lady who once was a governess, and no colder and no warmer since then. But you see her prosperity has brought virtues into evidence, which people did not perceive when she was poor. Could people see Cinderella's beauty when she was in rags by the fire, or until she stepped out of her fairy coach in her diamonds? How *are* you to recognize a diamond in a dusthole? Only very clever eyes can do that. Whereas a lady, in a fairy coach and eight, naturally creates a sensation; and enraptured princes come and beg to have the honour of dancing with her.

In the character of infallible historian, then, I declare that if Miss Twysden at three-and-twenty feels ever so much or little attachment for her cousin who is not yet of age, there is no reason to be angry with her. A brave, handsome, blundering, downright young fellow, with broad shoulders, high spirits, and quite fresh blushes on his face, with very good talents (though he has been wofully idle, and requested to absent himself temporarily from his university), the possessor of a competent fortune and the heir of another, may naturally make some impression on a lady's heart with whom kinsmanship and circumstance bring him into daily communion. When had any sound so hearty as Phil's laugh been heard in Beaumash Street? His jolly frankness touched his aunt, a clever woman. She would smile and say, "My dear Philip, it is not only what you say, but what you are going to say next, which keeps me in such a perpetual tremor." There may have been a time once when she was frank and cordial herself: ever so long ago, when she and her sister were two blooming girls, lovingly clinging together, and just stepping forth into the world. But if you succeed in keeping a fine house on a small income; in showing a cheerful face to the world though oppressed with ever so much care; in bearing with dutiful reverence an intolerable old bore of a husband (and I vow it is this quality in Mrs. Twysden for which I most admire her); in submitting to defeats patiently; to humiliations with smiles, so as to hold your own in your darling *monde;* you may succeed, but you must give up being frank and cordial. The marriage of her sister to the doctor gave Maria Ringwood a great panic, for Lord Ringwood was furious when the news came. Then, perhaps, she sacrificed a little private passion of her own: then she set her cap at a noble young neighbour of my lord's who jilted *her:* then she took up with Talbot Twysden, Esquire, of the Powder and Pomatum Office, and made a very faithful wife to him, and was a very careful mother to his children. But as for frankness and cordiality, my good friend, accept from a lady what she can give you—good manners, pleasant talk, and decent attention. If you go to her breakfast-table, don't ask for a roc's egg, but eat that moderately fresh hen's egg which John brings you. When Mrs. Twysden is in her open carriage in the Park, how prosperous, handsome, and jolly she looks—the girls how smiling and young (that is, you know, considering all things); the horses look fat, the coachman and footman wealthy and sleek; they exchange bows with the tenants of other carriages—well-known aristocrats. Jones and Brown, leaning over the railings, and seeing the Twysden equipage pass, have not the slightest doubt that it contains people of the highest wealth and fashion. "I say, Jones, my boy, what noble family has the motto, *Wel done Twys done?* and what clipping girls there were in that barouche!" B. remarks to J., "and what a handsome young swell that is riding the bay mare, and leaning over and talking to the yellow-haired girl!" And it is evident to one of those gentlemen, at least, that he has been looking at your regular first-rate tiptop people.

As for Phil Firmin on his bay mare with his geranium in his button-

hole, there is no doubt that Philippus looks as handsome, and as rich, and as brave as any lord. And I think Jones must have felt a little pang when his friend told him, "That a lord! Bless you, it's only a swell doctor's son." But while J. and B. fancy all the little party very happy, they do not hear Phil whisper to his cousin, "I hope you liked *your partner* last night?" and they do not see how anxious Mrs. Twysden is under her smiles, how she perceives Colonel Shafto's cab coming up (the dancer in question), and how she would rather have Phil anywhere than by that particular wheel of her carriage; how Lady Braglands has just passed them by without noticing them—Lady Braglands, who has a ball, and is determined *not* to ask that woman and her two endless girls; and how, though Lady Braglands won't see Mrs. Twysden in her great staring equipage, and the three faces which have been beaming smiles at her, she instantly perceives Lady Lovel, who is passing unconcerned in her little brougham, and kisses her fingers twenty times over. How should poor J. and B., who are not, *vous comprenez, du monde*, understand these mysteries?

"That's young Firmin, is it, that handsome young fellow?" says Brown to Jones.

"Doctor married the Earl of Ringwood's niece—ran away with her, you know."

"Good practice?"

"Capital. First-rate. All the tiptop people. Great ladies' doctor. Can't do without him. Makes a fortune, besides what he had with his wife."

"We've seen his name—the old man's—on some very queer paper," says B. with a wink to J. By which I conclude they are city gentlemen. And they look very hard at friend Philip, as he comes to talk and shake hands with some pedestrians who are gazing over the railings at the busy and pleasant Park scene.

CHAPTER V.

The Noble Kinsman.

HAVING had occasion to mention a noble earl once or twice, I am sure no polite reader will consent that his lordship should push through this history along with the crowd of commoner characters, and without a special word regarding himself. If you are in the least familiar with Burke or Debrett, you know that the ancient family of Ringwood has long been famous for its great possessions, and its loyalty to the British crown.

In the troubles which unhappily agitated this kingdom after the deposition of the late reigning house, the Ringwoods were implicated with many other families, but on the accession of his Majesty George III. these differences happily ended, nor had the monarch any subject more loyal and devoted than Sir John Ringwood, Baronet, of Wingate and Whipham Market. Sir John's influence sent three members to Parliament; and during the dangerous and vexatious period of the American war, this influence was exerted so cordially and consistently in the cause of order and the crown, that his Majesty thought fit to advance Sir John to the dignity of Baron Ringwood. Sir John's brother, Sir Francis Ringwood, of Appleshaw, who followed the profession of the law, also was promoted to be a Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. The first baron, dying A.D. 1786, was succeeded by the eldest of his two sons—John, second Baron and first Earl of Ringwood. His lordship's brother, the Honourable Colonel Philip Ringwood, died gloriously, at the head of his regiment and in the defence of his country, in the battle of Busaco, 1810, leaving two daughters, Louisa and Maria, who henceforth lived with the earl their uncle.

The Earl of Ringwood had but one son, Charles Viscount Cinqbars, who, unhappily, died of a decline, in his twenty-second year. And thus

the descendants of Sir Francis Ringwood became heirs to the earl's great estates of Wingate and Whipham Market, though not of the peerages which had been conferred on the earl and his father.

Lord Ringwood had, living with him, two nieces, daughters of his late brother Colonel Philip Ringwood, who fell in the Peninsular War. Of these ladies, the youngest, Louisa, was his lordship's favourite; and though both the ladies had considerable fortunes of their own, it was supposed their uncle would further provide for them, especially as he was on no very good terms with his cousin, Sir John of the Shaw, who took the Whig side in politics, whilst his lordship was a chief of the Tory party.

Of these two nieces, the eldest, Maria, never any great favourite with her uncle, married, 1824, Talbot Twysden, Esq., a Commissioner of Powder and Pomatum Tax; but the youngest, Louisa, incurred my lord's most serious anger by eloping with George Brant Firmin, Esq., M.D., a young gentleman of Cambridge University, who had been with Lord Cinqbars when he died at Naples, and had brought home his body to Wingate Castle.

The quarrel with the youngest niece, and the indifference with which he generally regarded the elder (whom his lordship was in the habit of calling an old schemer), occasioned at first a little *rapprochement* between Lord Ringwood and his heir, Sir John of Appleshaw; but both gentlemen were very firm, not to say obstinate, in their natures. They had a quarrel with respect to the cutting off of a small entailed property, of which the earl wished to dispose; and they parted with much rancour and bad language on his lordship's part, who was an especially free-spoken nobleman, and apt to call a spade a spade, as the saying is.

After this difference, and to spite his heir, it was supposed that the Earl of Ringwood would marry. He was little more than seventy years of age, and had once been of a very robust constitution. And though his temper was violent and his person not at all agreeable (for even in Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture his countenance is very ill-favoured), there is little doubt he could have found a wife for the asking among the young beauties of his own county, or the fairest of May Fair.

But he was a cynical nobleman, and perhaps morbidly conscious of his own ungainly appearance. "Of course, I can buy a wife" (his lordship would say). "Do you suppose people won't sell their daughters to a man of my rank and means? Now look at me, my good sir, and say whether any woman alive could fall in love with me? I have been married, and once was enough. I hate ugly women, and your virtuous women, who tremble and cry in private, and preach at a man, bore me. Sir John Ringwood of Appleshaw is an ass, and I hate him; but I don't hate him enough to make myself miserable for the rest of my days, in order to spite him. When I drop, I drop. Do you suppose I care what comes after me?" And with much sardonical humour this old lord used to play off one good dowager after another who would bring her girl in his way. He would send pearls to Emily, diamonds to Fanny, opera-boxes to lively Kate, books of devotion to pious Selinda, and, at

the season's end, drive back to his lonely great castle in the west. They were all the same, such was his lordship's opinion. I fear, a wicked and corrupt old gentleman, my dears. But ah, would not a woman submit to some sacrifices to reclaim that unhappy man; to lead that gifted but lost being into the ways of right; to convert to a belief in woman's purity that erring soul? They tried him with high-church altar-cloths for his chapel at Wingate; they tried him with low-church tracts; they danced before him; they jumped fences on horseback; they wore bandeaux or ringlets, according as his taste dictated; they were always at home when he called, and poor you and I were gruffly told they were engaged; they gushed in gratitude over his bouquets; they sang for him, and their mothers, concealing their sobs, murmured, "What an angel that Cecilia of mine is!" Every variety of delicious chaff they flung to that old bird. But he was uncaught at the end of the season: he winged his way back to his western hills. And if you dared to say that Mrs. Netley had tried to take him, or Lady Trapboys had set a snare for him, you know you were a wicked, gross calumniator, and notorious everywhere for your dull and vulgar abuse of women.

Now, in the year 1830, it happened that this great nobleman was seized with a fit of the gout, which had very nearly consigned his estates to his kinsman the Baronet of Appleshaw. A revolution took place in a neighbouring State. An illustrious reigning family was expelled from its country, and projects of reform (which would pretty certainly end in revolution) were rife in ours. The events in France, and those pending at home, so agitated Lord Ringwood's mind, that he was attacked by one of the severest fits of gout under which he ever suffered. His shrieks, as he was brought out of his yacht at Ryde to a house taken for him in the town, were dreadful; his language to all persons about him was frightfully expressive, as Lady Quamley and her daughter, who had sailed with him several times, can vouch. An ill return that rude old man made for all their kindness and attention to him. They had danced on board his yacht; they had dined on board his yacht; they had been out sailing with him, and cheerfully braved the inconveniences of the deep in his company. And when they ran to the side of his chair—as what would they not do to soothe an old gentleman in illness and distress?—when they ran up to his chair as it was wheeled along the pier, he called mother and daughter by the most vulgar and opprobrious names, and roared out to them to go to a place which I certainly shall not more particularly mention.

Now it happened, at this period, that Dr. and Mrs. Firmin were at Ryde with their little boy, then some three years of age. The doctor was already taking his place as one of the most fashionable physicians then in London, and had begun to be celebrated for the treatment of this especial malady. (Firmin on *Gout and Rheumatism* was, you remember, dedicated to his Majesty George IV.) Lord Ringwood's valet bethought him of calling the doctor in, and mentioned how he was present in the town. Now Lord Ringwood was a nobleman who never would allow his angry

feelings to stand in the way of his present comforts or ease. He instantly desired Mr. Firmin's attendance, and submitted to his treatment; a part of which was a *hauteur* to the full as great as that which the sick man exhibited. Firmin's appearance was so tall and grand, that he looked vastly more noble than a great many noblemen. Six feet, a high manner, a polished forehead, a flashing eye, a snowy shirt-frill, a rolling velvet collar, a beautiful hand appearing under a velvet cuff—all these advantages he possessed and used. He did not make the slightest allusion to bygones, but treated his patient with a perfect courtesy and an impenetrable self-possession.

This defiant and darkling politeness did not always displease the old man. He was so accustomed to slavish compliance and eager obedience from all people round about him, that he sometimes wearied of their servility, and relished a little independence. Was it from calculation, or because he was a man of high spirit, that Firmin determined to maintain an independent course with his lordship? From the first day of their meeting he never departed from it, and had the satisfaction of meeting with only civil behaviour from his noble relative and patient, who was notorious for his rudeness and brutality to almost every person who came in his way.

From hints which his lordship gave in conversation, he showed the doctor that he was acquainted with some particulars of the latter's early career. It had been wild and stormy. Firmin had incurred debts; had quarrelled with his father; had left the university and gone abroad; had lived in a wild society, which used dice and cards every night, and pistols sometimes in the morning; and had shown a fearful dexterity in the use of the latter instrument, which he employed against the person of a famous Italian adventurer, who fell under his hand at Naples. When this century was five-and-twenty years younger, the crack of the pistol-shot might still occasionally be heard in the suburbs of London in the very early morning; and the dice-box went round in many a haunt of pleasure. The knights of the Four Kings travelled from capital to capital, and engaged each other, or made prey of the unwary. Now, the times are changed. The cards are coffined in their boxes. Only *sous-officiers*, brawling in their provincial cafés over their dominos, fight duels. "Ah, dear me," I heard a veteran punter sigh the other day, at Bays's, "isn't it a melancholy thing to think, that if I wanted to amuse myself with a fifty-pound note, I don't know the place in London where I could go and lose it?" And he fondly recounted the names of twenty places where he could have cheerfully staked and lost his money in his young time.

After a somewhat prolonged absence abroad, Mr. Firmin came back to this country, was permitted to return to the university, and left it with the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. We have told how he ran away with Lord Ringwood's niece, and incurred the anger of that nobleman. Beyond abuse and anger his lordship was powerless. The young lady was free to marry whom she liked, and her uncle to disown or receive him; and accordingly she was, as we have seen, disowned by his lordship, until he

found it convenient to forgive her. What were Lord Ringwood's intentions regarding his property, what were his accumulations, and who his heirs would be, no one knew. Meanwhile, of course, there were those who felt a very great interest on the point. Mrs. Twysden and her husband and children were hungry and poor. If uncle Ringwood had money to leave, it would be very welcome to those three darlings, whose father had not a great income like Dr. Firmin. Philip was a dear, good, frank, amiable, wild fellow, and they all loved him. But he had his faults—that could not be concealed—and so poor Phil's faults were pretty constantly canvassed before uncle Ringwood, by dear relatives who knew them only too well. The dear relatives! How kind they are! I don't think Phil's aunt abused him to my lord. That quiet woman calmly and gently put forward the claims of her own darlings, and affectionately dilated on the young man's present prosperity, and magnificent future prospects. The interest of thirty thousand pounds now, and the inheritance of his father's great accumulations! What young man could want for more? Perhaps he had too much already. Perhaps he was too rich to work. The sly old peer acquiesced in his niece's statements, and perfectly understood the point towards which they tended. "A thousand a-year! What's a thousand a-year," growled the old lord. "Not enough to make a gentleman, more than enough to make a fellow idle."

"Ah, indeed, it was but a small income," sighed Mrs. Twysden. "With a large house, a good establishment, and Mr. Twysden's salary from his office—it was but a pittance."

"Pittance! Starvation," growls my lord, with his usual frankness. "Don't I know what housekeeping costs; and see how you screw? Butlers and footmen, carriages and job-horses, rent and dinners—though yours, Maria, are not famous."

"Very bad—I know they are very bad," says the contrite lady, "I wish we could afford any better."

"Afford any better? Of course you can't. You are the crockery pots, and you swim down-stream with the brass pots. I saw Twysden the other day walking down St. James's Street with Rhodes—that tall fellow." (Here my lord laughed, and showed many fangs, the exhibition of which gave a peculiarly fierce air to his lordship when in good-humour.) "If Twysden walks with a big fellow, he always tries to keep step with him. *You* know that." Poor Maria naturally knew her husband's peculiarities; but she did not say that she had no need to be reminded of them.

"He was so blown he could hardly speak," continued uncle Ringwood; "but he would stretch his little legs, and try and keep up. He has a little body, *le cher mari*, but a good pluck. Those little fellows often have. I've seen him half dead out shooting, and plunging over the ploughed fields after fellows with twice his stride. Why don't men sink in the world, I want to know? Instead of a fine house, and a parcel of idle servants, why don't you have a maid and a leg of mutton, Maria? You go half crazy in trying to make both ends meet. You know you do.

It keeps you awake of nights; *I* know that very well. You've got a house fit for people with four times your money. I lend you my cook and so forth; but I can't come and dine with you unless I send the wine in. Why don't you have a pot of porter, and a joint, or some tripe?—tripe's a famous good thing. The miseries which people entail on themselves in trying to live beyond their means are perfectly ridiculous, by George! Look at that fellow who opened the door to me; he's as tall as one of my own men. Go and live in a quiet little street in Belgravia somewhere, and have a neat little maid. Nobody will think a penny the worse of you—and you will be just as well off as if you lived here with an extra couple of thousand a year. The advice I am giving you is worth half that, every shilling of it."

"It is very good advice; but I think, sir, I should prefer the thousand pounds," said the lady.

"Of course you would. That is the consequence of your false position. One of the good points about that doctor is, that he is as proud as Lucifer, and so is his boy. They are not always hungering after money. They keep their independence; though he'll have his own too, the fellow will. Why, when I first called him in, I thought, as he was a relation, he'd doctor me for nothing; but he wouldn't. He would have his fee, by George! and wouldn't come without it. Confounded independent fellow Firmin is. And so is the young one."

But when Twysden and his son (perhaps inspirited by Mrs. Twysden) tried once or twice to be independent in the presence of this lion, he roared, and he rushed at them, and he rent them, so that they fled from him howling. And this reminds me of an old story I have heard—quite an old, old story, such as kind old fellows at clubs love to remember—of my lord, when he was only Lord Cinqbars, insulting a half-pay lieutenant, in his own country, who horsewhipped his lordship in the most private and ferocious manner. It was said Lord Cinqbars had had a rencontre with poachers; but it was my lord who was poaching and the lieutenant who was defending his own dovecot. I do not say that this was a model nobleman; but that, when his own passions or interests did not mislead him, he was a nobleman of very considerable acuteness, humour, and good sense; and could give quite good advice on occasion. If men would kneel down and kiss his boots, well and good. There was the blacking, and you were welcome to embrace toe and heel. But those who would not, were free to leave the operation alone. The Pope himself does not demand the ceremony from Protestants; and if they object to the slipper, no one thinks of forcing it into their mouths. Phil and his father probably declined to tremble before the old man, not because they knew he was a bully who might be put down, but because they were men of spirit, who cared not whether a man was bully or no.

I have told you I like Philip Firmin, though it must be confessed that the young fellow had many faults, and that his career, especially his early career, was by no means exemplary. Have I ever excused his conduct to

his father, or said a word in apology of his brief and inglorious university career? I acknowledge his shortcomings with that candour which my friends exhibit in speaking of mine. Who does not see a friend's weaknesses, and is so blind that he cannot perceive that enormous beam in his neighbour's eye? Only a woman or two, from time to time. And even they are undeceived some day. A man of the world, I write about my friends as mundane fellow-creatures. Do you suppose there are many angels here? I say again, perhaps a woman or two. But as for you and me, my good sir, are there any signs of wings sprouting from *our* shoulder-blades? Be quiet. Don't pursue your snarling, cynical remarks, but go on with your story.

As you go through life, stumbling, and slipping, and staggering to your feet again, ruefully aware of your own wretched weakness, and praying, with a contrite heart let us trust, that you may not be led into temptation, have you not often looked at other fellow-sinners, and speculated with an awful interest on their career? Some there are on whom, quite in their early lives, dark Ahrimanes has seemed to lay his dread mark: children, yet corrupt, and wicked of tongue; tender of age, yet cruel; who should be truth-telling and generous yet (they were at their mothers' bosoms yesterday), but are false and cold and greedy before their time. Infants almost, they practise the art and selfishness of old men. Behind their candid faces are wiles and wickedness, and a hideous precocity of artifice. I can recal such, and in the vista of far-off, unforgotten boyhood, can see marching that sad little procession of *enfans perdus*. May they be saved, pray Heaven! Then there is the doubtful class, those who are still on trial; those who fall and rise again; those who are often worsted in life's battle; beaten down, wounded, imprisoned; but escape and conquer sometimes. And then there is the happy class about whom there seems no doubt at all: the spotless and white-robed ones, to whom virtue is easy; in whose pure bosoms faith nestles, and cold doubt finds no entrance; who are children, and good; young men, and good; husbands and fathers, and yet good. Why could the captain of our school write his Greek Iambics without an effort, and without an error? Others of us blistered the page with unavailing tears and blots, and might toil ever so and come in lag last at the bottom of the form. Our friend Philip belongs to the middle class, in which you and I probably are, my dear sir—not yet, I hope, irredeemably consigned to that awful third class, whereof mention has been made.

But, being *homo*, and liable to err, there is no doubt Mr. Philip exercised his privilege, and there was even no little fear at one time that he should overdraw his account. He went from school to the university, and there distinguished himself certainly, but in a way in which very few parents would choose that their sons should excel. That he should hunt, that he should give parties, that he should pull a good oar in one of the best boats on the river, that he should speak at the Union—all these were very well. But why should he speak such awful radicalism

and republicanism—he with noble blood in his veins, and the son of a parent whose interest at least it was to keep well with people of high station?

"Why, Pendennis," said Dr. Firmin to me with tears in his eyes, and much genuine grief exhibited on his handsome pale face—"why should it be said that Philip Firmin—both of whose grandfathers fought nobly for their king—should be forgetting the principles of his family, and—and, I haven't words to tell you how deeply he disappoints me. Why, I actually heard of him at that horrible Union advocating the death of Charles the First! I was wild enough myself when I was at the university, but I was a gentleman."

"Boys, sir, are boys," I urged. "They will advocate anything for an argument; and Philip would have taken the other side quite as readily."

"Lord Axminster and Lord St. Dennis told me of it at the club. I can tell you it has made a most painful impression," cried the father. "That my son should be a radical and a republican, is a cruel thought for a father; and I, who had hoped for Lord Ringwood's borough for him—who had hoped—who had hoped very much better things for him and from him. He is not a comfort to me. You saw how he treated me one night? A man might live on different terms, I think, with his only son!" And with a breaking voice, a pallid cheek, and a real grief at his heart, the unhappy physician moved away.

How had the doctor bred his son, that the young man should be thus unruly? Was the revolt the boy's fault, or the father's? Dr. Firmin's horror seemed to be because his noble friends were horrified by Phil's radical doctrine. At that time of my life, being young and very green, I had a little mischievous pleasure in infuriating Squaretoes, and causing him to pronounce that I was "a dangerous man." Now, I am ready to say that Nero was a monarch with many elegant accomplishments, and considerable natural amiability of disposition. I praise and admire success wherever I meet it. I make allowance for faults and shortcomings, especially in my superiors; and feel that, did we know all, we should judge them very differently. People don't believe me, perhaps, quite so much as formerly. But I don't offend: I trust I don't offend. Have I said anything painful? Plague on my blunders! I recal the expression. I regret it. I contradict it flat.

As I am ready to find excuses for everybody, let poor Philip come in for the benefit of this mild amnesty; and if he vexed his father, as he certainly did, let us trust—let us be thankfully sure—he was not so black as the old gentleman depicted him. Nay, if I have painted the Old Gentleman himself as rather black, who knows but that this was an error, not of his complexion, but of my vision? Phil was unruly because he was bold, and wild, and young. His father was hurt, naturally hurt, because of the boy's extravagances and follies. They will come together again, as father and son should. These little differences of temper will be smoothed and equalized anon. The boy *has* led a wild life. He has been obliged to leave college. He has given his father hours of anxiety

and nights of painful watching. But stay, father, what of you? Have you shown to the boy the practice of confidence, the example of love and honour? Did you accustom him to virtue, and teach truth to the child at your knee? "Honour your father and mother." Amen. May his days be long who fulfils the command: but implied, though unwritten on the table, is there not the order, "Honour your son and daughter?" Pray Heaven that we, whose days are already not few in the land, may keep this ordinance too.

What had made Philip wild, extravagant, and insubordinate? Cured of that illness in which we saw him, he rose up, and from school went his way to the university, and there entered on a life such as wild young men will lead. From that day of illness his manner towards his father changed, and regarding the change the elder Firmin seemed afraid to question his son. He used the house as if his own, came and absented himself at will, ruled the servants, and was spoilt by them; spent the income which was settled on his mother and her children, and gave of it liberally to poor acquaintances. To the remonstrances of old friends he replied that he had a right to do as he chose with his own; that other men who were poor might work, but that he had enough to live on, without grinding over classics and mathematics. He was implicated in more rows than one; his tutors saw him not, but he and the proctors became a great deal too well acquainted. If I were to give a history of Mr. Philip Firmin at the university, it would be the story of an Idle Apprentice, of whom his pastors and masters were justified in prophesying evil. He was seen on lawless London excursions, when his father and tutor supposed him unwell in his rooms in college. He made acquaintance with jolly companions, with whom his father grieved that he should be intimate. He cut the astonished uncle Twysden in London street, and blandly told him that he must be mistaken—he one Frenchman, he no speak English. He stared the master of his own college out of countenance, dashed back to college with a Turpin-like celerity, and was in rooms with a ready proved alibi when inquiries were made. I am afraid there is no doubt that Phil screwed up his tutor's door; Mr. Okes discovered him in the fact. He had to go down, the young prodigal. I wish I could say he was repentant. But he appeared before his father with the utmost nonchalance; said that he was doing no good at the university, and should be much better away, and then went abroad on a dashing tour to France and Italy, whither it is by no means our business to follow him. Something had poisoned the generous blood. The once kindly, honest lad was wild and reckless. He had money in sufficiency, his own horses and equipage, and free quarters in his father's house. But father and son scarce met, and seldom took a meal together. "I know his haunts, but I don't know his friends, Pendennis," the elder man said. "I don't think they are vicious, so much as low. I do not charge him with vice, mind you; but with idleness, and a fatal love of low company, and a frantic, suicidal determination to fling his chances in life away. Ah, think where he might be, and where he is!"

Where he was? Do not be alarmed. Philip was only idling. Philip might have been much more industriously, more profitably, and a great deal more wickedly employed. What is now called Bohemia had no name in Philip's young days, though many of us knew the country very well. A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgravia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; not echoing with noble chariots; not replete with polite chintz drawing-rooms and neat tea-tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco; a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, supper-rooms, oysters; a land of song; a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin-dish covers from taverns, and frothing porter; a land of lotos-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious reading of novels, magazines, and saunterings in many studios; a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world.

Having long lived there, and indeed only lately quitted the Bohemian land at the time whereof I am writing, I could not quite participate in Dr. Firmin's indignation at his son persisting in his bad courses and wild associates. When Firmin had been wild himself, he had fought, intrigued, and gambled in good company. Phil chose his friends amongst a banditti never heard of in fashionable quarters. Perhaps he liked to play the prince in the midst of these associates, and was not averse to the flattery which a full purse brought him among men most of whose pockets had a meagre lining. He had not emigrated to Bohemia, and settled there altogether. At school and in his brief university career he had made some friends who lived in the world, and with whom he was still familiar. "These come and knock at my front door, my father's door," he would say, with one of his old laughs; "the Bandits, who have the signal, enter only by the dissecting room. I know which are the most honest, and that it is not always the poor Freebooters who best deserve to be hanged."

Like many a young gentleman who has no intention of pursuing legal studies seriously, Philip entered at an inn of court, and kept his terms duly, though he vowed that his conscience would not allow him to practise (I am not defending the opinions of this squeamish moralist—only stating them). His acquaintance here lay amongst the Temple Bohemians. He had part of a set of chambers in Parchment Buildings, to be sure, and you might read on a door, "Mr. Cassidy, Mr. P. Firmin, Mr. Vanjohn;" but were these gentlemen likely to advance Philip in life? Cassidy was a newspaper reporter, and young Vanjohn a betting man who was always attending races. Dr. Firmin had a horror of newspaper men, and considered they belonged to the dangerous classes, and treated them with a distant affability.

"Look at the governor, Pen.," Philip would say to the present chronicler. "He always watches you with a secret suspicion, and has never got over his wonder at your being a gentleman. I like him when he does the Lord Chatham business, and condescends towards you, and gives you his hand to kiss. He considers he is your better, don't you see? Oh, he is a paragon of a *père noble*, the governor is! and I ought to be a young Sir Charles Grandison." And the young scapegrace would imitate his father's smile, and the doctor's manner of laying his hand to his breast and putting out his neat right leg, all of which movements or postures were, I own, rather pompous and affected.

Whatever the paternal faults were, you will say that Philip was not the man to criticize them; nor in this matter shall I attempt to defend him. My wife has a little pensioner whom she found wandering in the street, and singing a little artless song. The child could not speak yet —only warble its little song; and had thus strayed away from home, and never once knew of her danger. We kept her for a while, until the police found her parents. Our servants bathed her, and dressed her, and sent her home in such neat clothes as the poor little wretch had never seen until fortune sent her in the way of those good-natured folks. She pays them frequent visits. When she goes away from us, she is always neat and clean; when she comes to us, she is in rags and dirty. A wicked little slattern! And, pray, whose duty is it to keep her clean? and has not the parent in this case forgotten to honour her daughter? Suppose there is some reason which prevents Philip from loving his father —that the doctor has neglected to cleanse the boy's heart, and by carelessness and indifference has sent him erring into the world. If so, woe be to that doctor! If I take my little son to the tavern to dinner, shall I not assuredly pay? If I suffer him in tender youth to go astray, and harm comes to him, whose is the fault?

Perhaps the very outrages and irregularities of which Phil's father complained, were in some degree occasioned by the elder's own faults. He was so laboriously obsequious to great men, that the son in a rage defied and avoided them. He was so grave, so polite, so complimentary, so artificial, that Phil, in revolt at such hypocrisy, chose to be frank, cynical, and familiar. The grave old bigwigs whom the doctor loved to assemble, bland and solemn men of the ancient school, who dined solemnly with each other at their solemn old houses—such men as old Lord Botley, Baron Bumpsher, Cricklade (who published *Travels in Asia Minor*, 4to, 1804), the Bishop of St. Bees, and the like—wagged their old heads sadly when they collogued in clubs, and talked of poor Firmin's scapegrace of a son. He would come to no good; he was giving his good father much pain; he had been in all sorts of rows and disturbances at the university, and the Master of Boniface reported most unfavourably of him. And at the solemn dinners in Old Parr Street—the admirable, costly, silent dinners—he treated these old gentlemen with a familiarity which caused the old heads to shake with surprise and choking indig-

nation. Lord Botley and Baron Bumpsher had proposed and seconded Firmin's boy at the Megatherium club. The pallid old boys toddled away in alarm when he made his appearance there. He brought a smell of tobacco-smoke with him. He was capable of smoking in the drawing-room itself. They trembled before Philip, who, for his part, used to relish their senile anger; and loved, as he called it, to tie all their pigtails together.

In no place was Philip seen or heard to so little advantage as in his father's house. "I feel like a humbug myself amongst those old humbugs," he would say to me. "Their old jokes, and their old compliments, and their virtuous old conversation sicken me. Are all old men humbugs, I wonder?" It is not pleasant to hear misanthropy from young lips, and to find eyes that are scarce twenty years old already looking out with distrust on the world.

In other houses than his own I am bound to say Philip was much more amiable, and he carried with him a splendour of gaiety and cheerfulness which brought sunshine and welcome into many a room which he frequented. I have said that many of his companions were artists and journalists, and their clubs and haunts were his own. Ridley the Academician had Mrs. Brandon's rooms in Thornhaugh Street, and Philip was often in J. J.'s studio, or in the widow's little room below. He had a very great tenderness and affection for her; her presence seemed to purify him; and in her company the boisterous, reckless young man was invariably gentle and respectful. Her eyes used to fill with tears when she spoke about him; and when he was present, followed and watched him with sweet motherly devotion. It was pleasant to see him at her homely little fireside, and hear his jokes and prattle, with a fatuous old father, who was one of Mrs. Brandon's lodgers. Philip would play cribbage for hours with this old man, frisk about him with a hundred harmless jokes, and walk out by his invalid chair, when the old captain went to sun himself in the New Road. He was an idle fellow, Philip, that's the truth. He had an agreeable perseverance in doing nothing, and would pass half a day in perfect contentment over his pipe, watching Ridley at his easel. J. J. painted that charming head of Philip, which hangs in Mrs. Brandon's little room—with the fair hair, the tawny beard and whiskers, and the bold blue eyes.

Phil had a certain after-supper song of "Garryowen na Gloria," which it did you good to hear, and which, when sung at his full pitch, you might hear for a mile round. One night I had been to dine in Russell Square, and was brought home in his carriage by Dr. Firmin, who was of the party. As we came through Soho, the windows of a certain club-room called the "Haunt" were open, and we could hear Philip's song booming through the night, and especially a certain wild Irish war-whoop with which it concluded, amidst universal applause and enthusiastic battering of glasses.

The poor father sank back in the carriage as though a blow had struck him. "Do you hear his voice?" he groaned out. "Those are his

haunts. My son, who might go anywhere, prefers to be captain in a pothouse, and sing songs in a taproom!"

I tried to make the best of the case. I knew there was no harm in the place; that clever men of considerable note frequented it. But the wounded father was not to be consoled by such commonplaces; and a deep and natural grief oppressed him, in consequence of the faults of his son.

What ensued by no means surprised me. Among Dr. Firmin's patients was a maiden lady of suitable age and large fortune, who looked upon the accomplished doctor with favourable eyes. That he should take a companion to cheer him in his solitude was natural enough, and all his friends concurred in thinking that he should marry. Every one had cognizance of the quiet little courtship, except the doctor's son, between whom and his father there were only too many secrets.

Some man in a club asked Philip whether he should condole with him or congratulate him on his father's approaching marriage? His what? The younger Firmin exhibited the greatest surprise and agitation on hearing of this match. He ran home: he awaited his father's return. When Dr. Firmin came home and betook himself to his study, Philip confronted him there. "This must be a lie, sir, which I have heard to-day," the young man said, fiercely.

"A lie! what lie, Philip?" asked the father. They were both very resolute and courageous men.

"That you are going to marry Miss Benson."

"Do you make my house so happy, that I don't need any other companion?" asked the father.

"That's not the question," said Philip, hotly. "You can't and mustn't marry that lady, sir."

"And why not, sir?"

"Because in the eyes of God and heaven you are married already, sir. And I swear I will tell Miss Benson the story to-morrow, if you persist in your plan."

"So you know that story?" groaned the father.

"Yes. God forgive you," said the son.

"It was a fault of my youth that has been bitterly repented."

"A fault!—a crime!" said Philip.

"Enough, sir! Whatever my fault, it is not for you to charge me with it."

"If you won't guard your own honour, I must. I shall go to Miss Benson now."

"If you go out of this house, you don't pretend to return to it?"

"Be it so. Let us settle our accounts, and part, sir."

"Philip, Philip! you break my heart," cried the father.

"You don't suppose mine is very light, sir?" said the son.

Philip never had Miss Benson for a mother-in-law. But father and son loved each other no better after their dispute.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Of pictures hath my soul good store,
Skilled mistress of encaustic art;
Insatiate, ever gathering more
In the full chamber of the heart.

And tenderly, in after days,
The faint and fading lines are scanned,
Memorials of oft-trodden ways,
Dim sketches of a travelled land.

Then, as she turns them o'er and o'er,
On some she casts a lingering eye,
Treads and re-treads the dusty floor,
Would fain, yet cannot, lay them by.

That ivied gable why regard?
That sloping meadow, fringed with wood?
That oaken table hacked and scarred,
Japanned by many an inky flood?

Beneath that roof the boy has slept;
Full oft in that green field has played;
O'er that old table laughed and wept,
Learnt many a line beneath that shade.

As one who in a long ascent
Looks back the misty vale to scan,
Trace I those scenes, all dimly blent,
The paths I trod ere toil began.

The hill, where many a summer's day
To watch the game our master stood;
Below, the merry group at play,
Above, the overhanging wood.

The long, low boat-house on the shore
Of lazy, shadow-loving Wear,
Now lashed to spray by labouring oar,
Now startled by the schoolboy's cheer.

The mill, unvexed by clacking wheel,
Long given to silent, mouldering ease;
Whose waters, idly pent, reveal
The bole and branch of stately trees.

Three flood-stained arches of a bridge
Suspended high 'twixt leafy bowers:
The reflex of a shadowy ridge,
O'ertopped by crumbling Norman towers.

Hard by that solemn house of God
The turf 'neath which our master lies;
Turf which in sport we lightly trod,
Life's chances hidden from our eyes.

There let me stand and look my last,
As once, dear master, at thy side
I stood, and burying all the past,
Strove hard in joy my grief to hide.

Nor I alone; for in that place
Where thou hadst taught to love and fear,
Was gathered many a sorrowing face,
Repressed was many a rising tear.

We brought a gift; but thou didst prize
The love that made each bosom swell—
Love, beaming forth from honest eyes,
Love, striving with the word "farewell!"

Love, that on thee and thine attends,
Locked in the silent breasts of men
Who for thy sake, O best of friends!
Would live their boyhood o'er again.

R. K. A. E.

The Warrior and La Gloire.

When France launched *La Gloire*, she challenged England—challenged her, not to fight, but to fit herself for fighting on new terms. The *Warrior* is England's reply. The British public are probably anxious to learn whether we have replied worthily or not. The following statement will enable our readers to judge for themselves.

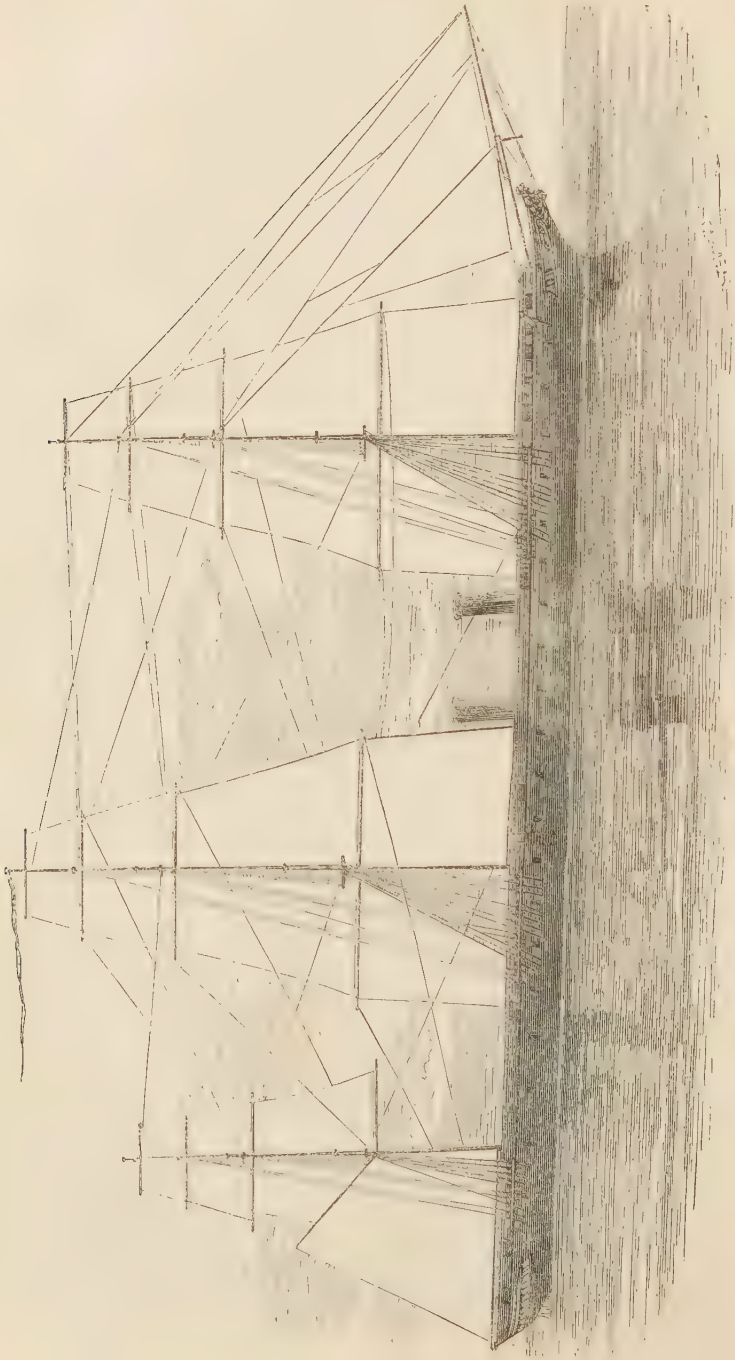
When the *Warrior* was designed, *La Gloire* was not afloat. All that was then known of her in England (and we have learnt but little more of her since) amounted to this: that she was a timber-built ship, very much resembling one of our line-of-battle ships cut down, and cased from end to end with iron plates 4½ inches thick; that she was 252 feet 6 inches long (between the perpendiculars), 55 feet broad, and 27 feet 6 inches deep below the water-line; that her ports were to be 8 feet 6 inches apart, and from 5 to 6 feet above the water; that she was to be lightly rigged, and to possess but small sail-power; that her engines were to be of 900 (nominal) horse-power; that her estimated speed was about 11 knots per hour; and that she was to carry 34 guns on her main-deck, each firing 54-lb. shot, and two shell guns forward. The problem which the naval architects of this country were called upon to solve was this: what kind of vessel will best enable our seamen to contend successfully against *La Gloire* and similar ships?

Before this problem came practically under the consideration of the naval architects at Whitehall, Mr. Scott Russell, the designer and builder of the *Great Eastern*, had, it appears, submitted to the Controller of the Navy designs for an iron-plated ship of war, in which was adopted a novel and ingenious device—that of defending only the central portion of the ship with armour, leaving her extremities free from its encumbrance. Early in 1859, the Board of Admiralty, over which Sir John Pakington so vigorously presided, determined to reply without farther delay to the challenge given by the Emperor of the French, and accordingly invited the private shipbuilders of the country and the master shipwrights of her Majesty's dockyards to furnish designs for a suitable war-ship. It was stipulated that she should be protected, or partially protected, by 4½-inch iron plates; that space should be afforded for the necessary complement of men, and provisions for four months; and that a speed of about 14 knots an hour should be attained. The designers were left free to choose whatever dimensions of ship and power of engines they preferred. It was not intended by the Admiralty, we believe, that the naval architects employed under Sir Baldwin Walker, the Controller of the Navy, should prepare an official design on this occasion; but these gentlemen, unwilling, we presume, to be excluded from a professional

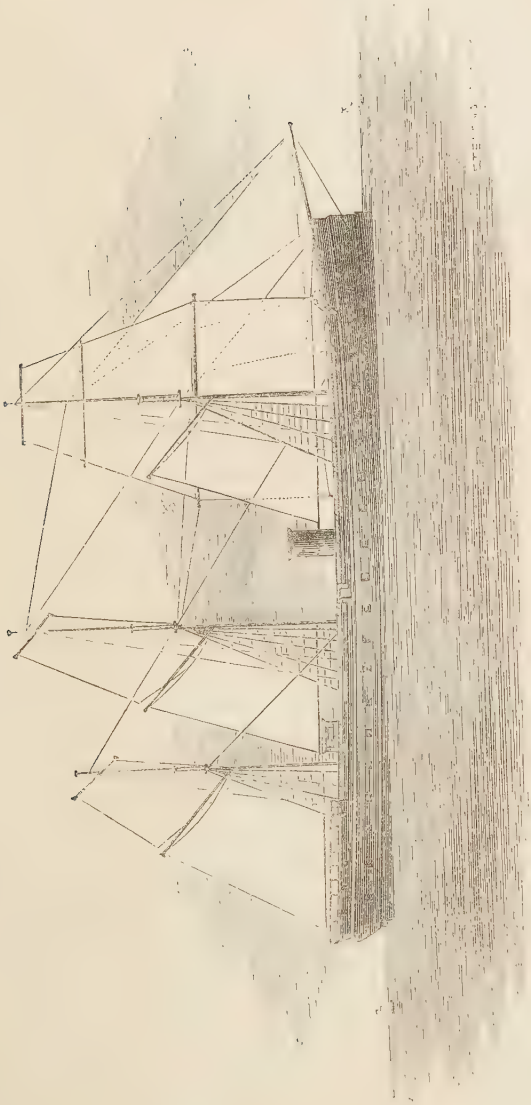
competition for a great national object, resolved to submit a design in a voluntary way, and constructed one accordingly, embodying in it the device previously referred to, and completing it before any other plans were received by the Admiralty. No less than fifteen such plans were afterwards submitted to the board, and it was then found that the design of the Whitehall naval architects was characterized by the singular and favourable fact that her dimensions and horse-power were neither nearly so great as those proposed by some designers, nor nearly so small as those proposed by others. These gentlemen had, in fact, designed a ship of *mean* power and proportions; and the Admiralty at once adopted their vessel. This is the brief history of the origin of the *Warrior*. It may serve to show that *some* of the work done for the Admiralty is not paid for extravagantly, if we say that neither the authors of the unaccepted designs, nor those of the design which was accepted, ever received any special compensation for their labours in this anxious competition.

From the fact that Sir John Pakington and his colleagues insisted upon a speed of 14 knots an hour, and the power of carrying provisions for four months, it is manifest that they resolved to oppose to *La Gloire* a real sea-going ship of war: not a mere floating battery, nor a craft that would have to keep the land in sight, but a ship which should be fit to take the open sea, and, if need be, to bear the flag of old England once more to the enemy's coasts. They clearly were determined, if not to reassert our old supremacy upon the ocean, at least to prevent supremacy being asserted by others. To this end, a high speed, and the power of keeping the sea for months together, were absolutely essential. This rendered several specific qualities necessary. For example, a sea-going ship must be furnished with masts and sails of sufficient dimensions to keep her perfectly manageable and seaworthy in all weathers, under sail alone. No steamship of war can carry sufficient coals to keep her under full steam for more than a few days, and, consequently, neither the blockade of an enemy's port, nor the pursuit of a hostile fleet—operations from which the British navy has never shrunk hitherto—can be performed by ships without large sail-power. It was necessary, again, to place the battery of such a ship at a considerable height above the water—not less than 9 feet, say; for a vessel whose battery is nearer the water, has to close her ports and silence her guns at the first approach of rough weather, and is altogether incapable at such a time of defending herself efficiently against a ship that has the advantage of her in this respect.

In all these features the *Warrior* is, beyond question, superior to *La Gloire*. We assume here, to start with, that her speed will be at least two knots an hour greater than that of the latter ship. This is a fact which it would be difficult to demonstrate to the general reader, but about which naval architects, marine engineers, and other men of science can entertain little or no doubt. It may be accepted as scientifically



THE WARRIOR.—Scale, $\frac{1}{192}$th of full size.



LA GLOIRE.—Scale, $\frac{1}{96}$th of full size.

impossible for *La Gloire*, with her form, dimensions, and engine power, to keep up an average speed of more than 11½ knots an hour; while, on the other hand, it is pretty certain that the *Warrior*, with her form, dimensions, and engine power will prove capable of an average speed of at least 13½ knots. In the French newspapers, *La Gloire* may succeed in making 13, or even 30 knots; and in some of the English newspapers the *Warrior* may be found to attain no more than 10 or 11; but in the waters of the sea—where the laws of nature prevail—the deductions which we have drawn from science and experience will not be falsified.*

The *Warrior* will, then, we say, be considerably superior to *La Gloire* in speed. She will likewise have the advantage of her in respect of sail-power, inasmuch as while *La Gloire* is lightly rigged for channel service only, the *Warrior* is furnished with the masts, spars, and sails of an English 80-gun ship. Whether she would not have been better equipped in this respect with four masts than with three, is a question which we may suggest, but which we need not here attempt to settle. In the engravings of the two rival ships on the preceding pages (which have been drawn upon exactly the same scale, for purposes of comparison) the *Warrior* is represented as we know she is to be fitted; *La Gloire* is shown as her designers originally intended her to be. Both are perfectly reliable drawings in all important respects;† but whether the original rig which we have shown has been departed from in *La Gloire*, we are unable at present to say: unable, not because we have no professedly accurate drawings of her in her present state, but because all these "accurate" drawings—although sketched, doubtless, by perfectly honest hands—by some mischance or other, contrive to differ. But even assuming the accuracy of the most favourable sketch—that which we have herewith presented to the reader—we may still claim for the *Warrior* an indisputable superiority as a sailing ship. In reference to the relative heights of the ports of the two ships, the *Warrior* is enormously superior to *La Gloire*, for while the ports of the latter are less than 6 feet above the water,‡ those of the former are 9 feet 6 inches.

A comparison of the armaments of these extraordinary vessels is not a very important matter; because, supposing *La Gloire* to be impregnable, no British officer would think of spending time in exchanging shot or shell with her, when he had a ship of the *Warrior's* speed under his command. He would, of course, immediately close with her, and carry

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* We shall be in no degree surprised to find hereafter that the actual average speed of *La Gloire* is less than 11½ knots, and that of the *Warrior* more than 13½.

† In these engravings the sail drawings, issued by the designers of the two ships, have been exactly copied—our object being to ensure accuracy, rather than pictorial effect. The masts, spars, and rigging are, consequently, indicated in outline only; and the sails are extended in a longitudinal plane.

‡ Spectators, who see the ship in harbour, sometimes state that her ports are 7, and occasionally even 8 feet, above the water; but we have excellent reason for believing that, when equipped for sea, their true height is less than 6 feet.

her by the good old English method of boarding—this being, in fact, the prime object of her great speed. With the "tops" and rigging of the *Warrior* swarming with riflemen, no crew could be prevailed upon to keep the weather deck of *La Gloire* when once the faster ship had closed upon her; and although provision for deck defence against boarders has been made in the French ship, we, at least, cannot believe that her tricolour would long continue flying. The height of the *Warrior's* sides is eminently favourable to the operation, as the men could readily leap from them upon the low deck of *La Gloire*. Moreover, if there is any one naval operation that is more to the taste of the British sailor than another, and in which he is most signally successful, it is that of boarding; and it is most unlikely that any known device would drive Jack from the deck of his enemy.

Notwithstanding these considerations, however, it may be well to state what the armaments of the two ships are. *La Gloire* is supposed to carry 34 guns upon her main-deck, all of them 54-pounders; and two heavy shell guns forward, with an oblique screen in front of them. All her guns are, therefore, under the cover of armour. In the *Warrior*, on the other hand, only 26 are protected; but all of them are to be large 68-pounders,* each weighing 100 cwt. At long range, neither ship could harm the other seriously; at short range the 68-pounders would be by far the most formidable weapons. But besides the 26 guns that are protected, the *Warrior* can, and probably will, carry 12 additional guns on the main-deck, of the same size as the others; and on her upper deck she is to have 10 more mounted, making an armament of 48 heavy 68-pounders in all. Under many circumstances of naval warfare, the 22 uncovered guns (uncovered, that is, with thick plates) could be used with terrible effect—in the event, for instance, of her falling in with *La Gloire* on one of those rough days when the ports of the latter were of necessity shut and her guns idle. It should be further stated, that the guns of the *Warrior* could be fought with greater ease and rapidity, and with less exhaustion to the men, than those of *La Gloire*, because of the less crowded state of her deck. We do not know the exact height of the latter ship between decks; but we know that it is comparatively little, and that her guns are but 11 feet 6 inches apart; whereas the *Warrior* has a clear height of 6 feet 6 inches on her gun-deck, between the deck and the beams above, and her guns are no less than 15 feet 6 inches apart. The advantage in time of action of this spaciousness of the fighting deck will be best understood by those who have fought ships oftenest. At the same time, if it should be thought desirable, in future ships of the *Warrior* class, to increase the number of guns protected by the armour, this end may be readily accomplished by simply reducing the distance between the ports. This may manifestly be done to a great extent, and the gunners be still better accommodated than they now are in *La Gloire*. Moreover, by sacrificing

* Unless Armstrong or other guns are substituted for them.

a few inches of the present height of the battery, and increasing the draught of water to the like degree, the power of sustaining an additional length of plating may be obtained, and a still further number of guns be thus protected.

Having now compared the principal features of the French and English ships, we proceed to review in somewhat greater detail the peculiarities of the *Warrior's* construction, and to set forth the considerations which led to their adoption. These peculiarities have been severely *criticized* in many popular publications; let us take upon ourselves the more modest task of describing them, and the causes which originated them. It is in the highest degree desirable that the principles involved in this question should be laid clearly before the public, because, while millions of our money are about to be spent on iron-cased ships, their construction involves such perfectly novel considerations, that the Lords of the Admiralty cannot be expected at once to grasp all the complicated conditions of the problem. Moreover, at a time like this, when such a "reconstruction" of the navy as was never before known has to be effected, and when the brains of men of all classes are teeming with new inventions for the purpose, we run a great risk of wasting our substance upon worthless schemes. Especially is this the case in the present day, when a patriotic press is ever ready to lend its influence to proposals that seem to tend to our national advantage, while at the same time it cannot be expected that journalists should be able to penetrate to the bottom of great scientific questions like the present. For this construction of armour-cased war-ships, to conform to given conditions *is* a scientific question—and profoundly scientific too, in some of its parts. We are just now passing through a great crisis in our naval history; and it will need all our national good sense, and all our scientific skill, to carry us securely past it.

The enormous dimensions of the *Warrior* must have excited surprise in many minds. Although but a 36-gun, or, at the most, a 48-gun ship, she is no less than 380 feet long (420 feet over all), 58 feet broad, 26 feet draught of water, and of 6,050 tons burden. Why, the general reader may well ask, has so large, and therefore so costly,* a ship been adopted? The short answer is, that the desirable qualities which she possesses could not have been obtained with less proportions. Let us briefly explain why. We have already seen that the great primary quality demanded by Sir John Pakington and his colleagues was a speed superior, by at least a knot or two, to that of *La Gloire*. It is no part of our present purpose to justify their demand; it will be sufficient to say respecting it that it corresponded entirely, first, with the well-known spirit of our naval commanders (who have always had a passion for "laying-alongside" of a foe), and secondly, with the equally well-known spirit of our Parliament, which would be the last assembly in the world to sacrifice naval efficiency to a false economy.

* The *Warrior* will probably cost, when complete, 350,000*l*.

Again, high speed had to be attained in combination with a shot-proof hull. Had not the proposal to leave the ends of the ship uncased been thought of, this combination would have been practically impossible, except with far greater dimensions than even the *Warrior's;* because the enormous weight of the armour would have required a corresponding displacement to support it; and this again would have needed still larger and heavier engines to drive the ship through the water. This fact should not be lost sight of by the critics of the *Warrior.* But even with her fine ends uncased, an immense weight of iron has to be supported. And this weight has not, as some suppose, been determined in the case of the *Warrior* by the number of guns which were to be carried. The whole art of war-ship construction had to be reversed in this respect; the dimensions and structure of the hull being the first things fixed, and the number and positions of the guns being subsequently settled. For, let it be understood, there is much more than the guns and gunners to be protected. In the *Warrior,* the engines and boilers, the magazines, shell-rooms, spirit-rooms—all the stores, in fact, that it would be dangerous to expose either to fire or to water—are placed within the shelter of the armour plates. The engines and boilers alone occupy a length of 159 feet. Here, then, we see at once that a considerable *length* of shot-proof side becomes requisite. That a great *height* of it is also necessary will be seen from the facts, first: that the ports must (as previously explained) be considerably elevated; next, that the plating must be continued down a few feet below the water-line, in order to prevent shots entering just beneath the sea's surface, or lower down when the ship is in a sea-way, or heeling under a wind; and finally that the armour must be carried up well above the heads of the gunners, in order to protect them properly. Further, this long and high shot-proof side has to be, from the very nature of the case, a heavy side. This will be best seen by reference to the engravings on the following page (Figs. 1 and 2), which represent respectively a vertical transverse section of the *Warrior's* side (that is, such a view of it as would be obtained by cutting the ship across), and a horizontal section of a small portion of it taken through a port. It will be seen that the side consists of an ordinary (but unusually strong) iron ship's hull, outside of which are placed in opposite directions two layers of teak timber, one of 10 inches thick and the other of 8 inches, and upon the outside of this mass of timber $4\frac{1}{2}$-inch iron plates are secured. Whether such a combination of materials will oppose a greater resistance to shot than any other of equal weight we will not presume to say. What we will venture to say is this, that it is a combination at least equal to that employed in *La Gloire;* that the Admiralty would have exposed themselves to censure had they adopted a shield less effective than that of *La Gloire;* and that, under these circumstances, a much lighter side than the *Warrior's* could not have been devised. We may add—without in any way prejudicing the question of inclined-sided ships *versus* upright—that we have nowhere seen it *demonstrated in detail* that the gross

Fig. 1.

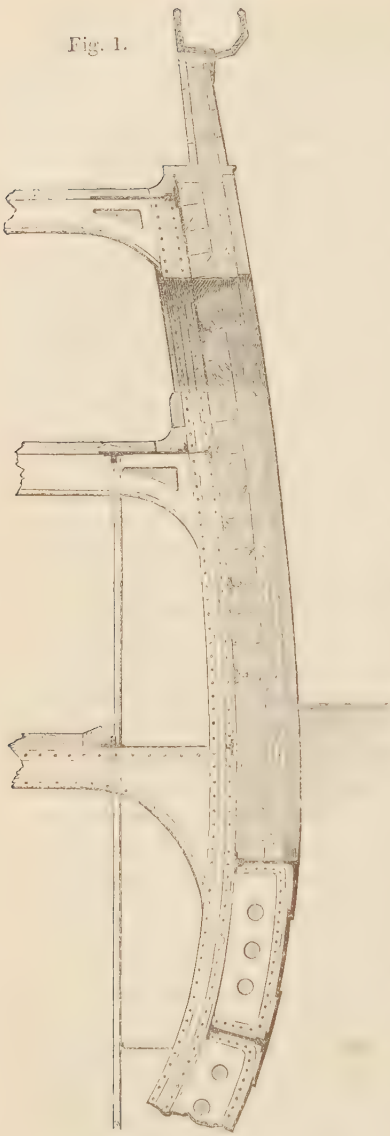
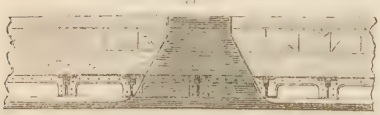


Fig. 2.



weight of a plated side may be greatly reduced by inclining it.

We thus see that a long, high, and exceedingly weighty side was necessary; and from this it immediately followed that the ship must be, not only long, but broad, and large of section likewise; and from this again, it followed further that, in order to obtain great speed, she must not only be furnished with powerful engines, but with fine lines also. It is easy to discern, therefore, that a ship of very unusual proportions became indispensably necessary. We cannot hope to demonstrate to unprofessional readers the full force of all the various considerations to which we have here adverted, or to show to them the precise grounds upon which the proportions of the *Warrior* were, in all probability, selected. Indeed, even naval architects themselves would only be able to arrive at these after a lengthened and more or less elaborate series of investigations. But it may serve to inspire increased confidence in the design of the *Warrior*, if we state that several of the most eminent private shipbuilders—Mr. Laird, Mr. Samuda, Mr. Scott Russell, the Thames Iron Company, and Mr. Napier—when called upon by the Government, proposed vessels of a similar (some even of a larger) size. Mr. Oliver Lang, of her Majesty's dockyard, Chatham, who is supposed to have had great experience in designing vessels, also recommended a ship 20 feet longer than the *Warrior*, and of the same displacement, or weight, within 4 tons.

After lengthened investigations, it was found by the designers that the iron-cased portion of the ship required to be at least 205 feet long, and

that the two extremities could not satisfactorily be made less than 175 feet; giving a total length of 380 feet, or, when the projecting head and overhanging stern are added, 420 feet in all. The breadth, draught of water, and form of the ship's section were determined, we presume, partly from calculation and partly from experience; the two limiting conditions being, that a certain volume of fluid (determined by the weights to be supported) should be displaced, and a certain draught of water not exceeded. This latter element—the draught of water—is a very important one, since upon it depends the fitness of the ship to approach coasts and enter harbours. It was not possible to secure a light draught for such a ship as the *Warrior;* but she has been made to draw nearly 2 feet less than some of our own line-of-battle ships, and 18 inches less than *La Gloire* herself. Just within the limits of her armour, and 205 feet apart, are placed two bulkheads, or walls, extending completely across the ship, and formed almost as stoutly as her sides.* They are plated externally with 4½-inch plates of iron, which extend down 9 feet below the water-line, in order that shot or shell entering the bow or stern may not pass them. As the exposed ends of the ship could not, with safety, be formed of timber, it was thought desirable to build her throughout of iron, and to make her a solid and complete structure independently of the armour-plates and their timber backing. On reference to the engraving, Fig. 1 (page 200), the ordinary iron side will be seen within the armour. At the same time the shot-proof bulkheads which cross the ship, as before explained, are so connected with the cased portion of the hull, as to be unaffected by any injury that may be done to the uncased portions.

Very mistaken views are held, as to the probable action of shot and shell upon her uncased extremities, by persons who have studied the *Warrior's* construction but imperfectly. In the first place, it should be understood that no apprehension of the ship there sustaining serious injury from the fire of *shells*, need be entertained. The sides are all of iron; the beams are of iron; and thin iron decks are laid over the beams. The only combustible materials exposed are the plank coverings of the iron deck, and such little matters of ship furniture as may be deemed indispensable. The officers' cabins will be in the after part of the ship, it is true, and the men's messes in the fore part; but with the ship herself of iron, and with well-devised appliances for extinguishing such local ignition as may happen, it will be scarcely possible for fire to make progress in her. But even if it should, the main body of the ship will be perfectly proof to it; for within the plated bulkheads, and 2 feet from them, are placed inner iron bulkheads, and the spaces between are used as water compartments, so that vertical sheets of water, 2 feet thick, intervene between the body of the ship and her extremities: through these it would be impossible

* The armour overlaps these bulkheads by a foot or two, covering a total length of 212 feet.

for fire to make its way. In the next place, there is no good ground for believing that *shot* will do much injury to the ship's extremities; except to the rudder and after sternpost, perhaps: these are the weak points in the *Warrior*, as in all other screw ships of war, notwithstanding that they have in her case been made enormously strong and heavy, for the express purpose of resisting solid shot. To suppose that any number of shot which a ship is likely to receive in action would knock either the bow or stern of such a ship as the *Warrior* to pieces, and leave the cased portion only afloat, would be to manifest great ignorance of the strength with which she is built throughout. The worst result that can reasonably be supposed to happen (apart from the contingencies just mentioned) is, that of her unprotected ends becoming filled with water above certain water-tight decks which are placed far beneath the reach of shot. Should this extreme disaster occur, it would have no other effect, however, than that of sinking the whole ship 3 feet deeper in the water, thus reducing her speed, and bringing the height of her ports down from 9 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 6 inches. Yet, even in this crippled state, the *Warrior* would probably steam as fast as *La Gloire*, and would certainly carry a loftier battery than that vaunted vessel possesses at her best. But this extreme state of things has been guarded against. In the fore part of the ship there are no less than four vertical bulkheads extending quite across her, thus subdividing her exposed space into five water-tight compartments; while, at the after end, there are also four similar partitions, together with others, which altogether subdivide her there into ten such compartments. The least scientific reader of the Cornhill Magazine will understand, therefore, how unlikely it is that all the unprotected portions of the *Warrior* will become filled with water during an action. This can only happen, at either end of the ship, when every compartment into which she is there divided has become separately penetrated by the enemy's shot; nor, in strict truth, can it, even then; for most of the compartments will, under ordinary circumstances, be occupied by solid stores of various kinds, which will occupy certain considerable spaces, and, of course, exclude corresponding bulks of water. If a few of the larger compartments are filled—as they probably will be—with light water-tight tanks, it will be impossible for the water to find entrance to any great extent. But there is yet one other suspicion to dispel. If the bow is penetrated and partially filled with water, will it not, it may be asked, become depressed, and the screw propeller at the other end be thereby thrown partially out of the water? The answer is, No. This contingency has been carefully provided for. The after compartments are fitted with sea-cocks, in order that, should the bow become more immersed, water may be admitted at the stern in sufficient quantity to restore the ship to her proper trim; but, of course, with a somewhat increased draught of water for the time. The water would not, however, be allowed to remain in her long; for pumps of great power are provided, and are so arranged (upon a novel system) that four of them—two 12-inch

bilge, and two 9-inch bilge and force—can all be brought to bear simultaneously upon a single compartment.

We have now all but reached the limits assigned to this article, and must therefore crowd what further facts may occur to us into a single paragraph, without attempting to elucidate any of them. It should be stated that the *Warrior* is an enormously strong ship—stronger even than was necessary in some parts. She showed none of the usual signs of straining on the occasion of the launch. The portion of her which is encased is divided into six water-tight compartments; so that, should she be penetrated there by any existing or future form of shot, or should she take the ground at any time and injure her bottom, the damage may be localized as much as possible. One of the five water-tight bulkheads is situated between her two sets of boilers, in order that if one set is disabled by the entrance of water from any cause, the other set may continue to supply the engines with steam. Her engines are of 1,250 horse-power. Her decks are underlaid with iron plates, to aid them in resisting the effects of shells. She is not designed to act as a ram, and never was intended to do so, as many suppose; but her bow is made so exceedingly strong, that, should her commander ever run her full tilt against an enemy, she may be expected to suffer but slightly and externally. Her ports are each 3 superficial feet less in area than those of *La Gloire*. The port is enlarged on the inside, as shown in Fig. 2 (page 200), to admit of the due training of the gun, and the outer casing is supported at each side of the port by an upright standard of stout iron. The casing itself is formed of immense plates, 3 feet broad and from 12 to 15 feet long (far larger than those of *La Gloire*), and the plates have their edges fitted into each other all round, so as to render the whole mass as nearly like a single piece as possible. This system of letting the plates into each other is very valuable, because it renders fastening bolts unnecessary near the edges of the plates (where they are most liable to fracture), and prevents the edges and corners from curling off when the side is struck. Her casing has been nowhere penetrated by scuppers or lights of any kind; the drainage of both decks is received into two longitudinal pipes laid along the sides of the ship, and these deliver it at the bow and stern. Within her encased division she has a wing passage, 3 feet 6 inches wide, all round her, below the water, to carry down any leakage water that may chance to find its way though the side, and to facilitate the repair of any injury that may happen there in action. She will carry all her drinking water and part of her provisions within her armour. Her accommodation is admirable; every officer in her will be well provided with cabin space: a consideration of no small importance in a ship of war, which is the only home of hundreds of men for years together.* With her weights concentrated in her encased

* The neglect of this vital consideration often proves fatal to the plans of many inventors of war-ships.

portion, and her ends left comparatively light, she will probably prove as easy a ship as is consistent with the great weight of her elevated armour. She is certainly a handsome ship.

In conformity with our first paragraph, we have not inquired whether the *Warrior* is a perfect ship, or if she is fit to attack elevated batteries; nor whether she is likely to defy the powers of such ships and ordnance as the future may be expected to produce; but we have described what she is, and why she has been made so, and have compared her with the challenge ship of France. We think it will be admitted that, whatever her faults, we may be justly proud of her. She is a ship that every captain on the Navy List would glory in commanding. She is the embodiment of great naval architectural skill, and of no small amount of general scientific knowledge; and the fact of her having been designed in Whitehall shows that, under the disguise of "assistants" to the Controller to the Navy (who is a naval officer, and does not profess to design ships), and the less creditable disguise of "draughtsmen," the Admiralty conceal a highly accomplished staff of naval architects. In a country like this, and when we require such vital tasks performed, why are men of science thus *masked?* Why is the profession of Naval Architecture ignored by a British Admiralty?

Finally, we would warn the Government against investing the country's money in ungainly, unreliable ships, of low speed. Iron and coal will give us fast vessels, and we have iron and coal in abundance. The *Warrior* and the *Black Prince* (which is like her) will bear our flag, and sustain our honour, on the most distant shores, if need be. But of what service will the *Defence* and *Resistance* be to us? None, except at our own doors. If the French are not to lock us up in our harbours, and to sweep our mercantile fleets from the open seas, we must have more ships at least equal in speed to the *Warrior*. The sacrifice of SPEED to any considerations whatever, in future war-ships, would be tantamount to yielding our naval supremacy. For, notwithstanding the change in naval tactics necessitated by steam and rifled cannon, the power of laying a ship alongside her foe should never be wanting to a British man-of-war.

Samples of Fine English.

"You have an exchequer of words, and I think no other treasure to give your followers."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Harrison, of the time of good Queen Bess, says, "Not a few do greatly seek to stain our language by fond affectation of strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloquence and sound of many syllables." If the old chronicler had lived in these days, he could not have said anything more suitable to "not a few;" for the use of fine English is not confined to any one class. We meet with it in the writings and speeches of every class; except, on the one hand, people of good breeding and good education, who generally use great simplicity in common talk and writing; and, on the other hand, uneducated labourers and artizans, whose manner of speech may be ungrammatical, but whose words, in many counties of England, are simple and pure Saxon-English. It is among the great middle classes that fine English flourishes. We find it not only in sermons, newspapers, books, and speeches, but also in common talk. To give a familiar instance, while the Eton boys or the labourers' children "begin their holidays," the "young gentlemen of Mr. Smith's academy or collegiate institute" "commence their vacation;" and while he that writes a novel for the upper classes calls his hero Adam Bede, the hero for the middle classes must be Montmorency Fitz-Altamont.

Many, no doubt, use fine English because they have never considered and never been told how foolish it is, and how much more expressive and beautiful is real Saxon-English. Others use fine English to be genteel.

"The bastinado," says Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, "how came he by that word, trow?" "Nay, indeed," answers Matthew, "he said cudgel; I termed it so for my more grace." So when I asked a retired shopkeeper, the other day, if one J. Fisher were not lately dead, he answered, "Yes, sir, he is recently deceased."

Others, and these the most incurable, make circumlocutions of long words do duty for humour; as when a popular writer, Cuthbert Bede, advises his hero "not to give vent to vociferations till he has emerged from the forest;"* or an Edinburgh reviewer† calls a dining-table "the prandial mahogany;" or an American, writing on words, a subject that ought at least to insure purity of style, says: "'What's in a name?' asks Juliet, powerfully affected by the thought that that which we appellate a rose, by any other cognomen would possess the property of titillating the olfactory in an equally dulcet manner. In all seriousness, much and

* *Tales of College Life*, p. 51.

† No. 225, p. 6.

much is in a name. That Quaker individual understood its power when he threatened the canine quadruped with condign visitation." *

Of fine English the difficulty is not to find examples, but to choose them from those that so many books, newspapers, and sermons furnish.

To begin with the critics. In the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1858 (p. 421), the writer wishes to tell us that Edgar Allan Poe was an example of the truth of the old proverb, *In vino veritas*. He says—

"We lean rather to the ancient proverb, that truth is made manifest on convivial occasions."

Boys are generally called by the fine writers "the juvenile portion of the community;" but in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1860, they are spoken of as "the male progeny of human kind."

A critic in the *Literary Gazette* (October 6, 1860) says that Mr. Hollingshead spent some forty pounds among the workmen at the opera, "which reminds us of an ill-natured proverb about the speedy separation that arises between certain classes of men and their available resources." I suppose it is the same genius who a few pages after calls a father "a male parent," and an uncle "an avuncular guardian," and who winds up his criticism by saying that modern fiction "furnishes no intellectual nutrition whatever to the adolescent mind."

But no more flagrant instance of fine writing can be found than in a book whose popularity is attested by the sale of 40,000 copies. I mean *Proverbial Philosophy*, which I have seen spoken of in a lady's magazine, as "the immortal work of the poet Tupper." This book alone will prove the appetite of the middle-class public for finery. I think it is Archdeacon Hare who has said that if you would see how the noblest language may be spoilt, you must compare the Prayer-book version with Tate and Brady's psalms: and he might surely have added the Proverbs of Solomon with those of Tupper. Here are a few lines as examples of a book full of dull goodness, expressed in fine phrases. The "poet Tupper" says, the book that pleases him best has its

"Fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
The quaint Arabesque conceptions half cherub and half flowers."—P. 34.

He improves upon the language of the Bible:—

"Godliness with contentment—these be the pillars of felicity."—P. 366.

He likes flowers to have simple names:—

"Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives."—P. 431.

He comforts the labouring classes:—

"Thank God, ye toilers, for your bread; in that daily labouring,
He hath suffered the bubbles of self-interest to float upon the stream of duty."—P. 464.

He explains what invention is:—

"It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,
And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast."—P. 176.

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* *Rambles among Words*, by W. Swinton, 1859.

And what laws are—

"Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised character of God."

He asks a question :—

"Doth Philosophy with sublimated skill, shred away the matter,
Till rarefied intelligence exudeth even out of stocks and stones?"

He tells us that—

"Minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint mark of heaven,
Walk independent, by themselves freely manumitted of externals."—P. 428.

"He uses too many words, and those too big ones," said Johnson of Robertson, and the same may be said of Mr. Tupper.

If I were to go to other writers less known than the "poet Tupper," I might fill page after page with their absurdities. Only yesterday I saw the snowdrop described as follows :—

"It never changeth its hue, never beareth a streak or a tinge like other flowers, but wrapt in its own purity blows amid the snow, and when the amorous sun makes love to its cold chastity, it withers from his embrace." *

In a little book for popular reading, washing the skin is called "the exercise of cutaneous ablution." In a tract written for village poor, a man with a drunken look is said to have "an ebriated aspect." † In a dictionary of common things, professed to be written in the plainest way for the common people, the writer, in his article on gardening, in April, says,—

"This month is favourable to the development of that species of creation which is noxious to vegetation." ‡

I said that people of rank and good education are usually most simple in manner of speech and writing, but now and then we find them falling into the fine sentiment and fine writing of vulgar people. Even Lord Palmerston, in a letter to the master cutler, calls Sheffield "that active and interesting seat of prosperous industry from which your letter is dated." But this may not be Lord Palmerston's English, but that of some secretary, who, having nothing to say to the master cutler, says it by making fourteen words do duty for one.

Here are specimens of the style of English written, and probably taught, by a respectable middle-class schoolmaster. They are taken from his book, called *The Religion of Childhood*. The author begins by saying that "he does not desire to render his book a means of mental display and fine writing ;" intending, I suppose, to tell us that he could, but will not, use fine language.

He wishes to say that religion will hurt no one. He says—

"It will not disqualify for the path of Providence a solitary individual."—P. 3.

He wishes to say that flowers are sweet smelling :—

"How teeming every gem of Flora with perfume."—P. 13.

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* *English Country Life*, by T. Miller, 1859.

† *Parochial Tracts*, No. 92, p. 6: Parker. ‡ *Dic. Daily Wants*—A, April.

He tells us that children have funny fancies:—

"The young mind wanders far over the margin line of that it knows into a vision region, and there flits before it the diorama of dreamland, moved by the hand of fancy, freed from the direction of reason."

He and his family sing a hymn with a little boy:—

"In subdued tones we followed the note of our angelic precentor, until we half caught the echoing refrain from the harps of heaven. Rolling through the high arches of the upper temple in the volume of thunder, and like the voice of many waters, came back the reverberating tide of melody."—P. 89.

After reading this, can we wonder at the finery in speech and writing of our farmers' and tradesmen's sons and daughters? And we cannot help feeling that if the tutors in all "academies for young gentlemen" were trained for their work with even half the pains that is bestowed on our national schoolmasters, such English as this well-meaning pedagogue uses would, after a time, become the exception and not the rule among the middle classes. Unfortunately, very many of the governesses to whom our children's education is entrusted are themselves educated in schools where the pupils are taught to be genteel, and where the chief mark of gentility is counted to be the using of fine language. "He that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman." * Very sensible was that dame who, doubtful, I suppose, of her patrons understanding the fine inscription, "Seminary for Young Ladies," added under it the translation, "A Girls' School."

Here is a letter of a farmer's daughter of 1798, I believe from Southey's *Commonplace Book*:—

"Dear Miss,—The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. Us girls cannot go, for reasons. The attention of cows claims our assistance in the evening.

"Unalterably yours."

I do not know whether the worst specimens of fine English are to be found in sermons or newspapers. I rarely read or hear sermons whose language is pure, and, as it ought to be, easy to be understood by the unlearned. Yet, with such books before them as the Bible and Prayer-book, it seems strange that our clergy should be among the worst writers of English. For in our Bible and Prayer-book we have, if we make allowance for the antique diction, a perfect model of what our mother-tongue ought to be. It was observed by Coleridge that it seemed to be by a kind of providence that the translation of the Bible, and the works of the greatest English writers—Shakspeare, Bacon, and Hooker—should occur about the same time, so as by a double power to fix the language just when it was in its highest perfection. The pages of a magazine are not the proper place to speak on this subject, or to criticize sermons; so

* Wilson's *Rhetoric*, 1553.

I pass on to newspapers, where, as in sermons, fine writing is rampant. I do not, of course, speak of *The Times*, whose leading articles are almost always written in excellent English, nor of the other first-class journals, whether of London or the country.

Here is a scene from a description of a shipwreck by a country correspondent of *The Times* (May 5, 1859):—

"Their habiliments told they were not of the lower class, and their blanched cheeks and youthful looks showed that 'death's summons reached them at ease in their possessions.' Their features were not much distorted, but 'the sullen calmness of despair' was pictured on their brows. The mind, which a few hours past flew, fleet as lightning, over the 'mazy rounds of life' which fondly hovered over the scenes of childhood, and lingered to take 'one last fond look' of some anxious parent, who, perhaps, at that moment was sending up his supplications to heaven for the preservation of this favourite child—that mind, I repeat, is crushed in the icy grasp of death, but the pallid look it has left in the death-struggle shows a conflicting resolution before its fire was quenched for ever."

In *The Times*' article on Ascot races (1860) rain is called "the pluvial visitation." In the *Temperance Visitor* (1859), a writer calls his father his "male parent"—"My male parent being taken from me, I engaged in private tuition." In the *Illustrated News* (February, 1860), smokers are called "lovers of the Nicotian weed." In an account of a marriage, in the *Cambridge Chronicle* (November 28, 1858), it is said of Miss Jones Lloyd, that—

"The lovely and accomplished bride was costumed in that true taste which makes expense subservient to elegance."

And Prince Albert, wearing a black coat, was said to be "attired in mourning habit."

There are certain writers, chiefly in newspapers or sermons, who always speak of fire as the "destructive or devastating element;" of letters as "epistolatory advices;" of money, as "pecuniary compensation;" of dancers, as "votaries of Terpsichore;" of ladies and gentlemen met together, as a "distinguished circle;" of people fishing, as "engaged in piscatorial pursuits." If a crime cannot be found out, it is "enveloped in obscurity." A man who is the first to do a thing "assumes the initiative;" instead of being put in prison, he is "incarcerated;" instead of loving a woman, he is "attached to her;" instead of marrying her, he "leads her to the hymeneal altar;" instead of dying, he "expires;" instead of being buried, "his remains are deposited;" and he is probably finished up by his "disconsolate relict erecting to him a monumental memorial." A letter is a "communication," a house is a "residence," a church is a "sacred edifice," and a shop is an "establishment."

In *Punch*, who is, of course, spoken of by the fine writers as "our facetious contemporary," there is a parody, very little exaggerated, on this style of composition, called, "Desultory Reflections:"—

"One individual may pilier a quadruped where another may not cast his eyes over the boundary of a field.

"In the absence of the feline race, the mice give themselves up to various pastimes.

"Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped with the outer husks of corn.

"More confectioners than are absolutely necessary are apt to ruin the *potage*."

Fine writers delight in affectedly using foreign words and phrases. In *Harrison's Chronicle* it is said, that after the Norman Conquest "the English tongue grew into such contempt at Court, that most men thought it no small dishonour to speak any English there; which bravery took his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman, that even the very carters begun to wax weary of their mother-tongue, and laboured to speak French, which was then counted no small token of gentility." The rule, I think, is, to use a foreign word or phrase only where English will not as well express what we wish to say; as, for instance, with the words *protégée*, *surveillance*, *prestige*, *menage*, *passée*, *ennui*, *outré*, *prononcé*, and the phrases *embarras de richesse*, *esprit de corps*, *tout ensemble*, *dolce far niente*. Why are certain entertainments always called by their French names, as, for instance, *matinée musicale*, *bal costumé?* "English words," says Hare, "sound far best from English lips."

"Person" is a bad substitute for the old "wight," for *persona* is properly "a mask;" but the fine writers have introduced a worse word in "individual." I heard, not long ago, a good man preach a good sermon, but he repeatedly spoke of Noah as "that individual." I have seen a madman described in a newspaper as "an unfortunate individual suffering from aberration of intellect;" and I ought to call myself "the humble individual who writes this article."

Complete letter-writers are mines of fine English. In one published by Routledge in 1856, and of which 24,000 copies have been sold, the editor, who recommends his book to those who "prefer an English diction to the vulgarity which care might avoid," thus advises us to write to invite a friend to stay with us in the country—

"Will you do us the favour of making our rural retreat your temporary abode."

And when a mother sends a present to her boy at school, he is advised to answer her thus:—

"Knowing as I do that your whole life is occupied in promoting my improvement and happiness, I can only feel that each fresh token of your affection lays an additional claim upon my gratitude."

Here is a capital instance of a man spoiling his mother-tongue by pedantry. Dr. Johnson, "the great lexicographer," as the fine writers call him, who did so much for the English language and who loved it so well, was speaking of some book—"Sir," he said, "it has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" then, recollecting himself,—"It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." And on this latter version English literature was modelled for some fifty years!

The great Earl of Chatham one day said to William Pitt, then a boy, "How did you enjoy your visit to London?" "Delectably, sir," was the answer. "Never," said the earl, "let me hear that word again." Lord

Chatham was very punctilious himself, I believe, in manner, and probably taught his son to be so too. But using the word "delectably" was not good manners, but vulgar finery.

A mother took her sick child to a low-class surgeon. He said, "I see your young lady has premonitory symptoms of incipient rubeola." She took her to one of the most famous London physicians, who said, "The child is going to have the measles."

An after-dinner speaker began his oration with—"Gentlemen, little did I think, and still less did I imagine, &c." At a public dinner in Norfolk, the chairman, a clergyman, in proposing the Queen's health, said, "May the star of Brunswick never pale before the fire of an adversary, but shine on and on, brighter and brighter, until lost in the dark abyss of time." Bishop Jewel would have said to this divine, "Vessels do never give so great a sound as when they be empty."

There is also fine writing of the heroic kind, full of murders and gallant knights, and dark ruins, and such like, which we meet with chiefly in the cheap periodicals. The titles of these tales "of thrilling interest and mysterious horror" are quite terrific, and are generally double, as—"Sir Brabazon de Belcour, or the Haunted Castle;" "Isabel de Richelieu, or the Grave of Despair." Here are two extracts from a late number of *Reynolds's Miscellany* (Sept. 15, 1860):—

"'She swoons!' cried Count Flama.

"'She does not swoon—she dies!' cried Salvi.

"'No! exhausted Nature but seeks one of her resources,' added the Count Flama, 'it is but a swoon. You may see her breathe. Do you not perceive how this thin tissue which forms her outward garment rises and falls with a gentle motion?'"

And again—

"There was a stately but gloomy magnificence about the palatial building which, while it spoke of the high nobility of the ancient race that made it their home, depressed the spirits, and cast a cloud over the heart. . . . . The few domestics who could be induced to inhabit so gloomy an abode trod softly on the marble staircases, and crossed the huge halls in silence."

Then there is the sporting fine writing, where, if ever, fine writing seems in its proper place. The sportsman delights in epithets, as "rosy morn," "dewy eve," "echoing hills," "mother earth," "sylvan shades." A fox is Reynard, a cock Chanticleer. A shepherd with his dog is "the guardian of the flock with his canine assistant." Cricket is "the noble game;" racquet, "the manly exercise." The sportsman is fond of quotations from the Eton Latin Grammar. *Rara avis*, *caveat emptor*, *poëta nascitur*, *primus inter omnes*, and other such phrases easy to construe, are great cards with him. The quotations, too, are generally only repetitions of what had gone before: as, "We counsel a middle course—*Medio tutissimus ibis*." "We give something in return—a *quid pro quo*." The sportsman's love of fine writing, and his classical knowledge combined, make him call the sun "bright Phœbus," and the north wind "rude Boreas," and the sea "Neptune's watery domain," and a dog-breaker a

"kunopædist." Now and then he is at fault, as, where wishing to use the word parallelogram adverbially, he says that he hunts his dogs "parallelogrammatically" (*The Field*, No. 407), but at least he has used a long word. The sportsman delights, too, in a simile, which he thinks sounds well, however little sense there may be in it, as "the wine-cup of victory was snatched from his lips."

Akin to our subject, is the love of affected finery in titles. In almost every newspaper you may see this announcement: "The lady of W. Smith, Esq., of a son." Mr. Smith, of course, cannot use the word "wife." A friend of mine was asked in the pit of a theatre, if there was any room for a lady? He replied, he had no doubt a *lady* would find room in the boxes; but if a *woman* really wanted to sit down, he would make room for her. The title of "esquire" too, which everybody now gives to everybody, and expects himself in return, is, I think, another sign of the love of the age for affected finery. Horace Smith defined "esquire," "a title very much in use among vulgar people." A gentleman named Salton had a footman named William Long, and one morning there came to the house a letter, directed, "William Long, Esq., at Mr. Salton's." A brewer's clerk in Wiltshire was told by his master to call all tradesmen esquire, "Or," said he, "we shall have no more orders for beer." Very different from such would-be esquires was one Colonel Edmunds, to whom, living at Utrecht, came a Scotch fellow-countryman, who, desiring entertainment, told the Colonel that "my lord his father, and such and such knights and gentlemen his cousins and kinsmen, were in good health." Quoth Colonel Edmunds, "Gentlemen" (to his friends by), "believe not one word he says; my father is but a poor baker of Edinburgh, and works hard for his living, whom this knave would make a lord, to curry favour with me, and make ye believe I am a great man born."*

A horse doctor now calls himself a "veterinary surgeon." An author is a "literary gentleman;" a farmer, an "agricultural gentleman;" a bagman, a "commercial gentleman;" a barrister, a "gentleman of the long robe;" a thief, a "light-fingered gentleman;" and a merchant, "a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits." A man used to go to law, he now "institutes legal proceedings;" he used to go to the doctor, he now "consults his medical adviser."

"I want some cheese," I said, in a grocer's shop at L——

"That gentleman will serve you," said the master, pointing to a well-curled youth in an apron.

On the doors of the rooms set apart for men or women on the French railways, you see the words *Hommes* or *Femmes*. On our doors you see *Gentlemen* or *Ladies*. The French, in general more given to compliment than we, are in this instance right, and we are vulgar and foolish.

Juries are always addressed as "gentlemen of the jury;" but I think it would be better to use only the word "jurymen;" for in nine cases

* Peacham's *Complete Gentleman.*

out of ten, except in the grand and special juries, the title "gentleman," both by courtesy and by law, is inapplicable.

A genteel friend of Mrs. Brook having directed a letter to a member of the family, and having spelt the name "Brooke," I said, "Surely the Brooks do not spell their name with an *e*." "No," she answered, "but I thought it was more polite."

There is, too, the fine English of the shopkeeper who styles himself "the proprietor of the establishment." He that used to "sell by auction," now "submits to public competition;" instead of "giving notice," he "intimates to the public;" instead of "raising his clerk's wages," he "augments his salary." Somebody going into a shop in Regent Street to buy half-mourning, was referred by the shopman to the "mitigated affliction department." A tradesman of whom I bought some lamp-oil, sent it home "with Mr. Clark's compliments and solicitations." One man sells "unsophisticated gin," and another lets "gentlemanly apartments in close proximity to the Bank." They call floor-cloth, kamptulicon; and boots, antigropelos; and soap, rypophagon; and though last, not least, a saucepan, anheidrohepseterion.

I have tried to show by these examples how destructive of our beautiful language, and how foolish, it is to use fine words and expressions in common talk and writing upon common things. "To clothe," says Fuller, "low creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings." We may consider it a general rule that the best English is that in which Saxon-derived words are used the most freely; that it is better, for common purposes at least, to say "like" than "similar," "help" than "assist," "give" than "present," "beg" than "solicit," "kinsman" than "relation," "neighbourhood" than "vicinity," "praise" than "encomium."

That is good advice of the author of *Guesses at Truth:* "When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks."

Let us then call a spade a spade. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

The Civil Service as a Profession.*

We all know what difficulty there is in making choice of a profession. That choice has to be made very generally, not by him whom the choice most concerns, but by others—by others who are probably as anxious on his behalf as he ever will be himself, but who cannot think with his thoughts or feel with his feelings. And then, too, that choice is actuated by other circumstances than abstract eligibility. Mamma would, perhaps, like to see her son a clergyman, or papa would fain have him be a barrister. But it is necessary that the boy shall, in early life, do something to lessen rather than to increase the family expenses. The noviciates of the bar and of the church are costly and cannot be endured by slender purses. Therefore the eligibility of the Civil Service is discussed at the domestic fire. "Think what a thing a certainty is," papa says. Mamma yields, and in this way the destiny of the boy is decided.

It was thus the fathers and mothers of most of the civil servants of the present day spoke of them, and it was thus men were chosen. My object will be to prove that the Civil Service may be made as noble, as independent, and as free a profession as the bar or the church; as arms, or art, or medicine. But in seeing whether it be so or no, let us look the truth in the face. Men do not go into the Civil Service with ambitious views of their own. The profession is generally chosen for them, and has been so chosen because an early income is desirable.

It has been said—and the saying was very prominently put forth by certain Government pundits who were selected to remodel our profession, and who thereupon proceeded to chop it up mince-meat fashion, and boil it in a Medea's cauldron, so that the ugly old body might come out young and lovely—it was said by these pundits and by others, that appointments in the Civil Service were looked for by the indolent and incapable, by those afflicted with physical infirmity, and by young men unfit for active exertions. For this statement I think that there was no shadow of a pretext. But I do think that the *res angusta domi*—the want of a full exchequer at home—has had much to do with it.

I insist upon this in order that those who are personally interested as Civil servants may look the matter full in the face, and tell themselves the truth respecting their own positions. Much they have a right to expect from the Civil Service—such at least of them as are faithful servants—but there are advantages which men derive from other professions for which they cannot justly look. They are entitled to an early income and a

* The substance of this article was contained in a Lecture delivered at the General Post Office, London, on the 4th of January.

fairly liberal rate of pay; but they may not expect to make their fortunes. They will not be briefless barristers without business, hoping through hopeless years till hope is over; but neither will they be chancellors, lords justices, or judges. They will not be left without livings, but neither will they become the inhabitants of bishops' palaces. They have their sweets—not yet, I think, so many of them as they may fairly expect—but there are sweets which they may not expect, and certainly will not get. In considering their profession it is as well that they should bear this in mind.

Whether or no there be more of good or more of evil in this moderate certainty, it is beyond my purpose now to inquire. Whether the risk of a profession which may possibly bring nothing, and may possibly bring great wealth, is or is not better than that moderate safety which is enjoyed in the Civil Service, is a question which may be argued at great length, but which we will not argue now. The moderate and safe lot has been chosen for them. But of this I am sure—and of this it is my object to make them sure, and others also, if it may be within my power to do so—that there is no profession by which a man can earn his bread in these realms, admitting of a brighter honesty, of a nobler purpose, or of an action more manly and independent. Yes; of an action more manly and independent. And if this manliness and independence be not achieved, the object is missed through their own faults. Despots do not make slaves, but slaves make despots. And when you see a man crouch beneath a rod, you should generally blame him who endures the rod more than him who uses it.

I say that no profession admits of a brighter honesty, a nobler purpose, or of more manly action. And I say this now with much urgency, because a certain slur has been thrown upon it of late years. This slur has come from various quarters; from those government pundits to whom I have alluded, and to whom I must allude yet again; from certain portions of the press, and from political reformers who have thought that public money has been wasted in salaries. I will not say that there has been no cause for complaint. The political reformers and the press had no doubt so much of truth with them as justified them in speaking. From them absolute accuracy of statement is not expected, and would indeed be impossible. But, on the other hand, I do very strongly feel that the profession should not have been spoken of in the terms of general reproach which have been used towards it, and that it is for us to vindicate it. Let us vindicate it at any rate to ourselves. If we can do that thoroughly, we shall soon justify it in the eyes of others.

I say that there is no honester calling than the Civil Service. I had almost said none so honest, but I will not go so far as that, lest I may encounter specific contradiction.

Does it not often occur to many men,—I should say to most men—that there are callings in which a man can hardly earn his bread, and still stick close to truth and an honest purpose? I say that a man does

not do so if he spreads a lie or defends a lie. Those in the Civil Service are never called upon to do either. I say that a man should not live with an easy conscience if, in his calling, he pretends to anything, either to knowledge, or to sanctity, or to property which he does not possess. So little temptation to do so comes in the way of government clerks, that they do not bring themselves to think that such a state of things can exist in others.

Let us remember how many callings in these days depend in a greater or a less degree upon advertisements. And is it not the fact that we silently, without the trouble of thought, regard almost every advertisement as a falsehood? One man sticks upon a wall that his newspaper is the biggest in the world. Does anybody believe him? Another who has a house to get rid of, describes to you a rural Paradise. Do you not know as a matter of course that such description is false?—false and fraudulent, but with a modified fraud, because no one was expected to believe it. Is it not a fact that dishonesty such as that runs very far and very wide, till men do not know dishonesty when they see it? But as a rule, dishonesty does not come in the Civil Service. Many in it may be dishonest; but if so, they go to seek it.

And then as to the noble purpose. My idea of a profession is this, that there are two main things to be regarded. First, is the income to be gained, for let any preacher preach as he may, self-interest will be first. First is the *quid pro quo;* the reward to be earned; the amount of wages which a man is to get in return for his skill, his labour, and his patience. Till we come up to men who have no need for wages, this must be the first consideration. But there is another consideration which should press very close upon its heels, without thought as to which no man should allow himself to be happy; and that is the good to the world which his work may do.

Could any man be happy if he were to work ever so diligently at writing documents which were instantly to be burnt, or at sorting letters which were never to go? It is necessary to the happiness of men that there should be some other result to their work, besides that of giving them an income. Men are undoubtedly anxious that their work should do good in the world. Now in the Civil Service, if men do their work, they may be sure of that.

It is bad to be invidious, and very bad to speak as a Pharisee; but to explain my meaning I must name another calling or two. Can all lawyers be quite sure that they are doing good in the world? Can soldiers always be sure of it? Let it not be supposed that I say that they never do good. Our soldiers in China have been doing a deal of good, and I hope we shall have our tea cheaper before long in consequence. Can members of Parliament always feel safe that they are doing good? Is any tradesman doing good who sells an article as A 1 which is not entitled to be called A at all? And yet, in most of these instances, the individual himself may be hardly responsible that he does not do good. The lawyer—when once

he is a lawyer—must act after his kind. And so must the grocer, who cannot sell coffee without chicory at eightpence per pound, and who must sell eightpenny coffee or else shut up his shop. Now, in the Civil Service, men are not constrained to mix any chicory with their coffee. If they do so, it is from a personal aptitude for dishonesty.

Therefore I say that this profession admits of a noble purpose, and that the daily work attached to it—that work which no doubt seems often to be dull enough—is always compatible with honesty. The youngest of my readers may not hitherto have thought much of this; but it is a matter very worthy of thought. It is a sad reflection for a man, as he goes down in years, that he has passed his life in digging holes—in digging holes and re-filling them—or perhaps in work less innocent even than that.

Then, as to the independence, or what I may call the manliness of this profession! Those who know aught of social life in England, and of the changes which have come upon it during the last two centuries, will be aware that all professions have gained greatly in this respect. Parsons used to be considered little better than head servants; and though they were admitted to table, were expected to leave it when the puddings and pies came in. Now-a-days they take their full share of the puddings and pies, and of all the good things that come after them. Naval and military officers were forced to cringe and hang about like lacqueys at the doors of their noble captains and colonels; and authors sued humbly, cap in hand, to the great lords, praying for some fee in return for a dedication. All that is nearly over now.

And so was it with the Civil Service. In the days of which I am speaking, a clerk in an office could hardly say that his soul was his own. Indeed his spirit was not his own, and could not be so. A man's daily bread—his own and that of his wife and children,—must be his first consideration; and in those days a man could not feel his daily bread to be secure unless he would bend his neck to the yoke. Now, I take leave to think, no man in the Civil Service need bend his neck to any yoke. If he chooses to bend it—if he prefers a yoke—then, indeed, he may do so.

Doubtless there are difficulties in the way of the full fruition of this independent spirit—difficulties for which no individuals can be blamed; and I am inclined to think that it behoves a man who intends to earn his bread as a servant of the Crown, to look more to this point than perhaps to any other. Manliness, a spirit of independence, grows quickly with a man, as does also a deficiency of that spirit. He who at five-and-twenty can feel within his bosom that sort of dread for another man which a schoolboy has for his master, will too probably feel it also at five-and-forty; and will then carry it with him to the grave. Such a one will never have been a man.

The difficulties in the way of this independence are, I think, as follows:—In the first place, men enter the Civil Service by favour; but do not so enter most of the other professions. An appointment is *given*. So

also, indeed, is a living, and so are many commissions in the army, and so *were* all appointments, military and civil, in India. But by this gift, an idea of an obligation is engendered; and a man is, or may be, taught to suppose that he has incurred a favour in being allowed to earn his bread after this fashion, and that he should pay for that favour.

I can best perhaps explain what I mean by pointing to the Civil Services of foreign nations. Take Prussia for instance. In Prussia there is a very large staff of "placemen." Is there any designation of men more objectionable than "placemen?" That word alone nearly explains what I mean. There is, in Prussia, an army of placemen who are bound to give, and who do give, in return for salaries, not only their allotted quotas of work, but also a moral—or an immoral—support. The giving of such support is incompatible with independence on the part of the ordinary Civil servant. It is that sort of support which a Minister in this country openly and fairly demands from his Ministerial party. The holder of Ministerial office incurs no obloquy in rendering it. But to be bound by party obligation without party privileges or party feelings—in that, I think, there is great obloquy.

I believe I am correct in saying that such obligation is exacted from the Civil servants of many Continental Governments, and that much of it was exacted in ours, as the natural return to be made by men who had received the gift of a situation.

Most of my readers will be conversant with the memoirs of Samuel Pepys, who was a very remarkable Civil servant in the days of Charles II. and of James II. He was at heart a grand Englishman, with a spirit strong against servility, peculation, and idleness—a man not to be mentioned by any means with reprobation. But I cite his name now because his memoirs show us very plainly how hard it was for a Civil servant in his time to be free from servility, peculation, and idleness—even with such a spirit as that of old Samuel Pepys. He could not endure to eat his bread without earning it; but, nevertheless, he did not keep his hands clean. Clean hands were not in fashion in his days.

And in this way sinecures came to pass. When a man conceived that he had placed himself under an obligation in being allowed to draw a certain income quarterly, he was apt to think that that feeling of obligation was in a great measure the return which he was bound to make for that income. That was the return in lieu of so much work. Where was the favour if he was to work hard? Where, indeed? I should say. And then the favour grew in amount, and the work lessened, till the Civil servant was a sinecurist.

That is one phase of the Civil Service. I shall not wound the feelings of many who now hold places under Government by saying that a sinecurist is a contemptible fellow. If a man hold a sinecure in payment for past service, he is a pensioner and not a sinecurist. But a sinecurist proper—a man who takes pay and does not give or has not given anything for it—is a contemptible fellow. He, of course, is under a heavy load of

obligation. Then comes the man who gives half work and takes out the rest in obligation. He is a shade better off,—but only a shade.

But he who for every half-crown gives service to the full value of half-a-crown,—surely with him need be no servility, no feeling of favour. In such a case the workman confers the favour, and may fairly feel within his own bosom that he does so.

It is, however, in the power of men to reverse the matter altogether, and to place the balance clearly on the right side. For every half-crown that they receive, let them be careful to give work to the value of three and sixpence, and then let them not care a straw for any man. He who so arranges his weights and measures, never does care a straw for any man. There is no difficulty in so arranging them, in so fixing his pennyworths of work. That he may attain his object—that manly independence without which no profession can be pleasant—it is not necessary that all the world should know the amount of return he makes. It is only necessary that one man should know it;—and that one man will always know it. It need not be said who that one should be.

And here, in speaking on this subject of favours, let it be acknowledged that the Civil Service Commission has done some good. I am not one of those who believe in the Medea's cauldron. I do not think that the chopping up and boiling will change the bones and flesh of the body. The amelioration which has taken place, and which is taking place in the Civil Service, is a part of the progressive movement of the nation, and would have come to pass, and was coming to pass, without any commission whatever. But it is well to have something to say in praise, and that something may as well be said here as elsewhere.

A preliminary examination of candidates for the Service by an independent Board has no doubt been beneficial. And while it is simply a test of the fitness of the person nominated, it must, I think, continue to be so. Among other things, it assists men to achieve that independence of which we are speaking. A lad who knows that he has been adjudged fit for the work which he has to do, and who bears with him into the Service this mark of approbation, is taught to conceive that from the first he makes a fair bargain with the public which is his paymaster. Such a fair bargain he does make. Let him, therefore, eschew all idea of an obligation imposed—of any favour, I should say.

Then, again, the position in which one Civil servant stands with reference to another, does create a difficulty in carrying out that feeling of independence. One man is subject to the censure and displeasure of another; and one man may be put out of the Service by the will or at the judgment of another. And thus that manliness, which should be the moving spirit of all trades, professions, and callings whatever, is rendered difficult. But I venture to think that this difficulty also may be overcome,—nay, that it is being overcome. It is still a difficulty, but it is not an insuperable obstacle as it was some fifty years ago.

Fifty years ago an independent spirit in the Civil Service was, I

believe, an impossibility. Twenty-five years ago it was nearly so. Now it may be enjoyed, but with difficulty. It is for those who now form the Civil Service to see that it may be enjoyed by those who come after them without difficulty.

I have alluded to the subjection to censure under which Civil servants must hold their places. It has no doubt occurred to us all that men in the open professions, as they are called, are in this respect better off than Government clerks. Clergymen cannot be censured, nor can barristers. Of course I allude to censure supposed to be inflicted and borne without liberty of reply. From censure with liberty of reply who is, or should, or can be free? Doctors and attorneys; poets, painters, engineers, and architects, cannot be reprimanded at the will of any one person; and, therefore, we are disposed to think that they are more independent in the exercise of their calling than Civil servants. But before we altogether acquiesce in the truth of this, let us see very shortly how other professions are circumstanced, and how this profession is placed.

No one likes to be blown up. And when such an evil comes upon any one, that one always imputes the chief fault to him who is the scolder, and not to himself who is the scoldee. Such little exercises of patience generally fall to the lot of the younger,—the more amusing pastime of the tongue being the privilege of the elders. I imagine that very much of the same thing is the case in all trades going. May it not be surmised that the younger partner, or the expectant partner, in an attorney's firm hears of it if he be remiss with his indentures and his latitats? And the young curate, too, who for a while has thought more of the pretty girls in his parish than of the old women, does he not experience the rough side of the rector's tongue? You would not think so, observing how unassailable he looks, seen with his wavy hair on a Sunday morning; but I have but little doubt that such is the case. And younger counsel, too,—men wrapped in all the glories of bombazine—barristers with wigs on their heads! Even such a one must submit, if on occasion it be thought that he has failed in annihilating, as he should have done, the presence of mind of some witness.

There is on record a case of a bishop who was censured, and who endured it! And I doubt whether fault may not occasionally be found even with a Cabinet Minister! It is the lot of man,—and I fear the very ordinary lot of young men.

But, it may be urged that in the professions above named a man feeling himself to be in the right may so place himself without danger of being ousted from his profession. If one rector be too hard on a curate, that curate may succeed better with another, and so on. But that in the Civil Service an obedience is required almost menial in its submissiveness.

In answer to this I say, that such submission was the order of the day fifty years since; that it need not be the order of the day now; and that, by God's help, it most certainly will in nowise be so in the days which I

trust we shall all live to see. It is very far from my present purpose to teach any young man a lesson of disobedience; but I am prepared to tell every young man—as, indeed, every old man also, if it were necessary—that the first and chief obedience required is that of a workman to his work; an obedience which is in no respect menial, which is the very reverse of menial; an obedience which is Godlike in its nature, and which is the very source and fountain spring of manly independence! Yes! The obedience of a workman to his work. That obedience which should induce a shoemaker to make his shoe well, even though the wearing of that shoe should bring him no personal credit. The obedience of a workman to his work! If this Civil Service cannot be made an independent profession, it will be from want of such obedience as that. Let that obedience be paid, and the workman will find that no other need annoy him. Let that obedience be paid, and no other obedience need ever be servile. A man who cannot take off his hat to his work and pay it reverence, is not a workman in a happy frame of mind.

A workman owes obedience to his work, and if he pay that he need pay no other that is not compatible with it, and is not a part of it. I will go further, and say that any man holding authority, and demanding more than this, will find himself, now in these days, utterly foiled. There is not now the old aptitude for censure. And why? Because men are less prone to domineer? No. Such improvements do not descend from the few to the many. They ascend from the many to the few. It is because the spirit and inner manhood of the workman is of a higher calibre. Men now will not be browbeat; and, therefore, as a rule, the work of browbeating is at an end. No civil servant now need fear censure—no civil servant who does his duty with fair energy. A truant dog must, we know, be whipped; but, now-a-days, woe be to him who attempts the whipping of a dog that is not truant.

I have spoken as to the bearing of censure, and, while I am on the subject, I will venture to say one word as to the giving of it. Most civil servants have some in authority under them. I would say to all such, Remember the golden rule,—"Do unto others," &c. Men know how unbearable to themselves is a harsh word, an undeserved rebuke. I trust that they abstain from speaking harsh words, and from giving undeserved rebukes. They declare to themselves that they will allow no superior to treat them as a machine, to be wound up and set a-going at his will. I trust that they remember that other men are not to be wound up at their will.

To you, my friend, I would say, that if you allow yourself to regard any one under you as less than a man, you are as mean in that thought as though you imagined him who is over you to be more than a man. Nay, one meanness will accompany the other. When I see that Smith wants to make a machine of Jones, I know that Smith is a machine ready made to the hands of Brown.

And then as to the risk of dismissal, a man cannot be dismissed from

being a lawyer or a clergyman, unless his conduct have been very vile indeed; and therefore a lawyer and a clergyman can hold their profession with independence. Is it not pretty much the same thing now in the Civil Service? Is it not felt to be practically sure that no man can be put out of his place as long as he does his work; and that no inquiries will be made as to what he thinks, or what he is, or in what way it may suit him to live. I fancy that a Civil servant now-a-days holds his office by as firm a tenure as a parson does his living. If the parson disgrace himself, he may lose his gown; and so may the Civil servant, in such a case as that, lose his gown.

But the greatest difficulty in the way of independent action remains to be told. And there is something yet to be done before that can be overcome. The object in this profession, as I take it, is not merely to hold a certain position, which will give bread, but to rise in it to bread and butter; ay, and to cakes and ale, if that be possible. Men all want promotion. Now, the question is how they may put themselves forward as candidates for that promotion, and secure their fair chance of cakes and ale without leaning on the favour or soliciting the good-will of those whose words carry promotion with them. Such leaning and such soliciting is opposed to manly independence. There is much of it in all professions; but it is our purpose now to inquire how men may best act in this profession, so as to be as free from it as men may be.

And here again, that which has been done proves to us what may be done. I think I tell no State secrets, but utter certainly a State truth, when I say that twenty-five years ago no man could rise in a public office who was personally disagreeable to his superiors. More than that; it was almost necessary that he or some one belonging to him should be personally agreeable. I think it will be admitted that such is not the case now. It may be imagined that there is partiality of selection, but it is not imagined that men are selected without reference to their competence. The selector may judge badly, and possibly may have allowed himself to be influenced by his likings; but he no longer dares to throw all judgment to the winds. The clamour would be too great. The English of it is this: he could not do it.

And here I must say that in this respect Medea has done us no good with her cauldron. If any possible plan could enable a job-loving, favouritizing senior to withstand the spirit of the age, and put unfairly forward his special friends, it is the system of promotion by merit as at present sanctioned. That I give as my opinion. *Valeat tantum.* As I must recur to the matter before I have done, I will not further insist upon it now.

But, though I do here protest that this system of promotion as at present arranged has this evil tendency—and I trust we shall all live to see it overthrown, or rather to overthrow it, for in these matters a man should not so much desire to see good results as to produce them—but though I do protest that this system of promotion has a terribly strong

tendency towards dependency of spirit and time-serving, still,—still I do not think that that tendency is so strong as the counter-tendency of the age. Though Medea with her cauldron has done so much to bring us back to servility, I think that the manhood of the times is too strong for her.

But let it be remembered that that manhood depends on the exertions of individuals of the profession. It is for each man to feel individually that he will do nothing to obtain promotion—nothing but the one thing—nothing but deserving it. In spite of Medea, that I think will still be his safest course for obtaining it.

It has always appeared to me in what I have heard and read about the Civil Service as a profession that Government clerks are supposed to think less of themselves than any other class of men in the world. I do not myself believe that they have any special merit of this sort, but it seems to me that some such special merit is attributed to them. I hear them incited to deeds of ambition and spurred on by educational tests and competitive examinations to learning, philosophy, and mental cultivation; but I hear very little of the usual rewards which the world is accustomed to hold forth as inducements for high acquirements and devoted labour. Of high acquirements and devoted labour I think very much; but I conceive that, if a profession requires them, a profession should pay for them. I am far from saying that the Civil Service does not need high acquirements and devoted labour; but the Civil Service should be prepared to give the *quid pro quo*.

There are three headings under which I would propose to look at the rewards or wages which a Civil servant has a right to expect. The first is that of his simple salary; the rate of annual pay for which he commences working and goes on to work. On this matter I can say nothing here that would be of any advantage, unless it be this: that very generally in the world men are valued at the rate at which they value themselves. The higher men of the Civil Service can learn to think of themselves, the higher others will think of them.

The second heading is that of ordinary promotion; and on this subject I do feel that a few words should be said. This is no general question of political economy affecting the world at large, and which can only be discussed on large abstract principles. It is a question affecting every civil servant individually; which affects that profession and none other, which is absolutely a question of their own; and it is one which, I take leave to think, should not have been decided for them without an expression of the opinion of the profession in general. Such an expression of opinion might easily have been elicited. But this has not been done; and an enormous change has been made, affecting all their worldly interests with an importance that I cannot exaggerate; and that change has been made, as it appears to me, without any attention to the wishes of the profession, and so made in accordance with the Utopian theories of a very few men.

Could it have been possible that the interests of clergymen or of lawyers could have been thus played with? It would have been impossible. But then it will be said that the law and the Church are open professions; and that, as Civil servants are paid by the Crown, the Crown may do as it pleases with them.

I altogether deny that the Crown possesses any such right. No one has a right to injure those he employs, and the Crown less of such right than any other employer. But in order to see what the crown has done in this matter, we will make the comparison between the Civil Service and other Crown servants. We will take a regiment, or the body of officers in a regiment, and compare it to a public office. Of course we all know that ordinary promotion is now to be given in the Civil Service,—not to the man who stands next in order to receive it, if he be fit,—but to the man below who may be most fit, whether he stand next, or next but one, or last in the order of expectants. Now let us go to the regiment: we will say a regiment of artillery, because there is no purchase there.

In this regiment we will say that a major retires. There are ten captains, all of course desirous of the majority. Captain Brown, the senior, is an excellent officer. Everybody, including the Colonel, says that he is an excellent officer. But there is a certain Captain Green at the bottom of the list who knows more than Captain Brown, and more than all the other captains. He was probably brought up but the other day from the bottom of the lieutenants on account of his terrible proficiency. He talks French like a Frenchman, understands trigonometry, draws fortifications, and can answer questions out of his head about everything under the sun. Brown is now forty, and when he was young, there was none of all this learning going. All he knows is, that since he buckled on a sword at seventeen up to this day, he has served his sovereign with loyalty, and fought his country's battles,—that he has never shirked parade, and has lived among officers and gentlemen as officers and gentlemen should live.

It is all nothing. Green is the most worthy captain of the lot, and he becomes the major. And then after that, Captain Pink comes up. A lad, who has the advantage of being a lad in these days, can educate himself up to any mark. And so on the next vacancy, Captain Pink goes up.

I need not say, that all this would be simply impossible. The regiment could not be held together under such circumstances. But why should it be possible within a public office, if not possible in a regiment? The hardship is the same.

But if this could be done among that corps of officers, what would be the result? Would Captain Brown be a good soldier after he had been so treated? Would it be possible that he should be a good soldier? Quite impossible, I think, that he, or any of the nine, should be so! A worthy man can bear a deal of disappointment, but he cannot bear to be treated as though he were unworthy.

All the men so passed over are destroyed as public servants. But not

only are *they* destroyed. Green, who has been selected as so much wiser than his seniors, he is destroyed also. He has been taught to think himself such a prodigy, that he cannot be got to do the ordinary work of his life.

But that which I have described as impossible in a regiment is now the law of ordinary promotion in the Civil Service. I do not know that I have in any point exaggerated the matter. Not only may young Green and young Pink from the bottom of a class be put over the heads of all their seniors, but the officer who makes the selection is bound so to promote them, if he thinks that they are the most worthy. The fact that all those other men are fit for the higher position—those men who are thus superseded, and ruined in life by being superseded; the fact of their all being fit—affords no argument against the selection of Green. It is nothing that they have all done all that they ever undertook to do, that they are able and willing to do all that that higher class will require of them. The rule is, that without any reference to their welfare, their rights, or their wrongs, the best man shall go up—the best man, or the man whom somebody thinks to be the best man. This is the theory of promotion by merit—so called.

There is a cruelty in this theory which to a certain degree mitigates the evil. Such is the rule. But men have hearts, and they cannot be got to carry out such a rule. But what shall we say of a law that can be palliated only by such an excuse as that?

It may have been and probably was the fact that the *vis inertiæ* of mere length of service did in former days secure promotion without reference to fitness. It was a fault of the service that an idle man was thus put on a par with a man of industry; and if so, it was well that such a fault should be remedied. But the remedy was at hand, without going to Utopia for a dream of perfection—for a theory of promotion satisfactory only as an abstract idea. Let it become the rule that no man shall be promoted who is not fit for the duties of the higher position. The question is this. Shall the promotion be given to the most worthy man, or to the first man who is worthy? "*Detur digno*," or "*detur digniori?*" The law now says, "*detur digniori*." My belief is, that that law, if carried out, would ruin the Civil Service, but that it cannot be carried out. Tremendous injustice is done from day to day by attempts to carry it out—even by most conscientious attempts to do so; of that I am full sure.

For this rule or law which is so unjust to the candidates is quite as unjust to those who have to select the chosen candidate. No position can be worse than that of a conscientious man intrusted with such a duty. As far as I can see, a man so placed must give up his conscience. He must give up his conscience and disobey the rule—which I hope is usually done; or he must give up his conscience and make selections, without any adequate knowledge of what he is doing.

This system has been tried, and I think that the Civil Service generally will agree with me in stating that it has failed. The matter, as I have

said, is one of vital interest; and I think that it behoves the Civil Service as a body to see that the rule be abrogated. No one should press for the promotion of men by simple seniority; but I do maintain, that if a man be fit to perform the duties of a class to which he has risen by length of service, he is entitled to the promotion by all equity. And I maintain beyond this, that the advantage of the Civil Service generally, and of the public at large, will be best consulted by giving such a man the position he has earned.

Then there remains the third heading, under which we must consider the *quid pro quo*—the payment, that is, with which the country remunerates its Civil Service. This heading concerns promotion which is not ordinary; which does not, and never did, and never can, go with length of service. It concerns what we may call staff appointments, as to which the whole Civil Service is, I believe, agreed that they should be given as the rewards of special merit. But then the whole Civil Service is agreed also that they should be so given to members of the Civil Service, and to members of the Civil Service only; to them and no others.

I said that civil servants could not become chancellors, or judges, or bishops; meaning by that that they cannot aspire to prizes so high as those to which lawyers and clergymen may rise. This is so. But it is also true that there are prizes to which they may aspire; and these should be as much their own by right, as the bishoprics belong to the Church, and the judgeships to the law. We all know that no power in the British Government could give a man the emoluments of a bishop unless he were first a clergyman of the Church of England; nor could it make a man a judge, unless he had been a barrister. This is understood by every child; and the other should be equally well understood.

Of all the printed words I have ever read, none have ever made me so angry as certain words in that report about the Civil Service. "Few public servants," the report says, "would feel the appointment of a barrister of known eminence and ability to some important position, as a slight or discouragement to themselves." Now, to my thinking, there is an arrogance and an impudence about that which is astounding. The writers of that report had just been pointing out how necessary it was that the ambitious youths of the country should be attracted to the Civil Service, and had then gone on to say, that unfortunately these ambitious youths had not been forthcoming. Youths very much the reverse had been forthcoming, and a description is given of the Civil Service which is not at all flattering. After that, in order to encourage the clerks the better, they give them their opinion as to the barristers of well-known eminence. I have not a word to say against barristers of well-known eminence, and do not at all desire to oust them from their peculiar seats; but I do most earnestly desire to keep them—and all others, except Civil servants—from seats which should afford the appropriate rewards of the Civil Service.

In the report, allusion is made to the higher qualities of these eminent

barristers; meaning, of course, that such men would be more fit for important places than mere Civil servants. But that is arguing in a circle. If you deny men their right to certain rewards, they will not trouble themselves to earn those rewards. You do not promote men in the Civil Service to be under-secretaries because they are not fit; but in the same breath you acknowledge that you have no men fit because you have no rewards to encourage such fitness. If men were confident that they could rise in the Civil Service to be secretaries, under-secretaries, and commissioners; that they or their brethren in the Civil Service must so rise; that, by the law of the service, no one else could so rise—I think we may say that a sufficient amount of competency would be found.

But how shall an officer make himself fit to be a colonel, when, by the practice of the service, it is almost impossible that he should ever become one.

And now I would wish to call attention to a matter which affects, not the whole Civil Service, but a very large portion of it. My chief object in these remarks—indeed, I may say my only object—has been to assist in raising that profession to the level of other professions. In order that this may be done effectually, an earnest endeavour should be made to remove from it any stigma that may attach to it specially. Now, there is a law barring many of its members from certain rights of citizenship which I think I may safely call absurd and vexatious, and the repeal of which they have, as I think, a right to demand. All members of the Civil Service who are concerned directly or indirectly in the collection of the revenue, are forbidden, under various terrible penalties, from the exercise of their franchise — from voting for a member of Parliament. I consider such a barrier to citizenship as that to be a stigma on the profession.

I would fain hope that every man in the Service is a politician. I do not much mind what a man's politics are, so that he has got politics. So that he will concern himself with the public welfare of his country and of his race, and give his mind to the matter, I do not much care whether I be called upon to agree with him, or to differ from him. But I don't love a man with whom I can neither agree nor disagree; who will say that politics are nothing to him. Such a one seems to me to shirk the first of a man's duties.

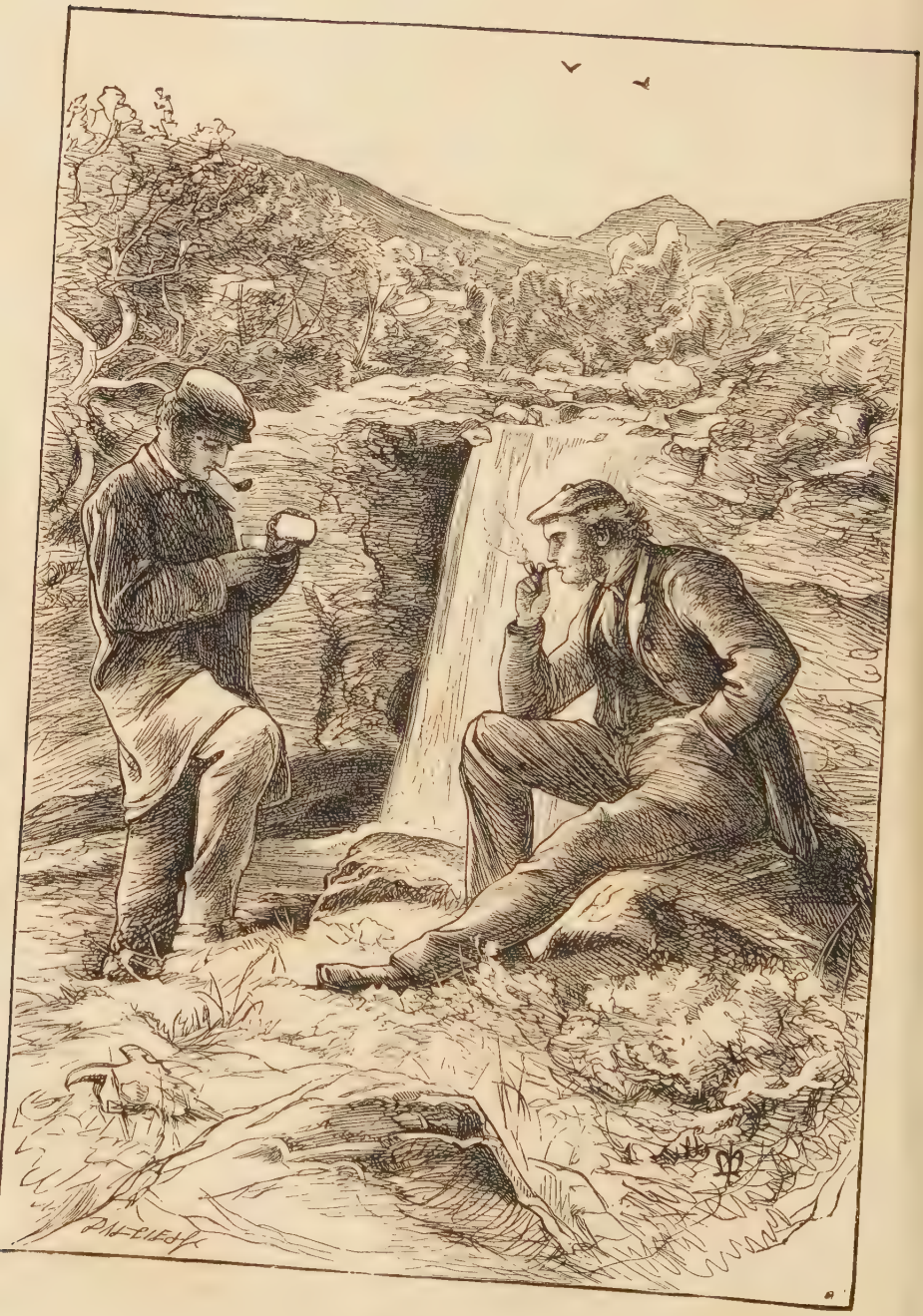
But how is a man to exercise his energy as a politician in such a country as this, who is ostentatiously debarred from the ordinary political rights of an Englishman? A document is issued very freely at periods of a general election among this portion of the Civil Service, in which their unfortunate position in this respect is explained to them. They are not simply told that they can't vote, but they are assured that if they do, they will be dismissed, be fined in some tremendous sum of money that not half of them can pay, and after that imprisoned. The doom of the sinner sounds like some of those terrible mediæval punishments in which it was thought by no means enough to kill the

guilty one, but he must be disembowelled also, and drawn and quartered, and left unburied afterwards. In case that they sin in this particular, they are to be visited with utter ruin and the worst species of disgrace, for doing that which it is the duty of every Englishman to do—of every Englishman who stands sufficiently high in the scale of life.

I will not now go at length into the original reason of this rule. Years ago, when the law was passed, the Civil Service was a very different calling from that which now exists. It was very much smaller, and it may be that the men who held positions in revenue offices would, if they had voted at all, have been coerced to vote as the head of the Treasury would have them. There may then have been a reason for the embargo. But there can be no such reason now.

I have found no one who would tell me that there was such reason now. Artizans in the dockyards vote; and will it be said that clerks in metropolitan public offices are more subject to the influence of Government than they are? We hear that they are subject to such influence, but no one dreams of taking from them their votes. It would be monstrous to tell a body of men who, combined, form the largest portion of a large profession in the metropolis, that they should be so influenced.

The fact, no doubt, is this: that they—they now in 1861—are so debarred, not because anybody thinks it right, but because the law exists. And the law will exist till they make themselves heard, and make it understood that they wish to have this stigma removed from them. When they have united in expressing such a wish, this stigma will be removed.



TEMPTATION.

Horace Saltoun.

Part I.—Early Days with Grind and Grinders.

It is now many a long year since I and Horace Saltoun found ourselves extended one fine summer's day on a luxuriously mossy bank that overlooked one of the loveliest dales of the north-west of England. We had achieved our small triumph, which, however, appeared magnificent in our eyes—namely, we had successfully passed the hall and the college; and having worked like men, we were ready to play like boys. So while we smoked our short pipes we philosophized after our crude fashion, pitied the fellows who had been "spun," as the phrase goes, and pronounced dogmatically enough on the merits of the case.

We were new at our work then, and regarded the examiners as our natural enemies, to be outwitted, dodged, discomfited, or at any rate to be circumvented somehow; forgetting that the balance of power adjusts itself even in the dreaded chamber of ordeal, and that the instinct of fair-play common to all Englishmen is assisted by artificial means. For instance, an examiner does not propose questions to a pupil from his own hospital, but he sits by to hear those whom he instructed undergo their trial, and if they fail from nervousness, not inability, he is permitted to explain the query fairly to them, and ascertain that they completely understand its meaning; while, if they are unduly pressed, though he may be—and, as man is but man, he probably often *is*—in a rage, it is always in his power to torment his rival by a little extra severity on the other men; so that even appealing to the selfish part of human nature—and that is perhaps the safest, inasmuch as it is never wanting, but is always there to be appealed to—the examinations cannot be otherwise than conducted with ordinary justice. All this, however, as I have said, we did not reflect on, but blamed and criticized pretty freely. One gentleman was a sneak, another "a pagan," and a third "a good fellow, and no mistake."

As for me, I was the only son of a widowed mother, and I need not say how disastrous to our hopes, and crushing to the slender means (already largely drawn on for my necessary expenses), a failure would have been. I recounted to Horace for the twentieth time, almost with tears in my eyes, how I could have wrung off the hand of old —— in sheer gratitude when he interposed, "Take courage, young gentleman; don't hurry. Do you quite understand what Mr. —— means? It is," &c. And in a few words a question that had been put in a most involved and ambiguous form, was made so clear that it was satisfactorily answered. My spirits and hopes rose, and I felt an internal conviction that I should get through. Well—well! all that is past and gone; and boys with faces

as white as their own shirts have stood before *me* since then. But you may be sure I do not forget the hour when I occupied their place, sick with anxiety, and my heart thumping against my side as though it would break my ribs. And if I see the honest face of a painstaking lad hopelessly troubled, for the sake of that memory I give him a helping hand, or a word of encouragement. And if, as will happen, young fellows present themselves who have been idle three-fourths of their time, and have frantically ground and crammed into them in six months that which ought to have been carefully acquired in five years (and though they may shave off their moustaches, and turn up their shirt-collars, we *do* happen to know those young gentlemen by sight), I try that their rejection, which really the slightest regard for the good of mankind renders imperative, shall be accompanied by such words and recommendations as shall not dispirit them from making another, and often a more successful, endeavour.

But I am digressing. I must try to convey some idea of the tall, loose-limbed, bulky young fellow who was lounging by my side. He possessed a massive and exceeding well-developed forehead, a full light-grey eye the iris of which was curiously flecked with dark patches, somewhat irregular features, rather thin twitching lips, a complexion that was habitually of a muddy pallor, and a quantity of disorderly hair of no very obvious colour.

At fifteen, Horace Saltoun was a dull, heavy lad, whose brain seemed overweighted. He was as stupid in his intellectual efforts as he was slow and clumsy in the active sports of his schoolfellows. He was the despair of his tutors, though, to do him justice, he received their reproaches with the most phlegmatic stolidity, and the butt of his fellows, as far as they dared, for his fists were known to be like sledge-hammers, and his blows to rarely miss their aim. It was, indeed, said of him, that as he never knew when to begin fighting, he never knew when to leave off; and that slow as he was to be roused, he was slower still to be appeased. The head-master, however, differed from the others in his estimation of the character of young Horace, and was wont to say, "There is no need to hurry; he will get the use of his faculties all in good time, and, God sparing his health, he will some day be an extraordinary man: he is inert, but there is great dormant power. With such a head as that I never despair."

The doctor's prediction seemed likely to realize itself, though not till after Saltoun quitted his care. At nineteen his ponderous powers came into play, and at twenty-two he was one of our most rising analytical chemists, and had distinguished himself in microscopic investigations; he had likewise effected one or two small but important improvements in certain philosophical apparatus, the result of which had been to bring him under the favourable notice of some of the leading scientific men of the day, while his prodigious ability in mental arithmetic and quantitative analysis had already caused him to be looked on as no mean authority. I can see him now as he used to sit in his student days in the front rank at the lecture, apparently utterly dead to all that was going on around

him, with his huge shoulders up to his ears, his eyes half closed, and his head resting on his hand, until he resembled a great contemplative sloth. But if a knotty point or a contested theory were started, he would show signs of life, move incessantly on his seat, run his fingers through his long untidy locks, wake up, and in a wonderfully short space of time he had sifted and digested the information, added one or two odd-looking hieroglyphics to those that already adorned his note-book, and would then relapse into his former sluggish attitude.

As the intellectual dulness which characterized his boyhood utterly disappeared, so did his moral disposition undergo a marked change. The phlegmatic tone vanished; he became more diffusive in kindness and more sensitive to rebuke, more ready to love or hate, to rejoice or to mourn, and, as a consequence, proportionably more popular. As a student he was a reckless liver, drawing unsparingly on his health and his brains. Whether it were boating or reading, fighting or gambling, a daring experiment in surgery or a night expedition to procure anatomical subjects, a war among the dons or a row with the Thames watermen (at all times rough customers), no man threw himself into the ring with such haste and zeal as Saltoun. His rough, natural eloquence, and his iron power of endurance, made him an invariable boon companion; for he seemed to be indifferent to heated rooms and abominable smells; and the longest orgie failed to exhaust him, for he apparently postponed sleep at will, and summoned it at his own pleasure.

I ought, perhaps, to have said before that the lower part of his head and face was inferior to the upper, and even somewhat animal in the expression; and from this there ran a certain tendency to coarseness which marred the harmony of the impression given by his whole appearance. He, nevertheless, had his impulses under strict control: he never touched any spirituous liquor, and none of us ever saw him deviate from what seemed to be a fixed resolution on this point; he was, however, a votary of tobacco, and a passionate lover of all games of chance; so that he had weaknesses enough to compensate for his temperance in other respects. Gambling, however, he renounced in a great measure; and after he commenced his professional career, he did so entirely, alleging he had not time for it. In one department of medical student-life he won laurels. His invariable and unselfish kindness to the poor; his persevering attention; his constant readiness to give up his time and pleasure for their benefit, made him regarded almost as a deity among them; and "young Dr. Saltoun" had been reported to many of his superiors long before he had acquired the legal licence to cure or kill. He thus laid the foundation of a large, though, perhaps, not lucrative practice.

He did not, as has been said, neglect his books; but he profited more by direct experience than any man I ever saw. In these matters he passed his fellows, as one wave will occasionally head all the rest, and roll far beyond that thin line of froth which marks on the sand the spent force of the others. What he found to do he did with all his might; but it was

generally tinted by a certain pervading recklessness; and from the time when his intellect first seemed to respond to the calls which were made on it, in all his ways there was a something which betrayed the craving instinct for excitement which seemed to be a component of his changed character. Like most temperaments of this order, his spirits were subject to great alternations: he had fits of gloom, of ill-will to particular individuals, and great irresolution in adopting any plan. Whether it was that his mind was too divided to fix on any line of action, and that he anticipated a failure; or that his too highly taxed physical strength encouraged a regretful state of mind; or that the voluntary power was too much enfeebled to be exerted with effect, cannot be safely pronounced on; but at these seasons he was unlike himself, moody and taciturn in society, and in gesture irritable and petulant. But, with all his faults, he was pre-eminently generous, humble-minded, and truthful, ever ready to see merit, and slow to believe evil; and our intimacy as schoolboys and fellow-students laid the foundation of a friendship which after years cemented into an abiding affection.

So much for my companion: and if I have appeared to sketch his character at a greater length than requisite, it must be borne in mind that it is necessary to bring his peculiarities prominently before the reader, in order to appreciate the after troubles of his career.

Below the mossy bank on which Horace and I reclined, was a cascade, rather celebrated in those parts. The water came pouring over the fall in foaming torrents; and, once in that deep, turbid hollow, they revolved round and round, as life does in large towns, like thick, boiling scum; then the spots of discoloured foam congregated sullenly, those that escaped fell over a few stones into a rapid, clear brook, and were carried swiftly out of hearing of the din and tumult above. Opposite to us rose a hill, clothed to its very summit with birch, alder, holly, furze and fern; beyond it, to the right, lay a plain, dotted over with isolated rocks, of that peculiar coffin-like shape which so often indicates the limestone formation; and stretching away from this, lay range after range of those broad, lofty mountains which guard our native dales: indented, scored steppes of stone formed frequent distinct lines of terraces, some of which must have been upwards of sixty feet in depth. A dark strip of pine formed an angle on the summit of the hill, and the small expanse of sky which was visible through this angle marked the pass of the "Grip Hag."

After smoking for a considerable time in silence, I slipped from my seat, and, making my way among the tangled branches of the stunted trees and over the rough blocks of stone, I reached the river, and, filling my horn with the sparkling water, mixed it with some whisky, supposed to be of peculiar excellence, which I had procured on my road. I tossed it off, half filled it again, and, scrambling up, rejoined Horace, and, with the foolish idea of vanquishing his determined practice of drinking nothing but water, I proceeded to mix for him. At first he refused; but when

the odour from the flask was wafted into his nostrils, he wavered, and at last acquiesced, with an odd grimace. "If I must take it, Paul, give me it neat." I complied, and poured the yellow, fragrant liquid out alone. As I placed the horn in his hand, I was struck by the greedy, anxious expression of his eyes. He held it for an instant to his lips, and then, without touching the liquor, jerked the horn and its contents into the little river, where, after a few bobbings about, it proceeded on its brief and uneven voyage. "What an ass you are, Horace!" I said, heatedly.

"I daresay I am," he replied, twisting his face into a horrible contortion. "But I should have been a greater ass if I had tasted that stuff. Stay, old fellow, don't be waxy, when I tell you why, by a safe inspiration, I threw it out of my reach. I shall tell you what I never trusted to any human being before, and you will change your mind about me, or I am far wrong. They say every house has its skeleton. Now, intoxicating liquors have been the bane of my family. We have, most of us, a morbid propensity to drink anything, no matter what, provided it intoxicates us. I don't say we all have it; but we never know in which of us it is to break out. We don't drink for *drinkee*, as the black man says, but for *drunkee*. It's no outbreak of convivial cheer, but a mad, animal instinct for solitary excess. My grandfather was hardly ever seen drunk: amid the excesses so common in those days, when three-bottle men abounded, he was singular by his abstemiousness; but at isolated periods, when quite alone, he took the most awful doses of raw spirits: he craved the poison with a fatal obstinacy, and obtained it by a marvellous cunning; and his very sobriety in public made it an easier matter for him to slaughter himself unprevented in private. He died in a madhouse. My uncle exhibited the same tendency: he cut his own throat. My father was, all his life, a rigid water-drinker; he was not a long-lived man, but when he was made aware that his end was approaching, he called me to his bedside, detailed these terrible particulars, and warned me, in words that made a deep impression on my mind. Since then I have never tasted wine or spirits: in fact, *you* know how strictly I have abstained. But sometimes, in the dead of night, when I have been previously overworked, or worried and anxious, I have felt the most awful craving for a stimulant; and I have broken out into a cold sweat with terror, lest the fiend was come to take possession, and the family degradation about to break out in my person. At those times I could fancy that the very scent of spirits would be enough to make my resolution vanish into thin air. It seems to me as if the most infernal compounds—British gin, or spirits of wine—anything, in short, that would excite me, would be drunk to the dregs, as if it were nectar. With such a history to my back, Paul, you, for one, will never blame me for avoiding that which is to me the accursed thing."

"Nay, old fellow," was my answer; "if I had known this, you may trust me, I'd sooner have cut off my right hand than have pressed it on you."

There is more generosity and frank sympathy in youth than in after years: had we both come to ripe manhood, perhaps Horace would have hesitated to make this confession. As it was, the mutual knowledge of it only cemented more firmly our friendship; and his very distrust of himself lent him, in my eyes, a deeper interest.

Shortly after this period, fortune separated us; Saltoun remained in England, while I was appointed surgeon to an East Indiaman. We kept up a correspondence, though of course at intervals.

Meanwhile circumstances occurred that made me anxious to quit the naval service. It did not suit me for many reasons: the facilities afforded to young medical officers were limited in extent, and very rarely vouchsafed at all; moreover, the life was to me an intolerably idle one: often for days becalmed in the blue Indian seas, beneath a tropical sun, and with a thermometer 98° in the shade, our sole endeavours seemed directed to invent what might, if possible, keep us cool. My business was in general of the lightest description, and there was much to see and observe in the fashions and manners of the passengers, some of which were amusing enough. Still there was a monotony about it all.

I speak, be it remembered, of things as they were twenty-five years ago, at which time there was a much greater approximation to similarity in the character and appearance of those who went out. They were all people who were descended from those connected with India by ties of different kinds; they had been bred to look forward to it, if not as their home, at least as their appointed sphere, wherein to earn a fortune or win a husband: and there was by no means that bitter and contemptuous mode of speaking of the natives which has of late years become the fashion. About four years after I entered I was invalided, with leave of absence for some months. I resolved not to sail again if I could avoid it, but endeavour, instead, to obtain the superintendence of some establishment for the insane, and devote myself entirely to the psychological branch of my profession, for which I had always felt a strong preference.

While I was recruiting my health in one of the watering-places in the south-west of England, busied in plans and correspondence, I got a letter from Horace, and found that his mother and sister were residing temporarily in the same neighbourhood; furthermore he required me to call on them. He gave me a flourishing account of his own affairs: his practice was already large, his private pupils were rapidly increasing, and he had received a hint that the professorship of anatomy at —— Hospital was open to his acceptance. Moreover, he thought he had heard of something which would exactly meet my requirements. Many more warm and kind-hearted things he said, which showed to me that his disposition was unaltered, and he concluded by enclosing the address of a well-known physician who proposed to resign the active duties of his establishment in favour of a younger man. The idea pleased me much, chiming in as it did with my secret wishes, and I wrote respecting it without an hour's delay.

That evening, after a hard day's work, I had just seated myself with a new number of the "Blue and Yellow" quarterly, then in the zenith of its fame, and was deep in one of its brilliant and slashing articles, when a note, the handwriting of which was not familiar to me, was placed in my hand. It was marked *urgent*. I could hardly guess what should procure such a summons for a poor invalid medical officer, and I hastily mastered its contents. It was from Mrs. Saltoun, and contained a hurried request to me, as the friend of her son, to lose no time in repairing to her house, as her daughter, suffering under a feverish attack, had become rapidly worse, and was now delirious: would I follow the messenger forthwith? Of course I hastened to dismiss the *Edinburgh*, and set out immediately, wondering meanwhile how it had happened that a medical man had not been called in before, and whether they had sent for Horace. No doubt he had named me to his mother, and hence the application.

The stars looked down steadily, the air was of an oppressive sultriness, and the sky of that deep blue which almost reminds one of southern climes, as I listened to the echo of our steps while the boy and I paced along the solitary road. I could not help calling to mind the many nights when, almost smothered, I had leaned out of my little cabin window trying vainly to get a breath of air, or at last, totally unable to sleep, quitted the berth and spent the night on deck in company with the officer of the watch, enjoying the strange calm beauty of night in the southern hemisphere. Amid thoughts like these I was called back to business by the servant stopping at the iron gates of a low white house which stood in some pleasure-grounds: these, though only of limited extent, were laid out with much taste. As we proceeded up the short avenue, I observed that the two upper windows were open from the top only, and that the room was apparently lighted up; the blinds, however, were drawn down, and were flapping idly to and fro, and I could perceive the shadow of a woman's figure passing hastily backwards and forwards. In a minute after I stood in the presence of Mrs. Saltoun. She was a good deal altered since the days when she had welcomed me, then a mere boy, to her house. She was still a fine-looking woman, with a pair of gentle eyes, and a natural graciousness of manner which was very winning. She professed to recal my face at once, and welcomed me with much kindness.

"I am rejoiced to see you, my dear Paul—I must call you doctor, now. You will perhaps feel surprised at this hurried message, but we have only recently settled in this neighbourhood, and hearing from Horace that you were here also, he begged we would find you out; and I am glad to do so, though this is a melancholy occasion."

I mentioned the substance of his letter, and added my regrets as to her daughter's illness.

"Yes, Emily's illness seems more serious than I anticipated, so I decided on sending for you in your medical capacity." I expressed suitable acknowledgments. "Nay, it is very pleasant when a physician is also a friend. I have sent express for Horace."

"And when may we look for him?"

"Not before to-morrow, I fear."

The poor lady seemed a good deal flurried; and I noticed, or fancied I did, a slight hesitation of speech and a hardly perceptible expression of the face which induced me to suppose she had recently experienced a threatening of paralysis. I inquired whether it would not be advisable for me at once to see Miss Saltoun. She rang the bell, sent for Miss Emily's maid, and then pursued the conversation.

"Mdlle. Justine is an invaluable person; I hardly know what we should have done without her: unfortunately she does not speak English, but even with that drawback she is quite a treasure."

I made no comment on this, as I have a secret aversion to treasures of this description.

"And how have you kept your own health, Mrs. Saltoun?"

"Oh, I have not been very strong; Emily has been for some time very far from well, and in strangely uneven spirits."

I did not like to hazard the direct inquiry, which is nevertheless the first real thought of every experienced medical man: "Has she any known cause for mental disquiet?" but substituted, "Have her spirits always been so variable?"

"No: yesterday she really alarmed me; but she was exceedingly opposed to having advice. Justine, too, thought it unnecessary, so that I am now too sensible that I have delayed it longer than I ought to have done," continued the poor lady. "To-night she is quite delirious, and frightened me sadly. I am not often able to go upstairs," she added, with a calm, pleasant smile, "and my old limbs remind me that the days are gone by, never to return, when three or four flights of steps were as nothing to me."

At this instant the door opened, and Mdlle. Justine entered. She was a middle-aged, firmly-built, olive-complexioned woman, with a pair of fine dark eyes beneath strongly defined black brows, a thin-lipped and rather wide mouth, with that square iron-looking jaw so often seen in Frenchwomen of the lower class. Not one moment elapsed before I felt positive I had seen that face before in other scenes, and taxed my memory to recollect where.

"Had madame called her?" she inquired in French. "Yes, Justine," Mrs. Saltoun replied in the same language; "is my daughter prepared to see the doctor?" "Assuredly, madame."

"Is Mdlle. Louise the sole attendant on Miss Saltoun?" I asked, remembering what I had been told, that the waiting-maid did not understand English.

"Oh, yes, she hardly leaves her for an instant."

Justine's eyes flickered, and then turned with a steady, and I thought, rather insolent glance on me. I was not duped; she understood English as well as I did, of that I was clear.

"Her name is Justine, not Louise," replied Mrs. Saltoun, innocently; "but it's no matter."

Justine vanished instanter, and darted upstairs, with a singular alacrity. The old lady leaned on my arm, and we proceeded slowly to ascend the staircase. As we approached the chamber door, I heard a hasty exclamation in French, then a low muttering, and a groan.

I had left Miss Saltoun a little girl of ten years old, and should certainly hardly have recognized her at first sight. She was in bed. I could trace considerable resemblance to Horace in her expressive and irregular features; there was a good deal, too, of the same promise of mental power about the head, but it was so far refined down as to make her a woman almost handsome, and certainly attractive in no ordinary degree. Her long hair lay loose and in disorder about the pillow; her arms were outside the sheets, which I observed by the way were firmly swathed and banded down to the bed. Her eyes were glistening, and their expression was full of a sort of expectant fear. She made several attempts to spring up, but Justine held her forcibly but quietly down. There was something about it all I thought very peculiar. I proceeded to feel her pulse. Oh, that valuable minute which is allowed to us, when with watch in hand we have time to think, if we only preserve that absorbed expression which is necessary! I quickly ran over the symptoms in my mind, especially the tremulous motion of the head, and the twitching of the eyelids. As I sat perfectly still, holding my fingers on the wrist, I was aware that I had long exceeded the single minute, and I could feel that Mdlle. Justine was watching me with ill-dissembled anxiety. I quickly made up my mind how to act.

"What food has Miss Saltoun taken?" I asked in English, of Justine.

She referred to Mrs. Saltoun, who repeated the question in French, when the maid condescended to reply in the same language,—

"Oh, very little: for the last six weeks, less and less."

"Yes; and what liquids?" (Again her eye flickered.)

Mrs. Saltoun replied for her,—"Chiefly soda-water, sometimes lemonade." The look of uneasiness wore off Justine's countenance, as Mrs. Saltoun said this.

Now of two things I had gradually become convinced during these few minutes: one was, that the name of Justine was assumed for some reason or other, and that I had known the attendant in very different circumstances as "Louise;" the other was, that this being the case, she understood English as well as I did. Granting this, and that she was aware of my discoveries, I should have a pretty strong hold on her.

I walked to the window and tried to open the lower part, but found it was nailed fast down. Good. Evidently Justine, who knew more about it than any of us, had taken the same view of the case that presented itself to me. She came forward with some explanation. "Do not apologize, mademoiselle," I said; "you have done quite right: I am aware of your reason." I drew a little writing-table to me, and began a prescription, and wrote also a note to a medical friend on whom I could depend, requesting him to send me instantly a trustworthy nurse. As I was

thus engaged, Miss Saltoun raised herself gently up and peered over the side of the bed. A nervous tremor ran through her whole body, and her face wore an expression of abject terror.

"There is something black," she said to me. "A horrid, crawling, twisting black thing under my bed. I wish you could take it away; it comes up to me constantly: can't it be removed? it ought not to be permitted to stay," she added, cowering back into her bed.

"Be comforted," I said; "I'll have it removed, and the whole room cleared out. I'll see that it does not annoy you. Mrs. Saltoun, will you be so good as to send off these two notes immediately; I will wait here until the messenger returns. How long did you say it would be before Horace will be here?"

"He cannot come before morning," she answered. "But surely my poor child wanders strangely. Do you suppose the fever is infectious? Is not delirium a sign of danger?"

"Not necessarily so, my dear madam. As to its being infectious, I cannot pronounce definitely at this stage; but, decidedly, no one who has not been previously in attendance should be much in the room." (I did this to prevent Miss Saltoun being seen by more eyes than needful.) "Mdlle. Justine looks a little knocked up. I have sent for assistance, which I doubt not will be very acceptable to her; she must require relief." I gave her a keen glance, which she returned with a stare of considerably less perfect effrontery than before. "With your permission, Mrs. Saltoun, I'll speak to her for a moment." "Step this way, mademoiselle," I said to her in French. She followed me, rather unwillingly, into the next room. I turned sharply round on her as soon as we were out of hearing, and said abruptly in English: "Now, your young mistress has not got a fever, you know; what has she been in the habit of drinking?"

"*Je ne comprends pas, monsieur*," she replied.

I repeated the question, with the same result. "If *you* don't understand," I said, very slowly, "I do. Mademoiselle, *I* understand that your name is not Justine, but Louise; and that you speak and comprehend English perfectly. *Now*, what has your mistress been drinking?"

"It is as I had the honour of telling monsieur," she said in English, perfectly unabashed; "tea and soda-water or lemonade."

Now on earth there is no race of people who lie more audaciously than the French: they attach so little regard to truth that detection causes them no shame; and of all liars, perhaps a French Abigail is most at home in this art; but then stupidity is not among her faults—and if she can clearly perceive it is to her own interest to retrace her steps, she has neither shame nor dignity to prevent her doing so.

"Now, Louise," I said, "this won't do. I will not inform Mrs. Saltoun, if you will tell the truth for once; and if you can't, or won't, I'll get you discharged before I leave this house. What is it your mistress has been drinking?"

"*Mon Dieu! que sais-je?*" she was commencing.

"Speak English, if you please," I said.

"Ether, eau-de-Cologne, spirits of lavender."

"Yes, yes, I know that; but that is not all. What is it she has had that you buy and bring in quietly?" I said this on supposition, but I saw I had hit on the truth.

"Gin, since you will have it, monsieur. She has been a little ill before, but never so bad as this." Here she relapsed into mendacity, and declared how unwillingly she had consented to procure the liquor; how much pain it cost her to do so, with other items exculpatory, which I interrupted.

"How long have these fits of drinking lasted?"

"About three weeks."

"Good; now, that will do. I need not advise you to keep your own counsel. You must stay with your young mistress until the nurse arrives. You have nailed down the window, I perceived; that was a very happy precaution, and proves that you knew what it was all about. Keep her from jumping out of bed, if possible; and don't leave her for an instant, under any pretence whatsoever. It is as much as her life and your place are worth put together."

I administered the proper medicines, and by the time that the nurse (a vigilant, reserved-looking individual) made her appearance, I had the satisfaction of finding that my patient appeared inclined to sleep, and that the frightfully irritable state of the nervous system showed symptoms of submitting to the remedies.

Horace arrived early the next morning, and I found him in the room with his mother when I paid my visit. I shook hands with him, and, of course, my first inquiry was whether Miss Saltoun had slept. It was a real relief to me when I received an answer in the affirmative; under the circumstances I naturally attributed the utmost importance to the fact.

"Excuse me, Paul," Horace broke in, "but I think you must be mad, if, as I am told, Emily has a fever, and you are prescribing morphia, brandy, and ammonia."

I tried to laugh, but it was a very poor attempt, for Mrs. Saltoun was looking anxiously and nervously from one to the other.

"I'm open to correction, Horace. However, she appears to be better; and we will have a consultation." I took his arm, and we went out together. "You have not awakened her, have you?"

"No, not I," he replied; "I only just saw her, without disturbing her in the slightest degree. I tasted the medicines, which struck me as very oddly chosen for this particular case;" and he fixed on me an angry and suspicious eye

How was I to break the painful truth to the poor fellow? I durst not dissemble: indeed it could have answered no good purpose, so I said at once, "Horace, it is better that you should know the fact. It is not a fever under which your sister is suffering, it is a slight attack of *delirium*

tremens;" and I proceeded to give him the substance of what I had extracted from Justine. He whitened visibly, as I spoke, and his knitted brows and twitching lips testified how terribly he was shaken.

"That fatal madness!" he gasped, and the drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Of course, the first thing is to discharge Justine. But I dare not tell my mother: it would kill her. And yet how to account for it? Do you think I can conceal the worst part of the affair?"

"I'll tell you my plan," I said; "and after you have heard it, take it or not, as you think advisable. Justine is not a conscientious individual; but she has plenty both of pluck and firmness, with a keen eye to her own interest, and is very difficult to deceive. She alone knows of this sad weakness; except the nurse—and her silence I'll undertake to secure. Of course the fewer that are aware of it the better. Make it to her advantage to serve you faithfully and discreetly; double, or, if needs be, treble her wages, and tell her that you will pay her at that rate so long as she keeps silence, and your sister keeps her health. Impress upon her that if another attack of the same kind even threatens to appear, she will be turned off forthwith, and without any recommendation."

Horace fell in at once with my proposal; requesting me, however, to make the necessary treaty with Justine, since, from my being not quite unacquainted with her former history, I had the greater chance of influence. She agreed, without making any objection or testifying any surprise.

"You understand, Louise, that you, and you only, are responsible. I'm quite sure that, with your quickness and penetration, Miss Saltoun will never be able to obtain spirits without your knowing of it, and I am confident that your good feeling as a woman will induce you to assist with all your might Mr. Saltoun's efforts to rescue his sister from such a melancholy fate: for that she will be liable to seek to indulge the craving from time to time I do not doubt. Besides, Louise, letting alone your affection for your mistress" (Louise put on a sentimental air at this point), "it is obviously to your advantage to do so."

She assumed her natural manner again, and even exchanged glances which announced that we understood each other.

"No, she had no objection. As to *bonté de cœur*—she did not know; Miss Saltoun had always been very kind, and a benefactress to her. Yes, she would undertake the task. Three times her old salary, that was 1,500 francs. Yes, she would certainly undertake it, and if danger appeared she would instantly communicate with me or Mr. Horace."

I hastened back, made known my success, and counselled him earnestly to stay with his sister until she recovered.

"And then tell her, Horace, that you know what the nature of her malady was, and what has occasioned it. Tell her what you have told me about other members of your family, so that she may feel that you are not without sympathy for her—that she does not stand alone—and that, above all, you understand the struggles that are before her, and

that you are prepared to stand by her to assist her in them. Don't say a word about my having seen her in that state: enlist her pride, as well as her fears, on her own behalf; and if you can procure her some female friendship, and society of her own sex, it would be very advisable."

"You are right; solitude does engender the craving: whether it be due to counter-excitement or to the dread of shame, mixing in society tends to check it."

I hardly like to think of that interview between the brother and sister! How must it come from a man and a gentleman to a woman—and that woman his sister! Yet they were both to some extent fellow-sufferers; though he, forewarned by his father, had also been forearmed. But look at it how one will, it must have been a saddening and humbling interview. He had such a natural generosity and tact, that I felt sure he would seek to break the intelligence to her with all tenderness, and so save her from her own reflections under that terrible reaction which invariably follows these attacks.

I believe that in all this he perfectly succeeded; and, as one consequence, Emily recovered rapidly. A week after, Horace put into my hand a letter containing a proposal which so exactly coincided with my own earnest desires that I at once resigned my naval appointment.

I warmly thanked Horace, and very naturally asked him about his prospects. He gave vent to a most uproarious laugh, and then subsided into total silence. I regarded him attentively.

"You have something to tell, I suppose, Horace, when you have done your internal reflections."

"Well, Paul, don't you feel that I should think of settling?"

"Taking a wife, you mean, I suppose: why, it is what we all hope for, Horace; and I suppose to no man is a wife more necessary than to a doctor."

I was rather surprised; though perhaps I had no right to be. He lay down on the sofa, lit his cigar with great deliberation, emitted some mouthfuls of smoke, and then the secret came out.

"Well, I'm engaged to be married, old boy: congratulate me."

I burst out laughing and said, "Not till I know who to."

"To Cecile Otway. It is not a bad match in a worldly point of view: though, you know, that need not be a desideratum with me; and it's all I could wish in every other way."

"Do you mean the daughter of Mr. Otway of the firm 'Otway and Kennedy,' East India people?"

"The very one. Do you know her?"

"Know her!—I think I do know her."

"Then," hastily interrupted Horace, "if you know her, of course you admire her: at least, if you don't, you need not say it; though I should like to hear your opinion," he continued, with a lover's usual logic.

"I remember admiring her," I said, cautiously.

"I met her some time ago, you must know, Paul, before you were in

England, and was struck immediately. I know you won't suspect me of coxcombry: indeed, such an uncouth fellow as I am has no right to entertain delusive notions of the sort; but she showed me a certain preference. Mr. Otway appeared so well inclined towards me that a few days ago—before I came down here, mark you—I proposed, and was accepted. Now, I want to consult you on one point. Do you think this unhappy secret about my sister's illness will ooze out?"

"No," I replied. "It has not, and need not do so. Your mother has not the faintest suspicion. Justine will, for her own sake, hold her tongue. There only remain you and I."

"Well, now, we will suppose that safe. Now I want your candid opinion, as an honourable man. *Ought* I—is it my duty—to acquaint Miss Otway with it?"

"I don't see the slightest reason why you should. It concerns your sister, not yourself; it would be an unkind step as regards her, and an unnecessary one as respects yourself."

"You really think so, Paul?"

"I do, indeed, Horace."

"Good! then henceforth let it be not named between us. You don't know what a load you have taken from my mind by giving me this assurance." A pause followed.

"When are you to be married?" I demanded, with a countenance, I fear, not so congratulatory as he expected. He looked a little cast down.

"I have no right to hurry the thing on, you see; and she is very reserved. Some people might fancy she was cold, but to me she is the very incarnation of feminine purity!"

A good deal more he added in the same strain, before we parted for the night. The upshot of the business appeared to be, that, after a rather short acquaintance, Horace was an engaged man. I was not astonished at his success, with the daughter even of so wealthy a man as Mr. Otway was reputed to be, for already he was named as a most rising man, with every chance of a brilliant future in his profession; and his remarkable powers of wit and illustration distinguished him, even in general society, from his fellows. My acquaintance with both father and daughter chanced thus. Mr. Otway had a connection with some of the foreign mercantile houses, and frequently made voyages in person. On one of these occasions he and his daughter were passengers on board the ship to which I had the honour of being junior surgeon, and I had watched that young lady's proceedings with a good deal of amusement. I remembered her as a very elegant young woman, with a pair of steely-blue eyes, fair hair, a singular purity of complexion—which, I suspected, had to do duty for purity of purpose, and a cat-like grace and stealthiness of movement. One drawback I must add—she possessed a certain thinness and sharpness in the quality of her voice, which could be unpleasant occasionally, when she spoke and was ill-pleased, and which certainly forbade her ever to attempt to increase the number of her charms by the

aid of song. These were the most noticeable features of her *personnel*; as to the rest—I am not often uncharitable—but I knew that she had been engaged once or twice, and that a good many young men considered themselves exceedingly ill-treated by her. If Horace were to marry, I wished heartily that he had selected some one of whom I had formed a less unfavourable opinion. But advice is rarely taken, even when asked for, in such affairs.

A few months glided rapidly away, and witnessed our taking possession of our respective positions. I obtained my diploma, and was established as resident physician at —— Grange, while Horace stood before the world as the accepted lover of the wealthy Miss Otway. She used her power a little mercilessly: he was literally harnessed to the wheels of her chariot, and everywhere graced her triumph. Thus Horace had to appear in a triple character—a devoted lover, an active surgeon, a popular lecturer; not to count that she also expected him to shine in society. He rose early, and arranged for his morning lecture to his private pupils; then he saw a large number of out-patients, made his rounds—where, as his fame extended, he had frequently to perform difficult and delicate surgical operations—then to his evening lecture again. After a hasty dinner he would repair to some scientific or medical meeting, and read a brilliant and effective paper prepared heaven knows when; from which he proceeded to attend Miss Otway to a ball, or the opera, or wherever that young lady chose to be seen with him; and once there—owing, perhaps, to the presence of the object of his affections, the excitement of company, and his variable spirits—he was unsparing of his apparently never-flagging powers, was applauded, admired, and quoted. This gratified his impulsive nature, as it exhausted his energies; and at two or three A.M., more or less jaded, he would snatch a few hours' sleep, until his multifarious duties again summoned him. But that he could, as I said before, sleep almost at will, he must have given way under it.

I may be accused of judging Miss Otway a little harshly, but the result will bear me guiltless. I heard *of* Horace frequently, and directly from him occasionally. More than once I met them both at different houses, and had full opportunity to verify my opinion. Miss Otway's manner towards him was, to my mind, very cold; and if her smile was bright, it had also that heartless, set expression, which bears about as much relation to a warm heart as the flame of a spirit-lamp does to a coal fire. However, he always spoke of her with the utmost generosity, lamenting only that he could not prevail on her to fix the marriage for a definite day; but added that he should be unreasonable indeed to complain, for that their house and table were always open to him; that he never went without receiving a hearty welcome from Mr. Otway, and that Cecile's manner was in private all a lover could wish for. Indeed, even if a day passed without their seeing each other, the next was sure to bring him a summons; and I knew quite well what a pile of tiny three-cornered pink-tinted notes he had treasured up.

When I encountered Miss Otway in society—which, however, from my onerous avocations, I was rarely enabled to do—she received me from the first with a marked cordiality, hardly warranted by our previous very slight acquaintance. Was this, as she took care to inform me, because I was the friend of Horace? or was it rather to enlist my sympathy and secure my silence as to what I might have formerly seen and heard of her character? I was uncharitable enough to believe the latter; and if I considered her a thorough coquette, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a good many men, and a large majority of women, were of my way of thinking. However, it was obviously not my place to interfere. I tried to give her credit for future good intentions, and to believe in her affection for Horace, against my own conviction. And I am not the first man, nor shall I be the last, who has lent credit to a fair face.

"Yes, I am proud of Horace," she said to me one evening, when the fancy took her to lean confidingly on my arm. We both watched his powerful, and, if the truth be said, somewhat clumsy person, shouldering a path in the crowd, easily visible from his great height. "Everything he does is so masculine and characteristic."

"He has a very warm and affectionate disposition, and a most unselfish heart, Miss Otway; and that, let me tell you, is a very rare qualification among our sex." No reply. "And it generally fails to meet with its deserts," I added, a little sadly.

'You know Horace can do no wrong in my eyes, doctor," returned Cecile, "and that ought to content even *your* friendship, exigeant as it is." And again the old honeyed smile.

"We will hope it may always continue to be the case," I replied, in a rather churlish manner.

A few weeks after this Horace came to me, looking terribly out of sorts. He lit a large cigar, and puffed away at it furiously, as if he wished to get rid of some secret irritation. I continued writing, without boring him by inquiries. At last out came his grievance.

"I say, Paul, old Otway is going abroad for a twelvemonth, and Cecile is going with him."

"How does she like that?" I asked.

"That is the point. I can't understand it," he said, dashing down his cigar in uncontrolled impatience. "She likes it very well indeed, and takes to it as a child does to new milk. She says she is very much grieved, and all that: indeed, she shed tears" (this with a little softening in his tone), "and I may have pressed her too hard; but still she does not really care—she hardly pretends."

"Why not marry at once, and save her the trouble and expense of the voyage; or, at least, let her make the tour in your company, instead of her father's?"

"Exactly what I urged: you know there is no earthly reason why we should not. I am making more than 900*l.* per annum now, besides 200*l.* a year of my own, and the absolute certainty of more at my

mother's death; and as to a house, one can procure anything for money in London, from a castle down to a wigwam. I did implore and beg. Was ever any woman yet so cold and so gentle? She wept, and caressed, and talked about her duty to her father, until I was bewildered."

I said nothing: but I thought she owed a duty to her intended husband no less than to her father, who was in perfect health, and by no means a gentleman who laid solitude much to heart. Indeed, if she shed tears, she should have let her father see them, as I had ample reason to know that he never denied her any request.

"She says she cannot bear the idea of her father being quite alone," he continued.

"She knows he would most likely marry again if he were," I said, coolly.

Horace looked disgusted. "What a brute you are! I almost hate you, Paul." Then the poor fellow began to reproach himself for ever having blamed her even for an instant. "It's not that I doubt her truth and constancy, however little I am worthy of her," he said, humbly. "I believe in her," continued the good, trusting heart, "as I do in Heaven! But my lonely home—my solitary hearth—that is what cows me. Oh! the horror of going every night into the house which contains no face to gladden at your presence, no ear to listen for your footstep, no eye to brighten at your approach. I tell you it is the knowledge that as I pace these weary, crowded, seething streets, if I were to fall down dead I should be carried to the nearest hospital, and no moan would be made —none would own me, unless one of my own lads got hold of me——"

"Nay—this is morbid, Horace. It is not true that no one cares for you, and you know it. Cecile Otway is not the only woman in the world."

"She is all that this world has of woman for me," he returned, with a dogged dismalness that almost tempted me to smile, provoked as I was at the whole affair. "She complains of my impetuosity, Paul, though her words are gentle enough. If I am impetuous, it is not without reason. Women hardly understand how far they try a man when they make regulations simply by the light of their own experience. However, I must submit. I know her truth. I am well assured of her real love; and I'll do my duty, never doubting, and 'take the first *best* that offers,' as the German sage says."

In due time the vessel sailed, the Otways left England, and Horace was no longer fevered by the presence of Cecile. He was rather gloomy and moping at first, but soon threw himself with ardour into hard work; which is, after all, the best specific in love. *Cedit amor rebus: res age, tutus eris.* He was soon after formally offered the professorship of —— at ——'s Hospital. At first I urged him to accept it, in spite of his exhibiting a most unaccountable disinclination to do so.

"I'm more independent as I am, Paul," he argued. "I lecture my own men: I can say what I please, as I please, when and where I please; the number of my pupils increases every term, so that I make

a fair income independent of my practice. You know I'm an odd fellow: I don't like binding myself down to any particular views, or to be pledged to any unchangeable round of duty. Come and see my fellows some day, and judge for yourself."

I took him at his word, and some little time after this conversation I repaired in good time in the morning to the large, dingy room in a certain quiet street, where he held his classes. There were, I suppose, upwards of a hundred students assembled, every description of man being there represented. One or two I recognized as old acquaintances, and others I knew owing to my connection with —— Hospital. Take them altogether, they were a rough-looking lot, though several were dressed in the extreme of fashion; but these were exceptions. I saw a face I knew; it was that of a sallow, sodden-visaged fellow, the son of a hard-working incumbent in the south. He had long been the plague of his father's heart, and for the last three years he had been cut down to a pound a week, paid every Monday morning. Here was an earnest, slow-witted, pale-faced lad, who looked as if he wished to study, but couldn't. And here was another, of unmistakeably Hebrew descent, all rings, and chains, and oaths. Beards were not as common then as they are now; but there was a large sprinkling of moustaches, a great dearth of clean shirts, and an all-pervading smell of tobacco.

Very soon Saltoun strode in, dashed down his hat, and without notes or papers—without, apparently, preparation of any kind—he at once plunged into his subject. It comprehended some of the more intricate anatomy of part of the knee-joint; and I was amazed at the striking and lucid manner in which he handled so dry a subject. He did it in a thoroughly masterly style, illustrating it with imagery, sometimes forcible, sometimes grotesque, and clenching the point with some humorous remark, or some anecdote strictly suitable to an audience whose fault was not that of being too fastidious. He was a swift and skilful draughtsman, and the sketches he made as he proceeded were such that the veriest dolt must needs have learned somewhat. A few on the front benches were the constant object of his lecture, half conversational as it was; and from time to time he declared that he read that in their countenances which induced him to believe they wished and felt competent themselves to elucidate the point in hand. The unfortunate men who thus found themselves the object of attention to the whole class, could not shirk this public appeal; and accordingly, as they acquitted themselves, they were rewarded by the applause or the jeers of their fellows. There was about Saltoun an energy which seemed to diffuse itself irresistibly among the men; a kind of concentrated vitality, which, by the power of his strong individual will, inspired those near him, and carried them with him.

After nearly two hours of brilliant demonstration, Horace suddenly caught my eye, and concluded by saying,—

"And now, gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning."

In a moment every man was on his legs. Horace pushed through the crowd, slipped his arm through mine, and we passed into the hall, where a few men were exchanging students' chaff with the untidy maid who acted as gyp for the whole establishment; and to do her justice, she appeared on the best of terms with the young fellows, and in the encounter of wits it was not *she* who had the worst of it.

"How do you like my crew, Paul?—a rough lot, eh? But some of them are very good fellows, in their way. You see it is not the most elegant, nor yet the most promising of the students, who resort to me; but the black sheep, and the lost, the lazy, the hopelessly stupid, prodigal sons generally, and the often-plucked ones particularly: they all come to me." And he gave his old boisterous, genial laugh.

"Surely, Horace, I saw one or two men who were mates of mine?"

"I daresay you did. They have stuck in the mud, and it is Hercules' own work to hoist them out again. Did you notice that scampish, quick-eyed, dissipated fellow to the right front? He was plucked years ago; since then he has been dresser and assistant abroad with one of the contingents. He is up to his work—indeed, a good many of them are; but they either cannot or will not read. When the bigwigs say, 'Now, Mr. ——, in such a case what would you do?' they mostly answer right enough; but when they demand, further, 'Why would you pursue that course of treatment?' they are altogether at sea. One of my men answered, boldly, 'Because it's the best plan to cure your patient; and I defy the college to improve on it.' It got him through; but he told it about, and some of the hopeless ones looked on it as a charm, tried the same dodge, and were sent to the right about: 'recommended to pursue their studies for six months longer'—I think that is the euphemistic phrase employed."

"Who was that dull, grave, dispirited-looking man in a corner?"

"Oh, the men call him, rather profanely, the 'God-forgotten man.' He has been grinding away under different tutors for five years, and he has not passed yet. Poor fellow, I hope he will: he is dresser at one place and dispenser at another, and is a hard plodder; but somehow his brain wants quality. His wife came to me the other day: 'Now, Mr. Saltoun, Alfred knows the cavity of the chest, and the muscles of the face and neck, and the thoracic regions, but he is not up in the knee-joint, the wrist, and carpal articulations.' Fancy that! he is a married man: so I gave him the knee to-day. Those eight in the front rank go up to-night: two of them will be spun; two more *may* pass; the other four *must*, if they are ordinarily easy examinations."

"And you like this better than a professor's chair?"

"Yes, I do; I enjoy it. I get quite fond of my *enfans terribles*, and I am as keenly interested in their success as it is possible to be. I live my student life over again in them: yet some of them are the most awful scamps, too," he added, laughing.

"I think you infuse energy into them."

"It is, depend on it, a reciprocal action, then; for they infect me with their youth."

I may mention here, that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the opportunity for purchasing the entire of the practice on which I had entered presented itself much sooner than I anticipated; and as I have already explained that I was entirely dependent on my own exertions, it found me unprepared—in truth I had not had time to save, and I was reluctantly about to relinquish the idea of succeeding to it. This reached Saltoun's ears, and, quite unsolicited, he advanced the money in the most delicate manner, without my knowledge; refusing to accept any formal acknowledgment. I was able in a short time to repay him; but I was deeply touched by his kindness. This is only one of his many generous actions to old friends, always performed with the same absence of ostentation. When I endeavoured to thank him, and to insist on his taking some security, he made the most frightful grimaces, and begged me, as I valued his peace, to let the subject drop.

About six or eight months after this he surprised me with a visit; as I knew it was not his disengaged time, it was the more unexpected when he announced that he meant to stay some days; and I observed with real anxiety, that he was very thin—for him almost emaciated—and seemed wretchedly out of spirits. The dinner-bell rang, but he did not appear, so I went up to his room with an exordium on punctuality, ready to deliver; I found him with his razors out, coolly preparing to shave.

"My good fellow, leave your stubble till after dinner."

"I've sharpened my razors," he said, obstinately, "and I may as well use them."

"But the dinner?"

"Stay until I've finished," he replied; "if you do, I promise you you will see me down a good deal earlier than you otherwise would."

I concluded he was in one of his queer humours, and, unwilling to cross him, I sat down until the operation was concluded. We then went downstairs. Now I can hardly account for it except by some sort of instinct; but I gave previous orders that no wine should appear at dinner, and when the deficiency became manifest, I contented myself with remarking, "I know you are a water-drinker, and I find it too heating this warm weather."

He acquiesced, and so it passed; but that night, after our evening cigar, just before we turned in, he grasped my shoulder, or rather clutched it, and said,

"Tell me the truth, Paul; what made you order that there should be no wine? Did I look as if I wanted drink? Do you think other people can detect the demon that possesses me?"

This confirmed my secret idea.

I merely replied, "It is better never to enter into temptation; but I'm quite certain, Horace, no one imagines that such an occasional impulse exists with you."

He compressed his lips. "Well, Paul, put me under treatment; for when I came down to you it was because I knew it was my safety. I felt the most awful, infernal craving that any one out of hell can imagine. I don't want to drink. It is—O God!—it is that I want to feel *drunk*. I don't often undergo it, and I know when it is coming on. I begin to feel miserable and gloomy without knowing why—only that everything seems going wrong, and that something dreadful is about to happen; or else I feel so irritated and quarrelsome at the slightest contradiction from others that I turn away and actually shed tears because I must not strike them; when that wears off, this terrible desire to get madly intoxicated follows. I think of it with rapture: it seems to promise me heaven—oblivion from all present misery; and at the bare thought of it excessive joy comes to me. I felt gloomy enough to hang myself this morning as I came down here."

"Or cut your throat?" I said.

"Or cut my throat," he repeated with emphasis.

The only thing to be done was to nip it in the bud, if possible. I put him under a course of sedatives, combined with tonics; insisted on regular hours, cheerful society, bathing, &c.; and I had the satisfaction of seeing my prescription do its work. The tears came into his eyes as he wrung my hand in parting.

"You will always find me here, Horace, and a welcome for you."

"All right, old fellow," he replied, with the most perfect composure. "I hope the next visit will not be for aye and for ever."

So we parted.

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Roundabout Papers.—No. X.

ROUND ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE kindly Christmas tree, from which I trust every gentle reader has pulled a bonbon or two, is yet all aflame whilst I am writing, and sparkles with the sweet fruits of its season. You young ladies, may you have plucked pretty giftlings from it; and out of the cracker sugar-plum which you have split with the captain or the sweet young curate may you have read one of those delicious conundrums which the confectioners introduce into the sweetmeats, and which apply to the cunning passion of love. Those riddles are to be read at *your* age, when I dare say they are amusing. As for Dolly, Merry, and Bell, who are standing at the tree, they don't care about the love-riddle part, but understand the sweet-almond portion very well. They are four, five, six years old. Patience, little people! A dozen merry Christmases more, and you will be reading those wonderful love-conundrums, too. As for us elderly folks, we watch the babies at their sport, and the young people pulling at the branches: and instead of finding bonbons or sweeties in the packets which *we* pluck off the boughs, we find enclosed Mr. Carnifex's review of the quarter's meat; Mr. Sartor's compliments, and little statement for self and the young gentlemen; and Madame de Sainte-Crinoline's respects to the young ladies, who encloses her account, and will send on Saturday, please; or we stretch our hand out to the educational branch of the Christmas tree, and there find a

lively and amusing article from the Rev. Henry Holyshade, containing our dear Tommy's exceedingly moderate account for the last term's school expenses.

The tree yet sparkles, I say. I am writing on the day before Twelfth Day, if you must know; but already ever so many of the fruits have been pulled, and the Christmas lights have gone out. Bobby Miseltow, who has been staying with us for a week (and who has been sleeping mysteriously in the bath-room), comes to say he is going away to spend the rest of the holidays with his grandmother—and I brush away the manly tear of regret as I part with the dear child. "Well, Bob, good-bye, since you *will* go. Compliments to grandmamma. Thank her for the turkey. Here's—" (*A slight pecuniary transaction takes place at this juncture, and Bob nods and winks, and puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket.*) "You have had a pleasant week?"

Bob. "Haven't I!" (*And exit, anxious to know the amount of the coin which has just changed hands.*)

He is gone, and as the dear boy vanishes through the door (behind which I see him perfectly), I too cast up a little account of our past Christmas week. When Bob's holidays are over, and the printer has sent me back this manuscript, I know Christmas will be an old story. All the fruit will be off the Christmas tree then; the crackers will have cracked off; the almonds will have been crunched; and the sweet-bitter riddles will have been read; the lights will have perished off the dark green boughs; the toys growing on them will have been distributed, fought for, cherished, neglected, broken. Ferdinand and Fidelia will each keep out of it (be still, my gushing heart!) the remembrance of a riddle read together, of a double-almond munched together, and the moiety of an exploded cracker. . . . The maids, I say, will have taken down all that holly stuff and nonsense about the clocks, lamps, and looking-glasses, the dear boys will be back at school, fondly thinking of the pantomime-fairies whom they have seen; whose gaudy gossamer wings are battered by this time; and whose pink cotton (or silk is it?) lower extremities are all dingy and dusty. Yet but a few days, Bob, and flakes of paint will have cracked off the fairy flower-bowers, and the revolving temples of adamantine lustre will be as shabby as the city of Pekin. When you read this, will Clown still be going on lolling his tongue out of his mouth, and saying, "How are you to-morrow?" To-morrow, indeed! He must be almost ashamed of himself (if that cheek is still capable of the blush of shame) for asking the absurd question. To-morrow, indeed! To-morrow the diffugient snows will give place to Spring; the snowdrops will lift their heads; Ladyday may be expected, and the pecuniary duties peculiar to that feast; in place of bonbons, trees will have an eruption of light green knobs; the whitebait season will bloom . . . as if one need go on describing these vernal phenomena, when Christmas is still here, though ending, and the subject of my discourse.

We have all admired the illustrated papers, and noted how boisterously

jolly they become at Christmas time. What wassail bowls, robin-red-breasts, waits, snow landscapes, bursts of Christmas song! And then to think that these festivities are prepared months before—that these Christmas pieces are prophetic! How kind of artists and poets to devise the festivities beforehand, and serve them pat at the proper time! We ought to be grateful to them, as to the cook who gets up at midnight and sets the pudding a-boiling, which is to feast us at six o'clock. I often think with gratitude of the famous Mr. Nelson Lee—the author of I don't know how many hundred glorious pantomimes—walking by the summer wave at Margate, or Brighton perhaps, revolving in his mind the idea of some new gorgeous spectacle of faëry, which the winter shall see complete. He is like cook at midnight (*si parva licet*). He watches and thinks. He pounds the sparkling sugar of benevolence, the plums of fancy, the sweetmeats of fun, the figs of—well, the figs of fairy fiction, let us say, and pops the whole in the seething cauldron of imagination, and at due season serves up THE PANTOMIME.

Very few men in the course of nature can expect to see *all* the pantomimes in one season, but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of *The Times* which appears on the morning after Boxing-day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the paper for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton. Bob and I went to two pantomimes. One was at the Theatre of Fancy, and the other at the Fairy Opera, and I don't know which we liked the best.

At the Fancy, we saw *Harlequin Hamlet, or Daddy's Ghost and Nunky's Pison*, which is all very well—but, gentlemen, if you don't respect Shakspeare, to whom will you be civil? The palace and ramparts of Elsinore by moon and snowlight is one of Loutherbourg's finest efforts. The banqueting-hall of the palace is illuminated: the peaks and gables glitter with the snow: the sentinels march blowing their fingers with the cold—the freezing of the nose of one of them is very neatly and dexterously arranged: the snow-storm rises: the winds howl awfully along the battlements: the waves come curling, leaping, foaming to shore. Hamlet's umbrella is whirled away in the storm. He and his two friends stamp on each other's toes to keep them warm. The storm-spirits rise in the air, and are whirled howling round the palace and the rocks. My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots fly hurtling through the air! As the storm reaches its height (here the wind instruments come in with prodigious effect, and I compliment Mr. Brumby and the violoncellos)—as the snow-storm rises (queek, queek, queek, go the fiddles, and then thrumpty thrump comes a pizzicato movement in Bob Major, which sends a shiver into your very boot-soles), the thunder-clouds deepen (bong, bong, bong, from the violoncellos). The forked lightning quivers through the clouds in a zigzag scream of violins—and look, look, look! as the frothing, roaring waves come rushing up the battlements, and over the

reeling parapet, each hissing wave becomes a ghost, sends the gun-carriages rolling over the platform, and plunges howling into the water again.

Hamlet's mother comes on to the battlements to look for her son. The storm whips her umbrella out of her hands, and she retires screaming in pattens.

The cabs on the stand in the great market-place at Elsinore are seen to drive off, and several people are drowned. The gas-lamps along the street are wrenched from their foundations, and shoot through the troubled air. Whish, rush, hish! how the rain roars and pours! The darkness becomes awful, always deepened by the power of the music—and see—in the midst of a rush, and whirl, and scream of spirits of air and wave—what is that ghastly figure moving hither? It becomes bigger, bigger, as it advances down the platform—more ghastly, more horrible, enormous! It is as tall as the whole stage. It seems to be advancing on the stalls and pit, and the whole house screams with terror, as the GHOST OF THE LATE HAMLET comes in, and begins to speak. Several people faint, and the light-fingered gentry pick pockets furiously in the darkness.

In the pitchy darkness, this awful figure throwing his eyes about, the gas in the boxes shuddering out of sight, and the wind-instruments bugling the most horrible wails, the boldest spectator must have felt frightened. But hark! what is that silver shimmer of the fiddles? Is it—can it be—the gray dawn peeping in the stormy east? The ghost's eyes look blankly towards it, and roll a ghastly agony. Quicker, quicker ply the violins of Phœbus Apollo. Redder, redder grow the orient clouds. Cockadoodloodloo! crows that great cock which has just come out on the roof of the palace. And now the round sun himself pops up from behind the waves of night. Where is the ghost? He is gone! Purple shadows of morn "slant o'er the snowy sward," the city wakes up in life and sunshine, and we confess we are very much relieved at the disappearance of the ghost. We don't like those dark scenes in pantomimes.

After the usual business, that Ophelia should be turned into Columbine was to be expected; but I confess I was a little shocked when Hamlet's mother became Pantaloon, and was instantly knocked down by Clown Claudius. Grimaldi is getting a little old now, but for real humour there are few clowns like him. Mr. Shuter, as the gravedigger, was chaste and comic, as he always is, and the scene-painters surpassed themselves.

Harlequin Conqueror and the Field of Hastings, at the other house, is very pleasant too. The irascible William is acted with very great vigour by Snoxall, and the battle of Hastings is a good piece of burlesque. Some trifling liberties are taken with history, but what liberties will not the merry genius of pantomime permit himself? At the battle of Hastings, William is on the point of being defeated by the Sussex volunteers, very elegantly led by the always pretty Miss Waddy (as Haco Sharpshooter), when a shot from the Normans kills Harold. The fairy Edith hereupon

comes forward, and finds his body, which straightway leaps up a live harlequin, whilst the Conqueror makes an excellent clown, and the Archbishop of Bayeux a diverting pantaloon, &c. &c. &c.

Perhaps these are not the pantomimes we really saw; but one description will do as well as another. The plots, you see, are a little intricate and difficult to understand in pantomimes; and I may have mixed up one with another. That I was at the theatre on Boxing-night is certain—but the pit was so full, that I could only see fairy legs glittering in the distance, as I stood at the door. And if I was badly off, I think there was a young gentleman behind me worse off still. I own that he has good reason (though others have not) to speak ill of me behind my back, and hereby beg his pardon.

Likewise to the gentleman who picked up a party in Piccadilly, who had slipped and fallen in the snow, and was there on his back, uttering energetic expressions; that party begs to offer thanks, and compliments of the season.

Bob's behaviour on New Year's day, I can assure Dr. Holyshade, was highly creditable to the boy. He had expressed a determination to partake of every dish which was put on the table; but after soup, fish, roast-beef, and roast-goose, he retired from active business until the pudding and mince-pies made their appearance, of which he partook liberally, but not too freely. And he greatly advanced in my good opinion by praising the punch, which was of my own manufacture, and which some gentlemen present (Mr. O'M—g—n, amongst others) pronounced to be too weak. Too weak! A bottle of rum, a bottle of Madeira, half a bottle of brandy, and two bottles and a half of water—*can* this mixture be said to be too weak for any mortal? Our young friend amused the company during the evening, by exhibiting a two-shilling magic-lantern, which he had purchased, and likewise by singing "Sally, come up!" a quaint, but rather monotonous melody, which I am told is sung by the poor negro on the banks of the broad Mississip.

What other enjoyments did we proffer for the child's amusement during the Christmas week? A great philosopher was giving a lecture to young folks at the British Institution. But when this diversion was proposed to our young friend Bob, he said, "Lecture? No, thank you. Not as I knows on," and made sarcastic signals on his nose. Perhaps he is of Dr. Johnson's opinion about lectures: "Lectures, sir! what man would go to hear that imperfectly at a lecture, which he can read at leisure in a book?" *I* never went, of my own choice, to a lecture; that I can vow. As for sermons, they are different; I delight in them, and they cannot, of course, be too long.

Well, we partook of yet other Christmas delights besides pantomime, pudding, and pie. One glorious, one delightful, one most unlucky and pleasant day, we drove in a brougham, with a famous horse, which carried us more quickly and briskly than any of your vulgar railways, over Battersea Bridge, on which the horse's hoofs rung as if it had been iron;

through suburban villages, plum-caked with snow; under a leaden sky, in which the sun hung like a red-hot warming-pan; by pond after pond, where not only men and boys, but scores after scores of women and girls, were sliding, and roaring, and clapping their lean old sides with laughter, as they tumbled down, and their hobnailed shoes flew up in the air; the air frosty with a lilac haze, through which villas, and commons, and churches, and plantations glimmered. We drive up the hill, Bob and I; we make the last two miles in eleven minutes; we pass that poor, armless man, who sits there in the cold, following you with his eyes. I don't give anything, and Bob looks disappointed. We are set down neatly at the gate, and a horse-holder opens the brougham door. I don't give anything; again disappointment on Bob's part. I pay a shilling apiece, and we enter into the glorious building, which is decorated for Christmas, and straightway forgetfulness on Bob's part of everything but that magnificent scene. The enormous edifice is all decorated for Bob and Christmas. The stalls, the columns, the fountains, courts, statues, splendours, are all crowned for Christmas. The delicious negro is singing his Alabama choruses for Christmas and Bob. He has scarcely done, when, Tootarootatoo! Mr. Punch is performing his surprising actions, and hanging the beadle. The stalls are decorated. The refreshment tables are piled with good things; at many fountains "MULLED CLARET" is written up in appetizing capitals. "Mulled claret, oh, jolly! How cold it is!" says Bob; I pass on. "It's only three o'clock," says Bob. "No, only three," I say, meekly. "We dine at seven," sighs Bob, "and it's so-o-o coo-old." I still would take no hints. No claret, no refreshment, no sandwiches, no sausage-rolls for Bob. At last I am obliged to tell him all. Just before we left home, a little Christmas bill popped in at the door and emptied my purse at the threshold. I forgot all about the transaction, and had to borrow half-a-crown from John Coachman to pay for our entrance into the palace of delight. *Now* you see, Bob, why I could not treat you on that 2nd of January when we drove to the palace together; when the girls and boys were sliding on the ponds at Dulwich; when the darkling river was full of floating ice, and the sun was like a warming-pan in the leaden sky.

One more Christmas sight we had, of course; and that sight I think I like as well as Bob himself at Christmas, and at all seasons. We went to a certain garden of delight, where, whatever your cares are, I think you can manage to forget some of them, and muse, and be not unhappy; to a garden beginning with a Z, which is as lively as Noah's ark; where the fox has brought his brush, and the cock has brought his comb, and the elephant has brought his trunk, and the kangaroo has brought his bag, and the condor his old white wig and black satin hood. On this day it was so cold that the white bears winked their pink eyes, as they plapped up and down by their pool, and seemed to say, "Aha, this weather reminds us of dear home!" "Cold! bah! I have got such a warm coat," says brother Bruin, "I don't mind;" and he laughs

on his pole, and clucks down a bun. The squealing hyænas gnashed their teeth and laughed at us quite refreshingly at their window; and, cold as it was, Tiger, Tiger, burning bright, glared at us red-hot through his bars, and snorted blasts of hell. The woolly camel leered at us quite kindly as he paced round his ring on his silent pads. We went to our favourite places. Our dear wambat came up, and had himself scratched very affably. Our fellow-creatures in the monkey-room held out their little black hands, and piteously asked us for Christmas alms. Those darling alligators on their rock winked at us in the most friendly way. The solemn eagles sate alone, and scowled at us from their peaks; whilst little Tom Ratel tumbled over head and heels for us in his usual diverting manner. If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognize my friends, my enemies, in countless cages. I entertained the eagle, the vulture, the old billy-goat, and the black-pated, crimson-necked, blear-eyed, baggy, hook-beaked, old marabou stork yesterday at dinner; and when Bob's aunt came to tea in the evening, and asked him what he had seen, he stepped up to her gravely, and said—

"First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black,
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.
Chorus of Children. Then I saw the camel with a HUMP upon his back!
Then I saw the gray wolf, with mutton in his maw;
Then I saw the wambat waddle in the straw;
Then I saw the elephant with his waving trunk,
Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly they smelt!"

There. No one can beat that piece of wit, can he, Bob? And so it is all over; but we had a jolly time, whilst you were with us, hadn't we? Present my respects to the doctor; and I hope, my boy, we may spend another merry Christmas next year.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1861.

A Third Letter from Paterfamilias to the Editor of the "Cornhill Magazine."

"Je voudrais bien répondre à ce Professeur. Car, comme vous savez, j'aime assez causer. Je me fais tout à tous, et ne dédaigne personne; mais je le crois fâché. Il m'appelle jacobin, révolutionnaire, plagiaire, voleur, empoisonneur, faussaire, pestiféré ou pestifère, enragé, imposteur, calomniateur, libelliste, homme horrible, ordurier, grimacier, chiffonnier. C'est tout, si j'ai mémoire. Je vois ce qu'il veut dire: il entend que lui et moi sont d'avis différent; et c'est là sa manière de s'exprimer."—PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

SIR,—A gentleman of the name of William Johnson, who, I am credibly assured, is one of the ablest of the assistant-masters at Eton, has recently published a pamphlet,* with the declared object of refuting the many gross libels and calumnies which he asserts I have uttered against the present condition of that great school in your pages.† I am glad that Mr. Johnson has thus come forward to set the public right on questions which are of vital importance to every parent in England; indeed, it would be very painful to me to suppose that I had unconsciously been the means of misleading a single person on any point connected with such a serious subject.

At the commencement of Mr. Johnson's pamphlet, he informs his readers that his motive for entering into this discussion is—not to quarrel, but to reform; and, accordingly, after admitting that there is *some* truth in what I have written respecting Eton, he warns his readers that if they expect from him a "polemical" reply, they will be disappointed. I find, however, on turning over his work, that, by way of adhering to this sensible and gentlemanlike resolve, he contrives to call me, within the space of a very few pages, "a rancorous enemy," "a coarse and rude

* *Eton Reform.* Longman & Co., 1861.

† *See* CORNHILL MAGAZINE, Nos. 5 and 12.

railer," "a rough and offensive person, dealing in reckless and foolish assumptions," "an unscrupulous reviler," "a disingenuous perverter," and "an imitator of Cobbett" in everything but my English. Mr. Johnson proves that to be very bad by quoting a sentence in my last letter to you, which, taken apart from its context, might possibly be misunderstood by a very dull man. Mr. Johnson's *amour-propre* forbidding him to display himself in that light, he does not pretend that he was himself perplexed by it, but he says he has a "logical" friend who was; and I am quite content that his assertion should stand for as much as it is worth.

Although I am not much moved by Mr. Johnson's language, I cannot resist asking him, if such be his habitual vocabulary in his calmer and more reflective moments, to what degree of invective he rises when he permits himself to be "polemical?" So far from setting up any claim to be an elegant writer of English, I considered it prudent, on entering into a controversy which might probably bring me into collision with scholars of high academic distinction, to apologize for my uncultivated and homely style; and I take it rather ill that in return for my humility a person of Mr. Johnson's exalted pretensions should have condescended to taunt me with my educational shortcomings. Were I disposed to repay him in his own coin, I might beg of him to ask his "logical" friend whether such a sentence as the following is quite worthy of the keenest pen that Eton can draw in her own defence:—"He who has seen how difficult it is to study English history and philosophy without writing, how extremely difficult it is to express the knowledge of an Englishman in Latin prose, and how much that is really classical is left on one side by those who run in the groove of Cicero, may reasonably wish to see boys compelled to write their abstracts of history, and their attempts at rhetorical and logical exercises, in a language commensurate with their native tongue."

In order to clear the ground before I deal with the more important portions of Mr. Johnson's pamphlet, I will briefly set myself right with respect to a personal attack which I am said to have made on the present head-master of Eton. In reviewing in your pages Sir John Coleridge's Tiverton lecture, I incidentally observed "that at the time Dr. Goodford was selected for that position he had achieved no particular distinction at the university, or in any branch of literature, or, indeed, of any kind." In writing this, I meant no incivility to Dr. Goodford. I stated it precisely as I should have stated, in an argument on naval or military affairs, that General Goldstick was not a K.C.B., or that Admiral Solent had never commanded the Channel fleet.

Mr. Richard Shillito, classical lecturer at King's College, Cambridge, and formerly tutor to the head-master of Eton, upon reading this harmless truism, addressed a letter to the editor of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, in which he certainly did not adhere to the remarkable forbearance upon which Mr. Johnson appears to pride himself. He informed the public,

through that respectable channel, that, in saying what I had said concerning his old pupil, I had been guilty either of "*reticentia*, the foulest form of falsehood," or of ignorance so crass, that no man in future ought to pay any attention to any statements made by me. He supported these grave accusations by explaining that, at the time Dr. Goodford was an undergraduate at Cambridge, the King's men did not enter the schools for examination, and that consequently the only means which he had had of distinguishing himself was by winning the university scholarship, which he had competed for, but had not won. But as Mr. Shillito's private belief is that he would have won it had he competed for it a second time, which he did not do, that gentleman considers that I ought therefore to stand convicted in the eyes of every right-minded man either of "the foulest form of falsehood," or of unpardonable ignorance!

I was extremely amused to find, by an article which appeared in the *Critic* a week or two afterwards, that if anybody had been guilty of the horrible crime of *reticentia*, it certainly was not I—inasmuch as, during Dr. Goodford's sojourn at the university as an undergraduate, there were no less than nineteen prizes for which he might have competed, had he been anxious to distinguish himself, instead of but one; and there were at least as many more open to him after he had taken his bachelor's degree. Mr. Johnson notices Mr. Shillito's attack on me with much glee, although, as a fellow of King's College, and a Cambridge man, he must have been well aware of its unfairness; he says nothing whatever about the complete refutation which it immediately received.

It is with reluctance that I have thus brought Dr. Goodford's name before the public; but when I am charged in such language with having foully attacked him, it is impossible that I can remain silent. As to the present condition of the school under his charge—the suspicious profusion of prizes awarded to the students*—the falling off in classical learning amongst the oppidans—the neglect of mathematics and modern

* Prizes and distinctions publicly awarded to pupils by those who teach them, are often but indirect compliments which teachers pay to their own success in tuition; and they make capital school advertisements. *Ex. gr.*—At Christmas, 1860, a long paragraph appeared in the daily papers, detailing the prosperous condition of Eton. The following is an extract from it:—"Phillpotts, K.S., who stood eighth in the sixth form at election, is now the captain; he has been sent up for 'good' seven times; Cobbold, K.S., second to Phillpotts, sent up for 'good' nine times; Austen-Leigh, K.S., sent up for 'good' fifteen times; Durnford, Major, K.S., ditto, fifteen times, and has gained the first and second divisions' Task prize, Christmas, 1859; Churton, K.S., obtained the Theme prize, election 1860; and Declamation prize, Christmas, 1860; Daman, Major, K.S., four times, and gained the Tomline prize, 1860; Cameron, K.S., as well as the four first named, has been sent up for 'good' since they have been in the Head Master's division; Wilson, K.S., sent up for 'good' seven times; Young, K.S., eight times; Follett, ma., Tomline prize, 1859; Lord Boringdon obtained the Prince Consort's second German prize, 1860; Mr. Carington, ma., obtained the Prince

languages—the preference awarded to the interests of the masters over those of the scholars—the growing habits of luxury and self-indulgence which prevail amongst the boys—and, above all, the insufficient number of teachers—it is unnecessary that I should repeat what I have already said. The facts on which I have made my statements are all to be found either in the printed lists of the school or in Sir John Coleridge's lecture; they are more than corroborated—they are confirmed—by Mr. Johnson's angry and incautious pamphlet: and I have no apology to offer for having made them. I confess, however, that my regret at having unintentionally annoyed Dr. Goodford, if I have done so, is materially mitigated by a sentence which I have read in a letter originally addressed by him for publication to the *Saturday Review*, then suppressed at his earnest desire, and finally published by him in the *Cambridge Chronicle*. Dr. Goodford civilly requests, in that letter, the Saturday Reviewer to correct certain erroneous statements which he believes him to have inadvertently made; but at us of the Cornhill Magazine he hurls out the following anathema on account of the self-same statements made by us:—

"Truth, sir, requires no smartness, and is not always acceptable to those who have deliberately abandoned it."

"The foulest form of falsehood!" "Egregious mendacity!" "Deliberate abandonment of truth!" These be unseemly words, truly, especially when falling so readily and on such slight provocation from the lips of reverend divines and grave instructors of youth. I cannot help being convinced when I hear them that a cause defended by such projectiles must be rotten to the core.

Before we quit the subject of hard words, I will venture to call Mr. Johnson's attention to certain expressions in his own pamphlet upon which I may be excused for commenting, as they are not applied to me. Whilst lecturing me, a mere writer in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, for having presumed to meddle with Eton, he has taken occasion to allude incidentally to the Board of Military Education, and to the young men who have been so unlucky as to fail at the Chelsea examinations. Now the Board of Military Education is a very respectable board; H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge is its president, General Cameron was its vice-president, and General Rumley is his successor; its other members are

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Consort's second French prize, 1860; Puller, ma., obtained assistant-master's mathematical prize, 1858; Prince Consort's extra French prize, 1858; second French prize, 1859, and the first French prize, 1860; Fremantle obtained the Prince Consort's first French prize, 1859; Willert obtained the Prince Consort's first German and extra French prize, 1860; Donkin, ma., took the assistant-master's mathematical prize, 1860, bracketed with Collier, who also took a similar prize; Arkwright took the Prince Consort's extra French prize, 1859." It will be seen, on examining this list closely, that all the classical prizes for the last two years have been won by the seventy collegians—*the 750 oppidans only winning prizes in those branches of education for which extra charges are made.*

all men of equal distinction in the various arms of the service to which they belong. The scheme of education which they carry out—not a special scheme, but one framed by the advice and with the assistance of Dr. Goodford and the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, the present head and mathematical masters of Eton, to test the acquirements of *average* public-school boys—was protested against by those very gentlemen, when it was first established, as being objectionably low. If Mr. Johnson is not aware of this fact, he may easily ascertain it by a reference to the correspondence printed in the *Appendix to the First Report of the Board of Military Education.* And how does Mr. Johnson, after taking me to task so highly and mightily for my alleged rudeness and coarseness, speak of his Royal Highness and his distinguished colleagues? In what terms does he allude to the poor public-school boys, who, neglected in their earlier years in order that the vested interests of their tutors may prosper, are unable at seventeen or eighteen years of age to pass these objectionably low examinations? He has actually the indiscretion and want of feeling to designate them as "the *crétins* who fail to satisfy the *soldier pedants* of the Horse Guards." He confidently denies that any full-grown Etonian has ever experienced that misfortune.

I could very easily convince him of his mistake, but regard for the feelings of parents arrests my pen. I will therefore only beg of him to explain why the Eton authorities have at last found it necessary to establish a special "army class," to meet these trumpery examinations, *in which no special knowledge of any kind is required*, and why he is so discourteous to the Board of Military Education? Have any of *his* pupils found it necessary to migrate to "cramming" establishments before they could shake off the characters of *crétins;* or is he dissatisfied with the low position which the Eton boys invariably occupy at all these public tests? It is not likely that an assistant-master at Eton would venture to stigmatize the Duke of Cambridge and his distinguished colleagues as "soldier pedants," unless he had some urgent cause for doing so.

And yet this gentleman thus speaks of me :—"Who is this that, with such coolness of assumption, imputes gross neglect to gentlemen of position and reputation? What right has he who elsewhere compares the much-vaunted self-reliance and premature manliness of public schoolboys with the morbid precocity of children grovelling in the gutter, to speak at all of Eton boys as the object of religious aspirations? Let him keep to his own hard statistics, and his worldly valuation of knowledge, and leave the tender words of Christian philosophy to be quoted by those who know the sweetness and the virtue of boyhood."

Mr. Johnson is ready enough to hand over to my tender mercies "the Eton of Keate." He admits that my account of the education we received there is a fair one; that there were not half enough masters to teach the boys; and that we were shamefully neglected both in and out of school. He himself describes the teaching of that day as "a thin and hazy study of words," and charitably and modestly attributes my moral and educa-

tional inferiority to himself to the circumstance of my having been brought up under such a defective system.

But he does not seem to perceive that these admissions cut from under his own feet the very argument on which he principally relies—viz. that it is impossible that gentlemen of position and reputation, such as the Eton masters of 1861 are, should, for the sake of lucre, grossly neglect the boys whom they are highly paid to educate. Were not the Eton masters of 1830 also gentlemen of position and reputation?—Were not the present Provost of Eton, and if not all, nearly all, the present Fellows of that College assistant-masters of "the Eton of Keate?" Are there more assistant-masters at Eton now, in proportion to the number of boys, than there were in Keate's time? Are there as many? Are the present men superior physically, morally, or intellectually, to their predecessors? I am emboldened to ask these questions, because Mr. Johnson observes that "it is not well that people should be left in the dark as to the present state of the school?"

I will now proceed, without further remark, to comply with Mr. Johnson's request, and will betake myself to my hard statistics, in order to show how deeply these "Christian philosophers" indulge in "the sweetness of youth," as illustrated by the £ *s. d.* levied from those whom he aptly terms the "gilded youth of Great Britain."

I suppose I may assume, without fear of contradiction, that the Eton masters are mainly actuated by the same motive which mainly actuates all other schoolmasters, the desire of making money. Mr. Johnson describes their occupation as one repulsive and irksome to most men; he complains, too, that it mars their chance of marrying advantageously, a complaint certainly not flattering to the wives of his colleagues, and, I believe, altogether groundless.

I may, therefore, conclude that the profession of a schoolmaster is principally followed by men who adopt it from motives of interest—as other men do the bar, or the counting-house. Now at Eton the profits of the masters are very great—greater, I believe, than at any other school, whilst the proportion of tutors to pupils is very small; smaller, I believe, than at any other school. One of two things: if more tutors are employed the terms of the school must be raised, or the incomes of the masters must fall.

Recurring to my first proposition, that Eton masters are but as other men, neither better nor worse, it follows that they ought not to claim—as they do—an exclusive right to give an opinion on measures which must seriously affect a considerable portion of the very large incomes which they are now enjoying. The fact stated by Sir John Coleridge, that Dr. Goodford has decided that one master cannot do justice to more than forty pupils, but that nevertheless he will allow the nineteen masters who are now at Eton to take as many more as they can get, as long as they remain at the school, because they possess a vested interest, which must not be injured, entirely confirms the view I have taken, of which Mr. Johnson so loudly

complains, that Eton is mainly a money speculation, in which the interests of the boys are postponed to those of the masters. If even his dull logical friend cannot see that, he must be a dull logician indeed.

Now for my statistics. I have stated in my second letter to you, that I estimated the income of the head-master of Eton at rather more than 6,000*l.* a year, and I expressed my belief that the incomes of the assistant-masters ranged between 1,500*l.* and 3,500*l.* a year. Mr. Johnson affirms that I have exaggerated the income of the head-master, and that I have doubled those of the assistant-masters. Possibly I may have done so; Mr. Johnson shall see the *data* on which I have made my calculations, and shall judge for himself.

The bald and unsatisfactory accounts of Eton which exist in print, all concur in stating that the head-master of Eton receives from every pupil in the school 6*l.* 6*s.* a year. I see by some half-dozen school bills which have been sent me by friends having sons at Eton, that a charge of 5*l.* 5*s.* entrance is made on the head-master's account, to each boy who enters the school. As the average stay of an oppidan at Eton, is, I am informed, under four years, and as the school has averaged more than 800 boys for some years past, the head-master must receive entrance money for 200 boys every year. When an Eton boy is about to quit the school, he usually "takes leave" of his tutor, and of the head-master. It is understood that if he has been a very ill-conducted boy, his tutor and the head-master would decline to "take leave" of him; but such severity at such a moment, is rarely, if ever, practised. The theory, however, works admirably, in a pecuniary sense; for well-behaved boys are thereby induced to consider that it is a slur upon them not to "take leave."

The details of the ceremony are as follow:—The boy waits on the head-master, who expresses his sorrow at parting with him, his wishes for his future welfare, and sends his best compliments to his parents; the two then shake hands, and the boy retires. As he leaves the room, a small table meets his eyes, on which is a plate with several bank-notes displayed upon it; if I may venture, without disrespect to anybody, to compare great things with small, I may observe that something of the same kind, with the same object, may be seen at the stick and umbrella department of the National Gallery, and, I am told, indicates that, although money is not positively demanded, it will be gratefully received. On this plate the boy deposits a note, varying from 10*l.* to 25*l.* It is said that the sons of dukes and railway kings go as high as 50*l.*, but of that I do not pretend to speak with any degree of authority.

The next day—when the money has been counted—the head-master's servant goes round to every boy who has "taken leave" with a handsomely bound volume, as a keepsake from that dignitary, and receives from each boy a fee of 10*s.* 6*d.* as his share of the transaction.

The general estimate is, that "leaving money" gives to the head-master of Eton 1,500*l.* a-year. I shall be happy to be placed in possession of

the exact sum, if there is no objection to its amount being made known. The result of these calculations is therefore:—

	£
800 boys, at 6*l.* 6*s.* a-year	5,040
200 entrances, at 5*l.* 5*s.*	1,050
Leaving money	1,500
Total . . .	7,590

Unwilling, however, to overstate my case, and so place myself at the mercy of Mr. Johnson and his friends, I struck off 1,500*l.* a-year for contingencies. I thought it probable that a portion of the entrances and annual payments of the lower boys may be conceded to the lower master, and I believed it impossible that the head-master of Eton could extort fees of any kind from the seventy scholars on the foundation. I made my calculations, too, on 800 boys—there being actually 825 in the school—and I did not take into my account the very handsome salaries which both those functionaries must receive from the liberality of their Royal Founder. It is unlikely that King Henry should have founded a school without making a sufficient provision for its teachers.

The manner in which I estimated the profits of a tutor teaching seventy pupils, at 3,500*l.* a year, are also at Mr. Johnson's service. The average number of pupils which the Eton tutors take is forty-four. The following data can be easily adapted to that number. A boy who boards with his tutor, pays him 120*l.* a-year; for this sum the tutor finds him a nearly unfurnished room, feeds, lodges, warms, and teaches him during thirty-eight weeks in the year. The boy pays extra for washing, linen, crockery, and furniture; for arithmetic, mathematics, modern languages, drawing, dancing, fencing, drilling, and swimming. He pays extra for maintaining the staff of the sanatorium or hospital, whether he is well or ill. He pays extra for lodging in it in sickness. He pays extra for the gas which lights the public school-rooms.* He pays extra for the watching and lighting rate of the village of Eton. He pays extra for cricket, for foot-ball, and for rackets. He pays extra for the chapel clerk and for the postman; and there are still other extras of which, as I cannot speak positively, I will say nothing. I am informed, on excellent authority, that the cost of boarding a boy, as the boys are boarded at Eton—and they are extremely well fed—cannot exceed 50*l.* a-year.† This leaves 70*l.* profit on each

* These various items represent an unknown, but an enormous sum. Take the item of gas. Every boy is charged 7*s.* 6*d.* a year on this account;—7*s.* 6*d.* × 800 = £300. The school-room and lobbies, from eight to ten in number, are lighted with gas for less than two hours every evening during three months in the year, for which the boys are charged £300. The Oxford and Cambridge Club in London—a club of 1,200 members—is lighted throughout with gas. Two hundred gas-burners and one sunlight are lighted there nightly, and burn till 1 A.M. During the three winter months, 332,000 feet of gas are consumed there at 6*s.* per 1,000 feet = £99 12*s.* Gas must be much dearer at Eton than in London.

† The cost of dieting the boys at the Wellington College in 1860 did not exceed £21 each.

boarder. I will assume that the tutor has forty such boarders, ten pupils at 10*l.* 10*s.* a-year each, and twenty pupils at 21*l.* a-year each, boarding in college or in dames' houses; that one-fourth of his boys leave him every year; and that as many new boys arrive to fill up vacancies at 5*l.* 5*s.* entrance each, and that ten take leave yearly at 15*l.* each,—

	£	*s.*
40 boarders, at 70*l.*	2,800	0
10 pupils, at 10*l.* 10*s.*	105	0
20 pupils, at 21*l.*	420	0
17 entrances, at 5*l.* 5*s.* . . .	89	5
10 leave takings, at 15*l.* . . .	150	0
Total . .	£3,564	5

I distinctly state that these figures are only guesses at truth; but as no published prospectus of Eton is ever supplied to the public, it is only by such guesses that we can arrive at an approximation to the pecuniary statistics connected with the school. Mr. Johnson repeatedly reproaches me in his pamphlet with not having "inquired" respecting various facts with which he affirms me to be imperfectly acquainted; if he will have the kindness to say in what quarter inquiries should be addressed with any probability of success, he may depend upon my availing myself of the information.

The statistics connected with the mathematical teaching at Eton are still more worthy of elucidation. Thirty years ago, a strong remonstrance was made in one of our leading reviews against the neglect of mathematics and modern languages at Eton.* A reply came forth from the Eton press, imputing, as now, ignorance and malevolence to the author of the remonstrance. It went on to say, "The reviewer seems ignorant that a mathematical master of high respectability has been lately appointed; *unforeseen circumstances have hindered* this latter gentleman from doing all the good that could be wished, but *it is to be hoped* that things may be so arranged, in a short time, that any boy *desirous* of studying the elements of mathematics *may do so* at Eton, as elsewhere." This was in 1830. I have now before me a printed paper, dated "Eton, Easter, 1858," but not signed. It was given me by the father of a boy now at Eton. It is headed thus:—

"The following rules will come into operation after the Easter vacation, 1859; *but are not to affect any who are at that date already in the school.*"

From it we may learn what progress arithmetic and mathematics have made at Eton in the last twenty-nine years under the mathematical master of high respectability, who was appointed in 1830, and his successors.

The fourth-form boys are by it required from Easter, 1859, to work the first four rules of arithmetic and reduction.

The Removes, vulgar fractions and the rule of three.

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* *Edinburgh Review*, Nos. CI. and CV.

The lower division of the fifth form, decimal fractions, proportion, and interest.

The upper division of the fifth form are to take up *one* book of Euclid, and are to be tolerably advanced in algebra.

The object of the boy's father in showing this paper to me was, to express his astonishment at that part of the heading which is printed in italics. After giving a whole year's notice, that these very moderate arithmetical and mathematical attainments would be expected from the boys, it states that the 800 pupils at that date in the school would not be affected by anything which the paper prescribed. My friend's expression was, "I suppose they are considered to have a vested interest in arithmetical and mathematical ignorance." It would, indeed, be satisfactory to know what were the arithmetical and mathematical requirements insisted on before the paper to which I have alluded came into operation, as, for some years previously, a forced extra had been levied on the parents of all boys at Eton, of 4*l.* 18*s.* a-year.* This had produced an income of about 4,000*l.* a-year, which used to be handed over to Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, the mathematical master, who paid half-a-dozen assistants out of it. Mr. Johnson now tells us, that a new arrangement has been made, that the mathematical assistants have fixed salaries, and are permitted to make what they can besides, by taking private pupils. In all the civil service examinations in which mathematics are required, and at the examinations before the Board of Military Education, two books of Euclid are about the minimum accepted. Now as the maximum of the regular instruction at Eton appears by this paper not to go beyond one book of Euclid, it becomes necessary for those Eton boys who have occasion for more,—and many of them must have occasion for more,—to pay for extra tuition, which costs no less than 10*l.* 10*s.* a-year, in addition to the 4*l.* 18*s.* already paid by every boy. Supposing that one-third of the school should adopt this course, a further sum of 2,880*l.* would be added to the sum already received—6,880*l.* in all, for the arithmetical and mathematical instruction of a single school. The mathematical masters, too, have, by this arrangement, a direct interest in keeping the regular standard of instruction as low as possible, in order that they may increase their fixed salaries by more numerous extra payments for private tuition. It is possible, it is most probable, that the paper to which I allude may have been superseded by other papers. I can only offer such information as I can procure, and I shall be extremely grateful if Mr. Johnson will in his next publication give us the complete pecuniary and educational statistics of the school,—details which ought to be as easily accessible to every parent, as are the time-tables of the Great Western Railway, by which we reach it. He will, I assure him, be employing his time much more creditably and usefully, than by inditing lame philippics against me.

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* I have been unable to ascertain whether the collegers pay this forced extra.

I had stated in May, 1860, that there was but one French master at Eton—an Englishman. Mr. Johnson has replied that "there are two French masters at Eton, one of whom is a Frenchman." But he made this counter-statement so civilly, without calling me any names, or otherwise maltreating me, that a sinister suspicion arose in my mind that the Frenchman, whose name did not appear in the Eton lists of last year, had been appointed since I mentioned the subject in my first letter to you. I therefore sent for the Eton list of Christmas, 1860, and found that my suspicion was well founded. A M. Lemaitre appears on that occasion for the first time as assistant French master of Eton. In the list published at Midsummer, 1860, there is no M. Lemaitre. Surely Mr. Johnson ought to recollect that his pupils—the Eton boys—will all read his letter and my reply, and that in acting thus he is setting them a very bad example.

He writes thus respecting the study of modern languages:—"It is not pretended that the present state of things is satisfactory. It is, indeed, evidently a state of things which is called transitional; and in a place like Eton a transition may be expected to be slow." Very slow, indeed, if we recollect what has been done during the last twenty-eight years at Eton towards the study of arithmetic and mathematics, and at what cost; and if we further recollect that, in the very same pamphlet to which I allude, parents were assured *that satisfactory arrangements had been made* in 1830 for the study of modern languages.*

Mr. Johnson says he hopes the day will come when French and Italian will be taught at Eton by Englishmen. (*Quod absit!*) But, fortunately for the boys, he prophesies that it will take at least a generation to bring this about.

With respect to the necessity of an increase in the number of masters, Mr. Johnson appears to be grievously perplexed. He says that "it depends very much on the individual tutor." "One man may be overworked with twenty boys, another may feel that he is duly braced up to proper exertion by fifty pupils." He then attempts to throw blame upon the parents, of a nature which they cannot in fairness be expected to bear:—"If a tutor has too many pupils, it is, in a great measure, the fault of the people who ask him to take their boys. He is like an overbusy counsel, the victim of his own reputation. A man who sends his son to an overworked tutor, does it with his eyes open, since he can easily ascertain by inquiring how many pupils a tutor has, and what his character is for regularity and carefulness?"

Surely a head-master, in receipt of 6,000*l.*† a year, is the proper and only person on whom grave responsibility of that kind should devolve.

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* *Observations on an article in the "Edinburgh Review," entitled "Public Schools of England." Eton*, 1831.

† The income of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, is computed to be £3,000 a year. No tutor at that College has ever made more than £1,000 a year; the general average is about £700. The income of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, does not exceed that of the Head of Christ Church, Oxford.

Mr. Johnson's is, indeed, lax scholastic morality, for which his brother masters will scarcely thank him. Knowing, as I do, from recent experience, how difficult it is to ascertain anything positive about Eton from those connected with it, I fear that the widow in Scotland, the public servant in India, the illiterate millionnaire seeking a better education for his son than he has received himself, would be rather puzzled at present to know to whom they ought to address themselves in order to ascertain whether Mr. Johnson himself is but an ordinary mortal who would feel overworked with twenty pupils, or whether he is an educational giant of the class he describes, "who feels duly braced up with fifty." As for those Anakims of tuition who can manipulate seventy pupils single-handed, with ease to themselves and advantage to the boys, even Mr. Johnson appears to consider them as an almost extinct race. Unluckily their vested interests are by no means extinct, and extensive public school "crétinism" is the inevitable result.

At any rate, Mr. Johnson admits "that literature would gain at Eton by an increase in the number of classical teachers." But then he adds that the increase need not be a large one, nor need it be made suddenly. For this last observation he assigns no reason. He confesses that "there may of late years have been some waste of literary capacity amongst the sons of the more wealthy," that *crétins*, as he calls them, unable to face the soldier pedants at Chelsea, may have been created, in consequence of the insufficient number of teachers. But what of that? asks he. "Is it not enough that we have *spontaneously* acknowledged this temporary neglect? Why should it be assumed that a respectable body of professional men should be blind to their own shortcomings? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the yearly criticism of the two examiners for the Newcastle scholarship is enough, without the aid of a pamphlet or a magazine to indicate a weak point, like the relative idleness of the older oppidans?"* He speaks of Sir John Coleridge having betrayed the idleness of the oppidans to *the enemy;* the said enemy of the leading public school of England being—in the opinion of its masters—the public. There is much more of this simple and illogical prattle, on which I will not further waste your space and my own time. The result of Mr. Johnson's arguments may be resolved into this, that whilst he cannot deny that the number of masters at Eton is too small, he wishes to defer increasing it as long as he can, and to increase it as little as possible when it is increased. Indeed, if he will take the trouble to strike out of his pamphlet all those portions of it which are devoted to abusing me, and all those portions of it which admit and corroborate what Sir John Coleridge and myself have stated, he will find that very little of his pamphlet remains.

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* The Newcastle examiners can only criticize a few picked pupils of the school, specially forced for the examination; of the average acquirements of the bulk of the boys they have no opportunity of judging.

What strikes me most forcibly in his style is his utter indifference to the feelings of those parents—and their name is legion—who discover when their sons are about to enter into the serious business of life, that they have been utterly neglected whilst at school. This prosperous assistant master of Eton is ever ready with his railings at "dunces, idlers, and *crétins*;" but he considers it intolerable that those by whose *lâches* and greed "the dunces, idlers, and *crétins*" have been created, should be called to account, and that, too, by mere pamphleteers and magazine writers.

I fear that what I have here said may not be altogether agreeable to Mr. Johnson; his language and bearing towards me have compelled me to say it, and I have endeavoured to do so as politely as possible. Had he not been so overweening and contemptuous towards us of the Cornhill Magazine—had he given us credit for the possession of some small portion of good feeling and good sense—and had he not clambered up to such a ludicrously high pinnacle of social and intellectual superiority, before he opened his fire upon us, it is possible that he might feel more comfortable now, and that his colleagues and his pupils might find it easier to accost him, after reading his pamphlet and the reply which it has called forth, without a smile. He may be assured that, as a general rule, it is as injudicious to depreciate and revile an antagonist before victory as it is ungenerous to do so when that desirable consummation has been achieved.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

PATERFAMILIAS.

Philip.

CHAPTER VI.

Brandon's.

HORNHAUGH STREET is but a poor place now, and the houses look as if they had seen better days: but that house with the cut centre drawing-room window, which has the name of Brandon on the door, is as neat as any house in the quarter, and the brass plate always shines like burnished gold. About Easter time many fine carriages stop at that door, and splendid people walk in, introduced by a tidy little maid, or else by an athletic Italian, with a glossy black beard and gold earrings, who conducts them to the drawing-room floor, where Mr. Ridley, the painter, lives, and where his pictures are privately exhibited before they go to the Royal Academy.

As the carriages drive up, you will often see a red-faced man, in an olive-green wig, smiling blandly over the blinds of the parlour, on the ground-floor. That is Captain Gann, the father of the lady who keeps the house. I don't know how he came by the rank of captain, but he has borne it so long and gallantly that there is no use in any longer questioning the title. He does not claim it, neither does he deny it. But the wags who call upon Mrs. Brandon can always, as the phrase is, "draw" her father, by speaking of Prussia, France, Waterloo, or battles in general, until the Little Sister says, "Now, never mind about the battle of Waterloo, papa" (she says Pa—her h's are irregular—I can't help it)—"Never mind about Waterloo, papa; you've told them all about it. And don't go on, Mr. Beans, don't, *please*, go on in that way."

Young Beans has already drawn "Captain Gann (assisted by Shaw, the Life-Guardsman) killing twenty-four French cuirassiers at Waterloo." "Captain Gann defending Hougoumont." "Captain Gann, called upon by Napoleon Buonaparte to lay down his arms, saying, 'A captain of militia dies, but never surrenders.'" "The Duke of Wellington pointing to the advanc-

THE OLD FOGIES.

ing Old Guard, and saying, 'Up, Gann, and at them.'" And these sketches are so droll, that even the Little Sister, Gann's own daughter, can't help laughing at them. To be sure, she loves fun, the Little Sister; laughs over droll books; laughs to herself, in her little, quiet corner at work; laughs over pictures; and, at the right place, laughs and sympathizes too. Ridley says, he knows few better critics of pictures than Mrs. Brandon. She has a sweet temper, a merry sense of humour, that makes the cheeks dimple and the eyes shine; and a kind heart, that has been sorely tried and wounded, but is still soft and gentle. Fortunate are they whose hearts, so tried by suffering, yet recover their health. Some have illnesses from which there is no recovery, and drag through life afterwards, maimed and invalided.

But this Little Sister, having been subjected in youth to a dreadful trial and sorrow, was saved out of them by a kind Providence, and is now so thoroughly restored as to own that she is happy, and to thank God that she can be grateful and useful. When poor Montfitchet died, she nursed him through his illness as tenderly as his good wife herself. In the days of her own chief grief and misfortune, her father, who was under the domination of his wife, a cruel and blundering woman, thrust out poor little Caroline from his door, when she returned to it the broken-hearted victim of a scoundrel's seduction; and when the old captain was himself in want and houseless, she had found him, sheltered and fed him. And it was from that day her wounds had begun to heal, and, from gratitude for this immense piece of good fortune vouchsafed to her, that her happiness and cheerfulness returned. Returned? There was an old servant of the family, who could not stay in the house, because she was so abominably disrespectful to the captain, and this woman said she had never known Miss Caroline so cheerful, nor so happy, nor so good-looking, as she was now.

So Captain Gann came to live with his daughter, and patronized her with much dignity. He had a very few yearly pounds, which served to pay his club expenses, and a portion of his clothes. His club, I need not say, was at the "Admiral Byng," Tottenham Court Road, and here the captain met frequently a pleasant little society, and bragged unceasingly about his former prosperity.

I have heard that the country-house in Kent, of which he boasted, was a shabby little lodging-house at Margate, of which the furniture was sold in execution; but if it had been a palace the captain would not have been out of place there, one or two people still rather fondly thought. His daughter, amongst others, had tried to fancy all sorts of good of her father, and especially that he was a man of remarkably good manners. But she had seen one or two gentlemen since she knew the poor old father—gentlemen with rough coats and good hearts, like Dr. Goodenough; gentlemen with superfine coats and superfine double-milled manners, like Dr. Firmin, and hearts—well, never mind about that point; gentlemen of no h's, like the good, dear, faithful benefactor who had rescued her at the

brink of despair; men of genius, like Ridley; great, hearty, generous honest gentlemen, like Philip;—and this illusion about Pa, I suppose, had vanished along with some other fancies of her poor little maiden youth. The truth is, she had an understanding with the "Admiral Byng:" the landlady was instructed as to the supplies to be furnished to the captain; and as for his stories, poor Caroline knew them a great deal too well to believe in them any more.

I would not be understood to accuse the captain of habitual inebriety. He was a generous officer, and his delight was, when in cash, to order "glasses round" for the company at the club, to whom he narrated the history of his brilliant early days, when he lived in some of the tiptop society of this city, sir—a society in which, we need not say, the custom always is for gentlemen to treat other gentlemen to rum-and-water. Never mind—I wish we were all as happy as the captain. I see his jolly face now before me as it blooms through the window in Thornhaugh Street, and the wave of the somewhat dingy hand which sweeps me a gracious recognition.

The clergyman of the neighbouring chapel was a very good friend of the Little Sister, and has taken tea in her parlour; to which circumstance the captain frequently alluded, pointing out the very chair on which the divine sate. Mr. Gann attended his ministrations regularly every Sunday, and brought a rich, though somewhat worn, bass voice to bear upon the anthems and hymns at the chapel. His style was more florid than is general now among church singers, and, indeed, had been acquired in a former age and in the performance of rich Bacchanalian chants, such as delighted the contemporaries of our Incledons and Brahams. With a very little entreaty, the captain could be induced to sing at the club; and I must own that Phil Firmin would draw the captain out, and extract from him a song of ancient days; but this must be in the absence of his daughter, whose little face wore an air of such extreme terror and disturbance when her father sang, that he presently ceased from exercising his musical talents in her hearing. He hung up his lyre, whereof it must be owned that time had broken many of the once resounding chords.

With a sketch or two contributed by her lodgers—with a few gimcracks from the neighbouring Wardour Street presented by others of her friends—with the chairs, tables, and bureaux as bright as bees'-wax and rubbing could make them—the Little Sister's room was a cheery little place, and received not a little company. She allowed Pa's pipe. "It's company to him," she said. "A man can't be doing much harm when he is smoking his pipe." And she allowed Phil's cigar. Anything was allowed to Phil, the other lodgers declared, who professed to be quite jealous of Philip Firmin. She had a very few books. "When I was a girl I used to be always reading novels," she said; "but, la, they're mostly nonsense. There's Mr. Pendennis, who comes to see Mr. Ridley. I wonder how a married man can go on writing about love, and all that

stuff!" And, indeed, it is rather absurd for elderly fingers to be still twanging Dan Cupid's toy bow and arrows. Yesterday is gone—yes, but very well remembered; and we think of it the more now we know that To-morrow is not going to bring us much.

Into Mrs. Brandon's parlour Mr. Ridley's old father would sometimes enter of evenings, and share the bit of bread and cheese, or the modest supper of Mrs. Brandon and the captain. The homely little meal has almost vanished out of our life now, but in former days it assembled many a family round its kindly board. A little modest supper-tray—a little quiet prattle—a little kindly glass that cheered and never inebriated. I can see friendly faces smiling round such a meal, at a period not far gone, but how distant! I wonder whether there are any old folks now in old quarters of old country towns, who come to each other's houses in sedan-chairs, at six o'clock, and play at quadrille until supper-tray time? Of evenings Ridley and the captain, I say, would have a solemn game at cribbage, and the Little Sister would make up a jug of something good for the two oldsters. She liked Mr. Ridley to come, for he always treated her father so respectful, and was quite the gentleman. And as for Mrs. Ridley, Mr. R.'s "good lady,"—was she not also grateful to the Little Sister for having nursed her son during his malady? Through their connection they were enabled to procure Mrs. Brandon many valuable friends; and always were pleased to pass an evening with the captain, and were as civil to him as they could have been had he been at the very height of his prosperity and splendour. My private opinion of the old captain, you see, is that he was a worthless old captain, but most fortunate in his early ruin, after which he had lived very much admired and comfortable, sufficient whisky being almost always provided for him.

Old Mr. Ridley's respect for her father afforded a most precious consolation to the Little Sister. Ridley liked to have the paper read to him. He was never quite easy with print, and to his last days, many words to be met with in newspapers and elsewhere used to occasion the good butler much intellectual trouble. The Little Sister made his lodger's bills out for him (Mr. R., as well as the captain's daughter, strove to increase a small income by the letting of furnished apartments), or the captain himself would take these documents in charge; he wrote a noble mercantile hand, rendered now somewhat shaky by time, but still very fine in flourishes and capitals, and very much at worthy Mr. Ridley's service. Time was, when his son was a boy, that J. J. himself had prepared these accounts, which neither his father nor his mother were very competent to arrange. "We were not in our young time, Mr. Gann," Ridley remarked to his friend, "brought up to much scholarship; and very little book learning was given to persons in *my* rank of life. It was necessary and proper for you gentlemen, of course, sir." "Of course, Mr. Ridley," winks the other veteran over his pipe. "But I can't go and ask my son John James to keep his old father's books now as he used to do—which to do so is, on the part of you and Mrs. Brandon, the part of true friend-

ship, and I value it, sir, and so do my son John James reckonize and value it, sir." Mr. Ridley had served gentlemen of the *bonne école*. No nobleman could be more courtly and grave than he was. In Mr. Gann's manner there was more humorous playfulness, which in no way, however, diminished the captain's high-breeding. As he continued to be intimate with Mr. Ridley, he became loftier and more majestic. I think each of these elders acted on the other, and for good; and I hope Ridley's opinion was correct, that Mr. Gann was ever the gentleman. To see these two good fogies together was a spectacle for edification. Their tumblers kissed each other on the table. Their elderly friendship brought comfort to themselves and their families. A little matter of money once created a coolness between the two old gentlemen. But the Little Sister paid the outstanding account between her father and Mr. Ridley: there never was any further talk of pecuniary loans between them; and when they went to the "Admiral Byng," each paid for himself.

Phil often heard of that nightly meeting at the "Admiral's Head," and longed to be of the company. But even when he saw the old gentlemen in the Little Sister's parlour, they felt dimly that he was making fun of them. The captain would not have been able to brag so at ease had Phil been continually watching him. "I have 'ad the honour of waiting on your worthy father at my Lord Todmorden's table. Our little club ain't no place for you, Mr. Philip, nor for my son, though he's a good son, and proud me and his mother is of him, which he have never gave us a moment's pain, except when he was ill, since he have came to man's estate, most thankful am I, and with my hand on my heart, for to be able to say so. But what is good for me and Mr. Gann, won't suit you young gentlemen. *You* ain't a tradesman, sir, else I'm mistaken in the family, which I thought the Ringwoods one of the best in England, and the Firmins, a good one likewise." Mr. Ridley loved the sound of his own voice. At the festive meetings of the club, seldom a night passed in which he did not compliment his brother Byngs and air his own oratory. Under this reproof Phil blushed, and hung his conscious head with shame. "Mr. Ridley," says he, "you shall find I won't come where I am not welcome; and if I come to annoy you at the 'Admiral Byng,' may I be taken out on the quarterdeck and shot." On which Mr. Ridley pronounced Philip to be a "most sing'lar, astronary, and ascntric young man. A good heart, sir. Most generous to relieve distress. Fine talent, sir; but I fear—I fear they won't come to much good, Mr. Gann—saving your presence, Mrs. Brandon, m'm, which, of course, you *always* stand up for him."

When Philip Firmin had had his pipe and his talk with the Little Sister in her parlour, he would ascend and smoke his second, third, tenth pipe in J. J. Ridley's studio. He would pass hours before J. J.'s easel, pouring out talk about politics, about religion, about poetry, about women, about the dreadful slavishness and meanness of the world;—unwearied in talk and idleness, as placid J. J. was in listening and labour. The painter had been too busy in life over his easel to read many books. His

ignorance of literature smote him with a frequent shame. He admired book-writers, and young men of the university who quoted their Greek and their Horace glibly. He listened with deference to their talk on such matters; no doubt got good hints from some of them; was always secretly pained and surprised when the university gentlemen were beaten in argument, or loud and coarse in conversation, as sometimes they would be. "J. J. is a very clever fellow of course," Mr. Jarman would say of him, "and the luckiest man in Europe. He loves painting, and he is at work all day. He loves toadying fine people, and he goes to a tea-party every night." You all knew Jarman of Charlotte Street, the miniature-painter? He was one of the kings of the Haunt. His tongue spared no one. He envied all success, and the sight of prosperity made him furious: but to the unsuccessful he was kind; to the poor eager with help and prodigal of compassion; and that old talk about nature's noblemen and the glory of labour was very fiercely and eloquently waged by him. His friends admired him: he was the soul of independence, and thought most men sneaks who wore clean linen and frequented gentlemen's society: but it must be owned his landlords had a bad opinion of him, and I have heard of one or two of his pecuniary transactions which certainly were not to Mr. Jarman's credit. Jarman was a man of remarkable humour. He was fond of the widow, and would speak of her goodness, usefulness, and honesty with tears in his eyes. She was poor and struggling yet. Had she been wealthy and prosperous, Mr. Jarman would not have been so alive to her merit.

We ascend to the room on the first-floor, where the centre window has been heightened, so as to afford an upper light, and under that stream of radiance we behold the head of an old friend, Mr. J. J. Ridley, the R. Academician. Time has somewhat thinned his own copious locks, and prematurely streaked the head with silver. His face is rather wan; the eager, sensitive hand which poises brush and palette, and quivers over the picture, is very thin: round his eyes are many lines of ill-health and, perhaps, care, but the eyes are as bright as ever, and, when they look at the canvas, or the model which he transfers to it, clear, and keen, and happy. He has a very sweet singing voice, and warbles at his work, or whistles at it, smiling. He sets his hand little feats of skill to perform, and smiles with a boyish pleasure at his own matchless dexterity. I have seen him, with an old pewter mustard-pot for a model, fashion a splendid silver flagon in one of his pictures; paint the hair of an animal, the folds and flowers of a bit of brocade, and so forth, with a perfect delight in the work he was performing: a delight lasting from morning till sun-down, during which time he was too busy to touch the biscuit and glass of water which was prepared for his frugal luncheon. He is greedy of the last minute of light, and never can be got from his darling pictures without a regret. To be a painter, and to have your hand in perfect command, I hold to be one of life's *summa bona*. The happy mixture of hand and head work must render the occupation supremely pleasant.

In the day's work must occur endless delightful difficulties and occasions for skill. Over the details of that armour, that drapery, or what not, the sparkle of that eye, the downy blush of that cheek, the jewel on that neck, there are battles to be fought and victories to be won. Each day there must occur critical moments of supreme struggle and triumph, when struggle and victory must be both invigorating and exquisitely pleasing—as a burst across country is to a fine rider perfectly mounted, who knows that his courage and his horse will never fail him. There is the excitement of the game, and the gallant delight in winning it. Of this sort of admirable reward for their labour, no men, I think, have a greater share than painters (perhaps a violin-player perfectly and triumphantly performing his own beautiful composition may be equally happy). Here is occupation: here is excitement: here is struggle and victory: and here is profit. Can man ask more from fortune? Dukes and Rothschilds may be envious of such a man.

Though Ridley has had his trials and troubles, as we shall presently learn, his art has mastered them all. Black care may have sat in crupper on that Pegasus, but has never unhorsed the rider. In certain minds, art is dominant and superior to all beside—stronger than love, stronger than hate, or care, or penury. As soon as the fever leaves the hand free, it is seizing and fondling the pencil. Love may frown and be false, but the other mistress never will. She is always true: always new: always the friend, companion, inestimable consoler. So John James Ridley sat at his easel from breakfast till sun-down, and never left his work quite willingly. I wonder are men of other trades so enamoured of theirs; whether lawyers cling to the last to their darling reports; or writers prefer their desks and inkstands to society, to friendship, to dear idleness? I have seen no men in life loving their profession so much as painters, except, perhaps, actors, who, when not engaged themselves, always go to the play.

Before this busy easel Phil would sit for hours, and pour out endless talk and tobacco-smoke. His presence was a delight to Ridley's soul; his face a sunshine; his voice a cordial. Weakly himself, and almost infirm of body, with sensibilities tremulously keen, the painter most admired amongst men strength, health, good spirits, good breeding. Of these, in his youth, Philip had a wealth of endowment; and I hope these precious gifts of fortune have not left him in his maturer age. I do not say that with all men Philip was so popular. There are some who never can pardon good fortune, and in the company of gentlemen are on the watch for offence; and, no doubt, in his course through life, poor downright Phil trampled upon corns enough of those who met him in his way. "Do you know why Ridley is so fond of Firmin?" asked Jarman. "Because Firmin's father hangs on to the nobility by the pulse, whilst Ridley, you know, is connected with them through the sideboard." So Jarman had the double horn for his adversary: he could despise a man for not being a gentleman, and insult him for being one. I have

met with people in the world with whom the latter offence is an unpardonable crime—a cause of ceaseless doubt, division, and suspicion. What more common or natural, Bufo, than to hate another for being what you are not? The story is as old as frogs, bulls, and men.

Then, to be sure, besides your enviers in life, there are your admirers. Beyond wit, which he understood—beyond genius, which he had—Ridley admired good looks and manners, and always kept some simple hero whom he loved secretly to cherish and worship. He loved to be amongst beautiful women and aristocratical men. Philip Firmin, with his republican notions, and downright bluntness of behaviour to all men of rank superior to him, had a grand high manner of his own; and if he had scarce twopence in his pocket, would have put his hands in them with as much independence as the greatest dandy who ever sauntered on Pall Mall pavement. What a coolness the fellow had! Some men may, not unreasonably, have thought it impudence. It fascinated Ridley. To be such a man; to have such a figure and manner; to be able to look society in the face, slap it on the shoulder, if you were so minded, and hold it by the button—what would not Ridley give for such powers and accomplishments? You will please to bear in mind, I am not saying that J. J. was right, only that he was as he was. I hope we shall have nobody in this story without his little faults and peculiarities. Jarman was quite right when he said Ridley loved fine company. I believe his pedigree gave him secret anguishes. He would rather have been gentleman than genius ever so great; but let you and me, who have no weaknesses of our own, try and look charitably on this confessed foible of my friend.

J. J. never thought of rebuking Philip for being idle. Phil was as the lilies of the field, in the painter's opinion. He was not called upon to toil or spin; but to take his ease, and grow and bask in sunshine, and be arrayed in glory. The little clique of painters knew what Firmin's means were. Thirty thousand pounds of his own. Thirty thousand pounds down, sir; and the inheritance of his father's immense fortune! A splendour emanated from this gifted young man. His opinions, his jokes, his laughter, his song, had the weight of thirty thousand down, sir; and &c. &c. What call had *he* to work? Would you set a young nobleman to be an apprentice? Philip was free to be as idle as any lord, if he liked. He ought to wear fine clothes, ride fine horses, dine off plate, and drink champagne every day. J. J. would work quite cheerfully till sunset, and have an eightpenny plate of meat in Wardour Street and a glass of porter for his humble dinner. At the Haunt, and similar places of Bohemian resort, a snug place near the fire was always found for Firmin. Fierce republican as he was, Jarman had a smile for his lordship, and used to adopt particularly dandified airs when he had been invited to Old Parr Street to dinner. I daresay Philip liked flattery. I own that he was a little weak in this respect, and that you and I, my dear sir, are, of course, far his superiors. J. J., who loved him, would

have had him follow his aunt's and cousin's advice, and live in better company; but I think the painter would not have liked his pet to soil his hands with too much work, and rather admired Mr. Phil for being idle.

The Little Sister gave him advice, to be sure, both as to the company he should keep and the occupation which was wholesome for him. But when others of his acquaintance hinted that his idleness would do him harm, she would not hear of their censure. "Why should he work if he don't choose?" she asked. "He has no call to be scribbling and scrabbling. You wouldn't have *him* sitting all day painting little dolls' heads on canvas, and working like a slave. A pretty idea, indeed! His uncle will get him an appointment. That's the thing *he* should have. He should be secretary to an ambassador abroad, and he *will* be!" In fact, Phil, at this period, used to announce his wish to enter the diplomatic service, and his hope that Lord Ringwood would further his views in that respect. Meanwhile he was the king of Thornhaugh Street. He might be as idle as he chose, and Mrs. Brandon had always a smile for him. He might smoke a great deal too much, but she worked dainty little cigar-cases for him. She hemmed his fine cambric pocket handkerchiefs, and embroidered his crest at the corners. She worked him a waistcoat so splendid that he almost blushed to wear it, gorgeous as he was in apparel at this period, and sumptuous in chains, studs, and haberdashery. I fear Dr. Firmin, sighing out his disappointed hopes in respect of his son, has rather good cause for his dissatisfaction. But of these remonstrances the Little Sister would not hear. "Idle, why not? Why should he work? Boys will be boys. I daresay his grumbling old Pa was not better than Philip when *he* was young!" And this she spoke with a heightened colour in her little face, and a defiant toss of her head, of which I did not understand all the significance then; but attributed her eager partizanship to that admirable injustice which belongs to all good women, and for which let us be daily thankful. I know, dear ladies, you are angry at this statement. But, even at the risk of displeasing *you*, we must tell the truth. You would wish to represent yourselves as equitable, logical, and strictly just. So, I daresay, Dr. Johnson would have liked Mrs. Thrale to say to him, "Sir, your manners are graceful; your person elegant, cleanly, and eminently pleasing; your appetite small (especially for tea), and your dancing equal to the Violetta's;" which, you perceive, is merely ironical. Women equitable, logical, and strictly just! Mercy upon us! If they were, population would cease, the world would be a howling wilderness. Well, in a word, this Little Sister petted and coaxed Philip Firmin in such an absurd way that every one remarked it—those who had no friends, no sweethearts, no mothers, no daughters, no wives, and those who were petted, and coaxed, and spoiled at home themselves; as I trust, dearly beloved, is your case.

Now, again, let us admit that Philip's father had reason to be angry with the boy, and deplore his son's taste for low company; but excuse

the young man, on the other hand, somewhat for his fierce revolt and profound distaste at much in his home circle which annoyed him. "By heaven!" (he would roar out, pulling his hair and whiskers, and with many fierce ejaculations, according to his wont,) "the solemnity of those humbugs sickens me so, that I should like to crown the old bishop with the soup tureen, and box Baron Bumsher's ears with the saddle of mutton. At my aunt's, the humbug is just the same. It's better done, perhaps; but, O Pendennis! if you could but know the pangs which tore into my heart, sir, the vulture which gnawed at this confounded liver, when I saw women—women who ought to be pure—women who ought to be like angels—women who ought to know no art but that of coaxing our griefs away and soothing our sorrows—fawning, and cringing, and scheming; cold to this person, humble to that, flattering to the rich, and indifferent to the humble in station. I tell you I have seen all this, Mrs. Pendennis! I won't mention names, but I have met with those who have made me old before my time—a hundred years old! The zest of life is passed from me" (here Mr. Phil would gulp a bumper from the nearest decanter at hand). "But if I like what your husband is pleased to call low society, it is because I have seen the other. I have dangled about at fine parties, and danced at fashionable balls. I have seen mothers bring their virgin daughters up to battered old rakes, and ready to sacrifice their innocence for fortune or a title. The atmosphere of those polite drawing-rooms stifles me. I can't bow the knee to the horrible old Mammon. I walk about in the crowds as lonely as if I was in a wilderness; and don't begin to breathe freely until I get some honest tobacco to clear the air. As for your husband" (meaning the writer of this memoir), "he cannot help himself; he is a worldling, of the earth, earthy. If a duke were to ask him to dinner to-morrow, the parasite owns that he would go. Allow me, my friends, my freedom, my rough companions, in their work-day clothes. I don't hear such lies and flatteries come from behind pipes, as used to pass from above whitechokers when I was in the world." And he would tear at his cravat, as though the mere thought of the world's conventionality well nigh strangled him.

This, to be sure, was in a late stage of his career, but I take up the biography here and there, so as to give the best idea I may of my friend's character. At this time—he is out of the country just now, and besides, if he saw his own likeness staring him in the face, I am confident he would not know it—Mr. Philip, in some things, was as obstinate as a mule, and in others as weak as a woman. He had a childish sensibility for what was tender, helpless, pretty, or pathetic; and a mighty scorn of imposture, wherever he found it. He had many good purposes, which were often very vacillating, and were but seldom performed. He had a vast number of evil habits, whereof, you know, idleness is said to be the root. Many of these evil propensities he coaxed and cuddled with much care; and though he roared out *peccavi* most frankly, when charged with his sins, this criminal would fall to peccation very soon after promising

amendment. What he liked he would have. What he disliked he could with the greatest difficulty be found to do. He liked good dinners, good wine, good horses, good clothes, and late hours; and in all these comforts of life (or any others which he fancied, or which were within his means) he indulged himself with perfect freedom. He hated hypocrisy on his own part, and hypocrites in general. He said everything that came into his mind about things and people; and, of course, was often wrong and often prejudiced, and often occasioned howls of indignation or malignant whispers of hatred by his free speaking. He believed everything that was said to him until his informant had misled him once or twice, after which he would believe nothing. And here you will see that his impetuous credulity was as absurd as the subsequent obstinacy of his unbelief. My dear young friend, the profitable way in life is the middle way. Don't quite believe anybody, for he may mislead you; neither disbelieve him, for that is uncomplimentary to your friend. Black is not so very black; and as for white, *bon Dieu!* in our climate, what paint will remain white long? If Philip was self-indulgent, I suppose other people are self-indulgent likewise: and besides, you know, your faultless heroes have ever so long gone out of fashion. To be young, to be good-looking, to be healthy, to be hungry three times a day, to have plenty of money, a great alacrity of sleeping, and nothing to do—all these, I daresay, are very dangerous temptations to a man, but I think I know some who would like to undergo the dangers of the trial. Suppose there be holidays, is there not work time too? Suppose to-day is feast-day; may not tears and repentance come to-morrow? Such times are in store for Master Phil, and so please to let him have rest and comfort for a chapter or two.

CHAPTER VII.

Impletur veteris Bacchi.

HAT time, that merry time, of Brandon's, of Bohemia, of oysters, of idleness, of smoking, of song at night and profuse soda-water in the morning, of a pillow, lonely and bachelor it is true, but with few cares for bedfellows, of plenteous pocket-money, of ease for to-day and little heed for to-morrow, was often remembered by Philip in after days. Mr. Phil's views of life were not very exalted, were they? The fruits of this world, which he devoured with such gusto, I must own were of the common kitchen-garden sort; and the lazy rogue's ambition went no farther than to stroll along the sunshiny wall, eat his fill, and then repose comfortably in the arbour under the arched vine. Why did Phil's mother's parents leave her thirty thousand pounds? I daresay some misguided people would be glad to do as much for their sons; but, if I have ten, I am determined they shall either have a hundred thousand apiece, or else bare bread and cheese. "Man was made to labour, and to be lazy," Phil would affirm, with his usual energy of expression. "When the Indian warrior goes on the hunting path, he is sober, active, indomitable. No dangers fright him, and no labours tire. He endures the cold of the winter; he couches on the forest leaves; he subsists on frugal roots or the casual spoil of his bow. When he returns to his village, he gorges to repletion; he sleeps, perhaps, to excess. When the game is devoured, and the fire-water exhausted, again he sallies forth into the wilderness; he outclimbs the possum and he throttles the bear. I am the Indian: and this haunt is my wigwam! Barbara, my squaw, bring me oysters; bring me a jug of the frothing black beer of the pale-faces, or I will hang up thy scalp on my tent-

pole?" And old Barbara, the good old attendant of this Haunt of Bandits, would say, "Law, Mr. Philip, how you do go on, to be sure!" Where is the Haunt now? and where are the merry men all who there assembled? The sign is down; the song is silent; the sand is swept from the floor; the pipes are broken, and the ashes are scattered.

A little more gossip about his merry days, and we have done. He, Philip, was called to the bar in due course, and at his call-supper we assembled a dozen of his elderly and youthful friends. The chambers in Parchment Buildings were given up to him for this day. Mr. Van John, I think, was away attending a steeple-chase; but Mr. Cassidy was with us, and several of Philip's acquaintances of school, college, and the world. There was Philip's father, and Philip's uncle Twysden, and I, Phil's revered and respectable school senior, and others of our ancient seminary. There was Burroughs, the second wrangler of his year, great in metaphysics, greater with the knife and fork. There was Stackpole, Eblana's favourite child—the glutton of all learning, the master of many languages, who stuttered and blushed when he spoke his own. There was Pinkerton, who, albeit an ignoramus at the university, was already winning prodigious triumphs at the Parliamentary bar, and investing in Consols to the admiration of all his contemporaries. There was Rosebury the beautiful, the May-fair pet and delight of Almack's, the cards on whose mantelpiece made all men open the eyes of wonder, and some of us dart the scowl of envy. There was my Lord Ascot, Lord Egham's noble son. There was Tom Dale, who, having carried on his university career too splendidly, had come to grief in the midst of it, and was now meekly earning his bread in the reporter's gallery, alongside of Cassidy. There was Macbride, who, having thrown up his fellowship and married his cousin, was now doing a brave battle with poverty, and making literature feed him until law should reward him more splendidly. There was Haythorn, the country gentleman, who ever remembered his old college chums, and kept the memory of that friendship up by constant reminders of pheasants and game in the season. There were Raby and Maynard from the Guards' Club (Maynard sleeps now under Crimean snows), who preferred arms to the toga; but carried into their military life the love of their old books, the affection of their old friends. Most of these must be mute personages in our little drama. Could any chronicler remember the talk of all of them?

Several of the guests present were members of the Inn of Court (the Upper Temple), which had conferred on Philip the degree of Barrister-at-Law. He had dined in his wig and gown (Blackmore's wig and gown) in the inn hall that day, in company with other members of his inn; and, dinner over, we adjourned to Phil's chambers in Parchment Buildings, where a dessert was served, to which Mr. Firmin's friends were convoked.

The wines came from Dr. Firmin's cellar. His servants were in attendance to wait upon the company. Father and son both loved splendid hospitalities, and, as far as creature comforts went, Philip's feast was

richly provided. "A supper, I love a supper, of all things! And in order that I might enjoy yours, I only took a single mutton-chop for dinner!" cried Mr. Twysden, as he greeted Philip. Indeed, we found him, as we arrived from Hall, already in the chambers, and eating the young barrister's dessert. "He's been here ever so long," says Mr. Brice, who officiated as butler, "pegging away at the olives and maccaroons. Shouldn't wonder if he has pocketed some." There was small respect on the part of Brice for Mr. Twysden, whom the worthy butler frankly pronounced to be a stingy 'umbug. Meanwhile, Talbot believed that the old man respected him, and always conversed with Brice, and treated him with a cheerful cordiality.

The outer Philistines quickly arrived, and but that the wine and men were older, one might have fancied oneself at a college wine-party. Mr. Twysden talked for the whole company. He was radiant. He felt himself in high spirits. He did the honours of Philip's table. Indeed, no man was more hospitable with other folks' wine. Philip himself was silent and nervous. I asked him if the awful ceremony, which he had just undergone, was weighing on his mind?

He was looking rather anxiously towards the door; and, knowing somewhat of the state of affairs at home, I thought that probably he and his father had had one of the disputes which of late days had become so frequent between them.

The company were nearly all assembled and busy with their talk, and drinking the doctor's excellent claret, when Brice entering, announced Dr. Firmin and Mr. Tufton Hunt.

"Hang Mr. Tufton Hunt," Philip was going to say; but he started up, went forward to his father, and greeted him very respectfully. He then gave a bow to the gentleman introduced as Mr. Hunt, and they found places at the table, the doctor taking his with his usual handsome grace.

The conversation, which had been pretty brisk until Dr. Firmin came, drooped a little after his appearance. "We had an awful row two days ago," Philip whispered to me. "We shook hands and are reconciled, as you see. He won't stay long. He will be sent for in half an hour or so. He will say he has been sent for by a duchess, and go and have tea at the club."

Dr. Firmin bowed, and smiled sadly at me, as Philip was speaking. I daresay I blushed somewhat, and felt as if the doctor knew what his son was saying to me. He presently engaged in conversation with Lord Ascot; he hoped his good father was well?

"You keep him so, doctor. You don't give a fellow a chance," says the young lord.

"Pass the bottle, you young men! Hey! We intend to see you all out!" cries Talbot Twysden, on pleasure bent and of the frugal mind.

"Well said, sir," says the stranger introduced as Mr. Hunt; "and right good wine. Ha, Firmin! I think I know the tap!" and he

smacked his lips over the claret. "It's your twenty-five, and no mistake."

"The red-nosed individual seems a connoisseur," whispered Rosebury at my side.

The stranger's nose, indeed, was somewhat rosy. And to this I may add that his clothes were black, his face pale, and not well shorn, his white neckcloth dingy, and his eyes bloodshot.

"He looks as if he had gone to bed in his clothes, and carries a plentiful flue about his person. Who *is* your father's esteemed friend?" continues the wag, in an under voice.

"You heard his name, Rosebury," says the young barrister, gloomily.

"I should suggest that your father is in difficulties, and attended by an officer of the sheriff of London, or perhaps subject to mental aberration, and placed under the control of a keeper."

"Leave me alone, do!" groaned Philip. And here Twysden, who was longing for an opportunity to make a speech, bounced up from his chair, and stopped the facetious barrister's further remarks by his own eloquence. His discourse was in praise of Philip, the new-made barrister. "What! if no one else will give that toast, your uncle will, and many a heartfelt blessing go with you too, my boy!" cried the little man. He was prodigal of benedictions. He dashed aside the tear-drop of emotion. He spoke with perfect fluency, and for a considerable period. He really made a good speech, and was greeted with deserved cheers when at length he sat down.

Phil stammered a few words in reply to his uncle's voluble compliments; and then Lord Ascot, a young nobleman of much familiar humour, proposed Phil's father, his health, and song. The physician made a neat speech from behind his ruffled shirt. He was agitated by the tender feelings of a paternal heart, he said, glancing benignly at Phil, who was cracking filberts. To see his son happy; to see him surrounded by such friends; to know him embarked this day in a profession which gave the greatest scope for talents, the noblest reward for industry, was a proud and happy moment to him, Dr. Firmin. What had the poet observed? "*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*" (hear, hear!) "*emollit mores*,"—yes, "*emollit mores*." He drank a bumper to the young barrister (he waved his ring, with a thimbleful of wine in his glass). He pledged the young friends whom he saw assembled to cheer his son on his onward path. He thanked them with a father's heart! He passed his emerald ring across his eyes for a moment, and lifted them to the ceiling, from which quarter he requested a blessing on his boy. As though spirits (of whom, perhaps, you have read in the columns of this Magazine) approved of his invocation, immense thumps came from above, along with the plaudits which saluted the doctor's speech from the gentlemen round the table. But the upper thumps were derisory, and came from Mr. Buffers, of the third floor, who chose this method of mocking our harmless little festivities.

I think these cheers from the facetious Buffers, though meant in scorn

of our party, served to enliven it and make us laugh. Spite of all the talking, we were dull; and I could not but allow the force of my neighbour's remark, that we were sate upon and smothered by the old men. One or two of the younger gentlemen chafed at the licence for tobacco-smoking not being yet accorded. But Philip interdicted this amusement as yet.

"Don't," he said; "my father don't like it. He has to see patients to-night; and they can't bear the smell of tobacco by their bedsides."

The impatient youths waited with their cigar-cases by their sides. They longed for the withdrawal of the obstacle to their happiness.

"He won't go, I tell you. He'll be sent for," growled Philip to me.

The doctor was engaged in conversation to the right and left of him, and seemed not to think of a move. But, sure enough, at a few minutes after ten o'clock, Dr. Firmin's footman entered the room with a note, which Firmin opened and read, as Philip looked at me, with a grim humour in his face. I think Phil's father knew that we knew he was acting. However, he went through the comedy quite gravely.

"A physician's time is not his own," he said, shaking his handsome, melancholy head. "Good-bye, my dear lord! Pray remember me at home! Good night, Philip, my boy, and good speed to you in your career! Pray, pray don't move."

And he is gone, waving the fair hand and the broad-brimmed hat, with the beautiful white lining. Phil conducted him to the door, and heaved a sigh as it closed upon his father—a sigh of relief, I think, that he was gone.

"Exit Governor. What's the Latin for Governor?" says Lord Ascot, who possessed much native humour, but not very profound scholarship. "A most venerable old parent, Firmin. That hat and appearance would command any sum of money."

"Excuse me," lisps Rosebury, "but why didn't he take his elderly friend with him—the dilapidated clerical gentleman who is drinking claret so freely? And also, why did he not remove your avuncular orator? Mr. Twysden, your interesting young neophyte has provided us with an excellent specimen of the cheerful produce of the Gascon grape."

"Well, then, now the old gentleman is gone, let us pass the bottle and make a night of it. Hey, my lord?" cries Twysden. "Philip, your claret is good! I say, do you remember some Château Margaux I had, which Winton liked so? It must be good if *he* praised it, I can tell you. I imported it myself, and gave him the address of the Bordeaux merchant; and he said he had seldom tasted any like it. Those were his very words. I must get you fellows to come and taste it some day."

"Some day! What day? Name it, generous Amphitryon!" cries Rosebury.

"Some day at seven o'clock. With a plain, quiet dinner—a clear soup, a bit of fish, a couple of little entrées, and a nice little roast. That's my kind of dinner. And we'll taste that claret, young men. It is

not a heavy wine. It is not a first-class wine. I don't mean even to say it is a dear wine, but it has a bouquet and a pureness. What, you *will* smoke, you fellows?"

"We *will* do it, Mr. Twysden. Better do as the rest of us do. Try one of these."

The little man accepts the proffered cigar from the young nobleman's box, lights it, hems and hawks, and lapses into silence.

"I thought that would do for him," murmurs the facetious Ascot. "It is strong enough to blow his old head off, and I wish it would. "That cigar," he continues, "was given to my father by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had it out of the Queen of Spain's own box. She smokes a good deal, but naturally likes 'em mild. I can give you a stronger one."

"Oh, no. I dare say this is very fine. Thank you!" says poor Talbot.

"Leave him alone, can't you?" says Philip. "Don't make a fool of him before the young men, Ascot."

Philip still looked very dismal in the midst of the festivity. He was thinking of his differences with his absent parent.

We might all have been easily consoled, if the doctor had taken away with him the elderly companion whom he had introduced to Phil's feast. He could not have been very welcome to our host, for Phil scowled at his guest, and whispered, "Hang Hunt!" to his neighbour.

"Hang Hunt"—the Reverend Tufton Hunt was his name—was in no wise disconcerted by the coolness of his reception. He drank his wine very freely; addressed himself to his neighbours affably; and called out a loud "Hear, hear," to Twysden, when that gentleman announced his intention of making a night of it. As Mr. Hunt warmed with wine he spoke to the table. He talked a great deal about the Ringwood family, had been very intimate at Wingate, in old days, as he told Mr. Twysden, and an intimate friend of poor Cinqbars, Lord Ringwood's only son. Now, the memory of the late Lord Cinqbars was not an agreeable recollection to the relatives of the house of Ringwood. He was in life a dissipated and disreputable young lord. His name was seldom mentioned in his family; never by his father, with whom he had had many quarrels.

"You know I introduced Cinqbars to your father, Philip?" calls out the dingy clergyman.

"I have heard you mention the fact," says Philip.

"They met at a wine in my rooms in Corpus. Brummell Firmin we used to call your father in those days. He was the greatest buck in the university—always a dressy man, kept hunters, gave the best dinners in Cambridge. We were a wild set. There was Cinqbars, Brand Firmin, Beryl, Toplady, about a dozen of us, almost noblemen or fellow-commoners—fellows who all kept their horses and had their private servants."

This speech was addressed to the company, who yet did not seem much edified by the college recollections of the dingy elderly man.

"Almost all Trinity men, sir! We dined with each other week about. Many of them had their tandems. Desperate fellow across country your father was. And—but we won't tell tales out of school, hey?"

"No; please don't, sir," said Philip, clenching his fists, and biting his lips. The shabby, ill-bred, swaggering man was eating Philip's salt; Phil's lordly ideas of hospitality did not allow him to quarrel with the guest under his tent.

"When he went out in medicine, we were all of us astonished. Why, sir, Brand Firmin, at one time, was the greatest swell in the university," continued Mr. Hunt, "and such a plucky fellow! So was poor Cinqbars, though he had no stamina. He, I, and Firmin, fought for twenty minutes before Caius' Gate with about twenty bargemen, and you should have seen your father hit out! I was a handy one in those days, too, with my fingers. We learned the noble art of self-defence in my time, young gentlemen! We used to have Glover, the boxer, down from London, who gave us lessons. Cinqbars was a pretty sparrer—but no stamina. Brandy killed him, sir—brandy killed him! Why, this is some of your governor's wine! He and I have been drinking it to-night in Parr Street, and talking over old times."

"I am glad, sir, you found the wine to your taste," says Philip, gravely.

"I did, Philip, my boy! And when your father said he was coming to your wine, I said I'd come too."

"I wish somebody would fling him out of window," groaned Philip.

"A most potent, grave, and reverend senior," whispered Rosebury to me. "I read billiards, Boulogne, gambling-houses, in his noble lineaments. Has he long adorned your family circle, Firmin?"

"I found him at home about a month ago, in my father's ante-room, in the same clothes, with a pair of mangy moustaches on his face; and he has been at our house every day since."

"*Échappé de Toulon*," says Rosebury, blandly, looking towards the stranger. "*Cela se voit. Homme parfaitement distingué.* You are quite right, sir. I was speaking of you; and asking our friend Philip where it was I had the honour of meeting you abroad last year? This courtesy," he gently added, "will disarm tigers."

"I *was* abroad, sir, last year," said the other, nodding his head.

"Three to one he was in Boulogne gaol, or perhaps officiating chaplain at a gambling-house. Stop, I have it! Baden Baden, sir?"

"I was there, safe enough," says the clergyman. "It is a very pretty place; but the air of the *Après* kills you. Ha! ha! Your father used to shake his elbow when he was a youngster too, Philip! I can't help calling you Philip. I've known your father these thirty years. We were college chums, you know."

"Ah! what would I give," sighs Rosebury, "if that venerable being would but address me by my Christian name! Philip, do something to

make your party go. The old gentlemen are throttling it? Sing something, somebody! or let us drown our melancholy in wine. You expressed your approbation of this claret, sir, and claimed a previous acquaintance with it?"

"I've drunk two dozen of it in the last month," says Mr. Hunt, with a grin.

"Two dozen and four, sir," remarks Mr. Brice, putting a fresh bottle on the table.

"Well said, Brice! I make the Firmin Arms my head-quarters; and honour the landlord with a good deal of my company," remarks Mr. Hunt.

"The Firmin Arms are honoured by having such supporters!" says Phil, glaring, and with a heaving chest. At each moment he was growing more and more angry with that parson.

At a certain stage of conviviality Phil was fond of talking of his pedigree; and, though a professor of very liberal opinions, was not a little proud of some of his ancestors.

"Oh, come, I say! Sink the heraldry!" cries Lord Ascot.

"I am very sorry! I would do anything to oblige you, but I can't help being a gentleman!" growls Philip.

"Oh, I say! If you intend to come King Richard III. over us—" breaks out my lord.

"Ascot! your ancestors were sweeping counters when mine stood by King Richard in that righteous fight!" shouts Philip.

That monarch had conferred lands upon the Ringwood family. Richard III. was Philip's battle-horse; when he trotted it after dinner he was splendid in his chivalry.

"Oh, I say! If you are to saddle White Surrey, fight Bosworth Field, and murder the kids in the Tower!" continues Lord Ascot.

"Serve the little brutes right!" roars Phil. "They were no more heirs of the blood royal of England than——"

"I daresay! Only I'd rather have a song now the old boy is gone. I say, you fellows, chant something, do now! Bar all this row about Bosworth Field and Richard the Third! Always does it when he's beer on board—always does it, give you my honour!" whispers the young nobleman to his neighbour.

"I am a fool! I am a fool!" cries Phil, smacking his forehead. "There are moments when the wrongs of my race *will* intervene. It's not your fault, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, that you alluded to my arms in a derisive manner. I bear you no malice! Nay, I ask your pardon! Nay! I pledge you in this claret, which is good, though it's my governor's. In our house everything isn't, hum——Bosh! its twenty-five claret, sir! Ascot's father gave him a pipe of it for saving a life which might be better spent; and I believe the apothecary would have pulled you through, Ascot, just as well as my governor. But the wine's good! Good! Brice, some more claret! A song! Who spoke of a song? Warble us something, Tom Dale! A song, a song, a song!"

Whereupon the exquisite ditty of "Moonlight on the Tiles" was given by Tom Dale with all his accustomed humour. Then politeness demanded that our host should sing one of his songs, and as I have heard him perform it many times, I have the privilege of here reprinting it: premising that the tune and chorus were taken from a German song book, which used to delight us melodious youth in bygone days. Philip accordingly lifted up his great voice and sang:—

Doctor Luther.

"For the souls' edification
Of this decent congregation,
Worthy people! by your grant,
I will sing a holy chant,
I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,
'Twas a father, wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago.
Then sing as Doctor Luther sang,
As Doctor Luther sang,
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.

"He by custom patriarchal,
Loved to see the beaker sparkle,
And he thought the wine improved,
Tasted by the wife he loved,
By the kindly lips he loved.
Friends! I wish this custom pious
Duly were adopted by us,
To combine love, song, wine;
And sing as Doctor Luther sang,
As Doctor Luther sang,
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.

"Who refuses this our credo,
And demurs to drink as we do,
Were he holy as John Knox,
I'd pronounce him heterodox,
I'd pronounce him heterodox.
And from out this congregation,
With a solemn commination,
Banish quick the heretic,
Who would not sing as Luther sang,
As Doctor Luther sang,
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long."

The reader's humble servant was older than most of the party assembled at this symposium, which may have taken place some score of years back; but as I listened to the noise, the fresh laughter, the songs remembered out of old university days, the talk and cant phrases of the old school of which most of us had been disciples, dear me, I

felt quite young again, and when certain knocks came to the door about midnight, enjoyed quite a refreshing pang of anxious interest for a moment, deeming the proctors were rapping, having heard our shouts in the court below. The late comer, however, was only a tavern waiter, bearing a supper-tray; and we were free to speechify, shout, quarrel, and be as young as we liked, with nobody to find fault, except, perchance, the bencher below, who, I daresay, was kept awake with our noise.

When that supper arrived, poor Talbot Twysden, who had come so far to enjoy it, was not in a state to partake of it. Lord Ascot's cigar had proved too much for him; and the worthy gentleman had been lying on a sofa, in a neighbouring room, for some time past in a state of hopeless collapse. He had told us, whilst yet capable of speech, what a love and regard he had for Philip; but between him and Philip's father there was but little love. They had had that worst and most irremediable of quarrels, a difference about twopence halfpenny in the division of the property of their late father-in-law. Firmin still thought Twysden a shabby curmudgeon; and Twysden considered Firmin an unprincipled man. When Mrs. Firmin was alive, the two poor sisters had had to regulate their affections by the marital orders, and to be warm, cool, moderate, freezing, according to their husbands' state for the time being. I wonder are there many real reconciliations? Dear Tomkins and I are reconciled, I know. We have met and dined at Jones's. And ah! how fond we are of each other! Oh, very! So with Firmin and Twysden. They met, and shook hands with perfect animosity. So did Twysden junior and Firmin junior. Young Twysden was the elder, and thrashed and bullied Phil as a boy, until the latter arose and pitched his cousin downstairs. Mentally, they were always kicking each other downstairs. Well, poor Talbot could not partake of the supper when it came, and lay in a piteous state on the neighbouring sofa of the absent Mr. Van John.

Who would go home with him, where his wife must be anxious about him? I agreed to convoy him, and the parson said he was going our way, and would accompany us. We supported this senior through the Temple, and put him on the front seat of a cab. The cigar had disgracefully overcome him; and any lecturer on the evils of smoking might have pointed his moral on the helpless person of this wretched gentleman.

The evening's feasting had only imparted animation to Mr. Hunt, and occasioned an agreeable *abandon* in his talk. I had seen the man before in Dr. Firmin's house, and own that his society was almost as odious to me as to the doctor's son Philip. On all subjects and persons, Phil was accustomed to speak his mind out a great deal too openly; and Mr. Hunt had been an object of special dislike to him ever since he had known Hunt. I tried to make the best of the matter. Few men of kindly feeling and good station are without a dependant or two. Men start together in the race of life; and Jack wins, and Tom falls by his side. The successful man succours and reaches a friendly hand to the unfortunate competitor. Remembrance of early times gives the latter a sort of right

to call on his luckier comrade; and a man finds himself pitying, then enduring, then embracing a companion for whom, in old days, perhaps, he never had had any regard or esteem. A prosperous man ought to have followers: if he has none, he has a hard heart.

This philosophizing was all very well. It was good for a man not to desert the friends of his boyhood. But to live with such a cad as that—with that creature, low, servile, swaggering, besotted—"How could his father, who had fine tastes, and loved grand company, put up with such a fellow?" asked Phil. "I don't know when the man is the more odious, when he is familiar or when he is respectful; when he is paying compliments to my father's guests in Parr Street, or telling hideous old stale stories, as he did at my call-supper."

The wine of which Mr. Hunt freely partook on that occasion made him, as I have said, communicative. "Not a bad fellow, our host," he remarked, on his part, when we came away together. "Bumptious, good-looking, speaks his mind, hates me, and I don't care. He must be well to do in the world, Master Philip."

I said I hoped and thought so.

"Brummell Firmin must make four or five thousand a year. He was a wild fellow in my time, I can tell you—in the days of the wild Prince and Poyns—stuck at nothing, spent his own money, ruined himself, fell on his legs somehow, and married a fortune. Some of us have not been so lucky. I had nobody to pay *my* debts. I missed my fellowship by idling and dissipating with those confounded hats and silver-laced gowns. I liked good company in those days—always did when I could get it. If you were to write my adventures, now, you would have to tell some queer stories. I've been everywhere; I've seen high and low—'specially low. I've tried schoolmastering, bear-leading, newspapering, America, West Indies. I've been in every city in Europe. I haven't been as lucky as Brummell Firmin. He rolls in his coach, he does, and I walk in my highlows. Guineas drop into his palm every day, and are uncommonly scarce in mine, I can tell you; and poor old Tufton Hunt is not much better off at fifty odd than he was when he was an undergraduate at eighteen. How do you do, old gentleman? Air do you good? Here we are at Beaunash Street; hope you've got the key, and missis won't see you." A large butler, too well bred to express astonishment at any event which occurred out of doors, opened Mr. Twysden's, and let in that lamentable gentleman. He was very pale and solemn. He gasped out a few words, intimating his intention to fix a day to ask us to come and dine soon, and taste that wine that Winton liked so. He waved an unsteady hand to us. If Mrs. Twysden was on the stairs to see the condition of her lord, I hope she took possession of the candle. Hunt grumbled as we came out: "He might have offered us some refreshment after bringing him all that way home. It's only half-past one. There's no good in going to bed so soon as that. Let us go and have a drink somewhere. I know a very good crib close by. No, you won't? I say" (here he burst into

a laugh which startled the sleeping street), "I know what you've been thinking all the time in the cab. You are a swell,—you are, too! You have been thinking, 'This dreary old parson will try and borrow money from me.' But I won't, my boy. I've got a banker. Look here! Fee, faw, fum. You understand. I can get the sovereigns out of my medical swell in Old Parr Street. I prescribe bleeding for him—I drew him to-night. He is a very kind fellow, Brummell Firmin is. He can't deny such a dear old friend anything. Bless him!" And as he turned away to some midnight haunt of his own, he tossed up his hand in the air. I heard him laughing through the silent street, and policeman X, tramping on his beat, turned round and suspiciously eyed him.

Then I thought of Dr. Firmin's dark, melancholy face and eyes. Was a benevolent remembrance of old times the bond of union between these men? All my house had long been asleep, when I opened and gently closed my house door. By the twinkling night-lamp I could dimly see child and mother softly breathing. Oh, blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits! Happy you, who have escaped temptation!

I may have been encouraged in my suspicions of the dingy clergyman by Philip's own surmises regarding him, which were expressed with the speaker's usual candour. "The fellow calls for what he likes at the Firmin Arms," said poor Phil; "and when my father's bigwigs assemble, I hope the reverend gentleman dines with them. I should like to see him hobnobbing with old Bumpsher, or slapping the bishop on the back. He lives in Sligo Street, round the corner, so as to be close to our house and yet preserve his own elegant independence. Otherwise, I wonder he has not installed himself in Old Parr Street, where my poor mother's bedroom is vacant. The doctor does not care to use that room. I remember now how silent they were when together, and how terrified she always seemed before him. What has he done? I know of one affair in his early life. Does this Hunt know of any more? They have been accomplices in some conspiracy, sir; I daresay with that young Cinqbars, of whom Hunt is for ever bragging: the worthy son of the worthy Ringwood. I say, does wickedness run in the blood? My grandfathers, I have heard, were honest men. Perhaps they were only not found out; and the family taint will show in me some day. There are times when I feel the devil so strong within me, that I think some day he must have the mastery. I'm not quite bad yet: but I tremble lest I should go. Suppose I were to drown, and go down? It's not a jolly thing, Pendennis, to have such a father as mine. Don't humbug *me* with your charitable palliations and soothing surmises. You put me in mind of the world then, by Jove, you do! I laugh, and I drink, and I make merry, and sing, and smoke endless tobacco; and I tell you, I always feel as if a little sword was dangling over my skull which will fall some day and split it. Old Parr Street is mined, sir,—mined! And some morning we shall be blown into blazes—into blazes, sir; mark my words! That's why I'm so careless and so idle,

for which you fellows are always bothering and scolding me. There's no use in settling down until the explosion is over, don't you see? *Incedo per ignes suppositos*, and, by George! sir, I feel my bootsoles already scorching. Poor thing! poor mother" (he apostrophized his mother's picture which hung in the room where we were talking,) "were you aware of the secret, and was it the knowledge of that which made your poor eyes always look so frightened? She was always fond of you, Pen. Do you remember how pretty and graceful she used to look as she lay on her sofa upstairs, or smiled out of her carriage as she kissed her hand to us boys? I say, what if a woman marries, and is coaxed and wheedled by a soft tongue, and runs off, and afterwards finds her husband has a cloven foot?"

"Ah, Philip!"

"What is to be the lot of the son of such a man? Is my hoof cloven, too?" It was on the stove, as he talked, extended in American fashion. "Suppose there's no escape for me, and I inherit my doom, as another man does gout or consumption? Knowing this fate, what is the use, then, of doing anything in particular? I tell you, sir, the whole edifice of our present life will crumble in and smash." (Here he flings his pipe to the ground with an awful shatter.) "And until the catastrophe comes, what on earth is the use of setting to work, as you call it? You might as well have told a fellow, at Pompeii, to select a profession the day before the eruption."

"If you know that Vesuvius is going to burst over Pompeii," I said, somewhat alarmed, "why not go to Naples, or farther, if you will?"

"Were there not men in the sentry-boxes at the city gates," asked Philip, "who might have run, and yet remained to be burned there? Suppose, after all, the doom isn't hanging over us,—and the fear of it is only a nervous terror of mine? Suppose it comes, and I survive it? The risk of the game gives a zest to it, old boy. Besides, there is Honour: and some One Else is in the case, from whom a man *could* not part in an hour of danger." And here he blushed a fine red, heaved a great sigh, and emptied a bumper of claret.

The River.

From the bosom of the mountain,
From the silent lands of night,
Sparkles up the infant fountain,
Crystal clear and crown'd with light;
With a gentle tinkle ringing,
Sweetly singing,
Ever bringing
Freshful radiance to the sight,
Like a happy-hearted maiden,
Robes of golden joy arrayed in,
Dancing to the inner music
Of her own young heart's delight.
Upwards to the summer skies,
Laughing love with starry eyes;
Downwards to the mossy slope,
Darting free and full of hope;
And the list'ning air it fills
With the tinkling of its rills;
Ancient rocks look blithe to hear it,
Heather-bells bloom fresher near it,
And a thousand charms endear it
To the old paternal hills.
And downward it patters,
And outward it scatters
Its silvery waters to gladden the land;
And childlike it chatters,
And gleefully clatters,
And murmurs of matters
We don't understand.

But there's meaning in music, whatever it be,
From the sough of the wind to the sound of the sea,
In the hum of the vale, and the hush of the woods,
In the voice of the stream, and the change of its moods,
In the thunder that rolls o'er the midsummer day,
In the murmur that wakes when the storm is away,
In the lowing of kine, and the carol of birds,
Is a wilderness teeming with eloquent words;
And nature is moving in worshipful glee
To the sound of its music, whatever it be.
And gleaming and glancing,
The streamlet goes dancing,
And singing afar from the spot where it rose,
And flowing, and falling, it grows as it goes;

Gladsomely calling, it gathers its brothers
From many a fountain;
And down through the mists from the clefts of the mountain,
The slowly wrung tribute of tarrying snows.

And onward it dashes,
And outward it splashes,
And rushes, and flashes,
So fleet in its flight,
And so bright in its light,
Brawling and brattling,
Romping and rattling,
Rollicking, frollicking, dancing, downwards,
With a persistence
Defying resistance,
In all the unconscious compulsion of might.
Away and away, through the woodlands careering,
As clear as the day; like a sunbeam appearing
In darkness; a voice in the solitude, singing
A song of rejoicing, and evermore bringing,
With many a murmur and musical fall,

A hope to the hopeless,
A joy to the joyless,
A love to the loveless,
A beauty to all.

Now the birch is beginning to grow on its brink,
Where the deer of the mountain come downward to drink,
And the shepherd's dog barks from some lone summer shealing,
The neighbourless home of the muirland revealing.
Now faster and faster flows on the fleet river,
Increasing, unceasing, rejoicing for ever;
Through forests that wave with the honours of ages,
Ravines with the pines on their tottering ledges,
Through hollows, unblest by the sunshine of heaven;
Through rocks, that the wrath of the torrent has riven.
And onward, and downward, it rushes and rages,
With headlong rapidity into the linn;
Rumbling and tumbling, in foamy confusion;
Boiling, and pouring,
And toiling, and roaring,
Filling the mind with a horrid illusion
Of spirits in trouble with sorrow and sin—
And all with a deep, subterranean din.
Then, resting awhile from the toils of the fight,
It bounds o'er the rocks in the strength of its might,
Like a steed of the desert, all fearless and free,
All foaming and white with its warrior glee;
It passes the glens with a clarion call,
And gathers its crystalline tribute from all!
Where worshipful mountains so solemnly stand,
And old immemorial oaks of the land
Cry, 'We are but children to these and to thee,
Thou bountiful daughter of mountain and sea.'

And down by the woodlands so dreary and deep,
And down by the valleys all dotted with sheep,
And over the shallows, and over the sand
It sings like a joy in the heart of the land.

O maiden! O maiden!
Thy beauty arrayed in,
It comes through the long summer sunshine like thee,
With happiness singing,
Its merriment ringing,
Its radiance flinging,
Profusely and free.

It kisses, caresses, and blesses the dearest,
Gladdens, O maiden, the next to the nearest,
Covers with graces
The gloomiest places;
The light of the woodland, the loved of the lea,
O maiden, it cometh in beauty like thee.

Beauteous river, gentle river,
River of the golden sands,
Like a silver band enfolding,
Grassy leas, and golden lands,
Which the ancient hills are holding
In the hollows of their hands.
Down beside the fields of story,
Sung in many an ancient lay,
Down by keep and castle hoary,
Down by gorges grim and gray,
With a noble undulation,
Ringing down from far away,
Like a song of early glory,
Sung through many an ancient lay.
Through the woodlands calm and shady,
Softly, sweetly, gently, slowly,
Moving like a graceful lady,
With a look serene and holy,
With a beauteous melancholy,
In the crystal of her eyes.
Moving onward, sweet and simple,
Through the sunny nook, its dimple
Gleams from out its foamy wimple,
Cloudless as the cloudless skies.
Each glance, a glimpse of heaven discloses,
Holy things and thoughts revealing,
Save where sunshine interposes,
Like a flush of human feeling,
Or where trees and woodland roses
Wreathe it round with garlands fair,
Softly, sweetly, gently flowing,
Round in chastened radiance throwing,
Like a saintly lady going
To the holy house of prayer.

Down beside the churchyard sighing,
With an accent sad and low,
To a dirge its cadence dying,
O'er the many, lowly lying,
Those who lov'd it long ago.
But the little temple telleth
Of the sacred hope that dwelleth,
Of the bliss that never faileth,
Hid behind the pall of woe;
And a song of joy it raises,
Up to Heav'n in holy praises,
Sung through all its wayward mazes,
Tun'd to accents sweet and slow.

On it flows in stately beauty,
On it goes, in humble peace,
Noble, for it does its duty,
Humbly, in the land's increase.
Wearily washing through meadowy reaches,
Weltering under the roots of the beeches,
Sighing in gusts where the quivering sedges
Shiver, as freshets curl over its edges,
Onward it urges
Its flood through the gorges,
And dashing its foam to their pine-covered verges;
And seething in surges,
It brightly emerges
To light on the broad and the bountiful plain.

On, river, bright river,
A blessing for ever:
Oh, blest is the giver,
The gift is so free.
It flows through the valleys
So beautiful always,
The land's crystal chalice
From mountain to sea.

Now far o'er the meadows the cattle are lowing,
And far away herdboys are whistling together;
While hay-makers homeward are merrily going.
There's joy in the breath of the sweet summer weather,
The odours of blossoms and music of birds;
And the air whispers peace in the voice without words.
The river in solemn serenity glideth,
Sleeplike, but sleepless, and silent as nature
When moulding her manifold wonders, she hideth
The might of her hand, and the height of her stature,
In graceful quiescence, and flowery array;
Concealing the mystical spirit of grandeur,
And guiding the wrapt one, the art-fingered angel
Of beauty, and moving in passionless splendour,
She comes o'er the land, like a blessed evangel,
Reflecting the Holy One's presence alway.

The mountains are silent, in deep adoration,
The valleys in rapture with music and light,
And o'er us the glorious guide of creation
Is treading his crystalline pathway, as bright
As first when he shed in the rivers of Eden,
The glory that gladden'd their Sabbath of rest;
And softly and stilly the river is flowing
Between the green copses that shadow its border;
And thereaway glooming and hereaway glowing,
Amid the green woodlands' delicious disorder,
As glanceth the sun through the golden-boughed gardens,
And down to the amber-arched halls of the west.
And as the blue mountains are fading from sight,
The song of the waters is rising alone,
With mightier voice through the silence of night,
When all the sweet singers of sunshine are gone.
Rushing away with its musical song,
Singing a lullaby all the night long,
Murmuring low by the woodland deep,
Babbling aloud o'er the pebbly steep,
It flows nobly on.
It tells not the lord in his castle grand,—
The wealth of the bountiful meadow is mine,
Nor yet the farmer who tilleth the land,
I'm filling the corn and feeding the kine.

The old merry mill in the midst of the trees,
It drives without multure, it craves not for fees;
Nor says to the thousands who dwell on its brink,
Lo! I am the fountain whose waters ye drink,
The light of the valley, the wealth of the lea,
That shineth so fairly, whose gifts are so free,
That brings from the mountains the treasures of snow,
When little lone streams of the summer are low,
And fresh from the forests' endearing embrace,
And from the bare moorlands all gleaming with dew,
The silvery wealth of the wilderness,
A tribute of love for you.

W. F.

Horace Saltoun.

Part II.—De Profundis.

Southampton Waters lay, as usual, placid as a lake; the sultry heat of the passing day still hung heavily on the atmosphere: though somewhat of a breeze got up towards the evening, it was hot wind, as though it were blown from a furnace or across a desert. Lights had begun to twinkle in the windows of Hythe and Southampton. The moon was beginning to show part of her pale crescent to the south, a few angry clouds were gathering, and to this sign from the heavens the sea responded in heavy rolls and swells, and the breaking of the surf on the distant shore began to have a hollow and threatening sound.

Far out on the point beyond Netley and its fair abbey a tall, large-limbed man was pacing hurriedly up and down. He examined the sky, strained his eyes over the waves towards the horizon, and then began to walk again. This man was Horace Saltoun. True to his promise, he was on the look-out for the ship which bore homeward his lady love. Some accident to the machinery had delayed it two days beyond the date of being due; and what with expectant relatives and anxious friends, the clerk who ought first to receive intelligence was pretty nearly driven wild with their importunity. Horace had repaired, like the rest, to hear the eternal reply, "No news of the ship." He was chafing with impatience and the idea of two days being lost to him, well aware that he was wanted in town. He thought he ought not to stay a day longer, and yet he could not bring himself to leave; he went down that night with an irresistible conviction that the ship would come, and yet, as he afterwards told me, with an impression not to be shaken off that it would bring him no good news.

Heavy drops, precursors of a summer storm, began to fall; which, however, in his excited state, he hardly noticed. Again he swept the horizon with his glass. Did his eyes deceive him, or was that really the smoke of the East Indiaman? Yes, he felt sure of it. Then he saw a signal; but the light danced about before his eyes like a treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp, and he felt as if his senses were not to be depended on. Just then a broad sheet of lightning flashed over the waters, displaying the ship in its full dimensions, huge and black, so close to him he could have touched it with his hand. He saw a swarm of black faces on board, but not the one that his heart sickened for. He answered the hail of the sailors, careless that his voice was drowned in the crash of heaven's artillery. The next flash showed him that his phantom ship had vanished utterly, and he was alone. He bared his head and let the cool rain beat

on it, and then set off and ran into the town as if a demon were at his heels. As he neared it he heard the cannon boom, and felt quite sure that the greeting would be, as indeed it actually was, "The ship is signalled, sir."

"I know that," was his brief reply.

"But it will not be in till morning, sir," pursued the disappointed "boots."

Horace did not go to bed or even close an eye that night, and by the break of dawn he was one of the first on board. There was no bad news for him, so far, at least. There was the usual number of helpless native servants, being frightfully bullied in their own language by their respective owners, who woke out of their ordinary languor for this laudable purpose. Bags of specie were in course of transport, sailors passed to and fro, and commission agents were trying to discover those who sent for them. When Horace could make his way among the distracted friends, unhappy guardians, overjoyed mothers and children, and all the rest of the motley crew who were calling, fussing, crying, weeping, and kissing, he discovered the person whom he sought—Miss Otway.

She welcomed him with a sprightly coldness, which rather staggered him; and whereas his spirits had been high they now sank to zero, and the man generally so eloquent had hardly a word to say: at least not anything but exclamations not the most fitting to welcome home his *fiancée*. We all have, some time or other, seen the yearning expression of disappointed affection; we have most of us, at least once in our lives, had a dim insight into what that sort of feeling is, when

> "We know the change, and feel it,
> When there is none to heal it,
> Nor numbed sense to steal it."

On these occasions memory sometimes for a brief space does duty for hope; yet assuredly there are times other than when man "goeth to his long home," that "fears shall be in the way, and desire shall fail."

Exactly a fortnight after this I was in Saltoun's rooms, towards evening. His servant said he expected him in every instant, and I had fallen into a half doze in the depths of one of those comfortable, untidy arm-chairs with which a bachelor who knows what ease is generally supplies his rooms, when the door opened, and Saltoun walked—or rather staggered—in, and threw himself down on the sofa. On perceiving me he gave a half glance, and then covered his face with his hands.

"What's wrong, Horace?"

"Everything, Paul. Cecile Otway has sent me about my business; whatever that may be now, for I don't feel as if I had any on earth."

"Do you mean that you have quarrelled?"

"No, I don't. Do you think I would have ever quarrelled with what I love better than my own life? I mean," he said, raising his voice, and

speaking with extreme bitterness, "that she has this day, of her own accord, without compulsion upon her, without reason offered, sent me to the devil. Oh, Paul," he continued more gently, "for more than two years I have been faithful to her—you know how faithful; for her sake I have defied temptation, as few men think it necessary even to pretend to do. Her very coldness was to me the idea of purity. That was a mistake, Paul: but no matter; I'll go on. I could not let a woman be ashamed of me. I did not want to have to blush under her eyes—so innocent, and truthful, and good as I thought them to be. Why did I ever agree to wait? What infernal infatuation! 'But it was her duty,' she said; and it sounded so well, too. And something else she said, of the joy of meeting when I had proved to her my patience and constancy. Good. Well, then, at her express desire, I went down to Southampton, and watched hour after hour for that hateful ship, until, but for the hope in my heart and the love I bore her, I should have gone mad with that darkening, dreary sea for ever chiming out its monotonous song to me. Then one morning, you know, old fellow, before sunrise, one sees white sails puffed out, and the great ship, that looks but like a toy of the ocean, and bears my heart's treasure, comes on, smiling and bending in the wind, as a girl does in the dance." He stopped here.

"Well, Horace, what did she say to you?"

"She said, 'Oh, Horace, is that you?—do get out of my way.' I can hardly help laughing now, to think how a child might have knocked me down the instant after she made that speech. I don't remember anything more then: no, not even how I left the ship. She said afterwards that she was very glad to see me; but for the first time—no, not quite the first time—her smile struck me as being not changed, but cold: very, very cold: it was like lightning on the snow, a sort of refrigerating blaze; and she laughed her peculiar silvery laugh"—he tried to imitate it.

Now, lovers are of different opinions to every one else. He admired her laugh; I always thought it a singularly heartless one. But to hear his deep, rough voice essaying to reproduce it was something too absurd. I laughed outright. He filled his short, black clay, lit it, and puffed away vengefully for a few minutes, then proceeded:—

"Well, Paul, when I saw her at her own house, I fancied, somehow, there was a difference: though I cannot say she refused me one favour that she ever granted me, yet in some fashion her favours did not taste the same—the flavour had gone: and they were always from the very first dealt scantily out. When I spoke of our speedy union—which surely I had a right to do—she said there was much to be done first; that she had friends whom she must first visit, plans which she must arrange, business, &c.: in short, on one pretence or another, she sent me from her presence for ten days; which time she allowed me to infer I might employ in sweeping aside my work, and procuring a substitute for cases of emergency, with a view to the speedy termination of our engagement.

"Surely, I said to myself, at last she will be mine—mine only. I began

to count the days and hours. Very well, then,"—here he moved uneasily about the room, as if he flinched at detailing the rest, and laid down his pipe, out of which he had been puffing volumes of smoke—"I went the earliest day I had permission to do so. She played deliciously to me: her music is something to wile one's senses away. I insisted on a private interview, which she accorded apparently quite willingly; then she said to me very singular things" (he spoke slowly, and his complexion, never very clear, grew of a muddy whiteness). "She spoke of her duty to her God, and to herself; she affirmed that our tempers did not suit; that I was too impetuous, that she was afraid of me, and did not respect me; that she should, in fact, think it wrong, with these sentiments, to marry me; that she had long regretted our engagement, but had lacked courage to break it off. But that now she wished us to be friends—and friends only: to part! without bitterness, if that might be; but at any rate to part. It was best so, she said. I was astounded, Paul. What wickedness was this? 'Tell me, Cecile,' I said, 'I insist on your replying; did you contemplate this? Had you that design in your heart when you bade me farewell and renewed your troth to me, now a year ago?' She replied distinctly and calmly in the affirmative; so that her treachery was not a thought of yesterday's growth. I wondered that she could stand so quietly, and speak such words to me: I wondered she did not fear I should kill her. But she bore my long wistful gaze without any sign of repentance or misgiving; though her eye flickered a little. Part without bitterness! Why add to the farce? It can never be without bitterness that men part from women who have dealt thus by them: for, Paul, it was not that she had lost to me three years of my life; for life is nought—now less than ever is it of value to me; but she has wasted my love, deceived me treacherously, stolen my faith, shattered my long-nursed dream and hope. 'I love you no less,' she said, 'but I wish, and have long wished, to break off all connection between us, beyond that sincere friendship which I shall ever feel.' She was proceeding with this odious hypocrisy: 'Now God forgive you, Cecile,' I said: I don't know why; perhaps because when one has ever deeply loved, that cry is the first which rises to the lips of those who are stricken to the quick. For if God does take cognizance of such things, He can hardly forgive her on her own defence. How could she be forgiven as she stood there, heartless and impenitent, looking with a certain cruel complacency at her work? If she had but shown one gleam of compunction—had she but affected to grieve over the agony she saw and knew she was inflicting—I had never told you this, Paul." Here he burst into a succession of quivering sobs, which shook him from head to foot. Ah me, that tearless sobbing in a man is a terrible sight! He went on again, after a little:

"You cannot guess how the blood curdled round my heart and then coursed back into my veins, until my fingers tingled and my brain felt as if it were on fire."

I began to question; but he anticipated me.

"Angry, no; not she: as cool and pleasant as iced porter," he added, with a dismal pleasantry. "Well, hot iron sears, but it is cold steel that cuts; and while she was smiling I felt as if she had severed an artery and I was bleeding to death inwardly. I forget what I said, I hardly knew what I did; but I knelt to her and implored her, not to take me back, but to tell me that it was not a premeditated deed; that she had not continued up to the very last to appear to smile and love, while waiting only for a fair chance to strike me thus. I prayed her for mercy to say that it was but lately conceived, that she grieved over the blow; that she had not kept it for two years in her heart to enjoy my suffering, as she enjoys it now," he exclaimed, fiercely. "In short, I besought her, for dear life, to feel, or to feign to feel. Ah, my defeated supplications! how you stare me in the face! As well expect water to feel when you divide it. I was addressing prayers to the heart, and she has no such incumbrance; I was appealing to that which was profitless, *les souvenirs d'une femme qui a perdu sa mémoire*."

There was a long pause, and he began to smoke again.

"So do the hopes of our early years become the regrets of our after lives, Paul; and so the game goes on. '*Rouge et noir*, gentlemen; make your game:' we begin *rouge*, and we lose,—we end *noir*, and we lose still."

He made this sad attempt at appearing careless; but it was to me all the more unnatural and painful. Medical men ought to keep their heads and hearts as cool as they can, but I confess I left poor Saltoun with much uneasiness, and in a most unprofessional state of wrath at the conduct of Miss Otway. I was by that time on tolerably intimate terms with her family, and having an opportunity the following day of meeting the lady, I determined to have my say, and deliver my opinion to her in plain terms; if I could not first influence her to alter her decision respecting Horace. Had I been as old then as I am now, I should have been wiser, and remembered the French proverb, *Entre l'arbre et l'écorce ne mettez pas le doigt;* but I conceived that Saltoun might have misunderstood her character, and in my conceit I thought I could mend matters. Under cover, then, of a chorus at the opera, I found my occasion.

"Forgive me, Miss Otway; but will you let me say how sincerely grieved I am that you have broken with Horace? Can nothing be done in the matter in his behalf? It is now three years since he placed his future in your hands; and his whole heart is bound up in you. You were never surely designed to be the quicksand which should wreck so noble a vessel."

She was amazingly self-possessed, and turning her blue eyes full on me, demanded pointblank,—

"Has Mr. Saltoun been complaining to you?"

"He told me how the matter rests," I replied; "you best know whether a true account thereof hath in it the nature of complaint."

She raised her eyebrows, and prepared to assume the terrible, because unassailable attitude of a victim.

"I was very wrong ever to have accepted him—very wrong, and for that I do blame myself most severely; but I have long felt that this could not go on for ever."

"No one expects that an engagement should last for ever, Miss Otway; in the natural order of things, it usually terminates in a marriage."

She proceeded without taking any notice of this. "I made up my mind to put an end entirely to existing relations, which have indeed burdened my conscience most terribly."

I hardly knew how to meet this very singular line of defence, which seemed to assume that no wrong had been committed, and I asked her in what he had failed, that solemn promises made to him were to be broken at will. I descanted on his laborious life, his blameless moral character, and his deep and absorbing affection for her: I alluded to the pride he had in her, and hinted how deep would be the responsibility of those who on frivolous grounds dealt so terrible a blow to a man so affectionate and sensitive in disposition. Vainly; I might as well have talked to the winds.

"Did you ever love him, Miss Otway?"

She might justifiably have refused to answer this question; but she replied, with a provoking calm and an apparent sadness—

"No, I never did; though I hoped I should do: and now, doctor, may I in my turn inquire if he commissioned you to put that question?"

"No, he did not: he uttered no complaint, still less desired any mediation. For this transgression I am alone responsible."

She paused a little, and played with her bouquet. "I assure you I have a sincere regard for him."

I made an impatient gesture of dissent. She went on, unheeding: "It is quite natural he should think hardly of me. I am prepared for that; but my conscience acquits me: with a temper so impetuous, rash, and masterful, we never could have been happy together. It was foolish cowardice of me to hesitate to tell him so before and so spare all these painful scenes."

"Scenes which never would have occurred had you not thought fit to play your part in the farce a little too long. I don't envy you the ease of conscience you profess to have, Miss Otway; you should have consulted these scruples before you entered into a contract by which you secured your right to his love and devotion, his time and talents: you have used them, without sparing them, for three years. Well, you have thrown away a true and loyal heart, and a distinguished position; for there is that in him which must raise him to the head of his profession."

Her eye flickered again, and her attention was at once secured. A silence followed, which she appeared determined not to break. Perhaps silence is the most aggravating form of opposition which women adopt, especially when it is accompanied by a smile; and she smiled when she saw that I noticed her slight *empressement* as I spoke of the worldly

position of Saltoun. I pursued with some heat: "You have acted very wickedly, if, as you say, you never loved him."

"It would be doing worse to marry him, now that I am more and more convinced I don't," (with a smile of the most perfect heartlessness,) "and you may be sure I will not continue in wrong-doing, and unnecessarily burden my conscience." She paused a little for a parting blow: "And you may tell him, from me, that he has not improved matters by allowing you to try to assist him."

I essayed to convince her that I was wholly unauthorized—that I had exceeded my own intentions. I might as well have remonstrated with a marble statue. The young lady left me, angry with her, indignant for Horace, and most heartily repenting my own meddling. The sage has well said, "*Give me any plague but the plague of the heart, and any wickedness but the wickedness of a woman.*"

It is perhaps according to human nature that Horace should have received my account very ill: he flew into a passion with me; blamed his clumsiness, my officiousness, his own petulance, and what he was pleased to call my want of temper and judgment, everything, in short, but her heartless hypocrisy. Indeed I felt pretty sharply that I had done no good, and I made an inward vow never again, on any inducement, to meddle in love matters. It did not add to the comfort of my reflections to hear Horace announce that he intended to meet her at a ball that night, and declare that nothing on earth should dissuade him. Knowing how violent his feelings were, and the serene bloodlessness of Miss Otway's, I imagined there would be a scene, in which Horace would only come off second best: however, he swore a mighty oath that go he would, and he kept his word—most unfortunately.

Late in the evening of the second day after the ball, a young man, who had for some years acted as his assistant, came to me in great distress. All those who were in daily intercourse with Horace became warmly attached to him; and the manner of this poor fellow plainly testified to the affection with which his master had inspired him.

Mr. Saltoun had, contrary to his usual custom, desired him to sit up until his return from the ball. Horace came back between one and two in the morning, unlocked his desk, took out a considerable quantity of gold, and then went out, without changing his dress or saying where he was going. He was a good deal agitated, as it would appear; and from that time nothing had been heard of him. This intelligence disturbed me very much: it was so unlike his usual habits; and from the fact of his not having changed his dress-coat and merely taking money, I feared that his interview with Miss Otway had urged him to some recklessness. I caused inquiries to be set on foot; but without success: altogether, there was so much mystery about the whole affair, that I placed it in the hands of the detective police.

Three days more passed in suspense, and nothing was ascertained, further than that he had been seen, within two hours of his leaving his

own residence, with some characters of a worse than suspicious order, and that he then appeared to be much intoxicated. The night following, as I was entering the small house which I occupied when called to town, I was touched on the shoulder by a shabbily-dressed man. "You are on the look out, I take it, sir, for Dr. Saltoun" (the poor always call surgeons doctor, and address physicians merely as Mr. So-and-so). I replied eagerly in the affirmative. He said he knew where he was, and that he was safe and cared for; that it would be difficult, but not impossible, to get at him; but that he would, if I liked, manage it; and then I might, if I had pluck, get him away.

I knew my informant well; the name by which he was generally known was "Round-the-corner-Bob;" he gained his living by "looking after lost articles," to use his own words, and had been more than once "in trouble," as the phrase goes: his low brow, short-cropped head, and that indefinably suspicious look which constant apprehension of justice gives, stamped him in legible type as one of "the dangerous classes." But I had had opportunities of showing him kindness, and felt certain that he would do his best to assist me.

I made further inquiries, and ascertained sufficient to decide me at once to accompany him that night. It would be uninteresting to detail our conversation to the reader, for it was so completely interlarded with thieves' slang as to be utterly unintelligible to the uninitiated. If my starting on this expedition with a well-known bad character be considered foolhardy, I would remark that, with the exception, perhaps, of city missionaries, there is no class of men who so readily gain free access into disreputable houses and dens of infamy in London as medical students. Whether it be that we are a recognized necessity of humanity, or that we are accustomed to give without charge the benefit of our professional skill, or that we are distinguished, especially when young and on the up-hill side of life, by a breadth, bordering on latitudinarianism, in our views of the failings of humanity, I can hardly say: certain it is, that hardly any door is closed to the medical student, and the words, "It's only the doctor," give us the *entrée* into places where policemen are rarely seen, and even then, never alone. I must own, that the wilder the student the greater his chance of a welcome; while the freedom of admission decreases in inverse proportion with the respectability of the physician.

Within the hour I was following Bob; and we traversed above a mile on foot, through regions of misery, poverty, and crime. At that time "Seven Dials" was in the full swing of lawlessness and disorder. As we passed through, each of the numerous lanes were literally choked with people, moving to and fro with the sort of restless, aimless motion of maggots in a cheese. Women without caps, with disordered hair and ragged gowns, shouted in that peculiar, husky, cracked voice which certifies to a hard life and dissolute habits; gas flared, and children swarmed; "city arabs," ragged, stunted, unwashed, unwholesome, but

of a precocious vice. There was a street chanter, singing some doggrel rhymes of the gallows literature class, to which he obtained an audience tolerably attentive. At one gin-palace there was some uproar going on within, and the glare threw out in shadow against the decorated windows figures engaged in active combat; the women had crowded round, and were actually kneeling on each other's shoulders, or holding their children up in their arms, to have a better view of the fray; the unfortunate little creatures screaming with delight, and reporting progress in language of astonishing vileness, interspersed with a variety of oaths. We passed on, and soon gained some more retired streets, which are, towards midnight, though in the heart of all this seething movement, generally very still. The houses seemed without life; the inhabitants dead or asleep. Two or three roystering fellows broke into a song, but we turned the corner and it died away; a couple of cabs and wretched-looking horses were standing, vainly hoping for a fare; they looked fit for the knackers, and the men were asleep on their boxes, having the look of fixtures in that deserted thoroughfare. We emerged presently from this to a district nearer to the fashionable part of London, but not a whit more respectable.*

In a forlorn quarter, branching from one of the many deserted and disreputable narrow streets, was a little court, swarming with people. The entrance was almost blocked up by men of a low-lived, sinister aspect, unshorn, unwashed; the small black clay pipe ever between their lips. Not without difficulty, we made our way through them, and then plunged into an interior darkness. We had no light, as, of course, we avoided everything which could attract observation, so I nearly fell over what I imagined to be a bundle of rags, but which was, in reality, a human being stretched in a doorway: an oath, and some filthy language, was the return for my awkwardness. We entered a large, low room, which I knew at once to be one of those places that, under the pretence of lodging-houses, are, in reality, haunts of thieves, and are chiefly frequented by receivers of stolen goods, and abandoned women,† under the nominal superintendence of an old Israelite of the worst description.

At a table were seated, in close confabulation, two sinister-visaged men—their closely-cropped heads betrayed their recent place of residence; a couple of bareheaded, coarse-featured women, their ears adorned with enormous earrings, were plying them with liquor, and the men were already more than three parts intoxicated. A well-to-do seafaring man, very probably the master of a merchant-vessel, was standing in parley with a brazen-faced Jewess, who was endeavouring to inveigle him into

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* Marylebone, which had, about the time I write of, 145,000 inhabitants to every 1,500 statute acres, and was densely populated by the lower orders, though nothing in comparison to what it is at present.

† In such houses, often the real owner of the property has no control over those who inhabit them. A house is let to one man, who sublets it; and these tenants often repeat the operation, so as to produce an indefinite number of vagrants in possession, who defy any ordinary means of turning them out.

some wickedness, to judge by her abominable leer. A surly-spoken female rose on our entrance, and seemed about to bar our further progress; but a few words, unintelligible to me—cant pass-words, no doubt—satisfied her. Another dark, ruffianly-looking fellow sprang up, and put some questions in the same slang; it was replied to in a similar strain, and he also seemed content.

We passed through an inner passage and commenced climbing a narrow staircase. The air below reeked with the smell of spirits and tobacco; but as we ascended, the atmosphere had a peculiar miasma about it which my practised organs recognized instantly. "Yes, it's very bad," returned the man, in answer to an observation from me. "You see we've been down in the fever, near all of us, and that makes it not anyways sweet. Oh, yes, there's a many dead; and sometimes we hardly know what to do with their bodies till they are put under."

"How did you get the fever?"

"Well, I do believe it were some furniture which old Zacchy bought cheap; they said it came from a fever house: it were cheap, tho'."

We crossed a room devoid of any furniture except a bed, and beneath the counterpane my eye could trace the sharpened outline of a human figure: the death-odour proclaimed the rest. Up another round of steep and rotten steps, and a poor girl, one of those known as the unfortunate class, came forward. She was no stranger to me, having been for some months an out-patient in —— Hospital. She made no difficulty, asked no question, but, placing her hand on my shoulder, urged me forward, and pointed silently to a mattress on the floor in a corner of the room, with a couple of blankets tossed on to it; there, unclothed, senseless, and hopelessly intoxicated, lay, or rather crouched, Horace Saltoun. But oh! how changed and fallen from his high estate. "*Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women; many also have perished, have erred, and sinned for women.*" . . . .

I quickly learnt all that was needful to know. For five days he had been in this wretched condition; and when robbed, stripped, plundered, and utterly helpless, he fell into this poor girl's hands, who, finding him abandoned, as being good for nothing more, took charge of him and sent to warn his friends.

"Yes, sir, it's a terrible thing: but I knew him well when I was at —— Hospital; he was always very kind to me. It was of no manner of use trying to get hold of him while he had any money left; they kept him too close for that. But here is his watch, sir"—she drew it from some folds of her poor, shabby dress—"a friend of mine took it from him early on, and gave it to me, because she knew he had been good to some of us poor girls. He was tearing drunk now most of six days; but he's quite stupid now: he hasn't eaten anything that I know of."

She gave a sharp, hard cough.

"I'm afraid you are badly, Ellen."

She pointed to the unglazed hole in the roof that did duty for a

window. "How should I not be, sir? I can see the stars through the roof as I lie in bed of a night, and most nights in winter I'm soaked through. I often think I'd be glad if I was took before the snow were come. You'll please to keep it quiet about the watch, sir," indicating with her finger the man outside.

Poor Ellen! her troubles on this earth were over before the old year faded into the new. With her assistance I contrived, not without difficulty, to get Horace conveyed away into his own residence with as much privacy as possible, where I established him under suitable care. Of course he had to be recovered very gradually, and it was some time before he could be pronounced sober. Alas! these were days of darkness, and humiliation, and desolating thoughts — seed, the fruit of which was bitterness and remorse. For six days this highly-gifted man had herded with the scum of society—degraded far below the level of the beasts that perish—without, as far as I could ascertain, one sensible interval.

It is well for us all, perhaps, that women see us rather as we appear to be than as we are, or have been. Which of us has attained to manhood whose conscience is free from reproach? And when the day comes—for which we all hope in our heart—and we wring the hand of the father who wishes us God-speed, and of the poor mother who tries to smile that she may not weep, and amid the plaudits of friends we take our place by the side of the woman we have just sworn to love, honour, and cherish till death; which of us, I say, even the best among us, could not repent in sackcloth and ashes of scenes of wretched licence where we have desecrated our better selves? Do none of us feel inclined to lay our hand on our lips, and wish that these saddened memories of shameful things could be for ever sunk in the Lethean waters, and that we could, in ever so faint a degree, match ourselves with the innocence and purity of the wife whose future happiness lies in our hands?

How Horace escaped a fit of delirium tremens I cannot tell. This was his first outbreak, and a most awful one it was. Surely, the curse of his family had broken loose. I, perhaps, was the only human being who knew of his long-kept resolution, of his secret temptations, his victorious struggles. I remembered the particulars of his family history, the unfortunate episode of his sister's life, and, in spite of myself, I trembled for the future. It testified to the wonderful strength of his constitution that he recovered as he did. I kept him for some time under the influence of sedatives, and he did little but sleep for some days. At first, it was more than half a lethargic stupor, and much disturbed by dreams, but it gradually acquired a better tone. I used to marvel sometimes as I watched him in a sleep so profound that hardly anything disturbed him. Then followed some weeks of very variable spirits, and he complained much of distraction and inability to fix his thoughts.

His recovery at length seemed complete, and he applied himself with his accustomed ardour to his old pursuits. His escapade had not oozed out, and not long after, a public appointment being vacant as lecturer at

—— Hospital, it was signified to him on the part of the authorities, who were not unnaturally anxious to place on their staff a man of such recognized ability, that if he should stand he would have every chance of success. To the surprise of every one, he declined; alleging his love of independence and his attachment to his present employment. When in private I made allusion to it, he exclaimed, with much bitterness, "What right has such a devil-tempted man as you know me to be, to place himself wilfully on a pedestal, only to be inevitably hurled thence at some future day with the greater ignominy! No, no; the young vagabonds who form my audience are the most fit for me: if I have black sheep, so much the better; they cannot find fault with a shepherd of the same hue." Against this I had nothing to urge in reality, though I made some slight pretence of doing so in appearance; the insincerity of which he instantly detected and pshawed down.

An interval of fifteen months elapsed, during which, owing to engagements, I saw but little of him; though, as may be supposed, I was not without anxious thoughts. Towards the close of that period, a young surgeon told me of a disagreeable occurrence. On my asking after Saltoun, he shook his head.

"I don't know, but I think there is something wrong there. The attendance at his classes is enormous, and he does manage to pass the most prodigious dolts that ever were born. Any man that he pronounces fit, may be safely backed to pass: it's almost impossible for the college to pluck him; and he vexes the hearts of the authorities terribly by his unvarying success, of which he, perhaps, makes too much boast. He is confessedly the most original and able grinder that ever appeared, and a perfect godsend to all the idle scapegraces, as they know full well: moreover, he inspires most of them, and, indeed, all who know him, with a really personal affection. But this is not what I had to tell you. Last week I called him in to a patient, to consult on the advisability of an operation. He pronounced it necessary; and it was agreed that at a certain hour next day he should perform it, with my assistance. I was detained a few minutes by my cab breaking down, and was a little after time. To my surprise, I found that he had commenced without me. I entered the house; there was no one to bar my progress, so I went straight into the patient's room, and he had then nearly completed the operation." Here he gave me the details, which, however, could not interest general readers: it will suffice to add, that though not a complicated operation, it was one in which the slightest mistake would be dangerous, if not fatal. "I glided in noiselessly, and stood behind the patient, and then I was immediately struck by the deathly pallor of Saltoun's face. He looked up for an instant, but cut away with a steady and dexterous hand. But that single glance told me his state—that staring, vacant eye, and stolid, expressionless face. He was at that moment completely intoxicated. My blood ran cold, and my face grew as white

as his when the awful consequences flashed on my mind of the smallest tremor or failure of nerve. I dare say the whole thing did not occupy three-quarters of a minute; but it seemed an hour to me. He completed it with perfect skill, and sat down without a word, staring stolidly at the knife, and the blood on his hands. I stepped forward, and in silence arranged the bandages, as though I had only been waiting in order to do so; and as soon as decency permitted, I passed my arm through his, and we left the house together. I quickly found my suspicions were correct: he was stolidly drunk, and when he had gained his own rooms he burst into a torrent of abuse on me for what he was pleased to call my cursed officious meddling. Then he shed some maudlin tears. But bah! it's horrid to see this, or to have to speak of it in such a fine gifted fellow as he is. I gave strict charge to his servant, and to Mr. ——, his assistant, and I hope it will be a warning to him; for had any one beside myself perceived his state, or had his knife slipped, nothing could have saved the life of that unlucky man he was operating on, or of his own character: for he was too stupefied to have corrected any mistake. How he did it at all is a marvel: only the mechanical dexterity of long practice got him through." I received this news very gloomily. "Nay," he said, "it is a bad habit, but not a deadly one. There are many more old drunkards, you know, than old physicians." And with this scrap of Rabelaisian philosophy, he left me.

After this no one will be surprised to learn that I was quickly summoned to attend Saltoun in a severe attack of delirium tremens. There lay the strong man, raving of devils and snakes, and, as he expressed it, creeping things innumerable, both small and great; his face flushed, his eyes bloodshot and glistening, his tongue bitten through, and his black lips streaked with foam. He was struggling with all his strength against imaginary demons, and shouting at the top of his voice that he was devil-possessed, and that his time was come to go to outer darkness. "O devils of the air, how they glare on me! Messengers of Satan, sent to buffet me, I'll have it out with you yet. Off, off! I say, crawl, crawl, creep, creep." Then would ensue a fearful paroxysm, and he would make snatches at the bedclothes, or cower beneath them, or peer over the edge of the bed, with an expression of horror and fright difficult to forget—murderous in its terror. The delirium was not, perhaps, of a more than usually violent kind, but it appeared so from the great bulk, and the enormous personal strength of the patient. It required the utmost efforts of four able men to keep him down in bed. Now, unless physical force be applied so as not only to be perfectly adequate but also to *appear* overwhelming, I have always found it productive of more harm than good; so after repeated trials, I adopted the plan of keeping him in a recumbent position by means of a strong webbing across his chest, which was fastened down to the two sides of the bed. He made several attempts, when he broke loose by accident, to throw himself out of the window. He told me afterwards that he perfectly remembered this, and

that he did it, not from the desire of suicide which he afterwards experienced, but that he felt the conviction of being able to float painlessly on the air.

His screams and yells were awful, and when they ceased he gabbled incessantly—it seemed a veritable diarrhœa of words, sometimes in senseless soliloquy, sometimes in ejaculations addressed to the imaginary beings who crowded his chamber; imploring their pity, or deprecating their insults. Throughout, consciousness was, as it were, broken up into fragments, exhibiting an utter absence of that alternate continuity which I have had occasion to remark as present in genuine insanity. In brain fever the same incoherency is generally noticeable. When he became a little more quiet, he was a prey to a sort of universal dread, in which every form—every sound—all the relations of existence seemed to inspire him with a nameless fear. For this he did not attempt to assign any reasonable cause; and it was pitiable to see how he would start and tremble even at the shutting of a door or the entrance of his servant into the room.

The delirium ran its course, leaving him in a state of settled dejection: for days he would, if allowed, sit dumb and motionless, apparently without desire or will; his arms folded, his head sunk on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the ground with an expression of the deepest gloom; the utmost that could be extracted from him in reply to any question was, "yes," or "no." Here was the depression of the mind without fever so well delineated by an ancient writer,* who expressly distinguishes it from delirium or insanity, and directs attention to its periodic nature. At length he began to lament his fate in words: this was an improvement. "Everything reproaches me," he would exclaim. "I have failed miserably, shamefully; and, what is worse, I have no power to reform. Would to God that such a devil-possessed man as I am were no longer here to trouble the earth! The same thing, always the same—how am I to escape? Oh, wretched man that I am! for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do!"

The society of others, fine scenery, a bright sky, only seemed to aggravate his melancholy.

"Light!" he said, "I wish to God I were in darkness that should be eternal: the sunshine bursts on me charged with the memories of other days—of joys that I shall never know again!"†

"I admit, Horace, that you regard life thus at present; but you know as well as I do that it is because you have by your excess lament-

* Arctæus of Cappadocia, in his book on the causes and symptoms of chronic diseases.

† I may remark that if Miss Otway jilted Horace it was not because she loved anyone else, but from innate heartlessness. She pursued the same system until the bloom of youth had faded, and at last married a notorious profligate. Saltoun hardly ever alluded to her after his recovery. When love is extinguished by an illness it may be fairly supposed it was rather a passion of the physical nature than a true affection of the soul.

ably deranged your health. You have congestion of the liver at this moment."

He quoted the heathen maxim, "*Mori licet cui vivere non placet.*"

"If God had not intended you for some purpose he would not have saved your life. You have life, therefore you have work."

To all this he would only gloomily shake his head. He brought forward the famous argument of antiquity: "*A malis igitur mors abducit, non a bonis.*"

"Look at yourself from out of yourself," I urged, "if that be possible: resist this foul fiend; prescribe for yourself as you would for another man."

I insisted on reading to him the description given of the insanity of melancholy by various writers of the middle ages; also the treatises of St. Chrysostom and Castianus, who term it Athumia, or Acedia, and describe admirably that nervous despondent state which so frequently terminated in suicide among the monks.* By this he was entrapped into taking a professional view of the disease; but he relapsed when he perceived his inconsistency, and quoted, finally, Cicero—

"Cause why I should commit suicide, there was *none;* why I should wish it, *much!*"

"That," I said, "was the Roman's reason for living, and not dying, and goes against you."

This he denied strenuously at first, but more faintly afterwards. However, I was too well pleased that I could move him to the exertion of argument to care much which of us got the best of it; the point was not to let the matter drop, and the discussion continued for several days on both sides with great earnestness. I on my part promised that if he convinced me, I would not only not interfere to prevent his suicide, but would advise him as to the easiest means of carrying out his purpose. After some little time it was evident to me that though he still argued, he did it as it were out of himself, and against his own inclinations. I felt his pulse.

"Confess," I said, "that you are cured: no man whose pulsations are as firm and regular as yours seriously contemplates self-destruction—the most cowardly crime, and also the greatest mistake, a man can commit."

He gave a genuine hearty laugh, the first I had heard since his illness, and owned that I spoke truth. From that day his spirits rose; he began to take open air exercise, to notice children and dogs, and, in fact, to approach in some degree to his old condition.

"Horace," I said, the night before he left me, "I wish much that you would, if you can, give me an account, as far as it is possible, of your sensations previous to these two attacks."

He acquiesced at once.

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* Castianus, lib. ix.

"I hardly know how to commence, Paul. Do you mean when it was that I first felt a desire for spirits?"

"I mean when and how you first became sensible of it."

"Well, I am not sure, but I think ever since I was about fourteen. I liked the smell sometimes more than at others: there are days when I have smelt at a bottle of spirits of wine or whisky with the strangest pleasure; but occasionally it has, on the contrary, caused me to shudder."

"Did you never taste?"

"No; not since my father's death. I was about seventeen then, and I made a solemn resolution not to do so: neither did the effort to keep it cost me as much as might be thought, for I had an inward conviction that the first failure would be a costly one. As months went on I became aware that these sensations of craving were much stronger at certain times; that they were preceded by dejection of spirits, extreme unrest and irritability, and an odd feeling of sinking and faintness."

"Well, but when was the first occasion?"

"Let me alone, will you, Paul; I'm coming to that. The time when the fiend first grasped me so as to be felt, was immediately after my sister's attack: for five days I kept my own room; a prey to the most unaccountable and unreasonable mental anguish. At the expiration of that time it passed away, and I resumed my usual employment. Once again it made its presence known, and this time more severely. I used to awake at night and lie for hours full of terror and misery; the cold sweat breaking out on me at every pore: it was prolonged also, and it was the secret reason of my hasty visit to you; indeed it so far worked on me that if, on the occasion of your coming up to hurry me down to dinner, you had entered the room five minutes later, you would have found only my lifeless body."

"Now, Horace! People usually have a motive, rational or irrational, which they assign to themselves when they purpose suicide; what would yours have been?"

"I can hardly say: not actually unhappiness, for, though at the moment I was gloomy at the separation that had just taken place, I was not hopeless; not *tædium vitæ*, for I loved life, and enjoyed it after my fashion; but the conviction came to me that sooner or later this accursed propensity would get the better of me—and if it does, Paul, surely it were better for me to die than to live. Again it passed off, and for eighteen months I was free. Of the miserable night when I actually fell, I can give little or no account. I remember feeling stunned, choking, and miserable: wherever I turned one peculiar laugh haunted me; then I grew sick and faint, almost senseless; then I went home for money. I recollect gulping down glass after glass of raw spirits without one minute's interval: I did it quickly and greedily; beyond that all is blank. Since then I have not been my own master. The demon is occasionally still, but it is in possession. I have a distinct remembrance of the premonitory stages of the last attack: how the first instant that the mad craving for intoxication

came I groaned aloud. I knew it, and burst into a cold sweat in anticipation of the horrors to come. I sought to hide myself from view: I loathed and hated myself, and everything else. I passed the night in dreams; alternately enjoying the ecstasy of intoxication, and beholding myself as it were out of myself; wallowing in every sort of degradation."

"Why not have come to me?"

"I meant it, Paul. I had packed my carpet bag; but I threw myself on the ground in a paroxysm of wretchedness, to which I never experienced any parallel. I fainted away twice; and when I recovered my senses, I felt that nothing but spirits could satisfy me. I could not eat or sleep for thinking of it. At last I took a bottle of spirits of wine in my hand and smelt at it. It made me shiver all over with a strange joy: it seemed to promise relief—happiness. In another instant I swallowed half of it ravenously; then more and more succeeded as quickly as possible. I never felt it burn my mouth; I only thought how happy I should soon be."

"Do you remember performing the operation on ——?"

"Not in the slightest degree. My first awakening to consciousness was to find myself fastened down in my bed, forcibly held, a prey to horrors unutterable. Hideous things glared at me from the walls; the most disgusting reptiles crawled over me in swarms; there seemed to my imagination millions of them—on the floor, on the ceiling, under the door: in vain I attempted to throw them off me."

"Do you recollect struggling to leave your bed?"

"No; and, Paul, I'm quite certain that I did not, for I conceived that the fiends were under the bed, and floating in the air, and that bed was the safest place for me. They frequently touched me, and I was surprised to find they did not burn; but, on the contrary, they felt cold and moist. I thought they repeatedly stretched out long glistening arms to drag me out. Then the tomb in Westminster Abbey recurred to me—you have seen it—where Death is starting from out of the tomb to strike his prey."

I argued the matter with him for a minute or two, stating that he had uniformly attempted to leave his bed and the room; but he maintained with singular pertinacity, that the reverse had been the case.

"There is one thing I observe, Horace—you always speak of being devil-possessed. Now, metaphorically speaking, of course the propensity to drink is a demon; but you don't attach more meaning than that to the phrase?"

"Yes, I do," he returned, quite stubbornly. "I firmly believe that a demon, bequeathed to me by direct descent, possesses me ——"

"Collateral descent, I should say; for you told me your father was not so plagued."

He proceeded without noticing my interruption: "that this is entailed on me, and that it is an active and malignant spirit. I knew this perfectly well when I was tied down in bed; and I remember accounting for it on

the supposition that it was one of the aërial devils named by certain ancient writers, which are slender and spiral-shaped, and thus enter into men's bodies."

"Spiral-shaped devils!" I said, laughing, in spite of myself, at this crowning absurdity. "You don't mean you believe *that*, Horace?"

"No; I believe the fact, but not the solution. Indeed," he added, quite seriously, "it's no matter how one of them obtains possession, provided it effects a lodgment."

His settled conviction of these impressions being facts—namely, his dreadful efforts to remain in bed, and his reception of the spiral devil—was quite too strong to be vanquished. What had entered the herd of swine might surely possess him, he affirmed; so at last I yielded the point: but under protest. This filled my mind with sad apprehensions for the future: was this a taint of insanity, or the effects of hypochondria? That when his health was quite restored, he should obstinately continue to maintain these delusions or hallucinations, was extraordinary. Was it the harbinger of cerebral disease—the first sentinel cry of the brain, to warn that the judgment was becoming impaired?

From many particulars conveyed in his curious description of his sufferings, I could no longer doubt that my unfortunate friend was a dipsomaniac: at least, that he was periodically attacked by that particular form of insanity popularly so called. In all he said the account was strictly consistent with the laws (so far as we know them) which regulate mental disease. The feelings first change; then—and not till then—the intellect suffers. The premonitory stage may be short, or long—years, months, or days; but before any real delusion is entertained, the feelings towards those around undergo a sensible alteration. This is what is termed the incubation of insanity, against which the patient is too often left to struggle unaided.

Simple intoxication is impeded spontaneity of the organs of sense and motion, but yet with increased vitality; in which latter respect it differs from sleep: into this, however, it ultimately passes, in obedience to the laws of oscillation, whereby tension is succeeded by relaxation. Delirium tremens—so called from the nervous tremors which characterize it—is simply exhausted vitality of the nervous system. It is accompanied by sensations of terror, crawling, &c. After repeated attacks, the brain generally softens, the mind gives way, and the patient becomes demented.

Polydipsia ebriosa, or drinking to drunkenness, is not insanity, though it often causes it. A man may get drunk at a dinner party, or on a holiday, or some favourable occasion; others, especially among the lower orders, will have what they call "a spree," but return to their work in a day or two: some get drunk habitually every Saturday night, and continue so till the Monday; others get drunk systematically every night of their lives, but by following their usual avocations all day in the open air, they escape serious consequences for a wonderfully long time; but the insanity which is known as Dipsomania differs from all these.

The patient has no pleasure in mirth, company, Anacreontic songs, &c. He rarely drinks in society, and is often abstinent between the fits, and even shudders at wine or alcohol after a severe attack. It is preceded by great mental misery, causeless dread, sensations of sinking. It is not with boon companions that he drinks, nor for the pleasure of drinking, but it is in order to become intoxicated; and it is in haste, in solitude and gloom, that he gulps down glass after glass of anything that will gratify this morbid craving.

Bearing these distinctions in mind, the apparent inconsistency, the mixture of strength and feebleness, in Saltoun's conduct will be understood, and the better traced to its true source. He recovered, to all appearance, completely, and for upwards of three years enjoyed perfect health. His conduct was remarkable for its regularity; his upward course in his professional career was rapid; his fame increased, and of course his income in the same proportion. He obtained the reputation of being the most successful private tutor ("coach" or "grinder" is the term) that ever defied the College of Surgeons.

"Grinding is a bad system," he often said to me. "A yearly examination of each pupil, by properly constituted authorities, as to the progress made would almost destroy my business, and would choke off all the blockheads and idle scamps that crowd into every profession."

"It's a monotonous employment."

"It would be if I always taught the same men, but I don't. My grand secret lies in this: I teach them only what is essential to pass them, and cut away any superfluous burden on the memory without mercy; I sift the lectures and books for the men, and give them the essence."

He seemed so well, that I was quite satisfied; in fact, I was too glad to condemn my own theory, and believe him a cured man.

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Toilers and Spinsters.

I CONFESS that I have very little sympathy for those unmarried ladies whose wail has of late been so constantly dinning in the ears of the public, and who, with every comfort and necessary of life provided, are supposed to be pining away in lonely gloom and helplessness. There are a score of books with which they doubtless wile away their monotonous hours. Old maids, spinsters, the solitary, heart-broken women of England, have quite a little literature of their own, which cannot certainly be cheering to these forlorn spirits. It demands a degree of public sympathy for this particular class which would be insulting almost in individual cases, except, indeed, that there are no individual cases, and very few, who, while desiring such commiseration for others, would not quite decline to present themselves as its deserving objects. To come forward, for instance, and say, "Oh, alas, alas! what a sad, dull, solitary, useless, unhappy, unoccupied life is mine! I can only see a tombstone at the end of my path, and willows and cypresses on either side, and flowers, all dead and faded, crumbling beneath my feet; and my only companions are memories, and hair ornaments, and ghosts, prosy, stupid old ghosts, who go on saying the same things over and over and over again, and twaddling about all the years that are gone away for ever." This is no exaggeration. This is what the "thoughtful" spinster is supposed to say in her reflective moments. There are Sunsets of spinster life, Moans of old maids, Words to the wasted, Lives for the lonely, without number, all sympathizing with these fancied griefs, urging the despondents to hide them away in their own hearts, to show no sign, to gulp their bitter draught, to cheer, tend, console others in their need, although unspeakably gloomy themselves. One book, I remember, after describing a life passed in abstract study, in nursing sick people, in visiting unhappy ones, in relieving the needy, exclaims (or something very like it):—"But, ah! what at best is such a life as this, whose chief pleasures and consolations are to be found in the cares and the sorrows of others? Married life, indeed, has its troubles," these single but impartial critics generally go on to state; "but then there is companionship, sympathy, protection"—one knows the sentence by heart. "Not so is it with those whose lonely course we should be glad to think that we had cheered by the few foregoing remarks, whose sad destiny has been pointed out by a not unfeeling hand. Who knows but that there may be compensation in a lot of which the blank monotony is at least untroubled by the anxieties, and fears, and hopes of the married?" These are not the exact words, but very much the substance, of many of the volumes, as anybody who chooses may see. Where there really seems

to be so much kindness and gentle-heartedness, one is the more impatient of a certain melancholy, desponding spirit, which seems to prevail so often.

"Perhaps I shall be told," says one lady, "that while professing to remove some prejudices against it, I have, in reality, taken too gloomy a view of single life. My observations will cause a good deal of laughter among happy spinsters, a good deal of animadversion among proud ones. Those who laugh most will be those who have most thoroughly tried the state I describe, and learned that, happy or unhappy, it is their portion for life, and that, as such, both wisdom and propriety of feeling require them to make the best of it. There are many such; let them laugh with full contentment. . . . But I appeal from such well-fortified spirits to women of weaker mould, whose tenderness of heart is uncured by time. . . . What woman is there among such as these who does not mournfully acknowledge the loneliness of her life, and the frequent need of some one to lift her up when borne down by all the sorrows which oppress her? . . ."

Here is a melancholy climax! But what has the poor lady, thus acknowledging her need, been about all these years? Who has forced her to live alone? Is there nobody to come forward and give her a lift? What possible reason can there be to prevent unmarried, any more than married, people from being happy (or unhappy), according to their circumstances—from enjoying other pleasures more lively than the griefs and sufferings of their neighbours? Are unmarried people shut out from all theatres, concerts, picture-galleries, parks, and gardens? May not they walk out on every day of the week? Are they locked up all the summer time, and only let out when an east wind is blowing? Are they forced to live in one particular quarter of the town? Does Mudie refuse their subscriptions? Are they prevented from taking in *The Times*, from going out to dinner, from match-making, visiting, gossiping, drinking tea, talking, and playing the piano? If a lady has had three husbands, could she do more? May not spinsters, as well as bachelors, give their opinions on every subject, no matter how ignorant they may be; travel about anywhere, in any costume, however convenient; climb up craters, publish their experiences, tame horses, wear pork-pie hats, write articles in the *Saturday Review?* They have gone out to battle in top-boots, danced on the tight-rope, taken up the Italian cause, and harangued the multitudes. They have gone to prison for distributing tracts; they have ascended Mont Blanc, and come down again. They have been doctors, lawyers, clergywomen, squires—as men have been milliners, dressmakers, ballet-dancers, ladies' hair-dressers. They have worn waistcoats, shirt-collars, white neckcloths, wideawakes, parted their hair on one side—and, oddly enough, it is strong-minded women who take this curious method of announcing that they are single; they have tried a hundred wild schemes, pranks, fancies; they have made themselves ridiculous, respected, particular, foolish, agreeable; and small blame to them if they

have played their part honestly, cheerfully, and sincerely. I know of no especial ordinance of nature to prevent men, or women either, from being ridiculous at times; and we should hate people a great deal more than we do, if we might not laugh at them now and then. To go back to our spinsters, they have crossed the seas in shoals, been brave as men when their courage came to be tried; they have farmed land, kept accounts, opened shops, inherited fortunes, played a part in the world, been presented at Court. What is it that is to render life to them only one long regret? Cannot a single woman know tenderest love, faithful affection, sincerest friendship? And if Miss A. considers herself less fortunate than Mrs. B., who has an adoring husband always at home, and 10,000*l.* a year, she certainly does not envy poor Mrs. C., who has to fly to Sir Cresswell Cresswell to get rid of a "life companion," who beats her with his umbrella, spends her money, and knocks her down, instead of "lifting her up."

With all this it is dismally true that single women may, and many of them have, a real trouble to complain of, and that when the barest necessaries are provided, life can only be to them one long privation from books, from amusement, from friendly intercourse, from the pleasure of giving, and from that social equality which is almost impossible without a certain amount of means; but then surely it is the want of money, and not of husbands, which brings them to this pass. Husbands, the statistics tell us, it is impossible to provide; money, however, is more easily obtained, and above all by those who already own a little store. Somebody says somewhere, that it is better a thousand times to earn a penny than to save one. I have just been learning how, in a few cases, this penny may be earned. Other means, ways, pennies there are without number, and might be more and more.

There are—to give the first instance which comes to me—Schools of Art all over the kingdom, where young men and young women are taught the same things by the same masters. It is a fact that the women generally take higher places than the men in the examinations; and when they leave, a person in authority has assured me that he did not know of one single instance where they had failed to make their way. They can earn generally from one hundred to two hundred a year. This would be by teaching privately or in government schools, and by designing for manufacturers. One girl I have heard of was engaged at two hundred a year to invent patterns for table-cloths all day long for some great Manchester firm. I think the melancholy books themselves nearly all most sensibly urge upon parents their duty either to make some provision for their daughters or to help them early in life to help themselves. For troubles come—sad times come—and it is hard to look out for a livelihood with eyes blinded by tears.

For mere sentimental griefs for persons whose comforts are assured, and whose chief trouble is that they do not like the life they lead, that they have aspirations and want sympathy, I think fewer books of consola-

tion might suffice. One friendly little volume, which came out the other day, gives such wise and kindly hints to these sufferers, that I cannot help mentioning it here.* Instead of vague longings after sympathy and protection, might they not themselves give such good things to others whose need is, perhaps, more urgent, and so find work and occupation too?

And the best and the most grateful surely. No one can witness the first fruits of such good labour without coming away, for a little time at least, more Christian and gentle-hearted.

But it can only be by long patience and trouble that such work can be achieved. For to sympathize I suppose people must know sorrow in some measure, to help they must take pains, to give they must deny themselves, to know how to help others best they must learn themselves.

And the knowledge of good and of evil, as it is taught to us by our lives, is a hard lesson indeed; learnt through failure, through trouble, through shame and humiliation, forgotten, perhaps neglected, broken off, taken up again and again. This lesson taught with such great pains has been sent to all mankind—not excepting old maids, as some people would almost have it: such persons as would make life one long sentimental penance, during which single women should be constantly occupied, dissecting, inspecting, regretting, examining themselves, living among useless little pricks and self-inflicted smarts, and wasting wilfully, and turning away from the busy business of life, and still more from that gracious bounty of happiness, and content, and gratitude which all the clouds of heaven rain down upon us.

When one sees what some good women can do with great hearts and small means, how bravely they can work for others and for themselves, how many good chances there are for those who have patience to seek and courage to hold, how much there is to be done—and I do not mean in works of charity only, but in industry, and application, and determination—how every woman in raising herself may carry along a score of others with her—when one sees all this, one is ashamed and angry to think of the melancholy, moping spirit which, out of sheer dulness and indolence, would complain of lost chances, go hankering after husbands, and more prosperous ways and means, and waste hours of daylight in gloomy sentiment and inertness. I do not mean that this is the spirit of the self-denying and self-concentrated persons of whom I have just been speaking, for honest and persistent efforts must make themselves respected in any form. I suppose I am addressing that vague, but useful, scapegoat whom all clergymen, advertisers, advice-givers, speech-makers, and article-writers attack, and who misbehaves in every convenient manner in order to give the wrath-pots of eloquence an opportunity of pouring out.

Statistics are very much the fashion now-a-days, and we cannot take up a newspaper or a pamphlet without seeing in round numbers that so

* *My Life*, by an Old Maid.

many people will do so and so in the course of the year; so many commit murder, so many be taken up for drunkenness, so many subscribe to the *London Journal*, so many die, so many marry, so many quarrel after, so many remain single to the end of their lives, of whom so many will be old maids in the course of time. This last number is such an alarming one, that I am afraid to write it down; but it is natural to suppose that out of these latter thousands a certain number must be in want of some place where they can have lunch or tea more quietly, and cheaply, and comfortably served than at a pastrycook's shop. Good tea and bread and butter for sixpence, and dinner off a joint, with potatoes, for ninepence, must, I should think, be a boon to a good many who are perhaps out and about all day, earning their sixpences and ninepences. By subscribing, we are told, to the Ladies' Reading-Room, No. 19, Langham Place, they may not only partake of all these, and other delicacies, and join in intellectual conversation, but go upstairs and read *The Times*, and the *Englishwoman's Journal*, and the *Cornhill Magazine*, &c. &c., and write their letters on neatly stamped paper, when the meal is over.

The governesses and hard-working ladies, however, do not seem to frequent this strong-minded little refreshment room as much as might have been expected; a few country ladies coming up to town to shop and to see governesses, seem to patronize it more, as well as some of the members of a society which has come to live in the same house. Their labours over, they may, if they like, indulge in tea at five o'clock in the quiet little coffee-room. There are tables, neatly spread, awaiting them, a waitress ready to attend to their wants, windows looking out upon a broad and cheerful street, and on the wall a list of prices, all of the most moderate dimensions.

It is now about two years since this society was started. It is called the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," and Lord Shaftesbury, strange to say, is the president.

"Miss Boucherett and a few ladies," says the report, "feeling deeply the helpless and necessitous condition of the great number of women obliged to resort to non-domestic industry as a means of subsistence, consulted together as to the best way in which they might bring social position and influence to their aid. . . . They resolved on the formation of a new society, which should have for its object the opening of new employments to women, and their more extensive admission into those branches of employment already open to them." The report goes on to describe briefly enough some of the difficulties which at once occurred to them. Among others, where they should begin their experiment. "For highly-educated women, we could for a time do nothing; women of no education could do nothing for us. That is to say, we could open no new channels for the labour of the former, and our experiments would have failed, owing to the inefficiency of the latter. But we felt convinced that in whatever direction we made an opening, the pressure upon all ranks of working women would be lessened."

This well-intentioned society has only been in existence for a little time; it lives, as I have said, at 19, Langham Place. It is busy apprenticing girls to hair-dressing, printing, law-copying, dial-painting. It is making inquiries in other directions, but it finds many obstacles in its way. Their means are small, apprenticeship is expensive, very few of the girls who come to them can give the time to learn a new trade. They almost all want immediate work and payment, and something to do which needs no learning nor apprenticeship. Can one wonder how it is that women earn so little and starve so much? I have seen a dismal list belonging to the secretary of the society, which tells of certain troubles in a very brief and business-like way. Here is—

"Miss A., aged 30, daughter of a West Indian merchant, reduced to poverty by his failure: highly educated, but not trained to anything. Just out of hospital. Wants situation as nursemaid, without salary.

"Miss B., aged 30. Father speculated, and ruined the family, which is now dependent on her. He is now old, and she has a sister dying.

"Miss C., aged 50. Willing to do *any*thing.

"Miss D., aged 30. Obliged by adverse circumstances to seek employment: unsuited for teaching.

"Mrs. E., widow, with four daughters, aged from 14 to 23. Not trained to anything, imperfectly educated, lost large property by a lawsuit.

"Mrs. F., husband in America, appears to have deserted her. Wants immediate employment.

"Mrs. G., aged 55; husband, a clergyman's son, ill and helpless. Would do anything. Go out as charwoman. Orderly and methodical in her habits. Applied at St. Mary's Hospital, refused as being too old.

"Miss H., aged 30, clergyman's daughter, governess seven years. Dislikes teaching, is suffering in consequence of over-work."

One has no training, no resources; another poor thing says she is neither well educated nor clever at anything; she had a little money of her own, but lent it to her brother, and lost it.

"Miss I., energetic, willing to do anything.

"J., middle-aged woman, not trained to anything in particular; tried to live by needle-work, and failed."

Here we are only at J, and there are yet alphabets and alphabets of poor souls all ready to tell the same story, more or less, whom this friendly society is endeavouring to help.

It has already opened two little establishments, which are making their way in the world with every chance of prosperity and success. One is the law-copying office in Portugal Street, and the other the printing press in Great Coram Street, which is better known, and where twice as many hands are employed.

To this printing-house in Great Coram Street we went, my friend A. and I; A. telling me, as we drove along, of all the thought, and pains,

and money the house had cost. The money it is already giving back; the kind thought and trouble will be paid in a different coin.

One of the best hands in the office, A. said, is a poor printer's daughter from Ireland, who learnt the business there at her father's press. After his death, she fell into great poverty and trouble, and could find no work nor way of living, when one day she happened to pick up an old torn newspaper, in which she read some little account of the Victoria Press. She set off immediately, begged her way all the way to London, and arrived one day covered with grime and rags, to ask Miss Faithfull to take her in. There was another printress whom I saw diligently at work, a little deaf and dumb girl, who had been trained in the office. I scarcely know if I may say so here, but I know that the printers in this office are trained to better things still than printing.

The workwomen are paid by the piece at the same rate as men are paid. The money is well-earned money, for the work is hard; but not so hard—and, I think, some of these very women could tell us so—as working button-holes fourteen hours a day at five farthings an hour, and selling life, and spirit, and flesh, and blood, in order not to die. Here are eighteen and twenty shillings to be made a week between nine and six o'clock, except, of course, when some sudden press of business obliges them to work on late into the night.

On the ground-floor, there is an office, a press-room, a store-room; down below, a dining-room, where the women cook their dinners if they like, and rest for an hour in the middle of the day. On the first-floor are work-rooms. The front one is filled up with wooden desks, like pews, running from the windows, and each holding three or four young women. At right-angles with the pews run long tables, loaded with iron frames and black sheets of type, which are being manipulated by two or three men in dirty-white paper caps. There are also men to print off, and do all the heavy work, which no woman's strength would be equal to.

It is a very busy, silent colony; a table of rules is hanging up on the wall, and I see NO TALKING ALLOWED printed up in fiery letters. All the tongues are silent, but the hands go waving, crossing, recrossing. What enchantresses, I wonder, weaving mystic signs in the air, ever worked to such good purpose! Backwards, forwards, up and down, there goes a word for a thousand people to read; hi, presto! and the Guinea Bassinet is announced in letters of iron.

Besides all the enchantresses, there is a little printer's devil, who haunts the place, and seems to have a very pleasant time there, and to be made a great deal of by all the womankind. He has a pair of very rosy cheeks, he wears a very smart little cap, with "Victoria Press" embroidered upon it, and he goes and waits in the halls, and sends up for the ladies' manuscript, just like any other printer's devil one has ever heard of.

"The Society for the Employment of Women apprenticed five girls to me," says Miss Faithfull, describing their start, "at premiums of 10*l.* each. Others were apprenticed by relations and friends, and we soon found our-

selves in the thick of the struggle. . . . . When you remember that there was not one skilled compositor in the office, you will readily understand the nature of the difficulties we had to encounter. Work came in immediately from the earliest day. In April we commenced our first book."

Everybody, I think, must wish this gallant little venture good speed, and all the success it deserves. Here is one more extract about the way in which the printers themselves look at it :—

"The introduction of women into the trade has been contemplated by many printers. Intelligent workmen do not view this movement with distrust. They feel very strongly that woman's cause is man's, and they anxiously look for some opening for the employment of those otherwise solely dependent upon them." And I feel bound to add, that I have seen exactly a contrary statement in another little pamphlet, written by another member of the society.

The other place to which I went was a law stationer's in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, where are a series of offices and shops in which lawyer's clerks, I believe, go and buy all those red tapes, blue bags, foolscap papers, plain or over-written, in stiff, upright, legible hand-writing—all of which seem to play such an important part in the legislature of the country. Blue paper, white paper, of a dozen tints, ruled, unruled, abbreviations, erasures, ordered, permitted, forbidden—all these things are decreed by certain laws, which are as much the laws of the land, as 3 Vict., or 18 Geo. III., which one reads about in the newspapers. All this was good-naturedly explained to us by the manager of this copying office, into which we were invited to enter by an elaborate hand hanging up on the wall, and pointing with a pen, which was ornamented by many beautiful flourishes. I was rather disappointed to find the place perfectly light and clean, without any of the conventional dust and spiders' webs about. The manager sitting in a comfortable little room, the clerks busy at their desks in another—very busy, scarcely looking up as we go in, and working away sedulously with steel pens. I am told that the very first thing they learn, when they come in, is to stick their pens behind their ears.

There were about ten of them, I think. The manager told us that they were paid, like the printers, by the piece, and could earn from fifteen to twenty-four shillings a week ; receiving three-halfpence a folio, or twopence a folio, according to the difficulty of the work. They go on from ten till about six. This business, however, cannot be counted on with any certainty ; sometimes there is a press of work which must be done, and then the poor clerks sit up nearly all night, scratching with wearied pens, and arrive in the morning with blear eyes, and pale faces, and fit for very little. Then, again, there is comparatively nothing going on ; and they sit waiting in the office, working and embroidering, to pass the time. The idea of clerks embroidering in their office, and of young women with pens behind their ears, bending over title-deeds and parch-

ments, seemed rather an incongruous one; but young women must live somehow, and earn their daily bread; and a great many of these had tried and failed very often, before they drifted into Miss Rye's little office.

It was opened some ten months ago, she told us, by the society, and was transferred to her in November, and already begins to pay its own expenses. It was very uphill work at first. The copyists were new to their work; the solicitors chary of reading it. Many of their clerks, too, seemed averse to the poor ladies. Others, however, were very kind; and one, in particular, came to see Miss Rye of his own accord, to tell her of some mistakes which had been made, and gave her many useful hints at the same time. Without such help, she said, they never could have got on at all. Now the drudgery is overcome, the little office is flourishing; the steel pens find plenty of work to do.

One of the copyists is a widow, and supports two children; another is a Quaker lady, who writes the most beautiful hand imaginable. Applicants come every day to be taken in, and Miss Rye says that if they seem at all promising she is only too glad to engage them; but many and many of them lose courage, cry off at the last moment, find the occupation too severe, the distance too great, would like to come sometimes of an afternoon, and so go off to begin their search anew after that slender livelihood that seems so hard to win—so hard in some cases, that it is death as well as life that poor creatures are earning, as they toil on day by day, almost contented, almost cheerful.

In these two places I have seen in what way ladies have tried to help, not ladies, but women of a higher class than needlewomen and shopwomen and servants. Ladies—those unlucky individuals whose feelings have been trained up to that sensitive pitch which seems the result of education and cultivation, and which makes the performance of the common offices of life a pain and a penalty to them—might perhaps at a pinch find a livelihood in either of these offices, or add enough to their store to enable them at least to live up to their cultivated feelings. At any rate, it must be less annoying and degrading to be occupied with work, however humble, than to contemplate narrower and narrower stintings and economies every day—economies which are incompatible with the very existence of cultivation and refinement. Scarcely any work that is honest and productive can be degrading. If a lady could earn 60*l.* a-year as a cook, it seems to me more dignified to cook than to starve on a pittance of 30*l.* or 20*l.*, as so many must do.

There are now two other places I want to speak of which concern a class of women a little lower in the social grade: I mean shopwomen and needlewomen. The shopwomen we have all of us seen a hundred times, dressed in black silk and vast crinolines, and gliding in and out of the "Mantle and Millinery Department" at Messrs. Swangroves and Snellonbigs. Three shopwomen are advertised for in some great establishment, perhaps, and fifty or sixty go and apply for the places; out of these, three

of the best-looking are picked out,—so these poor things have told a certain good friend they have. They are well paid for the time; they are put into black silks, and into their "departments." They earn, perhaps, 25*s.* or 30*s.* a week, or even more; their business is to be well-dressed and good-looking, and to persuade or frighten people into buying. They have hard work; they must live well and comfortably. They are country girls, perhaps; they have no friends in London, nobody to give them a word of advice, except indeed plenty of bad and foolish advice. The houses at which they board and lodge ask them exorbitant prices—a guinea a week, I believe, is the general charge—and they live there apart in lonely little rooms, away from home, from all good influence, good teaching, good sympathy. This goes on for three or four busy months, and then suddenly it all comes to an end. Everybody goes away; the mad dance breaks off in the middle, all the busy figures coming and going disappear somehow; nobody wants new dresses; breakfasts, dinners, teas, are all over, or at least partaken of at home in less brilliant costume. The ladies' season is over, and they all go away to the country quite wearied out, and the poor milliners' season has come to an end too, and where are they to turn to? They have not been able to save any money, living at a guinea a week—how was that possible? They can only make and sell flounces—they know no other trade. People don't want gauzes and flounces in October and November, and so the dressmakers and the great shops don't want them any longer, and they tell them so. One day last year thirty young women were turned out into the street from one great house, without friends, or means of any kind, or hope of work, and literally not knowing where to turn to.

I spoke just now of a certain good friend they have, from whom I heard all this. Because of this, and for other reasons, this friend and a few other people have tried to help these young women, by opening a house in Welbeck Street, where they may lodge at a much cheaper rate than in those other places spoken of, and where they will be safe and well cared for as long as they remain. There is a sort of kindness, and goodness, and homeliness, and comfort, about the place, which a loving spirit seems to give somehow to four walls. It is a spacious old house, of which the upper rooms are divided and subdivided into little wooden bedrooms; there are little high-church pictures, and cleanliness and airiness everywhere. It is only a lodging-house. It does not pretend to be a charity. Young women are free to go and come as they like. They dine together down below, and those ladies who live in the house dine and breakfast at the same time. "We know them all," said their good friend, in speaking of them, "and there is not one among them we do not care for and take deep interest in." These ladies live with them in order to be their friends really. They look after them when they are gone. I don't think any girl living in such a home as this, and with such kind hands stretched out to help her, need ever be in lonely grief or trouble, however unprotected and solitary she may find herself here in London town.

There is a little chapel attached to the house, which was opened and

dedicated by the Bishop of London some short time ago. Here are prayers morning and evening, to which they may come or not, as they like; for most of the girls in the house are dissenters, and have been bred up in other forms. One cannot help wishing this place were better known, and that young women coming up to town, instead of getting into debt and difficulties elsewhere, would come off here straightway to the shelter of this kindly roof.

At present there are many vacancies; and the first starting off is found difficult. "It has been so very expensive fitting up this house," writes the kind lady who let us in to a friend, "and the rent is so high. We want to take a room for others, for classes outside; also, we are in need of books of a good tendency, as well as entertaining. These young people will not read directly religious books; and the novels they get hold of are generally of the worst kind, and to them specially dangerous. . . We should never get on at all if the ladies did not pay high (for their board), as well as give their work." These ladies, who pay high for their narrow little sleeping-rooms, in order to live and dine and breakfast with all those young milliners, are willing to receive subscriptions, if any people care to send small sums to help them on in their good work. The house is No. 47 A, Welbeck Street, and here is a list of the prices:—

Lodgings.	s.	d.
Second-floor bedrooms, with all meals on Sunday	4	6
Third-floor ditto, ditto ditto	3	6
Meals, by the Week.		
Breakfasts, with tea or coffee, bread and butter	2	0
Dinners, without beer	2	6
Teas	1	6
Suppers, bread and cheese or butter and coffee	1	0

The Needlewomen's Home is in Lamb's Conduit Street. Here, in big front rooms, furnished with long, narrow benches and tables, are women seated in rows, wan, haggard, untidy, pale with watching, bent with sewing, stupefied by a long, sad life of labour. It was tea-time as we got there, and from a door on the landing issued a file of grey women, with soiled clothes and weary, pinched faces. They passed me, and went down, one by one, to the kitchens below—dull, old, for the most part careless—tired out, so it seemed to me. A lady who had come to see the house made some little joke to one dishevelled old woman, decked out with some black and ghastly finery. The old creature brightened up in an instant, and went downstairs laughing, and one or two other poor ghosts laughed a little too. This was no hard-task shop in which we were. We had not come to be made melancholy, but to see how much help, comfort, assistance was to be found in this gloomy old house of call for needlewomen; only, somehow, what these poor women prized so greatly seemed to us so scant a measure—their privileges such sad ones, so it seemed to us—that I am afraid we came away thinking more of their ill than of their good fortune.

Only a few workers were left in the room out of which the dismal little procession had filed. One deformed woman I saw stitching still, but stopping every now and then to rub her eyes. Another old woman was at work upon a shirt-front. I asked her how much she earned in a day, but she would not answer—said she didn't know. I asked her if she earned less before she came; but she still shook her head, and said she could not tell me, and folded up her shirt and went away. Another brisk old lady was much more communicative; she took off her spectacles, put down some fine stitching, and quite good-naturedly told us anything we wanted to know.

"Bless you," says she, "I have not been used to this all my life; I've had a house and servants of my own in my time. So has Mrs. Gunter. Oh, she is gone to her tea; but she sits the third from the window there. I earn a good bit; and so I did before I came here, but I worked harder."

"At what time used you to begin?" asked my friend.

"At six, mum," says the old lady, quite cheerful. "By going on regular from six in the morning till eleven at night, I could earn about two shillings; and so I can here."

"But you know you are one of our very best hands, Mrs. ——," says the matron.

Mrs. —— looks quite pleased, and assents.

"This is very comfortable," she goes on. "We only work from nine to eight; we get plenty of light and fire, and a little company to cheer one up a bit."

"Does not the fine working make your eyes ache?" asks the lady.

"Dear me, no," cries Mrs. ——. "Why, that old lady there in the corner, she is past seventy, and never wore spectacles. I should just like you to see some of her stitching."

"Mrs. Gunter, would you kindly let us see your work?" asks the good-natured matron.

"I'm *not* Mrs. Gunter," says the old woman, very tartly, and looks up suddenly, with a pair of bright brown twinkling eyes. Just to think of their twinkling so brightly through seventy toilsome years!

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said the matron, kindly, and then turning to us, adds, "this good lady not only keeps herself by her work, but supports a bedridden sister. Is it not so, ma'am?"

"Well, I do, perhaps, partly," said the old woman. "She can't help herself *much*, poor thing; she is crippled in the hands; some of her fingers are drawed together like." The fact being, that the good, bright-eyed old creature did support her sister, but did not care to get the credit of it.

Our first acquaintance had gone to tea by this time, and now the friendly matron began to tell us about the place. It was opened by Miss Barlee some time ago: I cannot quite remember how many hundred needlewomen have worked there since. There were about fifty in the

house the day we went; some of them upstairs sewing at government shirts and jackets, for which Miss Barlee has obtained a contract; others busy at ladies' work, and the shirt-makers down below. By coming to this house, the women get constant and certain employment, thread, needles, light, firing, and tea, for which they pay a penny in the shilling; bread and sugar they have to find themselves. They earn from 1*s.* to 2*s.* for their ten or eleven hours, and I need not count up the advantages of light, spacious work-rooms, and company, instead of cold, darkness, and solitude. My friend was telling me of a girl who was found working in a garret by the light of a piece of twisted paper, as she had no money to buy a candle, and of another who came to this place to beg for work, and when it was given to her, asked if she might be allowed a penny in advance to buy some bread, as she was so weak for want of food, that she could not hold her needle. The ladies here do not only give work and money, they go to the women at their own homes, and if they miss them from the house, look after them and give them help if they want it. They also distribute coal tickets and soup tickets in the winter and at Christmas. This year, a great dinner was given, with speeches, and plum-pudding and roast beef, to which scores of guests sat down—guests, to whom at last a holiday had come in all the years.

The matron, whom we made friends with, who is a most kind and cheerful person, told us, also, how much better paid the women are here than in shops, where all the work goes through the hands of contractors. They would never have time, she said, to give out one half-dozen handkerchiefs here, another there, or pillow-cases, or whatever it may be; to look after so many stray women, and make sure that none of their goods are pawned, or stolen, or made away with. That is why they engage contractors who do all this, and give good security.

"And these are the wretches who grind and screw the poor creatures," cries sentimental indignation.

"Why, the fact is, *I* was a contractor," says the kind matron. "Of course I had to live. I was very, very sorry for the poor things. I hired a room for them, where I had twenty or thirty at work; I helped them as much as I could; but it made my heart ache often. At last one of my workers came to me, and told me of this place. She had heard of it from a missionary, and so, finally, I came to be matron, and look after them all."

She also told us that where they earn ten or twelve shillings here, they could only get eight or nine elsewhere, out of which they have to find their thread. "They are sad rovers though," she added; "they think they have heard of something better and off they go." Perhaps it is a shilling a-day making up net cuffs for some shop in Oxford Street; but the net is worked up in a week, the shop does not want them any more, and they are glad enough to come back to the quiet old house again.

It seems the most practical, the most useful and friendly of places, a thoroughly work-a-day useable tool for helping the greatest number most

effectually, and at the least cost. If funds are forthcoming, Miss Barlee is prepared to establish twelve branches in different parts of London. This house is at No. 26, Lamb's Conduit Street. Persons wanting work done, and wanting to help the workers, have only got to send it here; and I do not know why these persons should not be shopkeepers as well as buyers, and why the one and the other should not be sorry for, and eager to help, women seeking so wearily their scanty portion of the bread of life.

They seek it wearily, but it is to be found. By roadsides, in arid places, springing up among the thorns and stones. Patient eyes can see it, honest hands may gather; good measure, now and then pressed down and overflowing. Only poor women's hands are bruised by the stones sometimes, and torn by the thorns.

I seem to have been wandering all about London, in and out by Coram Street, Lamb's Conduit Street, Lincoln's Inn, and to have drifted away ever so far from the spinsters in whose company I began my paper. But is it so? I think it is they who have been chiefly at work, and taking us along with them all this time; I think it is mostly to their kindly sympathy and honest endeavours that these places owe their existence—these, only a few among a hundred which are springing up in every direction:—springing up, helpful, forbearing, kindly of deed, of word, gentle of ministration, in the midst of a roaring, troublous city. Somehow grief, and shame, and pain, seem to bring down at times consolation, pity, love, as a sort of consequence.

Health.

That was not a bad idea of the deaf and dumb boy's, who, when he was asked what health was, replied, "It is pleasant life." Or, we may say, it is life itself being pleasant. For that is quite a different thing from a life with many pleasures. Pleasures cannot make it: neither the grosser ones of sense—delicate food, rich wines, luxurious couches; nor the more refined delights of music, pictures, lovely scenery, nor the sweet charms of poetry, nor prouder joy of intellectual toil. These may one and all of them pall on the deadened sensibility, or jar on the over-excited nerves. For pleasant life, health, if it is not the thing itself, is at least the first and great condition.

And not for pleasant life only, but often for useful or amiable life. How much of the social unhappiness of men arises from deranged system or disordered brain, perhaps we shall never know until that paradise to which all such things were strangers is restored; but we know that a large part of our social grievances has its root in nothing else. How to keep ourselves vigorous in mind and body, so as to be always fit for work and ready for enjoyment—to preserve unbroken that keen sense of life which makes it a luxury to draw our breath, that exhilarating feeling of self-command which makes toil a pleasure, and is itself a sure augury of success, is a problem we should all be glad to solve. Without going so far as the physician who maintained that a man's theological opinions depended on the state of his liver, we yet know very well how our feelings vary with our bodily condition, how dismal the world looks during a fit of indigestion, and what a host of evils will disappear as the abused stomach regains its tone. Even in a money point of view to be always "in condition" would be equal, in the case of most men, to a considerable addition to their fortunes; work would go twice as far, and quarrels would be but half as frequent. I have heard it argued, indeed, that lawyers have quite as large an interest in the ill-health of mankind as doctors.

But health, like virtue, seems more easy to admire than to achieve. Is it not, indeed, the virtue of the body, and only to be attained by compliance with a system of rigid rules, and a life of scrupulous exactitude? No. Its preservation involves no such sacrifice, cannot be purchased, indeed, at any such price. Health is no more a thing of rules and systems than life is, or joy; or that highest thing which exists on earth, the goodness of a true Christian man, flowing warm from his heart, effortless and unconscious. No man is truly happy who is thinking of his happiness; so no man is truly healthy who is thinking about his health. Happiness, goodness, health—all are of one kin; all consist in

the full outpouring and interflowing of our life with that which is around us. One word might almost define them all, and that word is—sympathy. A man is happy when his heart bounds to another's joy, or thrills with pity for sorrows which his hand relieves, or his affection heals. He is good when his soul lies open to his Maker, and his desires find their fulfilment in the Eternal Will. He is healthy when his body is in harmony with the ceaseless activities of nature; when his blood is warm with the soft kiss of air, his muscles vigorous with hearty toil, his brain fertile in wise and earnest thoughts, his heart glowing with generous purposes. When a man lives most out of himself, then does he most truly live. Health is a thing of freedom; it exists in ceaseless adaptation to all the infinite variety of nature—ever the same, yet ever new. This is, in a great part, the secret of its pleasantness. Health knows no monotony. The ever-varying influences of the boundless world enter into it, and mould it to their sway. The invisible forces which regulate the grand rhythm of the universal order, sweep through it, and draw forth each its own melody. The living body should thrill with every thrill of the wide earth, as the aspen leaf trembles in the tremulous air. Its perfectness lies in its continual change. Health cannot be a thing of rules, because it is bound by laws.

A certain father of the Church said to one who asked of him rules for living, "Love, and then do what you like." So it might almost be said to any one inquiring how to be healthy, "*Understand*, and then do what you like." It is possible, indeed, for men in certain states of society to fulfil most of the laws of health—which are very simple—without any knowledge on the subject. Circumstances enforce upon them fresh air, exercise, natural rest, temperance, quietude of mind. But under any conditions these cases are not numerous, and in these days they are very few indeed. The time for an unconscious fulfilment of the laws of health is practically past. We must either know or suffer. For not a few of the very refinements and advantages of modern life have a direct tendency to interfere with the conditions necessary to health, unless precautions are taken: gas, for example, especially as introduced into dwelling-houses; papered rooms, of which the walls are thick with arsenic; even the system of drainage itself. Things that subserve our comfort or our pleasure may unsuspectedly undermine our well-being, unless we know the principles on which it depends, and are ever ready to apply them to circumstances as they arise.

Fortunately, as has been said, the principles of health are very simple. As there is nothing else which is better worth knowing, so there is scarcely anything which it is easier to know. And this is especially the case if they are looked at in a common-sense way, and traced to their grounds. That air, exercise, plenty of good food, but not too much, sufficient sleep, but without sloth, temperance, cleanliness, freedom from anxiety, are the great means of health, is known to almost all. But this is not enough, unless the reason be also known. Without that, no hearty

application even of remembered truths can be expected, and the simplest principles will be in perpetual danger of being forgotten. Besides, under press of business, or temptations from pleasure, there arises a constant tendency to question facts which are known only empirically, or accepted only on authority. We doubt whether the principle is quite certain, or the practice so very necessary. To make them of their full value to us we ought to know the reason of the laws of health.

Happily this is for the most part quite within our power. The root which the main principles of Hygiene possess in nature, and the manner in which they exemplify the operation of universal laws, are capable of an exhibition as beautiful and satisfactory as the principles themselves are practically important. But we must begin far enough back.

It is curious to reflect how quietly we take our life; how much a matter of course it seems to us that we have all the faculties that we possess—the capacity of motion, of feeling, of thought, of executing our designs. All these things we do so naturally, as it were so spontaneously, and by our own immediate power, that the elaborate mechanism by which they are accomplished quite escapes our thoughts. In these days, when a certain knowledge of the animal structure is so widely spread, we can all of us enter somewhat into the feelings of astonishment and admiration which must have filled the minds of the first anatomists, as the wondrous structure revealed itself in ever-increasing complexity and beauty to their gaze. Of these feelings, indeed, physiology still bears, almost too strongly, the impress. The wonder and admiration have been so great, as to keep too much in check the search after causes. But let us ask ourselves, as they must have done (though less able than we are to give more than a very general answer to the question) what is the meaning of this vast apparatus, of muscle, nerve, and gland? Why was this artful mechanism planned, this liberal profusion of contrivances prepared? The reply is obvious—this perfectly appointed body, which we each inhabit, is the proof that we are not the possessors of that independent power of which we seem so conscious. The investigation of our own structure teaches us that we truly employ forces from without, when we seem to act by the mere exertion of our will. The living frame is a machine for placing under our control, and at our use, the powers of nature. So far as our body is concerned, we live and act by *them*.

The laws of health, therefore, are simply the laws of nature. This is the principle on which the intelligent management of the body rests. Our powers, being nature's powers, are subjected to the same conditions which pervade the rest of the world.

It follows, also, that in order to understand the requisites for health, we must not confine our study to life alone. The conditions on which it depends are in some respects expressed more simply, and may be more easily read, in familiar objects around us, than in the hidden and complex mechanism within. In that which we observe without, we may discover oftentimes what seems like an unravelling of the close-woven web of life.

Nature is full of activity. Every particle of dust is the seat of subtle and mysterious powers. From the gravity which binds worlds together, to the cohesive force which moulds the crystal—from the vast orbit in which the sun travels at the rate of five miles a second, and which gives as yet no indication of its curve, to the minute pulsation which conveys his beams into remotest space—there exists, throughout, an unbroken chain of action. Forces are operating everywhere, either in constant energy or intermittent violence, by silent insensible influences, such as those by which light engraves a picture, though our eyes may not discern it, on every object upon which it falls, or in sudden outbursts, like the volcano or the storm. The earth is a magnet; electric streams circulate continually across its surface; by marvellous affinities its constituent elements call to each other and they come. Given the problem, therefore, to provide for man, from the dust of the earth, a body full of activity, dowered with capability to respond to nature's infinite appeal, and fit to be the organ of his will, and we see that the means are at hand. Here is matter, rich to overflowing with forces ready to be placed at his command. How should the body then be made? of all this vast array of powers, which should be chosen for man's service?

It were hard to have answered, ere the work was done; but we know which was chosen, and can recognize in some degree the wisdom which the choice reveals. The force of *chemical affinity* was raised to this dignity, to be the minister of man; it is made the agent in the realization of his purposes, the fulfiller of his will. For the power of the body arises simply from the chemical changes which take place within it; its life consists in the presence of the conditions which those chemical changes demand; and its health is in the perfectness with which those conditions are maintained, and those changes carried on and regulated.

At once, then, we have the key to the laws of health. They are all summed up in this:—to provide for the due maintenance, and the unhindered performance, of the chemical changes on which the activity of the body depends. To do that is to ensure, so far as it is in our power, the perfection of our instrument; to fail in it is to incur inevitable loss. Life has no exemptions, is treated with no favour. We can no more live with the conditions of chemical change within our bodies wanting or deranged, than we can fire a cannon with damp gunpowder, or with none.

I have said we can discern reasons why chemical affinity was chosen as the physical power for man to wield. We can see its eminent and perfect adaptation to that purpose. It is true, indeed, that all arguments of this kind have something of a vicious circle about them. They amount to little more, at last, than that effects follow from reasonable causes, and do not take place in a manner irrational or impossible. Yet it is both pleasant and profitable to trace such relations, and the moral value of the process may outweigh its logical defects. Premising, then, that we do not know, as yet, what chemical affinity is, and have very few

hints as to the causes on which it may depend—*premising this, it is evident that matter with chemical tendencies, such as we know it to possess, is a material exquisitely adapted to constitute a living body. What is wanted in such a body? The chief demands are, clearly, that it should be instinct throughout with a capacity for moving; that it should be quick to respond to a stimulus, from whatever source applied, whether external or internal; that, while retaining its form and structure unimpaired, it should be capable of manifesting force in any variety of modes, so that, within the bounds of the reasonable desires of man, the will should but need to speak, and the act should follow; and lastly, that it should have power of self-maintenance and repair.

All these things are provided for in the chemical affinities of matter. Elements endowed with this power, when brought into relation with each other, unite with the manifestation of a force which is perfectly enormous in proportion to their bulk. Oxygen and hydrogen, mixed together, and subjected to an electric spark, unite in water with a loud explosion; and Professor Faraday has shown that the force which holds together a single drop of water is equivalent to that of a powerful flash of lightning. The explosive gases which cause such fearful calamities in our coal-mines exhibit the power of chemical affinity. Engineers have recourse to it whenever they wish to bring to bear the greatest possible amount of force. But it can also be as gentle as it is mighty, and not least mighty when it is most gentle. It reminds us, though only to show how poorly man's work compares with nature, of the steam hammer crushing iron bars one minute, and cracking nuts the next. Advancing with noiseless step, chemical affinity eats away the stone of our public buildings, and by like action on the mountain rock, it changes the surface of the earth. It is mighty—and weak, yet insuperable in its weakness; it is all-pervading, present in every place, and penetrating into the inmost recesses of every body. It may be brought into play by the slightest stimulus, as in fulminating powders which the touch of a feather will explode, or may remain passive amid incessant change.

A body constructed out of elements thus endowed, is evidently suited to become the organ of a being with wants and desires such as man's. There is provision alike for the exertion of that sudden force which our more energetic actions demand, and for the gentle and continuous processes of secretion or of growth. It is only necessary that these powers should be taken due advantage of. And in the living body this is done; the

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* Very few; but not quite none. We see "chemical affinity" evidently imparted to certain bodies by the action of various forces—light and electricity, for instance. The conversion of the chemically passive common form of oxygen into the chemically active ozone, by subjecting the former to electric shocks, is a notable instance. Another is the case of chlorine and hydrogen, which when mixed in the dark remain separate, but after light has fallen on them for a time unite into hydrochloric acid. But in tracing the part played by chemical affinity in life, we take it up as existing in nature, without asking its origin.

elements are brought together in that state in which their powers are active, and available for use. They are grouped in modes in which their affinities are unsatisfied, so that they tend to combine afresh. It is no otherwise than as the volunteer charges his rifle with elements which tend to recombine, and which can satisfy their affinities only in the formation of new compounds. Such elements, whether within the body or out of it, will give forth their force upon demand.

And chemical affinity is the more perfect as the instrument of life, inasmuch as it has its seat in every particle. Thus the body is not a passive mechanism wielded by forces from without, but one active in itself, and in every part. It is like an army, which also is a whole, or unit, animated by one will, but each constituent "atom" of which is a living agent, and joins his individual forces to the rest. This it is which in great part causes the striking contrast between the living organism and any mechanical contrivance. The latter is a passive mass, containing, or moved by, extraneous agencies; the former is active throughout, and its entire substance contributes to its force.

But only a limited use of chemical power is made for the purposes of life. By no means is the whole range of the affinities which connect the various elements brought into play. The activity of the body is made to depend, so far as we can yet see, almost wholly upon one process, the union of oxygen with its substance. An animal, physically considered, is mainly a great oxidizing apparatus. By the incessant performance of this process the living frame becomes full of power, which is manifested in the various modes familiar to our experience. Thus, to think rightly of organic bodies, they should be regarded rather from the point of view of their *action* than of their substance; rather as *processes* than as things. "The flame of life," we say, and with a wonderful truthfulness; there is hardly one point in relation to the bodily life which the flame of a lamp does not illustrate. For what is such a flame? Does it not consist in —is it not wholly constituted by—the union of oxygen with the oil? It is an *action* rather than a thing. Definite as is its form, it is not a "substance," but a state of burning. Its particles are never the same for two successive moments; the carbon and hydrogen which make up the oil pass into it, undergo a change (giving off therein their latent force), and pass off again. The flame is a permanent condition of continually changing materials. In this it is wonderfully like ourselves—I mean like the bodies in which we dwell. They also are permanent conditions merely, impressed on ever-changing materials. We live and act in a constant burning. The materials we consume as food, passing into us, undergo a change (giving off therein their latent force), and again pass off. The matter has come and gone, the body remains. That is a state, an active state, a process carried on within fixed limits, and in a definite form—it is a flame.

Some other natural objects place the same conception before us in a form still more simple. I never see one of those spiral pillars of dust

which, like a mimic simoom, rush along the road upon a windy day, without thinking, "there is an image of life." Dust and a breath! Observe how the apparent "pillar" is but a condition, an active condition, of the particles of dust, and those particles continually changing. The form depends upon the incessant movement. The heavy sand floats on the impalpable air while it partakes its motion; let that cease and it falls. So the dull clods of the field, smitten by force, take wings and soar into life, partake for a time its rapid course, and then, the force exhausted, fall back into their former state, a whirl. A flux, maintained by forces from without, and ceasing when they are withdrawn;—that is our life.

Nor should we object to illustrations such as these of sand-pillars or of flames, that they are of simple form and yielding substance, or that they involve a rapid, unintermittent, and, as it were, violent action to maintain them. Forms as simple are seen in the first grades of vegetable or of animal life; forms more simple, indeed, mere cells or shapeless masses, of which we can only say, they live. Many conditions have conspired to mould the frame of the more developed races. Nor does the firmer texture of the living organism than of the flame, imply a less degree of transience in the one than in the other. Gases and a little solid matter in a state of oxidation constitute the flame; gases and a little solid matter in a state of oxidation constitute the body. The mode only is different: the flame is gaseous, the body semi-solid; the one is to the other as vapour is to water. And if we contrast the fierceness of the flame with the mild and almost insensible processes of life, we must remember that we cannot be sure there is any such difference as there appears to be. Life may be like a flame diffused, and each particular combination as energetic in the most delicate structure of the body as in the sevenfold heated furnace. One thing is certain, the force resulting is at least as great.

But there arises a question which must be discussed before we can go any farther, What is the difference between the living and the dead body? Chemical actions take place in the latter; it is, indeed, given over to the control of the chemical forces, and perishes by their operation. How is this, if its life consists in the use of the chemical powers?

There is apparently separated from the body, when it dies, something which it previously possessed; and this is, perhaps, the chief foundation of the idea that has been entertained of life, as something existing apart from the other physical powers, and capable of being added to, or withdrawn from, an organism, without any other immediate change. But if we look more closely into the facts, we see that the appearance tends to deceive us here. The body is not dead when, as we say, the breath leaves it. It ceases, indeed, to be the instrument of the soul, but that is only because its integrity, as a mechanism of mutually related parts, is destroyed. It is dead as the body of a man, not dead in itself. The life is in each portion still, more or less completely; as is proved by the fact that, for a time, the beard or nails will grow, the limbs move, the

glands secrete their peculiar fluids. But the offices which the various organs perform can no more be carried out in concert, either through damage inflicted upon one, or by a general weakening of all; and accordingly the actions necessary to maintain the life of the whole cease to be effected. The body first breaks down as a machine, and then only dies as a body. After its individual or active life has ceased, by derangement of the requisite adjustments, the life that pervades every part gradually wears out and ceases for want of support and renewal.* The function of each part is needed for the maintenance of all; and when one utterly fails, and the sooner in proportion as its office is of more essential use, all gradually decay. Thus, if the respiration be diminished beyond a certain point by disease within the lungs, or the heart become unable to keep up the circulation of the blood, the body, languishing for a time, ceases at last to have life sufficient to keep up the necessary actions of the other organs, and these actions cease. The frame lies motionless and insensible, and decay invades it unresisted. It is thus life seems suddenly to leave the body. The actions of which a living organism is the seat form a continuous chain; like a circle, they begin at every point; each is dependent upon every other. The external functions of moving and the like, by which the animal exerts its will and provides its sustenance, are maintained by the minute chemical changes which take place within; these latter changes are kept up only by means of the external functions, which supply the food or air, or ensure other requisite changes of condition.

We come back, then, to our fundamental conception of the animal body; that it is essentially a state of action—of chemical change—in particles of matter, dependent chiefly on the union with them of the oxygen of the air. From this one idea we can trace the use and the necessity of all the chief functions on which life depends. Food must be taken, regularly and in certain variable quantities, to afford the materials in which this change may go on. And the food must be mainly of a certain kind; it must consist of substances with which oxygen has a tendency to unite, that is, of substances which are prone to decompose. Matters with which oxygen is already combined to its full extent, or which do not readily combine with that element, are indeed necessary as food, but their part, though essential, is subordinate. The mass of the food must consist of organic, that is, of animal or of vegetable substance.

Again, air must be inhaled; and this process must be constant. The absolute necessity of a continuous supply of air, though that of food may be taken at intervals, or even interrupted for considerable periods, is easily explained. If those actions within the body which the oxygen

* The former of these is termed the *animal life*, and consists in the functions by which the creature is related to the external world, and especially in all that comes within the power of its will: the latter is termed the *organic life*, and consists of minute changes taking place within the organism. At the instant of death the animal life only ceases.

maintains, once come to an end (except, perhaps, under some very exceptional conditions), the life is gone. The chain, being broken, cannot be again united. But the oxygen must be supplied afresh for the consumption of each four or five seconds (the interval at which an adult man or woman breathes when in health and at rest), because no store of it can be retained, as in the case of food. It acts immediately it comes into relation with the fitting elements of the body. Its influence is in its presence. But there is also another reason for the necessity of a constant renewal of the air. The products of respiration are poisonous. The particles of the body when combined with oxygen result in compounds which are incompatible with vital action: they choke it, somewhat perhaps as ashes choke a fire; and hence the most injurious of these, the carbonic acid, is carried off immediately by the returning breath. And further, the air must be pure. It is oxygen, and oxygen uncontaminated, that sustains the vital change. Air loaded with the products of respiration, or of artificial lights, is as unfit for breathing as dust is for food; and for the same reason: its chemical capacity is gone —its affinities have produced their effect. Indeed, it is far worse. Dust would but cheat the stomach, affording no pabulum for the blood, but leaving unhindered in its changes whatever of wholesome food there might remain in it. Impure air, in so far as it is impure, not only contributes nothing to the life of the body, but robs it of what life it has, and directly impedes the changes which it should sustain.

And not only must food and air be consumed, but the processes of secretion must be freely carried out. By these, not only are the "dead," or chemically useless, materials which have served their part removed from the body, but changes of the utmost consequence are effected in the blood, raising and intensifying its vital state. The chemical tendencies within the body are exalted by the changes which attend the casting off of its worn-out materials, and the due performance of this part demands the two next essentials for a healthy life—exercise and cleanliness. From active labours in the open air, from the freest possible transudation through the skin, comes Life, and with it, cheerfulness, energy, and peace.

Lastly, for health are needed pleasurable activity of mind, and freedom from depressing cares. The mental operations, like all others, are connected with changes in the material of the body. In all our consciousness the chemical tendencies of the substance of the brain come into play, and thus a chain of action is set up which extends throughout the system. The influence of these brain-changes is felt wherever a nerve travels, and modifies, invigorates, or depraves the action of every part. Experience gives ample proof of this fact to every one, as in the sudden loss of appetite a piece of bad news will cause, or in the watering of the mouth excited by the thought of food. And the history of disease abounds in evidence of a similar kind: hair becoming grey in a single night from sorrow, milk poisoning an infant from an attack

of passion in the nurse, permanent discoloration of the skin from terror, are among the instances on record.

Happiness is a requisite for health. It is happy, therefore, that this, at least, is within our reach. We may be confined to close and narrow homes, shut up in cities, and cut off from the sweet face of nature and the pure breath of heaven; to regulate our diet may not be in our power; exhausted by sedentary toil, exercise may seem almost forbidden to us, and baths a luxury hardly to be thought of. But happiness may be ours: for it lies in doing good.

The Drowned at Sea.

Never bronze or slab of stone
  May their sepulchre denote;
O'er their burial-place, alone,
  Shall the shifting sea-weed float.
Not for them the quiet grave
  Underneath the daisied turf;
They rest below the restless wave,
  They sleep below the sleepless surf.
O'er them shall the waters wrestle
  With the whirlwind from the land,
But their bones will only nestle
  Closer down into the sand:
And for ever wind and surge,
  Loud or low, shall be their dirge;
And each idle wave that breaks
  Henceforth upon any shore,
Shall be dearer for their sakes,
  Shall be holy evermore.

E. H. O.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Is She not Insignificant?

And now a month went by at Framley without any increase of comfort to our friends there, and also without any absolute development of the ruin which had been daily expected at the parsonage. Sundry letters had reached Mr. Robarts from various personages acting in the Tozer interest, all of which he referred to Mr. Curling, of Barchester. Some of these letters contained prayers for the money, pointing out how an innocent widow lady had been induced to invest her all on the faith of Mr. Robarts' name, and was now starving in a garret, with her three children, because Mr. Robarts would not make good his own undertakings. But the majority of them were filled with threats;—only two days longer would be allowed and then the sheriff's officers would be enjoined to do their work; then one day of grace would be added, at the expiration of which the dogs of war would be unloosed. These, as fast as they came, were sent to Mr. Curling, who took no notice of them individually, but continued his endeavour to prevent the evil day. The second bill Mr. Robarts would take up—such was Mr. Curling's proposition; and would pay by two instalments of 250*l.* each, the first in two months, and the second in four. If this were acceptable to the Tozer interest—well; if it were not, the sheriff's officers must do their worst and the Tozer interest must look for what it could get. The Tozer interest would not declare itself satisfied with these terms, and so the matter went on. During which the roses faded from day to day on the cheeks of Mrs. Robarts, as under such circumstances may easily be conceived.

In the meantime Lucy still remained at Hogglestock and had there become absolute mistress of the house. Poor Mrs. Crawley had been at death's door; for some days she was delirious, and afterwards remained so weak as to be almost unconscious; but now the worst was over and Mr. Crawley had been informed, that as far as human judgment might pronounce, his children would not become orphans nor would he become a widower. During these weeks Lucy had not once been home nor had she seen any of the Framley people. "Why should she incur the risk of conveying infection for so small an object?" as she herself argued, writing by letters, which were duly fumigated before they were opened at the parsonage. So she remained at Hogglestock, and the Crawley children, now admitted to all the honours of the nursery, were kept at Framley. They were kept at Framley, although it was expected from day to day that the beds on which they lay would be seized for the payment of Mr. Sowerby's debts.

"Mark," she said, "the men are here."

Lucy, as I have said, became mistress of the house at Hogglestock and made herself absolutely ascendant over Mr. Crawley. Jellies and broth and fruit, and even butter, came from Lufton Court, which she displayed on the table, absolutely on the cloth before him, and yet he bore it. I cannot say that he partook of these delicacies with any freedom himself, but he did drink his tea when it was given to him although it contained Framley cream;—and, had he known it, Bohea itself from the Framley chest. In truth, in these days, he had given himself over to the dominion of this stranger; and he said nothing beyond, "Well, well," with two uplifted hands, when he came upon her as she was sewing the buttons on to his own shirts—sewing on the buttons and perhaps occasionally applying her needle elsewhere,—not without utility.

He said to her at this period very little in the way of thanks. Some protracted conversations they did have, now and again, during the long evenings; but even in these he did not utter many words as to their present state of life. It was on religion chiefly that he spoke, not lecturing her individually, but laying down his ideas as to what the life of a Christian should be, and especially what should be the life of a minister. "But though I can see this, Miss Robarts," he said, "I am bound to say that no one has fallen off so frequently as myself. I have renounced the devil and all his works; but it is by word of mouth only—by word of mouth only. How shall a man crucify the old Adam that is within him, unless he throw himself prostrate in the dust and acknowledge that all his strength is weaker than water?" To this, often as it might be repeated, she would listen patiently, comforting him by such words as her theology would supply; but then, when this was over, she would again resume her command and enforce from him a close obedience to her domestic behests.

At the end of the month Lord Lufton came back to Framley Court. His arrival there was quite unexpected; though, as he pointed out, when his mother expressed some surprise, he had returned exactly at the time named by him before he started.

"I need not say, Ludovic, how glad I am to have you," said she, looking to his face and pressing his arm; "the more so, indeed, seeing that I hardly expected it."

He said nothing to his mother about Lucy the first evening, although there was some conversation respecting the Robarts family.

"I am afraid Mr. Robarts has embarrassed himself," said Lady Lufton, looking very seriously. "Rumours reach me which are most distressing. I have said nothing to anybody as yet—not even to Fanny; but I can see in her face, and hear in the tones of her voice, that she is suffering some great sorrow."

"I know all about it," said Lord Lufton.

"You know all about it, Ludovic?"

"Yes; it is through that precious friend of mine, Mr. Sowerby, of Chaldicotes. He has accepted bills for Sowerby; indeed, he told me so."

"What business had he at Chaldicotes? What had he to do with such friends as that? I do not know how I am to forgive him."

"It was through me that he became acquainted with Sowerby. You must remember that, mother."

"I do not see that that is any excuse. Is he to consider that all your acquaintances must necessarily be his friends also? It is reasonable to suppose that you in your position must live occasionally with a great many people who are altogether unfit companions for him as a parish clergyman. He will not remember this, and he must be taught it. What business had he to go to Gatherum Castle?"

"He got his stall at Barchester by going there."

"He would be much better without his stall, and Fanny has the sense to know this. What does he want with two houses? Prebendal stalls are for older men than he—for men who have earned them, and who at the end of their lives want some ease. I wish with all my heart that he had never taken it."

"Six hundred a year has its charms all the same," said Lufton, getting up and strolling out of the room.

"If Mark really be in any difficulty," he said, later in the evening, "we must put him on his legs."

"You mean, pay his debts."

"Yes; he has no debts except these acceptances of Sowerby's."

"How much will it be, Ludovic?"

"A thousand pounds, perhaps, more or less. I'll find the money, mother; only I shan't be able to pay you quite as soon as I intended." Whereupon his mother got up, and throwing her arms round his neck declared that she would never forgive him if he ever said a word more about her little present to him. I suppose there is no pleasure a mother can have more attractive than giving away her money to an only son.

Lucy's name was first mentioned at breakfast the next morning. Lord Lufton had made up his mind to attack his mother on the subject early in the morning—before he went up to the parsonage; but as matters turned out Miss Robarts' doings were necessarily brought under discussion without reference to Lord Lufton's special aspirations regarding her. The fact of Mrs. Crawley's illness had been mentioned, and Lady Lufton had stated how it had come to pass that all the Crawleys' children were at the parsonage.

"I must say that Fanny has behaved excellently," said Lady Lufton. "It was just what might have been expected from her. And indeed," she added, speaking in an embarrassed tone, "so has Miss Robarts. Miss Robarts has remained at Hogglestock and nursed Mrs. Crawley through the whole."

"Remained at Hogglestock — through the fever!" exclaimed his lordship.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Lufton.

"And is she there now?"

"Oh, yes; I am not aware that she thinks of leaving just yet."

"Then I say that it is a great shame—a scandalous shame!"

"But, Ludovic, it was her own doing."

"Oh, yes; I understand. But why should she be sacrificed? Were there no nurses in the country to be hired, but that she must go and remain there for a month at the bedside of a pestilent fever? There is no justice in it."

"Justice, Ludovic? I don't know about justice, but there was great Christian charity. Mrs. Crawley has probably owed her life to Miss Robarts."

"Has she been ill? Is she ill? I insist upon knowing whether she is ill. I shall go over to Hogglestock myself immediately after breakfast."

To this Lady Lufton made no reply. If Lord Lufton chose to go to Hogglestock she could not prevent him. She thought, however, that it would be much better that he should stay away. He would be quite as open to the infection as Lucy Robarts; and, moreover, Mrs. Crawley's bedside would be as inconvenient a place as might be selected for any interview between two lovers. Lady Lufton felt at the present moment that she was cruelly treated by circumstances with reference to Miss Robarts. Of course it would have been her part to lessen, if she could do so without injustice, that high idea which her son entertained of the beauty and worth of the young lady; but, unfortunately, she had been compelled to praise her and to load her name with all manner of eulogy. Lady Lufton was essentially a true woman, and not even with the object of carrying out her own views in so important a matter would she be guilty of such deception as she might have practised by simply holding her tongue; but nevertheless she could hardly reconcile herself to the necessity of singing Lucy's praises.

After breakfast Lady Lufton got up from her chair, but hung about the room without making any show of leaving. In accordance with her usual custom she would have asked her son what he was going to do; but she did not dare so to inquire now. Had he not declared, only a few minutes since, whither he would go? "I suppose I shall see you at lunch?" at last she said.

"At lunch? Well, I don't know. Look here, mother. What am I to say to Miss Robarts when I see her?" and he leaned with his back against the chimney-piece as he interrogated his mother.

"What are you to say to her, Ludovic?"

"Yes; what am I to say,—as coming from you? Am I to tell her that you will receive her as your daughter-in-law?"

"Ludovic, I have explained all that to Miss Robarts herself."

"Explained what?"

"I have told her that I did not think that such a marriage would make either you or her happy."

"And why have you told her so? Why have you taken upon yourself to judge for me in such a matter, as though I were a child? Mother, you must unsay what you have said."

Lord Lufton, as he spoke, looked full into his mother's face; and he did so, not as though he were begging from her a favour, but issuing to her a command. She stood near him, with one hand on the breakfast-table, gazing at him almost furtively, not quite daring to meet the full view of his eye. There was only one thing on earth which Lady Lufton feared, and that was her son's displeasure. The sun of her earthly heaven shone upon her through the medium of his existence. If she were driven to quarrel with him, as some ladies of her acquaintance were driven to quarrel with their sons, the world to her would be over. Not but what facts might be so strong as to make it absolutely necessary that she should do this. As some people resolve that, under certain circumstances, they will commit suicide, so she could see that, under certain circumstances, she must consent even to be separated from him. She would not do wrong,—not that which she knew to be wrong,—even for his sake. If it were necessary that all her happiness should collapse and be crushed in ruin around her, she must endure it, and wait God's time to relieve her from so dark a world. The light of the sun was very dear to her, but even that might be purchased at too dear a cost.

"I told you before, mother, that my choice was made, and I asked you then to give your consent; you have now had time to think about it, and therefore I have come to ask you again. I have reason to know that there will be no impediment to my marriage if you will frankly hold out your hand to Lucy."

The matter was altogether in Lady Lufton's hands, but, fond as she was of power, she absolutely wished that it were not so. Had her son married without asking her and then brought Lucy home as his wife, she would undoubtedly have forgiven him; and much as she might have disliked the match, she would, ultimately, have embraced the bride. But now she was compelled to exercise her judgment. If he married imprudently, it would be her doing. How was she to give her expressed consent to that which she believed to be wrong?

"Do you know anything against her; any reason why she should not be my wife?" continued he.

"If you mean as regards her moral conduct, certainly not," said Lady Lufton. "But I could say as much as that in favour of a great many young ladies whom I should regard as very ill suited for such a marriage."

"Yes; some might be vulgar, some might be ill-tempered, some might be ugly; others might be burdened with disagreeable connections. I can understand that you should object to a daughter-in-law under any of these circumstances. But none of these things can be said of Miss Robarts. I defy you to say that she is not in all respects what a lady should be."

But her father was a doctor of medicine, she is the sister of the parish clergyman, she is only five feet two in height, and is so uncommonly brown! Had Lady Lufton dared to give a catalogue of her objections, such would have been its extent and nature. But she did not dare to do this.

"I cannot say, Ludovic, that she is possessed of all that you should seek in a wife." Such was her answer.

"Do you mean that she has not got money?"

"No, not that; I should be very sorry to see you making money your chief object, or indeed any essential object. If it chanced that your wife did have money, no doubt you would find it a convenience. But pray understand me, Ludovic; I would not for a moment advise you to subject your happiness to such a necessity as that. It is not because she is without fortune ——"

"Then why is it? At breakfast you were singing her praises, and saying how excellent she is."

"If I were forced to put my objection into one word, I should say——" and then she paused, hardly daring to encounter the frown which was already gathering itself on her son's brow.

"You would say what?" said Lord Lufton, almost roughly.

"Don't be angry with me, Ludovic; all that I think, and all that I say on this subject, I think and say with only one object—that of your happiness. What other motive can I have for anything in this world?" And then she came close to him and kissed him.

"But tell me, mother, what is this objection; what is this terrible word that is to sum up the list of all poor Lucy's sins, and prove that she is unfit for married life?"

"Ludovic, I did not say that. You know that I did not."

"What is the word, mother?"

And then at last Lady Lufton spoke it out. "She is——insignificant. I believe her to be a very good girl, but she is not qualified to fill the high position to which you would exalt her."

"Insignificant!"

"Yes, Ludovic, I think so."

"Then, mother, you do not know her. You must permit me to say that you are talking of a girl whom you do not know. Of all the epithets of opprobrium which the English language could give you, that would be nearly the last which she would deserve."

"I have not intended any opprobrium."

"Insignificant!"

"Perhaps you do not quite understand me, Ludovic."

"I know what insignificant means, mother."

"I think that she would not worthily fill the position which your wife should take in the world."

"I understand what you say."

"She would not do you honour at the head of your table."

"Ah, I understand. You want me to marry some bouncing Amazon, some pink and white giantess of fashion who would frighten the little people into their proprieties."

"Oh, Ludovic! you are intending to laugh at me now."

"I was never less inclined to laugh in my life—never, I can assure

you. And now I am more certain than ever that your objection to Miss Robarts arises from your not knowing her. You will find, I think, when you do know her, that she is as well able to hold her own as any lady of your acquaintance;—ay, and to maintain her husband's position, too. I can assure you that I shall have no fear of her on that score."

"I think, dearest, that perhaps you hardly——"

"I think this, mother, that in such a matter as this I must choose for myself. I have chosen; and I now ask you, as my mother, to go to her and bid her welcome. Dear mother, I will own this, that I should not be happy if I thought that you did not love my wife." These last words he said in a tone of affection that went to his mother's heart, and then he left the room.

Poor Lady Lufton, when she was alone, waited till she heard her son's steps retreating through the hall, and then betook herself up-stairs to her customary morning work. She sat down at last as though about so to occupy herself; but her mind was too full to allow of her taking up her pen. She had often said to herself, in days which to her were not as yet long gone by, that she would choose a bride for her son, and that then she would love the chosen one with all her heart. She would dethrone herself in favour of this new queen, sinking with joy into her dowager state, in order that her son's wife might shine with the greater splendour. The fondest day-dreams of her life had all had reference to the time when her son should bring home a new Lady Lufton, selected by herself from the female excellence of England, and in which she might be the first to worship her new idol. But could she dethrone herself for Lucy Robarts? Could she give up her chair of state in order to place thereon the little girl from the parsonage? Could she take to her heart, and treat with absolute loving confidence, with the confidence of an almost idolatrous mother, that little chit who, a few months since, had sat awkwardly in one corner of her drawing-room, afraid to speak to any one? And yet it seemed that it must come to this—to this:—or else those day-dreams of hers would in nowise come to pass.

She sat herself down, trying to think whether it were possible that Lucy might fill the throne; for she had begun to recognize it as probable that her son's will would be too strong for her; but her thoughts would fly away to Griselda Grantly. In her first and only matured attempt to realize her day-dreams, she had chosen Griselda for her queen. She had failed there, seeing that the fates had destined Miss Grantly for another throne;—for another and a higher one, as far as the world goes. She would have made Griselda the wife of a baron, but fate was about to make that young lady the wife of a marquis. Was there cause of grief in this? Did she really regret that Miss Grantly, with all her virtues, should be made over to the house of Hartletop? Lady Lufton was a woman who did not bear disappointment lightly; but nevertheless she did almost feel herself to have been relieved from a burden when she thought of the termination of the Lufton-Grantly marriage treaty. What

if she had been successful, and, after all, the prize had been other than she had expected? She was sometimes prone to think that that prize was not exactly all that she had once hoped. Griselda looked the very thing that Lady Lufton wanted for a queen;—but how would a queen reign who trusted only to her looks? In that respect it was perhaps well for her that destiny had interposed. Griselda, she was driven to admit, was better suited to Lord Dumbello than to her son.

But still——such a queen as Lucy! Could it ever come to pass that the lieges of the kingdom would bow the knee in proper respect before so puny a sovereign? And then there was that feeling which, in still higher quarters, prevents the marriage of princes with the most noble of their people. Is it not a recognized rule of these realms that none of the blood royal shall raise to royal honours those of the subjects who are by birth un-royal! Lucy was a subject of the house of Lufton in that she was the sister of the parson and a resident denizen of the parsonage. Presuming that Lucy herself might do for queen—granting that she might have some faculty to reign, the crown having been duly placed on her brow—how, then, about that clerical brother near the throne? Would it not come to this, that there would no longer be a queen at Framley?

And yet she knew that she must yield. She did not say so to herself. She did not as yet acknowledge that she must put out her hand to Lucy, calling her by name as her daughter. She did not absolutely say as much to her own heart;—not as yet. But she did begin to bethink herself of Lucy's high qualities, and to declare to herself that the girl, if not fit to be a queen, was at any rate fit to be a woman. That there was a spirit within that body, insignificant though the body might be, Lady Lufton was prepared to admit. That she had acquired the power—the chief of all powers in this world—of sacrificing herself for the sake of others; that, too, was evident enough. That she was a good girl, in the usual acceptation of the word good, Lady Lufton had never doubted. She was ready-witted too, prompt in action, gifted with a certain fire. It was that gift of fire which had won for her, so unfortunately, Lord Lufton's love. It was quite possible for her also to love Lucy Robarts; Lady Lufton admitted that to herself;—but then who could bow the knee before her, and serve her as a queen? Was it not a pity that she should be so insignificant?

But, nevertheless, we may say that as Lady Lufton sate that morning in her own room for two hours without employment, the star of Lucy Robarts was gradually rising in the firmament. After all, love was the food chiefly necessary for the nourishment of Lady Lufton,—the only food absolutely necessary. She was not aware of this herself, nor probably would those who knew her best have so spoken of her. They would have declared that family pride was her daily pabulum, and she herself would have said so too, calling it, however, by some less offensive name. Her son's honour, and the honour of her house!—of those she would have spoken as the things dearest to her in this world. And this was partly true, for

had her son been dishonoured, she would have sunk with sorrow to the grave. But the one thing necessary to her daily life was the power of loving those who were near to her.

Lord Lufton, when he left the dining-room, intended at once to go up to the parsonage, but he first strolled round the garden in order that he might make up his mind what he would say there. He was angry with his mother, having not had the wit to see that she was about to give way and yield to him, and he was determined to make it understood that in this matter he would have his own way. He had learned that which it was necessary that he should know as to Lucy's heart, and such being the case he would not conceive it possible that he should be debarred by his mother's opposition. "There is no son in England loves his mother better than I do," he said to himself; "but there are some things which a man cannot stand. She would have married me to that block of stone if I would have let her; and now, because she is disappointed there—— Insignificant! I never in my life heard anything so absurd, so untrue, so uncharitable, so —— She'd like me to bring a dragon home, I suppose. It would serve her right if I did,—some creature that would make the house intolerable to her." "She must do it though," he said again, "or she and I will quarrel," and then he turned off towards the gate, preparing to go to the parsonage.

"My lord, have you heard what has happened?" said the gardener, coming to him at the gate. The man was out of breath and almost overwhelmed by the greatness of his own tidings.

"No; I have heard nothing. What is it?"

"The bailiffs have taken possession of everything at the parsonage."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Philistines at the Parsonage.

It has been already told how things went on between the Tozers, Mr. Curling, and Mark Robarts during that month. Mr. Forrest had drifted out of the business altogether, as also had Mr. Sowerby, as far as any active participation in it went. Letters came frequently from Mr. Curling to the parsonage, and at last came a message by special mission to say that the evil day was at hand. As far as Mr. Curling's professional experience would enable him to anticipate or foretell the proceedings of such a man as Tom Tozer he thought that the sheriff's officers would be at Framley Parsonage on the following morning. Mr. Curling's experience did not mislead him in this respect.

"And what will you do, Mark?" said Fanny, speaking through her tears, after she had read the letter which her husband handed to her.

"Nothing. What can I do? They must come."

"Lord Lufton came to-day. Will you not go to him?"

"No. If I were to do so it would be the same as asking him for the money."

"Why not borrow it of him, dearest? Surely it would not be so much for him to lend."

"I could not do it. Think of Lucy, and how she stands with him. Besides I have already had words with Lufton about Sowerby and his money matters. He thinks that I am to blame, and he would tell me so; and then there would be sharp things said between us. He would advance me the money if I pressed for it, but he would do so in a way that would make it impossible that I should take it."

There was nothing more then to be said. If she had had her own way Mrs. Robarts would have gone at once to Lady Lufton, but she could not induce her husband to sanction such a proceeding. The objection to seeking assistance from her ladyship was as strong as that which prevailed as to her son. There had already been some little beginning of ill-feeling, and under such circumstances it was impossible to ask for pecuniary assistance. Fanny, however, had a prophetic assurance that assistance out of these difficulties must in the end come to them from that quarter, or not come at all; and she would fain, had she been allowed, make everything known at the big house.

On the following morning they breakfasted at the usual hour, but in great sadness. A maid-servant, whom Mrs. Robarts had brought with her when she married, told her that a rumour of what was to happen had reached the kitchen. Stubbs, the groom, had been in Barchester on the preceding day, and, according to his account—so said Mary—everybody in the city was talking about it. "Never mind, Mary," said Mrs. Robarts, and Mary replied, "Oh, no, of course not, ma'am."

In these days Mrs. Robarts was ordinarily very busy, seeing that there were six children in the house, four of whom had come to her but ill supplied with infantine belongings; and now, as usual, she went about her work immediately after breakfast. But she moved about the house very slowly, and was almost unable to give her orders to the servants, and spoke sadly to the children who hung about her wondering what was the matter. Her husband at the same time took himself to his book-room, but when there did not attempt any employment. He thrust his hands into his pockets, and, leaning against the fire-place, fixed his eyes upon the table before him without looking at anything that was on it; it was impossible for him to betake himself to his work. Remember what is the ordinary labour of a clergyman in his study, and think how fit he must have been for such employment! What would have been the nature of a sermon composed at such a moment, and with what satisfaction could he have used the sacred volume in referring to it for his arguments? He, in this respect, was worse off than his wife; she did employ herself, but he stood there without moving, doing nothing, with fixed eyes, thinking what men would say of him.

Luckily for him this state of suspense was not long, for within half an hour of his leaving the breakfast table the footman knocked at his door—that footman with whom at the beginning of his difficulties he had made up his mind to dispense, but who had been kept on because of the Barchester prebend.

"If you please, your reverence, there are two men outside," said the footman.

Two men! Mark knew well enough what men they were, but he could hardly take the coming of two such men to his quiet country parsonage quite as a matter of course.

"Who are they, John?" said he, not wishing any answer, but because the question was forced upon him.

"I'm afeard they're——bailiffs, sir."

"Very well, John; that will do; of course they must do what they please about the place."

And then when the servants left him he still stood without moving, exactly as he had stood before. There he remained for ten minutes, but the time went by very slowly. When about noon some circumstance told him what was the hour, he was astonished to find that the day had not nearly passed away.

And then another tap was struck on the door,—a sound which he well recognized,—and his wife crept silently into the room. She came close up to him before she spoke, and put her arm within his:

"Mark," she said, "the men are here; they are in the yard."

"I know it," he answered gruffly.

"Will it be better that you should see them, dearest?"

"See them; no; what good can I do by seeing them? But I shall see them soon enough; they will be here, I suppose, in a few minutes."

"They are taking an inventory, cook says; they are in the stable now."

"Very well; they must do as they please; I cannot help them."

"Cook says that if they are allowed their meals and some beer, and if nobody takes anything away, they will be quite civil."

"Civil! But what does it matter? Let them eat and drink what they please, as long as the food lasts. I don't suppose the butcher will send you more."

"But, Mark, there's nothing due to the butcher,—only the regular monthly bill."

"Very well; you'll see."

"Oh, Mark, don't look at me in that way. Do not turn away from me. What is to comfort us if we do not cling to each other now?"

"Comfort us! God help you! I wonder, Fanny, that you can bear to stay in the room with me."

"Mark, dearest Mark, my own dear, dearest husband! who is to be true to you, if I am not? You shall not turn from me. How can anything like this make a difference between you and me?" And then she threw her arms round his neck and embraced him.

It was a terrible morning to him, and one of which every incident will dwell on his memory to the last day of his life. He had been so proud in his position—had assumed to himself so prominent a standing—had contrived, by some trick which he had acquired, to carry his head so high above the heads of neighbouring parsons. It was this that had taken him among great people, had introduced him to the Duke of Omnium, had procured for him the stall at Barchester. But how was he to carry his head now? What would the Arabins and Grantlys say? How would the bishop sneer at him, and Mrs. Proudie and her daughters tell of him in all their quarters? How would Crawley look at him—Crawley, who had already once had him on the hip? The stern severity of Crawley's face loomed upon him now. Crawley, with his children half naked, and his wife a drudge, and himself half starved, had never had a bailiff in his house at Hogglestock! And then his own curate, Evans, whom he had patronized, and treated almost as a dependant—how was he to look his curate in the face and arrange with him for the sacred duties of the next Sunday?

His wife still stood by him, gazing into his face; and as he looked at her and thought of her misery, he could not control his heart with reference to the wrongs which Sowerby had heaped on him. It was Sowerby's falsehood and Sowerby's fraud which had brought upon him and his wife this terrible anguish. "If there be justice on earth he will suffer for it yet," he said at last, not speaking intentionally to his wife, but unable to repress his feelings.

"Do not wish him evil, Mark; you may be sure he has his own sorrows."

"His own sorrows! No; he is callous to such misery as this. He has become so hardened in dishonesty that all this is mirth to him. If there be punishment in heaven for falsehood——"

"Oh, Mark, do not curse him!"

"How am I to keep myself from cursing when I see what he has brought upon you?"

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,'" answered the young wife, not with solemn, preaching accent, as though bent on reproof, but with the softest whisper into his ear. "Leave that to Him, Mark; and for us, let us pray that He may soften the hearts of us all;—of him who has caused us to suffer, and of our own."

Mark was not called upon to reply to this, for he was again disturbed by a servant at the door. It was the cook this time herself, who had come with a message from the men of the law. And she had come, be it remembered, not from any necessity that she as cook should do this line of work; for the footman, or Mrs. Robarts' maid, might have come as well as she. But when things are out of course servants are always out of course also. As a rule, nothing will induce a butler to go into a stable, or persuade a housemaid to put her hand to a frying-pan. But now that this new excitement had come upon the household—seeing that the bailiffs

were in possession, and that the chattels were being entered in a catalogue, everybody was willing to do everything—everything but his or her own work. The gardener was looking after the dear children; the nurse was doing the rooms before the bailiffs should reach them; the groom had gone into the kitchen to get their lunch ready for them; and the cook was walking about with an inkstand, obeying all the orders of these great potentates. As far as the servants were concerned, it may be a question whether the coming of the bailiffs had not hitherto been regarded as a treat.

"If you please, ma'am," said Jemima cook, "they wishes to know in which room you'd be pleased to have the inmin-tory took fust. 'Cause, ma'am, they wouldn't disturb you nor master more than can be avoided. For their line of life, ma'am, they is very civil—very civil indeed."

"I suppose they may go into the drawing-room," said Mrs. Robarts, in a sad low voice. All nice women are proud of their drawing-rooms, and she was very proud of hers. It had been furnished when money was plenty with them, immediately after their marriage, and everything in it was pretty, good, and dear to her. O ladies, who have drawing-rooms in which the things are pretty, good, and dear to you, think of what it would be to have two bailiffs rummaging among them with pen and inkhorn, making a catalogue preparatory to a sheriff's auction; and all without fault or extravagance of your own! There were things there that had been given to her by Lady Lufton, by Lady Meredith, and other friends, and the idea did occur to her that it might be possible to save them from contamination; but she would not say a word, lest by so saying she might add to Mark's misery.

"And then the dining-room," said Jemima cook, in a tone almost of elation.

"Yes; if they please."

"And then master's book-room here; or perhaps the bedrooms, if you and master be still here."

"Any way they please, cook; it does not much signify," said Mrs. Robarts. But for some days after that Jemima was by no means a favourite with her.

The cook was hardly out of the room before a quick footstep was heard on the gravel before the window, and the hall door was immediately opened.

"Where is your master?" said the well-known voice of Lord Lufton; and then in half a minute he also was in the book-room.

"Mark, my dear fellow, what's all this?" said he, in a cheery tone and with a pleasant face. "Did not you know that I was here? I came down yesterday; landed from Hamburg only yesterday morning. How do you do, Mrs. Robarts? This is a terrible bore, isn't it?"

Robarts, at the first moment, hardly knew how to speak to his old friend. He was struck dumb by the disgrace of his position; the more so as his misfortune was one which it was partly in the power of Lord

Lufton to remedy. He had never yet borrowed money since he had filled a man's position, but he had had words about money with the young peer, in which he knew that his friend had wronged him; and for this double reason he was now speechless.

"Mr. Sowerby has betrayed him," said Mrs. Robarts, wiping the tears from her eyes. Hitherto she had said no word against Sowerby, but now it was necessary to defend her husband.

"No doubt about it. I believe he has always betrayed every one who has ever trusted him. I told you what he was, some time since; did I not? But, Mark, why on earth have you let it go so far as this? Would not Forrest help you?"

"Mr. Forrest wanted him to sign more bills and he would not do that?" said Mrs. Robarts, sobbing.

"Bills are like dram-drinking," said the discreet young lord: "when one once begins, it is very hard to leave off. Is it true that the men are here now, Mark?"

"Yes, they are in the next room."

"What, in the drawing-room?"

"They are making out a list of the things," said Mrs. Robarts.

"We must stop that at any rate," said his lordship, walking off towards the scene of the operations; and as he left the room Mrs. Robarts followed him, leaving her husband by himself.

"Why did you not send down to my mother?" said he, speaking hardly above a whisper, as they stood together in the hall.

"He would not let me."

"But why not go yourself? or why not have written to me,—considering how intimate we are?"

Mrs. Robarts could not explain to him that the peculiar intimacy between him and Lucy must have hindered her from doing so, even if otherwise it might have been possible; but she felt such was the case.

"Well, my men, this is bad work you're doing here," said he, walking into the drawing-room. Whereupon the cook curtseyed low, and the bailiffs, knowing his lordship, stopped from their business and put their hands to their foreheads. "You must stop this, if you please,—at once. Come, let's go out into the kitchen, or some place outside. I don't like to see you here with your big boots and the pen and ink among the furniture."

"We ain't a-done no harm, my lord, so please your lordship," said Jemima cook.

"And we is only a-doing our bounden dooties," said one of the bailiffs.

"As we is sworn to do, so please your lordship," said the other.

"And is wery sorry to be unconwenient, my lord, to any gen'leman or lady as is a gen'leman or lady. But accidents will happen, and then what can the likes of us do?" said the first.

"Because we is sworn, my lord," said the second. But, nevertheless, in spite of their oaths, and in spite also of the stern necessity which they pleaded, they ceased their operations at the instance of the peer. For the name of a lord is still great in England.

"And now leave this, and let Mrs. Robarts go into her drawing-room."

"And, please your lordship, what is we to do? Who is we to look to?"

In satisfying them absolutely on this point Lord Lufton had to use more than his influence as a peer. It was necessary that he should have pen and paper. But with pen and paper he did satisfy them;—satisfy them so far that they agreed to return to Stubbs' room, the former hospital, due stipulation having been made for the meals and beer, and there await the order to evacuate the premises which would no doubt, under his lordship's influence, reach them on the following day. The meaning of all which was that Lord Lufton had undertaken to bear upon his own shoulder the whole debt due by Mr. Robarts.

And then he returned to the book-room where Mark was still standing almost on the spot in which he had placed himself immediately after breakfast. Mrs. Robarts did not return, but went up among the children to counterorder such directions as she had given for the preparation of the nursery for the Philistines. "Mark," he said, "do not trouble yourself about this more than you can help. The men have ceased doing anything and they shall leave the place to-morrow morning."

"And how will the money—be paid?" said the poor clergyman.

"Do not bother yourself about that at present. It shall so be managed that the burden shall fall ultimately on yourself—not on any one else. But I am sure it must be a comfort to you to know that your wife need not be driven out of her drawing-room."

"But, Lufton, I cannot allow you—after what has passed—and at the present moment——"

"My dear fellow, I know all about it and I am coming to that just now. You have employed Curling and he shall settle it; and upon my word, Mark, you shall pay the bill. But, for the present emergency, the money is at my banker's."

"But, Lufton——"

"And to deal honestly, about Curling's bill I mean, it ought to be as much my affair as your own. It was I that brought you into this mess with Sowerby, and I know now how unjust about it I was to you up in London. But the truth is that Sowerby's treachery had nearly driven me wild. It has done the same to you since, I have no doubt."

"He has ruined me," said Robarts.

"No, he has not done that. No thanks to him though; he would not have scrupled to do it had it come in his way. The fact is, Mark, that you and I cannot conceive the depth of fraud in such a man as that. He is always looking for money; I believe that in all his hours of most friendly

intercourse,—when he is sitting with you over your wine, and riding beside you in the field,—he is still thinking how he can make use of you to tide him over some difficulty. He has lived in that way till he has a pleasure in cheating, and has become so clever in his line of life that if you or I were with him again to-morrow he would again get the better of us. He is a man that must be absolutely avoided; I, at any rate, have learned to know so much."

In the expression of which opinion Lord Lufton was too hard upon poor Sowerby; as indeed we are all apt to be too hard in forming an opinion upon the rogues of the world. That Mr. Sowerby had been a rogue, I cannot deny. It is roguish to lie, and he had been a great liar. It is roguish to make promises which the promiser knows he cannot perform, and such had been Mr. Sowerby's daily practice. It is roguish to live on other men's money, and Mr. Sowerby had long been doing so. It is roguish, at least so I would hold it, to deal willingly with rogues; and Mr. Sowerby had been constant in such dealings. I do not know whether he had not at times fallen even into more palpable roguery than is proved by such practices as those enumerated. Though I have for him some tender feeling, knowing that there was still a touch of gentle bearing round his heart, an abiding taste for better things within him, I cannot acquit him from the great accusation. But, for all that, in spite of his acknowledged roguery, Lord Lufton was too hard upon him in his judgment. There was yet within him the means of repentance, could a *locus penitentiæ* have been supplied to him. He grieved bitterly over his own ill doings, and knew well what changes gentlehood would have demanded from him. Whether or no he had gone too far for all changes—whether the *locus penitentiæ* was for him still a possibility—that was between him and a higher power.

"I have no one to blame but myself," said Mark, still speaking in the same heart-broken tone and with his face averted from his friend.

The debt would now be paid, and the bailiffs would be expelled; but that would not set him right before the world. It would be known to all men—to all clergymen in the diocese—that the sheriff's officers had been in charge of Framley Parsonage, and he could never again hold up his head in the close of Barchester.

"My dear fellow, if we were all to make ourselves miserable for such a trifle as this—" said Lord Lufton, putting his arm affectionately on his friend's shoulder.

"But we are not all clergymen," said Mark, and as he spoke he turned away to the window and Lord Lufton knew that the tears were on his cheek.

Nothing was then said between them for some moments, after which Lord Lufton again spoke,—

"Mark, my dear fellow!"

"Well," said Mark, with his face still turned towards the window.

"You must remember one thing; in helping you over this stile, which will be really a matter of no inconvenience to me, I have a better right than that even of an old friend; I look upon you now as my brother-in-law."

Mark turned slowly round, plainly showing the tears upon his face.

"Do you mean," said he, "that anything more has taken place?"

"I mean to make your sister my wife; she sent me word by you to say that she loved me, and I am not going to stand upon any nonsense after that. If she and I are both willing no one alive has a right to stand between us; and, by heavens, no one shall. I will do nothing secretly, so I tell you that, exactly as I have told her ladyship."

"But what does she say?"

"She says nothing; but it cannot go on like that. My mother and I cannot live here together if she opposes me in this way. I do not want to frighten your sister by going over to her at Hogglestock, but I expect you to tell her so much as I now tell you, as coming from me; otherwise she will think that I have forgotten her."

"She will not think that."

"She need not; good-bye, old fellow. I'll make it all right between you and her ladyship about this affair of Sowerby's."

And then he took his leave and walked off to settle about the payment of the money.

"Mother," said he to Lady Lufton that evening, "you must not bring this affair of the bailiffs up against Robarts. It has been more my fault than his."

Hitherto not a word had been spoken between Lady Lufton and her son on the subject. She had heard with terrible dismay of what had happened, and had heard also that Lord Lufton had immediately gone to the parsonage. It was impossible, therefore, that she should now interfere. That the necessary money would be forthcoming she was aware, but that would not wipe out the terrible disgrace attached to an execution in a clergyman's house. And then, too, he was her clergyman,—her own clergyman, selected, and appointed, and brought to Framley by herself, endowed with a wife of her own choosing, filled with good things by her own hand! It was a terrible misadventure, and she began to repent that she had ever heard the name of Robarts. She would not, however, have been slow to put forth the hand to lessen the evil by giving her own money, had this been either necessary or possible. But how could she interfere between Robarts and her son, especially when she remembered the proposed connection between Lucy and Lord Lufton?

"Your fault, Ludovic?"

"Yes, mother. It was I who introduced him to Mr. Sowerby; and, to tell the truth, I do not think he would ever have been intimate with Sowerby if I had not given him some sort of a commission with reference to money matters then pending between Mr. Sowerby and me. They are all over now,—thanks to you, indeed."

"Mr. Robarts' character as a clergyman should have kept him from such troubles, if no other feeling did so."

"At any rate, mother, oblige me by letting it pass by."

"Oh, I shall say nothing to him."

"You had better say something to her, or otherwise it will be strange; and even to him I would say a word or two,—a word in kindness, as you so well know how. It will be easier to him in that way, than if you were to be altogether silent."

No further conversation took place between them at the time, but later in the evening she brushed her hand across her son's forehead, sweeping the long silken hairs into their place, as she was wont to do when moved by any special feeling of love. "Ludovic," she said, "no one, I think, has so good a heart as you. I will do exactly as you would have me about this affair of Mr. Robarts and the money." And then there was nothing more said about it.

CHAPTER XLV.

Palace Blessings.

And now, at this period, terrible rumours found their way into Barchester, and flew about the cathedral towers and round the cathedral door; ay, and into the canons' houses and the humbler sitting-rooms of the vicars choral. Whether they made their way from thence up to the bishop's palace, or whether they descended from the palace to the close, I will not pretend to say. But they were shocking, unnatural, and no doubt grievous to all those excellent ecclesiastical hearts which cluster so thickly in those quarters.

The first of these had reference to the new prebendary, and to the disgrace which he had brought on the chapter; a disgrace, as some of them boasted, which Barchester had never known before. This, however, like most other boasts, was hardly true; for within but a very few years there had been an execution in the house of a late prebendary, old Dr. Stanhope; and on that occasion the doctor himself had been forced to fly away to Italy, starting in the night, lest he also should fall into the hands of the Philistines, as well as his chairs and tables.

"It is a scandalous shame," said Mrs. Proudie, speaking not of the old doctor, but of the new offender; "a scandalous shame: and it would only serve him right if the gown were stripped from his back."

"I suppose his living will be sequestrated," said a young minor canon who attended much to the ecclesiastical injunctions of the lady of the diocese, and was deservedly held in high favour. If Framley were sequestrated, why should not he, as well as another, undertake the duty—with such stipend as the bishop might award.

"I am told that he is over head and ears in debt," said the future Mrs. Tickler, "and chiefly for horses which he has bought and not paid for."

"I see him riding very splendid animals when he comes over for the cathedral duties," said the minor canon.

"The sheriff's officers are in the house at present, I am told," said Mrs. Proudie.

"And is not he in jail?" said Mrs. Tickler.

"If not, he ought to be," said Mrs. Tickler's mother.

"And no doubt soon will be," said the minor canon; "for I hear that he is linked up with a most discreditable gang of persons."

This was what was said in the palace on that heading; and though, no doubt, more spirit and poetry was displayed there than in the houses of the less gifted clergy, this shows the manner in which the misfortune of Mr. Robarts was generally discussed. Nor, indeed, had he deserved any better treatment at their hands. But his name did not run the gauntlet for the usual nine days; nor, indeed, did his fame endure at its height for more than two. This sudden fall was occasioned by other tidings of a still more distressing nature; by a rumour which so affected Mrs. Proudie that it caused, as she said, her blood to creep. And she was very careful that the blood of others should creep also, if the blood of others was equally sensitive. It was said that Lord Dumbello had jilted Miss Grantly.

From what adverse spot in the world these cruel tidings fell upon Barchester I have never been able to discover. We know how quickly rumour flies, making herself common through all the cities. That Mrs. Proudie should have known more of the facts connected with the Hartletop family than any one else in Barchester was not surprising, seeing that she was so much more conversant with the great world in which such people lived. She knew, and was therefore correct enough in declaring, that Lord Dumbello had already jilted one other young lady—the Lady Julia Mac Mull, to whom he had been engaged three seasons back, and that therefore his character in such matters was not to be trusted. That Lady Julia had been a terrible flirt and greatly given to waltzing with a certain German count with whom she had since gone off—that, I suppose, Mrs. Proudie did not know, much as she was conversant with the great world,—seeing that she said nothing about it to any of her ecclesiastical listeners on the present occasion.

"It will be a terrible warning, Mrs. Quiverful, to us all; a most useful warning to us—not to trust to the things of this world. I fear they made no inquiry about this young nobleman before they agreed that his name should be linked with that of their daughter." This she said to the wife of the present warden of Hiram's Hospital, a lady who had received favours from her, and was therefore bound to listen attentively to her voice.

"But I hope it may not be true," said Mrs. Quiverful, who, in spite

of the allegiance due by her to Mrs. Proudie, had reasons of her own for wishing well to the Grantly family.

"I hope so, indeed," said Mrs. Proudie, with a slight tinge of anger in her voice; "but I fear that there is no doubt. And I must confess that it is no more than we had a right to expect. I hope that it may be taken by all of us as a lesson, and an ensample, and a teaching of the Lord's mercy. And I wish you would request your husband—from me, Mrs. Quiverful—to dwell on this subject in morning and evening lecture at the hospital on Sabbath next, showing how false is the trust which we put in the good things of this world;" which behest, to a certain extent, Mr. Quiverful did obey, feeling that a quiet life in Barchester was of great value to him; but he did not go so far as to caution his hearers, who consisted of the aged bedesmen of the hospital, against matrimonial projects of an ambitious nature.

In this case, as in all others of the kind, the report was known to all the chapter before it had been heard by the archdeacon or his wife. The dean heard it, and disregarded it; as did also the dean's wife—at first; and those who generally sided with the Grantlys in the diocesan battles pooh-poohed the tidings, saying to each other that both the archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly were very well able to take care of their own affairs. But dripping water hollows a stone; and at last it was admitted on all sides that there was ground for fear,—on all sides, except at Plumstead.

"I am sure there is nothing in it; I really am sure of it," said Mrs. Arabin, whispering to her sister; "but after turning it over in my mind, I thought it right to tell you. And yet I don't know now but I am wrong."

"Quite right, dearest Eleanor," said Mrs. Grantly. "And I am much obliged to you. But we understand it, you know. It comes, of course, like all other Christian blessings, from the palace." And then there was nothing more said about it between Mrs. Grantly and her sister.

But on the following morning there arrived a letter by post, addressed to Mrs. Grantly, bearing the postmark of Littlebath. The letter ran:—

"Madam,

"It is known to the writer that Lord Dumbello has arranged with certain friends how he may escape from his present engagement. I think, therefore, that it is my duty as a Christian to warn you of this.

"Yours truly,

"A Wellwisher."

Now it had happened that the embryo Mrs. Tickler's most intimate bosom friend and confidante was known at Plumstead to live at Littlebath, and it had also happened—most unfortunately—that the embryo Mrs. Tickler, in the warmth of her neighbourly regard, had written a friendly line to her friend Griselda Grantly, congratulating her with all female sincerity on her splendid nuptials with the Lord Dumbello.

"It is not her natural hand," said Mrs. Grantly, talking the matter over with her husband, "but you may be sure it has come from her. It

is a part of the new Christianity which we learn day by day from the palace teaching."

But these things had some effect on the archdeacon's mind. He had learned lately the story of Lady Julia Mac Mull, and was not sure that his son-in-law—as ought to be about to be—had been entirely blameless in that matter. And then in these days Lord Dumbello made no great sign. Immediately on Griselda's return to Plumstead he had sent her a magnificent present of emeralds, which, however, had come to her direct from the jewellers, and might have been—and probably was—ordered by his man of business. Since that he had neither come, nor sent, nor written. Griselda did not seem to be in any way annoyed by this absence of the usual sign of love, and went on steadily with her great duties. "Nothing," as she told her mother, "had been said about writing and, therefore, she did not expect it." But the archdeacon was not quite at his ease. "Keep Dumbello up to his P's and Q's, you know," a friend of his had whispered to him at his club. By heavens, yes. The archdeacon was not a man to bear with indifference a wrong in such a quarter. In spite of his clerical profession, few men were more inclined to fight against personal wrongs—and few men more able.

"Can there be anything wrong, I wonder?" said he to his wife. "Is it worth while that I should go up to London?" But Mrs. Grantly attributed it all to the palace doctrine. What could be more natural, looking at all the circumstances of the Tickler engagement? She therefore gave her voice against any steps being taken by the archdeacon.

A day or two after that Mrs. Proudie met Mrs. Arabin in the close and condoled with her openly on the termination of the marriage treaty; —quite openly, for Mrs. Tickler—as she was to be—was with her mother, and Mrs. Arabin was accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mary Bold.

"It must be very grievous to Mrs. Grantly, very grievous indeed," said Mrs. Proudie, "and I sincerely feel for her. But, Mrs. Arabin, all these lessons are sent to us for our eternal welfare."

"Of course," said Mrs. Arabin. "But as to this special lesson, I am inclined to doubt that it——"

"Ah-h! I fear it is too true. I fear there is no room for doubt. Of course you are aware that Lord Dumbello is off for the Continent."

Mrs. Arabin was not aware of it, and she was obliged to admit as much.

"He started four days ago, by way of Boulogne," said Mrs. Tickler, who seemed to be very well up in the whole affair. "I am so sorry for poor dear Griselda. I am told she has got all her things. It is such a pity, you know."

"But why should not Lord Dumbello come back from the Continent?" said Miss Bold, very quietly.

"Why not indeed? I'm sure I hope he may," said Mrs. Proudie. "And no doubt he will, some day. But if he be such a man as they say he is, it is really well for Griselda that she should be relieved from such

a marriage. For, after all, Mrs. Arabin, what are the things of this world?—dust beneath our feet, ashes between our teeth, grass cut for the oven, vanity, vexation, and nothing more!"—well pleased with which variety of Christian metaphors Mrs. Proudie walked on, still muttering, however, something about worms and grubs, by which she intended to signify her own species and the Dumbello and Grantly sects of it in particular.

This now had gone so far that Mrs. Arabin conceived herself bound in duty to see her sister, and it was then settled in consultation at Plumstead that the archdeacon should call officially at the palace and beg that the rumour might be contradicted. This he did early on the next morning and was shown into the bishop's study, in which he found both his lordship and Mrs. Proudie. The bishop rose to greet him with special civility, smiling his very sweetest on him, as though of all his clergy the archdeacon were the favourite; but Mrs. Proudie wore something of a gloomy aspect, as though she knew that such a visit at such an hour must have reference to some special business. The morning calls made by the archdeacon at the palace in the way of ordinary civility were not numerous.

On the present occasion he dashed at once into his subject. "I have called this morning, Mrs. Proudie," said he, "because I wish to ask a favour from you." Whereupon Mrs. Proudie bowed.

"Mrs. Proudie will be most happy, I am sure," said the bishop.

"I find that some foolish people have been talking in Barchester about my daughter," said the archdeacon; "and I wish to ask Mrs. Proudie——"

Most women under such circumstances would have felt the awkwardness of their situation, and would have prepared to eat their past words with wry faces. But not so Mrs. Proudie. Mrs. Grantly had had the imprudence to throw Mr. Slope in her face—there, in her own drawing-room, and she was resolved to be revenged. Mrs. Grantly, too, had ridiculed the Tickler match, and no too great niceness should now prevent Mrs. Proudie from speaking her mind about the Dumbello match.

"A great many people are talking about her, I am sorry to say," said Mrs. Proudie; "but, poor dear, it is not her fault. It might have happened to any girl; only, perhaps, a little more care—; you'll excuse me, Dr. Grantly."

"I have come here to allude to a report which has been spread about in Barchester, that the match between Lord Dumbello and my daughter has been broken off; and——"

"Everybody in Barchester knows it, I believe," said Mrs. Proudie.

——"and," continued the archdeacon, "to request that that report may be contradicted."

"Contradicted! Why, he has gone right away,—out of the country!"

"Never mind where he has gone to, Mrs. Proudie; I beg that the report may be contradicted."

"You'll have to go round to every house in Barchester then," said she.

"By no means," replied the archdeacon. "And perhaps it may be right that I should explain to the bishop that I came here because——"

"The bishop knows nothing about it," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Nothing in the world," said his lordship. "And I am sure I hope that the young lady may not be disappointed."

——"because the matter was so distinctly mentioned to Mrs. Arabin by yourself yesterday."

"Distinctly mentioned! Of course it was distinctly mentioned. There are some things which can't be kept under a bushel, Dr. Grantly; and this seems to be one of them. Your going about in this way won't make Lord Dumbello marry the young lady."

That was true; nor would it make Mrs. Proudie hold her tongue. Perhaps the archdeacon was wrong in his present errand, and so he now began to bethink himself. "At any rate," said he, "when I tell you that there is no ground whatever for such a report you will do me the kindness to say that, as far as you are concerned, it shall go no further. I think, my lord, I am not asking too much in asking that."

"The bishop knows nothing about it," said Mrs. Proudie again.

"Nothing at all," said the bishop.

"And as I must protest that I believe the information which has reached me on this head," said Mrs. Proudie, "I do not see how it is possible that I should contradict it. I can easily understand your feelings, Dr. Grantly. Considering your daughter's position the match was, as regards earthly wealth, a very great one. I do not wonder that you should be grieved at its being broken off; but I trust that this sorrow may eventuate in a blessing to you and to Miss Griselda. These worldly disappointments are precious balms, and I trust you know how to accept them as such."

The fact was that Dr. Grantly had done altogether wrong in coming to the palace. His wife might have some chance with Mrs. Proudie, but he had none. Since she had come to Barchester he had had only two or three encounters with her, and in all of these he had gone to the wall. His visits to the palace always resulted in his leaving the presence of the inhabitants in a frame of mind by no means desirable, and he now found that he had to do so once again. He could not compel Mrs. Proudie to say that the report was untrue; nor could he condescend to make counter hits at her about her own daughter, as his wife would have done. And thus, having utterly failed, he got up and took his leave.

But the worst of the matter was, that, in going home, he could not divest his mind of the idea that there might be some truth in the report. What if Lord Dumbello had gone to the Continent resolved to send back from thence some reason why it was impossible that he should make Miss Grantly his wife? Such things had been done before now by men in his rank. Whether or no Mrs. Tickler had been the letter-writing wellwisher

from Littlebath, or had induced her friend to be so, it did seem manifest to him, Dr. Grantly, that Mrs. Proudie absolutely believed the report which she promulgated so diligently. The wish might be father to the thought, no doubt; but that the thought was truly there, Dr. Grantly could not induce himself to disbelieve.

His wife was less credulous, and to a certain degree comforted him; but that evening he received a letter which greatly confirmed the suspicions set on foot by Mrs. Proudie, and even shook his wife's faith in Lord Dumbello. It was from a mere acquaintance, who in the ordinary course of things would not have written to him. And the bulk of the letter referred to ordinary things, as to which the gentleman in question would hardly have thought of giving himself the trouble to write a letter. But at the end of the note he said,—

"Of course you are aware that Dumbello is off to Paris; I have not heard whether the exact day of his return is fixed."

"It is true then," said the archdeacon, striking the library table with his hand, and becoming absolutely white about the mouth and jaws.

"It cannot be," said Mrs. Grantly; but even she was now trembling.

"If it be so I'll drag him back to England by the collar of his coat, and disgrace him before the steps of his father's hall."

And the archdeacon as he uttered the threat looked his character as an irate British father much better than he did his other character as a clergyman of the Church of England. The archdeacon had been greatly worsted by Mrs. Proudie, but he was a man who knew how to fight his battles among men,—sometimes without too close a regard to his cloth.

"Had Lord Dumbello intended any such thing he would have written, or got some friend to write by this time," said Mrs. Grantly. "It is quite possible that he might wish to be off, but he would be too chary of his name not to endeavour to do so with decency."

Thus the matter was discussed, and it appeared to them both to be so serious that the archdeacon resolved to go at once to London. That Lord Dumbello had gone to France he did not doubt; but he would find some one in town acquainted with the young man's intentions, and he would, no doubt, be able to hear when his return was expected. If there were real reason for apprehension he would follow the runagate to the Continent, but he would not do this without absolute knowledge. According to Lord Dumbello's present engagements he was bound to present himself in August next at Plumstead Episcopi, with the view of then and there taking Griselda Grantly in marriage; but if he kept his word in this respect no one had a right to quarrel with him for going to Paris in the meantime. Most expectant bridegrooms would, no doubt, under such circumstances have declared their intentions to their future brides; but if Lord Dumbello were different from others, who had a right on that account to be indignant with him? He was unlike other men in other things; and

especially unlike other men in being the eldest son of the Marquis of Hartletop. It would be all very well for Tickler to proclaim his whereabouts from week to week; but the eldest son of a marquis might find it inconvenient to be so precise? Nevertheless the archdeacon thought it only prudent to go up to London.

"Susan," said the archdeacon to his wife, just as he was starting;—at this moment neither of them were in the happiest spirits,—"I think I would say a word of caution to Griselda."

"Do you feel so much doubt about it as that?" said Mrs. Grantly. But even she did not dare to put a direct negative to this proposal, so much had she been moved by what she had heard!

"I think I would do so, not frightening her more than I could help. It will lessen the blow if it be that the blow is to fall."

"It will kill me," said Mrs. Grantly; "but I think that she will be able to bear it."

On the next morning Mrs. Grantly, with much cunning preparation, went about the task which her husband had left her to perform. It took her long to do, for she was very cunning in the doing of it; but at last it dropped from her in words that there was a possibility—a bare possibility—that some disappointment might even yet be in store for them.

"Do you mean, mamma, that the marriage will be put off?"

"I don't mean to say that I think it will; God forbid! but it is just possible. I daresay that I am very wrong to tell you of this, but I know that you have sense enough to bear it. Papa has gone to London and we shall hear from him soon."

"Then, mamma, I had better give them orders not to go on with the marking."

The Emancipation of the Serfs in Russia.

Great must have been the change which has taken place in Russia since the death of the Emperor Nicholas. It would seem as though the nation on that occasion gave one long, deep sigh of relief, and with a new reign began to breathe a freer atmosphere, which would tend to its invigoration. Now one begins to perceive that there is a Russian people, and that it has a will, desires, and an intelligence of its own. Nowhere can the change be more strongly remarked than by a visit to any of the imperial theatres. Formerly, not the least sign of either applause or disapprobation was allowed in these places of amusement, which were supported by Government to wean the attention of the public from politics and from progress; now, even in the Grand Theatre, noisy applause, hissing, hooting, and stamping of feet, may be heard, according as the enthusiasm, the party spirit, or the patience of the upper audience, is concerned. An incident which occurred during the obsequies of the celebrated comic actor Martinov, more strikingly illustrates the change that has taken place. The people, in their enthusiasm, dragged the funeral car to the place of interment, and among the thousands of spectators with uncovered heads appeared the chief of the gendarmerie on horseback, and with his helmet on his head; he was immediately *mobbed*, with hooting and hissing, and compelled at last to doff his helmet. Such an occurrence would create little surprise in Western Europe; but in St. Petersburg, and much more in the interior, it was an event and a wonder.

A Russian gentleman who, under the late reign, had expiated some liberal expressions or ideas by a common soldier's life in the Caucasus, asked me one day,—

"How long has the Emperor Nicholas been dead?"

"Five years, is it not?" I replied.

"Nonsense! five hundred years, you mean," said he.

He then proceeded to show how Russia had really made more progress towards true civilization during the last five years, than during the five hundred years which preceded them. The emancipation of serfs, whether accomplished peaceably or with bloodshed, must be the greatest glory of the reign of Alexander II. He has carried this wise and beneficent measure against a powerful and obstinate combination, whose richest harvest was reaped under the shadow of slavery, corruption, and ignorance. Among other liberal measures adopted by the Government, is the abolition of passports; but a much more important measure, if it can be accomplished against the strenuous opposition of a large party, will be the opening of public courts of law, with advocates to plead in

them—a measure which only those in Russia having to do with law can appreciate. Add to these, the increased freedom given to the press: which can now discuss subjects of public utility, and even begins, though timidly, to criticize the abuses of officials. In the few periodicals also appear fragments of history and of biography, which formerly would have been struck out by the censor, and which will afford materials for some future historians of Russia; for at present its history in the Russian language is little better than annals, where facts are mentioned, indeed, but where reasoning on causes and effects is wholly omitted. In fact, the truths and secrets of Russian history are far better known to foreigners than to untravelled Russians.

Two subjects have lately occupied all minds, and formed the topics of conversation—the emancipation of the serfs, and the progress of Garibaldi. The enthusiasm for the latter pervaded court, saloon, and boudoir—especially the latter, for the Russian ladies have most exalted ideas of liberty, and admire rebellion, even to stimulating it. The word "Garibaldi" was in everybody's mouth; newspapers, and anecdotes of him were greedily read. The fear was that the meeting of the Emperors at Warsaw would have an effect prejudicial to him and the Italian cause, and that the Russian Government would again be implored and deceived by perfidious Austria. For the hatred towards Austria in the breasts of all Russians, whether prince, noble, or peasant, bureaucrat or liberal, is deep-rooted and intense; and a fresh stimulus was given to it in 1849 in Hungary, and during the late conflict with the Western Powers.

In order to make Russian serfdom and its abolition better known to the reader unacquainted with Russian history, I will briefly sketch what has been the condition of the Russian people at various periods of a most eventful history. It is not at all improbable that the changes which are now taking place, not only in the condition of the lower classes, but in the minds of the higher, will bring Russia into still more prominent notice. Indeed, Russia and her people—the nucleus of the Sclavonic race—deserve to be more generally known in Western Europe than they are at present.

All the Russian chroniclers and historians agree in affirming that from the fifth century (the time of the earliest records) to the tenth century, the Sclavonians existed as a nation, with the great centres of their population at Novgorod and Kief. From the irruption of the barbarians into Europe, and the destruction of a former civilization, to the appearance of Charlemagne, the herald of another and a better state of society—through all the intervening period of darkness, anarchy, and blood—the Sclavonic republic, half patriarchal, half democratic, prevailed, and commerce and agriculture flourished. With the arrival of the Norman or Varegue Chief Rurik and his followers, A.D. 862, from the shores of the Baltic (who were invited, as the Saxons were to England, as friends, but who appeared as haughty conquerors), were introduced the germs of feudalism and

serfdom.* Under the descendants of Rurik, till the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century, the only slaves in Russia were prisoners of war, debtors, or those who willingly sold themselves to one more powerful. The peasants were free, being yearly tenants of their landlords, and could remove from one district to another when their term expired.

The Mongol invasion and dominion were the curse of the Sclavonic race, and their dire effects on the *morale* of the people is but too evident up to the present time. Their brutal sway lasted more than 250 years. The princes of the land became the abject slaves of their conquerors, and intriguers one against the other; the poor people became oppressed both by prince and conqueror, and bent down its neck in subjection and despair, so that a generation or two later, the yoke of serfdom was placed on it without calling forth a struggle or a murmur.

Under the Tartar dominion the peasant was first bound to the soil he cultivated, in order to facilitate the collection of the poll-tax then levied on the whole population. But from the time when Russia finally threw off the yoke under the Tsar Ivan, until the year 1625, during the reign of the first of the Romanovs, the peasant was more or less free to pass from one estate to another, as interest or desire prompted. The domestic slaves remained as before, being bought and sold. It was Michael Romanov, who, acting under the advice of his father, the crafty patriarch Philarete, in order to rally partizans to his new dynasty, fixed the peasant to the soil he tilled; still leaving him, however, certain liberties and immunities.

Peter the Great, the regenerator of Russia, in re-establishing the capitation tax, and taking a general census for the purposes of recruitment, confirmed and aggravated the condition of the peasant. In the lists then made out, *serf* and *slave* were mingled together; and confusion followed, until it became impossible to make a distinction between the two classes: thus it is that the serfdom of 42,000,000 of men has been seen in the present century in Europe.

A distinction could, however, still be made among the peasants and slaves thus condemned to a common serfdom. This distinction was between the serfs of the crown and the serfs of private individuals. The former, paying their yearly contribution to the crown for the lands they occupied, were comparatively free; at all events were not subject to individual tyranny. But from Peter the First to the Emperor Paul, emperors and empresses carried out the odious system of bestowing crown lands with the serfs attached, as rewards to fortunate generals, or as presents to their minions.† Catherine the Second bestowed millions of serfs on the nobility,

* In 1862 will be celebrated throughout Russia, by extraordinary feasts, the anniversary of 1,000 years since the foundation of the Russian monarchy by Rurik.

† An example has been, indeed, given by the "States General" in Moscow, in 1613, when they bestowed crown lands with serfs on Minine, the butcher of Nizni Novgorod, and on Prince Pojarsky, who freed their country from the Poles. Alexander I. discontinued the system, and would have abolished serfdom altogether, if his firmness had been equal to the humane impulses of his nature.

whose favour she wished to gain, and on her numerous lovers. Her son Paul followed her example, without having her reasons and necessities for so doing; besides counting off lands in various parts of the empire, containing about 2,000,000 serfs, for the use and profit of the imperial family.

The 42,000,000 of serfs might be divided in round numbers as follows: 20,000,000 of crown serfs, 2,000,000 in the imperial domains, and 20,000,000 under private proprietors. Already the crown serfs and those of the imperial domains are declared free, and the emancipation of the rest is only retarded for the completion of the necessary arrangements.

The connection between proprietor and serf has, of course, ever varied according to circumstances; being mild and patriarchal on some estates, slave-driving on others. By law, the labour to be imposed on the serf for the land he holds of his master, is that of three days per week; yet many proprietors force their men for six days during the summer, and in winter field labour is impossible. Such properties may be soon recognized by the squalidness and misery of the peasantry. A certain proprietor passing from the south to St. Petersburg, told me that, passing twice through such a district, he inquired the reason of so much poverty and dirtiness among the people; the answer was that the *pameschik*, or landlord, took six days a week, and that they had no time for themselves. In a village about the centre of the country, in the same condition, I asked the same question, and received the same answer. My conversation was with the *yamshik*, or postilion, who was a serf of the estate, and hired out on the Obrok system; he received sixty roubles a year, the whole of which he had to pay to his proprietor. "But this will soon be over now," said the man. "*Svobodnie eh né svobodnie*—to be free, or not to be free—that is the question now." On asking further, I found he had not the least idea of any of the blessings of freedom, but thought they consisted in doing nothing, or only so much as to provide the means of getting drunk. Of this, however, there is no doubt, that since the emancipation has been mooted, many proprietors have been doubly hard in squeezing as much labour as possible out of the serfs; while the serfs, knowing they would soon be free, seem resolved to do as little as possible.

Many proprietors, on the other hand, when the subject took a serious aspect, either voluntarily emancipated their serfs or made private arrangements with them. A friend of mine, an officer in the navy, on his return from a long voyage, when the peasants came to congratulate him according to old custom, addressed them seriously on the change about to take place in their condition. With one voice they cried out, they were very happy as they were, and did not want to be free. Indeed, under an easy, humane proprietor, serfs are almost as much a burden as a profit. They have no cares but such as their labour imposes, and the proprietor is bound by many bonds to them: he must pay their taxes to the Government; if their *isba*, or hut, be burned down, he must rebuild it; if their cow, pig, or horse die,

he must replace it; if sickness be in the family, he must provide doctor and medicines; if in want, he must feed them; if naked, he must clothe them:—in short, in all their wants they look up to their pameschik for assistance and advice. It is true that the peasant should repay all this by degrees; but, as he is lazy and has little money, he is always deeply in debt, as are most of the serfs throughout Russia. All the enlightened, travelled Russian proprietors with whom I ever spoke, leaving their ideas of humanity aside, declared they thought that the emancipation would be, after a short period, more a profit than a loss to them; men of narrow ideas, or those whose estates were deeply mortgaged to the Government, were of course fearful that the change would injure them very materially.

As most of the proprietors are absentees during the greater part of the year, their estates are managed by agents; if the estate is small, by the head men of the peasantry. Every male serf has the right to a certain portion of land, about four tchetverts (eight acres, two roods, thirty poles *circa*), but often less in the most valuable districts; for this he gives his labour three days per week. Where the communal system exists, the land thus ceded is classed, measured, and portioned out among the different families comprising the commune. This *mire*, or communal system, is one of the most striking of Russian institutions. It has already descended from generation to generation for more than a thousand years, and is, in fact, a primitive emblem of what in other countries has grown into *self-government*. The commune meets under the presidency of its Starsi, or elders, to deliberate on the general good. Over every district is, however, a tchinofnik, or Government supervisor.*

The Council wisely determined that the manumisson of the serf should not take place without land for the freed man. Whether this should be, and how it should be, were among the most difficult questions to be decided; on one side were the proprietors, loath to submit to a partition of their lands without recompence, and on the other hand the serfs, who considered themselves the true owners of the land.† After much discussion, and the consideration of hundreds of plans and projects, the following arrangements have been made. Each peasant will receive his isba, or hut, with the plot of ground surrounding, as

* Gerebtzoff, *Histoire de la Civilisation en Russie*, mentions an example which may be a pendant to that of Frederick and the Miller of Potsdam. A certain communal village of free peasants was required for Government purposes, and the inhabitants were ordered to quit immediately. They assembled, talked over their affairs, and presented a protest to the Emperor Nicholas, who commanded that they should remain where they were.

† The proprietors must have consented, from fear, if not from more generous motives; for the serfs, when once they heard the word "emancipation," were not to be put off more: and they would not be free without land. "God gave our forefathers the land to till," says a Russian peasant. "We are their children; the land is therefore ours. The Czar is God's representative—him and his servants we serve; but the land, the country, is ours."

his freehold for ever, free of cost; he will, besides, have the right to another portion of land, varying in quantity according to the quality, the locality, and extent of the estate. For this he will become a debtor to the Government, which has to immediately reimburse the proprietor, and he must pay off the annuity during a certain number of years, at the expiration of which that land will also be his freehold. In a country like Russia, land in some districts is worth a hundredfold what it is in others; so that the quantity to be given to the peasant will depend on the quality, and especially the locality, of the land. If the peasant has means to cultivate more than what he will possess as his right, perfect liberty is left him to hire additional land.

Again, in certain small estates the number of peasants is out of proportion to the extent of land, and were a thorough distribution to be made, the proprietor would be left quite without any; this will be remedied by removing the surplus number of peasants to crown lands. The proprietors of serfs let out to service, and who receive the obrok from them, will be indemnified by a money payment by the Government: this also is to be refunded by the freed man. The personal domestic slave will become simply free, and for the future receive wages as in other countries.

The soil-bound peasant; the serf who labours on his own account, and pays the obrok or tribute to his master; and the *dvoreriie*, or personal servants—form the three classes of Russian serfdom. But, to the glory of humanity and progress, such an institution will, in Europe, soon belong only to the past, though the curse that slavery entails can only be redeemed by many generations of rational freedom. The emancipation once accomplished, it will be curious to mark its effects on the people. Different opinions are formed by thinking Russians who have studied their people, as to what these effects will be. From my own observations and deductions, I came to the opinion that the change will be deeply felt by the country, and at first for the worse; for the Russian peasant bears a great resemblance, in many respects, to the Irish Celtic peasant. Both peoples, too, have long suffered from absentee landlords, who were only heard of when money had to be squeezed from the unfortunate tenants.

During the Tartar dominion, the Sclave acquired that deep religious feeling which characterizes him, and which, though mechanical and superstitious, is yet free from bigotry and persecution. In their habits, the Sclaves are indolent and negligent; they are acute, possess natural wit and humour, and are ready at repartee. They are hard drinkers, but hospitable, good-natured, and patriotic; few Russian peasants willingly leave their country. The Sclave, though superstitious, is patient of all creeds, forgiving by disposition, rarely guilty of acts of violence, and then only when enraged by tyranny or under the influence of drink. The Sclavonians are eminently a pastoral and agricultural people, peaceable by nature and habit: not at all the warlike people they are supposed to be. Religion, or their country in danger, alone calls forth in them a military enthusiasm. When their country has been invaded, they have known

well how to defend their own; as the Poles knew in the sixteenth century, as Charles XII. found at Poltowa, and Napoleon at Moscow and during his Retreat. In all the wars against the Turks religious enthusiasm often helped to gain the victory. The Russian peasant detests military life,—less from the hardships of the service than from the repugnance of his nature; but when once enrolled, and under strict discipline, his very ignorance, stubbornness, and obedience, help to make of his class one of the most formidable armies in the world.

The Russian peasant will work just enough to supply the bare wants of his nature. He will cultivate a little buck wheat for his *Kash*,* and a plot of cabbage for his *Stchu;* the sale of his pig, his fowls, or his calf, will provide him with whisky and tobacco; the sheep-skins supply his clothing. Unaccustomed to have any charge made upon him, except by his proprietor, he will not at first understand the payments to be made to Government for the land he occupies; although such payments may, after a time, prove an incentive to industry. If the communal system be preserved, this again may call forth the peasant's energy; for the land being held in a mass by the commune, and paid for by it, one man's industry will be a reproach and a check on the indolence of the others. Such will probably be the state of the Russian peasantry for a long time after they are free; and, until the whole social life of Russia can be reorganized, and things find their level, the country will have to experience the after effects which such a curse as slavery ever brings upon every grade of a population, whether noble or hind.

There is, however, one strong feature in the character of the Russian lower orders; and that is, their disposition to barter and commerce: in this they much resemble the Chinese, whose love of trading is well known. Many serfs, therefore, on their liberation will, no doubt, flock to the towns, and there gain a livelihood in various channels of commerce.

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* Kash, the grain of buck wheat, eaten as rice is in India, or the potato in Ireland, forms with Stchu, or cabbage soup, the chief aliment of the Russian peasant.

In Memoriam.

NOVEMBER 28, 1860.

I.

When I beheld the weakness and the pain,
That from thy clammy temples wrung the dew;
And as I mark'd how faint and fainter grew
Thy breathing, as it went and came again
In fitful struggles, whilst thy wandering brain
Was in a sea of troubled fancies lost,
Like some night-founder'd bark, all tempest-tost,
That battles with the winds and waves in vain:
Then did I join my heartfelt prayer to thine,
That, in His mercy, God might set thee free,
Nor, for thy death was certain, bid thee pine
In unavailing, lengthen'd misery.

II.

It came—the long-suspended blow—at last;
And Death upon thy features, pale and still,
Had laid the signet of his fingers chill;
And Time for thee, and Hope for us, were past.
Then, on that marble deadness as I cast
My aching eyes, and saw from day to day
No pulse, no vital motion in the clay
Where unfamiliar stillness reigned, aghast
I stood; and did repent me of my prayer
That God might pluck thee from thy sharp distress;
For any state, methought, so life were there,
Were better than that stony speechlessness.

G. B.

The Turkish Bath.

"Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit."—Seneca.

A well-to-do Englishman is a boastful being. He thinks everything in England is better than anything abroad, and the result of his travels is that he feels more strongly the true value of the institutions of his own country, and the comforts of his home. His physical condition he regards as being superior to that of any other two-legged creature in the world: he will yield the palm to none in that matter, or in his knowledge of what constitutes comfort. His broadcloth is better, his linen more radiantly white, his diet more substantial and invigorating than those of anybody else; above all things, his superiority in cleanliness is that upon which he most prides himself. He sponges himself all over with cold water every morning, or takes a plunge in sea or river, besides taking an occasional warm bath; and what can a man do more to ensure health and cleanliness? That he is outwardly clean must be admitted; but what if the very process of ablution not only fails to cleanse the skin thoroughly, but tends to keep the pores clogged with dirt?

In England we are content to use stagnant and polluted water. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should jump into a water-trough, in defiance of our knowledge of exosmosis and endosmosis; which means simply that a substance placed on both sides in contact with the same or different fluids, will permit a transfusion and intermixture of those fluids, though it would have been quite impervious to either of them if applied separately on one side only. It was discovered as a law of vegetation, but it applies equally to animal structures; so that if we soak the body in a trough of hot water, the superficial soluble dirt thus disengaged, when reimbibed by the skin, is nothing less than a poison. That which is given off from the body must be the most unfit thing possible to be reintroduced into it. The surface of the skin may after such immersion show some appearance of cleanliness, but the system has obviously been debilitated rather than relieved; the languor that many experience after a warm bath may be taken as a proof of this. The inactive skin is inactive still; the pores that were plugged with effete matter remain so still. After long-continued perspiration, the trough-washing might not be amiss, though there is an inherent idea of filth in all stagnancy. But without such preparation, either by artificial heat or the natural heat of exercise, the gentleman who takes his trough-bath is internally dirtier than the labouring man who has been digging a ditch all day in the hot sun.

This assertion, to those who are in ignorance of the functions of the skin, may appear strange and inconsistent; but it is true. The gentleman's dirt being in the system, is therefore supposed not to exist; whilst the dirt of the poor man, luckily for him, has been brought to the surface

by copious perspiration. If after the day's work, a labourer could wash and put on clean linen he would be almost as clean as the bath could make him; though it is to be hoped that before very long the bath will be placed within reach of the poor, as it may easily be effected by a conversion of the existing parochial "baths and washhouses," into thermæ. As it is, however, the labouring poor are on the whole freer from constitutional disease than the middle and higher classes. In the annals of centenarians, it will be found that the proportion of labouring poor predominates: in other words, those who have lived most in the open air live the longest. Few, high or low, reach the age of a hundred, except such as have fulfilled this condition. Sportsmen, shepherds, gamekeepers, herdsmen, mariners, and ploughmen, these are the men whose vocations favour longevity.

Having lost the Oriental thermal process itself, so in reviving it, we have devised the most inappropriate of terms to characterize it: Servius' derivation of *lucus à non lucendo* is felicitous in comparison. The Turkish bath is called a bath; but the principle is thermal, and does not consist in washing; and it is called Turkish, though the Turks did not originate it, but have only continued its use. But the Turkish bath, when tried, will, by its ministration to pleasure, to comeliness, to cleanliness and health, soon surmount the solecism of its appellation.

"The East is the land of the bath," says Disraeli. But the Red Indians have it, and they live in the West; the Laplanders have it, and they live in the North; nor are the Africans without it: thus we arrive at the four points in the geography of the bath. True, the East is the land of the bath; but then what is it not the land of? The bath is not a thing of yesterday, but a primeval institution.

Scarcely any nation is without the bath. The Assyrians, the Medes and Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, all the four monarchies redoubtable in history, successively adopted the institution. But the ambiguity of the Greek, Latin, and English terms affords no clue to the particular process in each case: with more or less deviation from accuracy, every one of the words may be applied to processes of washing and cleansing generally. The bath is mentioned in the *Odyssey*, but there it is only a tub of warm water, and handmaidens perform the office for Ulysses, anointing him afterwards, and casting about him the beautiful tunic. The baths of Himera in Sicily, which Pindar wrote of, were natural warm springs, like those in our city of Bath: λοῦτρα is the word—simply *washing places*. Out of all this vagueness, nothing is to be gathered, except that many of the pre-historic European races had taken up with water-troughs, tubs, river-bathing, and sea-bathing; which, though things good enough in themselves, are poor substitutes for the true thermal principle of the Turkish bath.

It is said that vestiges of the bath are wanting in ancient Egypt, because the monuments contain no record of it. This, however, is a hasty conclusion. The Jews possessed the bath, we know not how early,

The minuteness of the Mosaical ceremonial, with its burdensome purifications and laborious inculcation of cleanliness, is conceived in the very spirit of this Eastern device; and if the Hebrews had the bath, it is probable that the Egyptians, among whom they sojourned four hundred years, were not without it. Plato, in his wonderful romance, the Atlantis, which he delivers as from Egyptian monuments and the teaching of their clergy, tells that in that ocean island they had baths highly ornamented, some open to the air, and others roofed, with winter rooms and summer rooms; some fitted up royally for kings, others for men, others for women; the very horses and beasts of burden were not forgotten or overlooked.* It follows from this that the Egyptians were familiar with the bath, and had even carried it out practically to an extent to which the East itself is in this day almost a stranger. Here we have another inferential evidence of the universality of the bath; China and Japan giving the same testimony, the conviction grows upon us that no race was originally without the bath.

The Roman Thermæ we must pass over, as being a subject more than sufficiently handled already by innumerable architects and antiquaries; who have, however, obscured, by confusion of terms, the simple principle of the thermæ. The Greeks, though they owed letters, philosophy and architecture, to the East, had the ready phrase, *ἀμαθὴς καὶ βάρβαρος* (ignorant and savage), to designate everything not Hellenic. Amongst other things they borrowed the bath; but they never acknowledged the debt. The practical Romans found it a good thing, and adopted it, but took no trouble to trace it beyond Sparta; so they called their hot chamber Laconicum, or Sudatorium. We are almost sure that before the ædileship of Agrippa, B.C. 23, the Laconicum was not known in Rome; the one built by him being the first erected there, in what were called the Baths of Agrippa. Very little information of a practical nature, however, can be acquired from a study of the remains of the Roman thermæ.

Let us, therefore, turn away from Rome and direct our attention to Constantinople, where we may find at this day a working model of the bath, from which alone a true knowledge of its principle and process can be gleaned. A large share of praise has been lavished upon the Turks for the sagacity displayed by them in retaining so valuable an institution as that which they found in great vigour and perfection at the capture of Constantinople. But history records a trifling incident which shows the Turks to have been previously cognizant of the restorative uses of the bath, and of the refreshment to be derived from it after severe fatigue; for it is recorded that the day after the taking of the city they rushed in crowds to the baths † to recover from the fatigue they had undergone.

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* Thormanby, a winner of the Derby, during his training, was introduced to the bath, and thus became the latest commentator on Plato.

† There were then in Constantinople more than 300 public baths, and some 2,000 private ones.

The thermæ of Constantinople were probably on a scale of much greater magnitude than any the Turks had previously been made acquainted with. They have preserved them with fidelity, and multiplied them in number; but, very wisely, they have shown no taste for innovation, and have scrupulously adhered to the original plans without seeking to turn to the right hand or to the left. With the exception of the strigil, for which a glove of goat's hair and the "liffe" have been substituted, the processes of the bath in use to-day are identical with those which were in full operation in Rome itself, now eighteen hundred years ago. For a competent knowledge of the Roman thermæ, therefore, and what they were in their working order, we must take a trip to the Hamâms of Constantinople.

Amongst the Saracens, as also amongst the Romans, the planning, repair, and building of baths was one of the most important, as it was also the most popular, of imperial functions. At Rome the thermæ were held in such estimation, that the worst and most cruel of the emperors, such as Caracalla and Nero, obtained the endearing appellation of "*Pater patriæ*," fathers of their country, for no other reason than that they erected thermæ. Pliny exhorts Trajan, by the "glory of his reign," to restore the bath at Prusa; and the Saracens, not a whit behind in this respect, placed these edifices, by an express law, under the guardianship and protection of the Crown. The bath and the mosque have now become inseparably connected, so that it is not permitted to construct a mosque without a bath accompanying it; in fact, the bath is styled by them, "the entrance gate to the temple of the Most High." The baths of the large cities are architectural ornaments, but for practical cleanliness there can hardly be found a Mussulman village, either in Asia, Africa, or Europe, unprovided with its bath.

With respect to the use of the bath, there appear to be two processes, both equally efficacious as regards cleanliness. The one may be called the long, and the other the short process. The short process occupies little more than half an hour, and is all that a Moslem regards as necessary for the due completion of the legal ablution. But the long process, being one of luxury, will vary in duration from one hour and a half to four hours, though it may be very fairly performed in a space of two hours. From Constantinople to Egypt, and from Damascus to Bagdad, there is but one plan pursued, either in the process or the principle of the bath, though in dimension and splendour the variety is infinite; one description, therefore, will suffice for all.

On entering the bath, the first apartment consists of a spacious hall, or rotunda, the central summit of which is open, admitting a gentle but free circulation of air, and is in form not unlike the cupola of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Running round by the wall is a raised dais or platform, covered with a carpet, and divided into compartments, one of which is appropriated to each visitor. In the centre of the building is a fountain, which plays refreshingly into a marble basin, raised on a pedestal of

masonry. On a couch, on the platform above mentioned, you undress; your clothing is tied up in a napkin, and you are attired in three scarfs of towelling, of a peculiar fabric, warm and rough, but yet soft, and gaily bordered with blue or red raw silk: one of these, the *subligar* or *subligaculum* of the Romans, girds the loins; another is thrown over the shoulder, and the last is twisted up into a turban for the head. Throughout this operation, every care is taken to preserve decorum; and with a scrupulousness and delicacy almost unknown, we regret to add, to Europeans. Two attendants hold a cloth before you until you have undressed and properly adjusted the bathing attire; you then are furnished with wooden pattens, and quit the undressing-room (*apodyterium*) for the heated chambers: the two attendants, walking behind, still accompany you, and as you are on pattens, each holds you by an arm.

The swinging doors give access to a narrow passage, where the heat strikes upon the face, and announces very sensibly that the bath has begun. This passage makes a sudden turn at a right angle, and the heat then increases; though the temperature is still not high, and the mist of vapour is very slight, if at all perceptible. You now enter the tepid chamber, the *tepidarium* of the ancients. Sometimes "the passage" above alluded to, is dispensed with, and the *tepidarium* itself forms the junction between the two halls. In the latter case it is oblong in form, and has a marble platform on each side, raised about a foot and a half above the central part; this, serving as a passage, is of course on the same level as the two chambers which it connects: but whether as a passage, or as a hall in itself, it is all paved with marble. The mattress and cushion which are carried before you, are laid upon the dais and against the wall; the paraphernalia of other guests being similarly disposed all round. Coffee and pipes are now brought. In this apartment, dimly lighted, day sometimes being quite excluded, a flickering lamp reveals uncertainly the nature of the place and of its occupants. The perspiration gently starts from its myriad ducts, whilst the solemn murky air tranquillizes the spirit, and seems to exclude with a lull of calmness thoughts of the fretful world. It is here that a stranger in town or village first mingles with the inhabitants, and glides imperceptibly, and divested of the adventitious aids of dress and attendance, into the niche which his social status qualifies him to occupy. A gentle foretaste of shampooing is given in this apartment; an attendant chafes the feet, or lightly taps the neck and limbs to start the perspiration. When it has fully broken out, you are ready for the hot chamber (*caldarium* or *laconicum*) which you now enter.

This is somewhat similar in form to the first hall, and is generally covered in with a dome, the light being admitted through loopholes filled with stained glass. Early in the morning the place is quite clear, and the atmosphere is dry, but as the washing takes place here, it becomes at a later hour of the day filled with vapour: this has led many to imagine that the Turkish bath is, like the Russian, essentially a vapour bath; which is not the case. The Turkish bath is in principle, and in

fact, a hot-air bath; the vapour being almost an accident. Here the towels are all removed, except that which encircles the loins. Ablution is then performed, to which the sounds of clanking bowls and dropping water duly correspond. Through the light gray mist the attendants and bathers flit in a spectral manner, and ever and anon there arises a clapping of the hands, which is the bathman's method of signalizing. The process of shampooing which is here undergone is most peculiar, and is that part of the bath which of all others will be found least easy of adoption into this country. It is in itself an art of no mean attainment, and proves, as has been well remarked, that animal magnetism has been practised in the East for centuries, and rendered so practically manageable as to be fairly designated the handmaiden of health.

Mr. Urquhart's description of the performance, as it is given in his work, the *Pillars of Hercules*, is as follows:—"Under the dome there is an extensive platform of marble slabs: on this you get up; the cloths are taken from your head and shoulders; one is spread for you to lie on, the other is rolled for your head; you lie down on your back; the tellak (two, if the operation is properly performed) kneels at your side, and bending over, grips and presses your chest, arms, and legs, passing from part to part like a bird shifting its place on a perch; he brings his whole weight on you with a jerk, follows the line of muscle with anatomical thumb, draws the open hand strongly over the surface, particularly round the shoulders, turning you half up in so doing; stands with his feet on the thighs, and on the chest, and slips down the ribs, then up again three times; and lastly, doubling your arms one after the other on the chest, pushes with both hands down, beginning at the elbow, and then putting an arm under the back, and applying his chest to your crossed elbows, rolls on you across till you crack. You are now turned on your face, and, in addition to the operation above described, he works his elbow round the edges of your shoulder-blades, and with the heel plies hard the angle of your neck; he concludes by hauling the body half up by each arm successively, while he stands with one foot on the opposite thigh. You are then raised for a moment to a sitting posture, and a contortion is given to the small of the back with the knee, and a jerk to the neck by the two hands holding the temples."

The reader must guard against the supposition that all this cracking of the joints and supple members, this kneading of the flesh, is attended with discomfort or pain. When it is skilfully performed, the sensation is even pleasurable: indeed this is signified by the Arabic word *mass*, which means, "to handle delicately."

Next comes the washing, or rather the use of the glove made of camel's or goat's hair. After remoistening the body, which you do for yourself with a cup given you for that purpose, you, in a sitting position, bend towards the attendant, who bending over you, rubs down the back, commencing from the neck. The loosened scarf skin peels off in little elongated rolls, and if collected will form a ball as big as a hyacinth

root. It was for the removal of this dead cuticle that the strigil was anciently used; and how it has fallen into disuse would be a curious subject of research. We may infer from an epigram of Martial's, that it was originally an Eastern implement, for he speaks of its coming from Pergamus. Augustus borrowed his wooden reclining couch, called *dureta*, from Spain, and Suetonius expressly says that the word is Spanish. Many think that the word *strigil* is also Iberian; but *stringere*, to graze lightly, to pull or peel off, denotes its true derivation.

Following upon the glove comes the soaping process. A bowl of water is brought frothed with Cretan soap, which is sometimes perfumed, and the soft fibrous *liffe* of the palm-tree to rub the body with. With this the body is washed, beginning at the head: this operation is repeated twice. Then come the hot cloths, in which you are wrapped; and the final act of the bath is to dash a bowl of water over the feet: a very important custom this, and one which opens up a very singular subject of inquiry, though we shall not at present touch upon it.

You now return to the cooling room, or *Frigidarium*. There you recline upon a couch with a sense of ease and tranquillity almost indescribable. The blood circulates freely, the chest dilates, the fresh air comes charged with vitality. The wretched find life tolerable, and the aged cast off for a moment the burden of years. Savary, describing the sensation, says, "It feels as if one was just born, and began to live for the first time. A lively sense of existence spreads over the whole body; one yields to the most pleasant imaginations, and the mind is entertained with the most delightful reveries. The fancy ransacks all nature, and finds in it nothing but the gayest pictures, and images of pure delight. If life," he runs on, philosophizing after Locke, as was the manner of his countrymen in that day—"If life is but the succession of ideas, the rapidity with which the memory then traces them, the vigour with which the spirit then traverses every link, would lead one to suppose that in the two hours of unbroken calm which follow the bath many years have elapsed." Every one who has experienced the processes of the *real* Turkish bath, in all their perfection, bears witness to the same effect. The whole man wakes, and yet the whole man is in a state of repose. There is a sense of recondite energy coupled with the silent serenity of absolute rest. The air grows electrical, and we find for the first time that breathing is inspiration. This feeling soon gives place to an eager appetite for exercise and labour: a most natural succession.

In the East, the days of the bath are festivals for the women, being the sole occasions on which they escape from the confinement of their homes, or harems. The luxury in which they indulge far exceeds that of the men. Through the streets they wear an outer garment of the most simple character, but beneath they carry "raiment of needlework," with "clothing of wrought gold;" they walk, indeed, as king's daughters, "all glorious within." Attended by their female slaves, they go through all the ceremony indicated above, with innumerable additions of perfumed

towels, dyes, tinctures, pastes, and decorative cosmetics. There is this difference, however, as compared with European ladies, that none of these medicaments, except a few precious essences, remain upon the skin when the toilet is completed. They blacken their brows and the edge of the eyelid with *cohel*, which is tin burnt and prepared with gall-nuts; the nails of the fingers they stain with the shrub *henna*, to a bright golden colour. They also use *henna* paste to dye the hair; if black, it renders it of a bronze-like auburn, and if grey, it converts it to russet. Their clothing is passed through the fragrant vapour of the wood of aloes, and when the toilet is completed they still remain chatting, or are entertained with tales, or songs and dances by females, whose vocation is to provide this amusement.

In our own case, artificial habits, and sophisticated manners, a morbid exercise of the intellectual faculties, a blind neglect of physical exercise, rapid locomotion which disturbs the brain tissue, and an inextricable web of scientific yet conflicting theories, have all, as so many blind guides, led us away from the certain instincts which are the common heritage of a natural and self-grown humanity. The Japanese describe an Englishman as "an animal of many and tight wrappers* who lives almost without air,† and yet dances on all occasions to the draught tunes of an organ;‡ in matters of government he professes to direct himself altogether by what other people think,§ and yet he sets up for a divine being, and in a mystical way calls himself after the name of his deity.‖ He worships the god of the ancient Egyptians under the twofold form of Apis and Serapis, which in his language are known as Beef and the Golden Calf." There are some touches of satire apparent in this estimate of Anglo-Saxon practices; but we cannot expect that Orientals should be capable of appreciating the manifold blessings of the advanced stage of civilization which we have attained! We may in general rest content in the enjoyment of our own great and undoubted superiority, but it is right to learn even from the weak and foolish; and in the single matter of air, as a cleansing agent more efficacious than "soap and nitre," we have some things to learn that may be attended with profit and national advantage.

If, then, the human body can with any propriety of speech be designated as air carnalized, which no doubt it may in a great degree, what dietary can be so precious as that which will thoroughly harmonize the flesh and skin with the atmosphere? Considered in this light, the thermal process stands out as the sole artificial means whereby such harmony can be established; unremitting bodily exercise being the only natural means for attaining the same end. Light, electricity, heat, and air, are the four most rarefied conditions of matter, and so immaterialized, that, alone of

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* Trowsers, flannels, and great-coats, it is supposed this means.

† Being without the bath the skin is inorganic.

‡ The Press generally. § Public opinion. ‖ John Bull.

all things in the universe, they seem admitted to the secret cloister of the life of man. The thermal process of the bath places in our hand, and in a great degree under our guidance, the two latter of these mysterious agents. Of the luxury of the bath enough has been said: it is no mean thing, in a weary world, to invent a new pleasure; but of cleanliness, health, and morality, as tending to promote that spiritual nobility without which life is nothing worth, who can say enough?

Air is the pabulum of life; meat and drink are but fuel to support combustion. But the generation of fire, light, heat, and life, is not to be accounted for (if it ever can be) by any amount of study devoted to the fuel exhausted in combustion. These things must be studied in themselves, and in relation to the atmospheric air, so that air is the pabulum of animal life and the true elixir. Amongst all our theorists, why is it that none have studied the air as a vital agent? The answer is, because it was obvious and *next* to them. Learning overleaps time and space; the senses depend upon proximity.

Everybody who has tried the bath knows that it renders the flesh firm; yet some say that it is weakening: but if air be the food of life, it is not likely, seeing that we cook all our food, that the addition of heat to air will render it weakening. Perspiration is connected in most minds with exhaustion, because it accompanies exertion, and is also a symptom of certain debilitating diseases. But to judge health from disease is absurd; it is to condemn the blooming cheek of health, because the consumptive is hectic. The perspiration of exercise has been shown to be a cause of longevity; healthy perspiration is always hot; muscular exertion generates it, because it *first generates heat.* The perspiration is a sign of heat generated, and not of fatigue. It is the exercise of volition that wearies. Involuntary action, such as the pulsation of the heart, works unceasingly, but never tires. One practical proof is the health of the bath attendants in Turkey, who daily spend eight hours at least in the bath, and are remarkable for health, vigour, and longevity. The *Hummal*, or porter, on quitting the profuse perspiration of the bath, will place a load of five hundredweight on his back without assistance, and carry it lightly off. The bath and shampooing afford relief almost magical to a man suffering from the most severe fatigue, after journeying hours and hours on horsback.

"Well can I recall," says Mr. Urquhart, "the *Hamâm* doors which I have entered scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and from which I have sprung into my saddle again, elastic as a sinew and light as a feather."

The utility of shampooing is said to receive singular confirmation in the Sandwich Islands. Stature there distinguishes the classes; and the chiefs, who are the largest and best-grown men, are *shampooed after every meal*, and frequently at other times.

Man is intended to inhabit almost every region of the earth. Climate and the zones of latitude confine the location of other animals, so that

their skins differ from that of man in their appearance and in their structure. The skin of birds presents a nearer affinity to that of man, as any one may see by looking in at the window of a poulterer's shop (there is no science like that of your own eyes). When the lark soars he experiences twenty different degrees of temperature in as many minutes. That perpendicular ascent corresponds in its action on the skin to the horizontal changes of temperature which prevail from the line to Nova Zembla, to which the skin of man is exposed; with this difference, that the bird is exposed by perpendicular ascent to more sudden and incalculable changes than man is. To counterpoise this, every bird is furnished with a shirt of down and overcoat of feathers.

As the Eastern nations have made cleanliness a part of their religion, so the Western nations made filth a sign of sanctity. Witness St. Thomas à Becket, whose body, to the great delight of all the clergy, was found, on the removal of the horsehair shirt at his death, to be literally "boiling with vermin" (the phrase is expressive). Yet at other times they have affixed the reproach of dirt upon Jews and heretics, and have even attributed to baptism the most magical and miraculous effects, as an agent of physical purification: any one who is curious in such matters may find it written down at large, in the works of Cardinal Baronius (A.D. 1148).

Before concluding this paper, justice demands the acknowledgment, that it is to the discernment and energy of Mr. Urquhart we are indebted for the introduction of the Turkish bath into this country. This gentleman, for the last twenty years, has entertained the project, which now, after much obloquy and opposition, promises success.

Turkish baths, so called, have sprung up like mushrooms in various parts of the metropolis, and many are crowded; but those who have undergone the process of the hot-air bath and shampooing at these extemporized thermæ on the banks of the Thames, have but a faint idea of the luxurious enjoyment and restorative efficacy of the Turkish bath. As, however, there are no less than three joint-stock companies in the field, we may look forward to the erection of baths on a magnificent scale, with ample space and complete arrangements for performing the various processes of the bath in the most perfect and delicate way. Under the direction of superintendents, qualified by medical knowledge and practical skill to minister to the health and comfort of the visitors, nothing need be wanting to the full and scientific development of the thermal system, which will be found alike beneficial to the rich and the poor.

Laura's Fireside.

THE

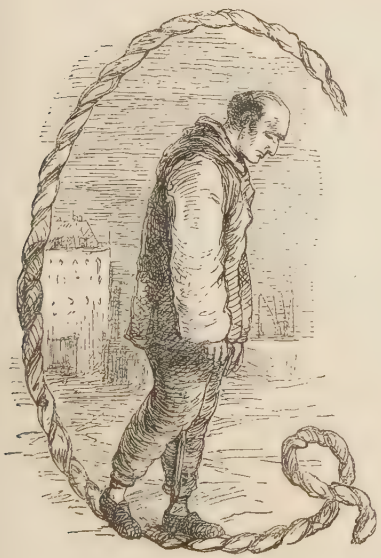
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILL BE PRONOUNCED TO BE CYNICAL BY THE BENEVOLENT.



GENTLE readers will not, I trust, think the worse of their most obedient, humble servant for the confession that I talked to my wife on my return home regarding Philip and his affairs. When I choose to be frank, I hope no man can be more open than myself: when I have a mind to be quiet, no fish can be more mute. I have kept secrets so ineffably, that I have utterly forgotten them, until my memory was refreshed by people who also knew them. But what was the use of hiding this one from the being to whom I open all, or almost all—say all, excepting just one or two—of the closets of this heart? So I say to her, "My love; it is as I suspected. Philip and his cousin Agnes are carrying on together."

"Is Agnes the pale one, or the *very* pale one?" asks the joy of my existence.

"No, the elder is Blanche. They are both older than Mr. Firmin: but Blanche is the elder of the two."

"Well, I am not saying anything malicious, or contrary to the fact, am I, sir?"

No. Only I know by her looks, when another lady's name is mentioned, whether my wife likes her or not. And I am bound to say, though this statement may meet with a denial, that her countenance does not vouchsafe smiles at the mention of all ladies' names.

"You don't go to the house? You and Mrs. Twysden have called on each other, and there the matter has stopped? Oh, I know! It is because poor Talbot brags so about his wine, and gives such abominable stuff, that you have such an un-Christian feeling for him!"

"That is the reason, I daresay," says the lady.

"No. It is no such thing. Though you *do* know sherry from port, I believe upon my conscience you do not avoid the Twysdens because they give bad wine. Many others sin in that way, and you forgive them. You like your fellow-creatures better than wine—some fellow-creatures—and you dislike some fellow-creatures worse than medicine. You swallow them, madam. You say nothing, but your looks are dreadful. You make wry faces: and when you have taken them, you want a piece of sweetmeat to take the taste out of your mouth."

The lady, thus wittily addressed, shrugs her lovely shoulders. My wife exasperates me in many things; in getting up at insane hours to go to early church, for instance; in looking at me in a particular way at dinner, when I am about to eat one of those *entrées* which Dr. Goodenough declares disagree with me; in nothing more than in that obstinate silence, which she persists in maintaining sometimes when I am abusing people, whom I do not like, whom she does not like, and who abuse me. This reticence makes me wild. What confidence can there be between a man and his wife, if he can't say to her, "Confound So-and-So, I hate him;" or, "What a prig What-d'-you-call-em is!" or, "What a bloated aristocrat Thingamy has become, since he got his place!" or what you will?

"No," I continue, "I know why you hate the Twysdens, Mrs. Pendennis. You hate them because they move in a world which you can only occasionally visit. You envy them because they are hand in glove with the great: because they possess an easy grace, and a frank and noble elegance with which common country people and apothecaries' sons are not endowed."

"My dear Arthur, I do think you are ashamed of being an apothecary's son. You talk about it so often," says the lady. Which was all very well: but you see she was not answering my remarks about the Twysdens.

"You are right, my dear," I say then. "I ought not to be censorious, being myself no more virtuous than my neighbour."

"I know people abuse you, Arthur; but I think you are a very good sort of man," says the lady, over her little tea-tray.

"And so are the Twysdens very good people—very nice, artless, unselfish, simple, generous, well-bred people. Mr. Twysden is all heart:

Twysden's conversational powers are remarkable and pleasing: and Philip is eminently fortunate in getting one of those charming girls for a wife."

"I've no patience with them," cries my wife, losing that quality to my great satisfaction: for then I knew I had found the crack in Madam Pendennis's armour of steel, and had smitten her in a vulnerable little place.

"No patience with them? Quiet, lady-like young women!" I cry.

"Ah," sighs my wife, "what have they got to give Philip in return for ——"

"In return for his thirty thousand? They will have ten thousand pounds a piece when their mother dies."

"Oh! I wouldn't have our boy marry a woman like one of those, not if she had a million. I wouldn't, my child and my blessing!" (This is addressed to a little darling who happens to be eating sweet cakes, in a high chair, off the little table by his mother's side, and who, though he certainly used to cry a good deal at the period, shall be a mute personage in this history.)

"You are alluding to Blanche's little affair with——"

"No, I am not, sir!"

"How do you know which one I meant, then?——Or that notorious disappointment of Agnes, when Lord Farintosh became a widower? If he wouldn't, she couldn't, you know, my dear. And I am sure she tried her best: at least, everybody said so."

"Ah! I have no patience with the way in which you people of the world treat the most sacred of subjects—the most sacred, sir. Do you hear me? Is a woman's love to be pledged, and withdrawn every day? Is her faith and purity only to be a matter of barter, and rank, and social consideration? I am sorry, because I don't wish to see Philip, who is good, and honest, and generous, and true as yet—however great his faults may be—because I don't wish to see him given up to——Oh! its shocking, shocking!"

Given up to what? to anything dreadful in this world, or the next? Don't imagine that Philip's relations thought they were doing Phil any harm by condescending to marry him, or themselves any injury. A doctor's son, indeed! Why, the Twysdens were far better placed in the world than their kinsmen of Old Parr Street; and went to better houses. The year's levée and drawing-room would have been incomplete without Mr. and Mrs. Twysden. There might be families with higher titles, more wealth, higher positions; but the world did not contain more respectable folks than the Twysdens: of this every one of the family was convinced, from Talbot himself down to his heir. If somebody or some Body of savans would write the history of the harm that has been done in the world by people who believe themselves to be virtuous, what a queer, edifying book it would be, and how poor oppressed rogues might look up! Who burns the Protestants?—the virtuous Catholics to be sure. Who roasts the Catholics?—the virtuous Reformers. Who thinks I am a

dangerous character, and avoids me at the club?—the virtuous Square-toes. Who scorns? who persecutes? who doesn't forgive?—the virtuous Mrs. Grundy. She remembers her neighbour's peccadilloes to the third and fourth generation; and, if she finds a certain man fallen in her path, gathers up her affrighted garments with a shriek, for fear the muddy, bleeding wretch should contaminate her, and passes on.

I do not seek to create even surprises in this modest history, or condescend to keep candid readers in suspense about many matters which might possibly interest them. For instance, the matter of love has interested novel-readers for hundreds of years past, and doubtless will continue so to interest them. Almost all young people read love books and histories with eagerness, as oldsters read books of medicine, and whatever it is—heart complaint, gout, liver, palsy—cry, "Exactly so, precisely my case!" Phil's first love affair, to which we are now coming, was a false start. I own it at once. And in this commencement of his career I believe he was not more or less fortunate than many and many a man and woman in this world. Suppose the course of true love always did run smooth, and everybody married his or her first love. Ah! what would marriage be?

A generous young fellow comes to market with a heart ready to leap out of his waistcoat, for ever thumping and throbbing, and so wild that he can't have any rest till he has disposed of it. What wonder if he falls upon a wily merchant in Vanity Fair, and barters his all for a stale bauble not worth sixpence? Phil chose to fall in love with his cousin; and I warn you that nothing will come of that passion, except the influence which it had upon the young man's character. Though my wife did not love the Twysdens, she loves sentiment, she loves love affairs—all women do. Poor Phil used to bore *me* after dinner with endless rhodomontades about his passion and his charmer; but my wife was never tired of listening. "You are a selfish, heartless, *blasé* man of the world, you are," he would say. "Your own immense and undeserved good fortune in the matrimonial lottery has rendered you hard, cold, crass, indifferent. You have been asleep, sir, twice to-night, whilst I was talking. I will go up and tell madam everything. *She* has a heart." And presently, engaged with my book or my after-dinner doze, I would hear Phil striding and creaking overhead, and plunging energetic pokers in the drawing-room fire.

Thirty thousand pounds to begin with; a third part of that sum coming to the lady from her mother; all the doctor's savings and property;—here certainly was enough in possession and expectation to satisfy many young couples; and as Phil is twenty-two, and Agnes (must I own it?) twenty-five, and as she has consented to listen to the warm outpourings of the eloquent and passionate youth, and exchange for his fresh, new-minted, golden sovereign heart, that used little three-penny-piece, her own—why should they not marry at once, and so let us have an end of them and this history? They have plenty of money to

pay the parson and the postchaise; they may drive off to the country, and live on their means, and lead an existence so humdrum and tolerably happy that Phil may grow quite too fat, lazy, and unfit for his present post of hero of a novel. But stay—there are obstacles; coy, reluctant, amorous delays. After all, Philip is a dear, brave, handsome, wild, reckless, blundering boy, treading upon everybody's dress skirts, smashing the little Dresden ornaments and the pretty little decorous gimcracks of society, life, conversation;—but there is time yet. Are you so very sure about that money of his mother's? and how is it that his father the doctor has not settled accounts with him yet? *C'est louche.* A family of high position and principle must look to have the money matters in perfect order, before they consign a darling accustomed to every luxury to the guardianship of a confessedly wild and eccentric, though generous and amiable, young man. Besides—ah! besides—besides!

. . . . "It's horrible, Arthur! It's cruel, Arthur! It's a shame to judge a woman, or Christian people so! Oh! my loves! my blessings! would I sell *you?*" says this young mother, clutching a little bclaced, befurbelowed being to her heart, infantine, squalling, with blue shoulder-ribbons, a mottled little arm that has just been vaccinated, and the sweetest red shoes. "Would I sell *you?*" says mamma. Little Arty, I say, squalls; and little Nelly looks up from her bricks with a wondering, whimpering expression.

Well, I am ashamed to say what the "besides" is; but the fact is, that young Woolcomb of the Life Guards' Green, who has inherited immense West India property, and, we will say, just a teaspoonful of that dark blood which makes a man naturally partial to blonde beauties, has cast his opal eyes very warmly upon the golden-haired Agnes of late; has danced with her not a little; and when Mrs. Twysden's barouche appears by the Serpentine, you may not unfrequently see a pair of the neatest little yellow kid gloves just playing with the reins, a pair of the prettiest little boots just touching the stirrup, a magnificent horse dancing, and tittupping, and tossing, and performing the most graceful caracoles and gambadoes, and on the magnificent horse a neat little man with a blazing red flower in his bosom, and glancing opal eyes, and a dark complexion, and hair so *very* black and curly, that I really almost think in some of the southern States of America he would be likely to meet with rudeness in a railway car.

But in England we know better. In England Grenville Woolcomb is a man and a brother. Half of Arrowroot Island, they say, belongs to him; besides Mangrove Hall, in Hertfordshire; ever so much property in other counties, and that fine house in Berkeley Square. He is called the Black Prince behind the scenes of many theatres: ladies nod at him from those broughams which, you understand, need not be particularized. The idea of his immense riches is confirmed by the known fact that he is a stingy black Prince, and most averse to parting with his money except for his own adornment or amusement. When he receives at his country

house, his entertainments are, however, splendid. He has been flattered, followed, caressed all his life, and allowed by a fond mother to have his own way; and as this has never led him to learning, it must be owned that his literary acquirements are small, and his writing defective. But in the management of his pecuniary affairs he is very keen and clever. His horses cost him less than any young man's in England who is so well mounted. No dealer has ever been known to get the better of him; and, though he is certainly close about money, when his wishes have very keenly prompted him, no sum has been known to stand in his way.

Witness the purchase of the —— But never mind scandal. Let bygones be bygones. A young doctor's son, with a thousand a year for a fortune, may be considered a catch in some circles, but not, *vous concevez*, in the upper regions of society. And dear woman—dear, angelic, highly accomplished, respectable woman—does she not know how to pardon many failings in our sex? Age? psha! She will crown my bare old poll with the roses of her youth. Complexion? What contrast is sweeter and more touching than Desdemona's golden ringlets on swart Othello's shoulder? A past life of selfishness and bad company? Come out from among the swine, my prodigal, and I will purify thee!

This is what is called cynicism, you know. Then I suppose my wife is a cynic, who clutches her children to her pure heart, and prays gracious Heaven to guard them from selfishness, from worldliness, from heartlessness, from wicked greed.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINS ONE RIDDLE WHICH IS SOLVED, AND PERHAPS SOME MORE.

INE is a modest muse, and as the period of the story arrives when a description of love-making is justly due, my Mnemosyne turns away from the young couple, drops a little curtain over the embrasure where they are whispering, heaves a sigh from her elderly bosom, and lays a finger on her lip. Ah, Mnemosyne dear! we will not be spies on the young people. We will not scold them. We won't talk about their doings much. When we were young, we too, perhaps, were taken in under Love's tent; we have eaten of his salt: and partaken of his bitter, his delicious bread. Now we are padding the hoof lonely in the wilderness, we will not abuse our host, will we? We will couch under the stars, and think fondly of old times, and to-morrow resume the staff and the journey.

And yet, if a novelist may chronicle any passion, its flames, its raptures, its whispers, its assignations, its sonnets, its quarrels, sulks, reconciliations, and so on, the history of such a love as this first of Phil's may be excusable in print, because I don't believe it was a real love at all, only a little brief delusion of the senses, from which I give you warning that our hero will recover before many chapters are over. What! my brave boy, shall we give your heart away for good and all, for better or for worse, till death do you part? What! my Corydon and sighing swain, shall we irrevocably bestow you upon Phyllis, who, all the time you are piping and paying court to her, has Meliboeus in the cup-

board, and ready to be produced should he prove to be a more eligible shepherd than t'other? I am not such a savage towards my readers or hero, as to make them undergo the misery of such a marriage,.

Philip was very little of a club or society man. He seldom or ever entered the Megatherium, or when there stared and scowled round him savagely, and laughed strangely at the ways of the inhabitants. He made but a clumsy figure in the world, though, in person, handsome, active, and proper enough; but he would for ever put his great foot through the World's flounced skirts, and she would stare, and cry out, and hate him. He was the last man who was aware of the Woolcomb flirtation, when hundreds of people, I dare say, were simpering over it.

"Who is that little man who comes to your house, and whom I sometimes see in the park, aunt—that little man with the very white gloves and the very tawny complexion?" asks Philip.

"That is Mr. Woolcomb, of the Life Guards Green," aunt remembers.

"An officer, is he?" says Philip, turning round to the girls. "I should have thought he would have done better for the turban and cymbals." And he laughs, and thinks he has said a very clever thing. Oh, those good things about people and against people! Never, my dear young friend, say them to anybody—not to a stranger, for he will go away and tell; not to the mistress of your affections, for you may quarrel with her, and then *she* will tell; not to your son, for the artless child will return to his schoolfellows and say: "Papa says Mr. Blenkinsop is a muff." My child, or what not, praise everybody: smile on everybody: and everybody will smile on you, in return, a sham smile, and hold you out a sham hand; and, in a word, esteem you as you deserve. No. I think you and I will take the ups and the downs, the roughs and the smooths of this daily existence and conversation. We will praise those whom we like, though nobody repeat our kind sayings; and say our say about those whom we dislike, though we are pretty sure our words will be carried by tale-bearers, and increased, and multiplied, and remembered long after we have forgotten them. We drop a little stone—a little stone that is swallowed up, and disappears, but the whole pond is set in commotion, and ripples in continually-widening circles long after the original little stone has popped down and is out of sight. Don't your speeches of ten years ago—maimed, distorted, bloated, it may be out of all recognition—come strangely back to their author?

Phil, five minutes after he had made the joke, so entirely forgot his saying about the Black Prince and the cymbals, that, when Captain Woolcomb scowled at him with his fiercest eyes, young Firmin thought that this was the natural expression of the captain's swarthy countenance, and gave himself no further trouble regarding it. "By George! sir," said Phil afterwards, speaking of this officer, "I remarked that he grinned, and chattered, and showed his teeth; and remembering it was the nature of such baboons to chatter and grin, had no idea that this chimpanzee was more angry with me than with any other gentleman. You see, Pen, I

am a white-skinned man, I am pronounced even red-whiskered by the ill-natured. It is not the prettiest colour. But I had no idea that I was to have a Mulatto for a rival. I am not so rich, certainly, but I have enough. I can read and spell correctly, and write with tolerable fluency. I could not, you know, could I, reasonably suppose that I need fear competition, and that the black horse would beat the bay one? Shall I tell you what she used to say to me? There is no kissing and telling, mind you. No, by George. Virtue and prudence were for ever on her lips! She warbled little sermons to me; hinted gently that I should see to safe investments of my property, and that no man, not even a father, should be the sole and uncontrolled guardian of it. She asked me, sir, scores and scores of little sweet, timid, innocent questions about the doctor's property, and how much did I think it was, and how had he laid it out? What virtuous parents that angel had! How they brought her up, and educated her dear blue eyes to the main chance! She knows the price of housekeeping, and the value of railway shares; she invests capital for herself in this world and the next. She mayn't do right always, but wrong? O fie, never! I say, Pen, an undeveloped angel with wings folded under her dress, not perhaps your mighty, snow-white, flashing pinions that spread out and soar up to the highest stars, but a pair of good, serviceable, drab, dove-coloured wings, that will support her gently and equably just over our heads, and help to drop her softly when she condescends upon us. When I think, sir, that I might have been married to a genteel angel, and am single still,—oh! it's despair, it's despair!"

But Philip's little story of disappointed hopes and bootless passion must be told in terms less acrimonious and unfair than the gentleman would use, naturally of a sanguine, swaggering talk, prone to exaggerate his own disappointments, and call out, roar—I dare say swear—if his own corn was trodden upon, as loudly as some men who may have a leg taken off.

This I can vouch for Miss Twysden, Mrs. Twysden, and all the rest of the family:—that if they, what you call, jilted Philip, they did so without the slightest hesitation or notion that they were doing a dirty action. Their actions never *were* dirty or mean: they were necessary, I tell you, and calmly proper. They ate cheese-parings with graceful silence; they cribbed from board-wages; they turned hungry servants out of doors; they remitted no chance in their own favour; they slept gracefully under scanty coverlids; they lighted niggard fires; they locked the caddy with the closet lock, and served the teapot with the smallest and least frequent spoon. But you don't suppose they thought they were mean, or that they did wrong? Ah! it is admirable to think of many, many, ever so many respectable families of your acquaintance and mine, my dear friend, and how they meet together and humbug each other! "My dear, I have cribbed half an inch of plush out of James's small-clothes." "My love, I have saved a halfpenny out of Mary's beer. Isn't it time to dress for the duchess's; and don't you think John might wear that livery of Thomas's, who only had it a year, and died of the

small-pox? It's a little tight for him, to be sure, but," &c. What is this? I profess to be an impartial chronicler of poor Phil's fortunes, misfortunes, friendships, and what-nots, and am getting almost as angry with these Twysdens as Philip ever was himself.

Well, I am not mortally angry with poor Traviata tramping the pavement, with the gas-lamp flaring on her poor painted smile, else my indignant virtue and squeamish modesty would never walk Piccadilly or get the air. But Lais, quite moral, and very neatly, primly, and straitly laced;—Phryne, not the least dishevelled, but with a fixature for her hair, and the best stays, fastened by mamma;—your High Church or Evangelical Aspasia, the model of all proprieties, and owner of all virgin purity blooms, ready to sell her cheek to the oldest old fogey who has money and a title;—*these* are the Unfortunates, my dear brother and sister sinners, whom I should like to see repentant and specially trounced first. Why, some of these are put into reformatories in Grosvenor Square. They wear a prison dress of diamonds and Chantilly lace. Their parents cry, and thank Heaven as they sell them; and all sorts of revered bishops, clergy, relations, dowagers, sign the book, and ratify the ceremony. Come! let us call a midnight meeting of those who have been sold in marriage, I say; and what a respectable, what a genteel, what a fashionable, what a brilliant, what an imposing, what a multitudinous assembly we will have; and where's the room in all Babylon big enough to hold them?

Look into that grave, solemn, dingy, somewhat naked, but elegant drawing-room, in Beaunash Street, and with a little fanciful opera-glass you may see a pretty little group or two engaged at different periods of the day. It is after lunch, and before Rotten Row ride time (this story, you know, relates to a period ever so remote, and long before folks thought of riding in the park in the forenoon). After lunch, and before Rotten Row time, saunters into the drawing-room a fair-haired young fellow with large feet and chest, careless of gloves, with auburn whiskers blowing over a loose collar, and—must I confess it?—a most undeniable odour of cigars about his person. He breaks out regarding the debate of the previous night, or the pamphlet of yesterday, or the poem of the day previous, or the scandal of the week before, or upon the street-sweeper at the corner, or the Italian and monkey before the park—upon whatever, in a word, moves his mind for the moment. If Philip has had a bad dinner yesterday (and happens to remember it), he growls, grumbles, nay, I daresay, uses the most blasphemous language against the cook, against the waiters, against the steward, against the committee, against the whole society of the club where he has been dining. If Philip has met an organ girl with pretty eyes and a monkey in the street, he has grinned and wondered over the monkey; he has wagged his head, and sung all the organ's tunes; he has discovered that the little girl is the most ravishing beauty eyes ever looked on, and that her scoundrelly Savoyard father is most likely an Alpine miscreant who has bartered

away his child to a pedlar of the beggarly cheesy valleys, who has sold her to a friend *qui fait la traite des hurdigurdies*, and has disposed of her in England. If he has to discourse on the poem, pamphlet, magazine article—it is written by the greatest genius, or the greatest numskull, that the world now exhibits. *He* write! A man who makes fire rhyme with Marire! This vale of tears and world which we inhabit does not contain such an idiot. Or have you seen Dobbins's poem? Agnes, mark my words for it, there is a genius in Dobbins which some day will show what I have always surmised, what I have always imagined possible, what I have always felt to be more than probable, what, by George, I feel to be perfectly certain, and any man is a humbug who contradicts it, and a malignant miscreant, and the world is full of fellows who will never give another man credit, and I swear that to recognize and feel merit in poetry, painting, music, rope-dancing, anything, is the greatest delight and joy of my existence. I say—what was I saying?

"You were saying, Philip, that you love to recognize the merits of all men whom you see," says gentle Agnes, "and I believe you do."

"Yes!" cries Phil, tossing about the fair locks. "I think I do. Thank heaven, I do. I know fellows who can do many things better than I do—everything better than I do."

"Oh, Philip!" sighs the lady.

"But I don't hate 'em for it."

"You never hated any one, sir. You are too brave! Can you fancy Philip hating any one, mamma?"

Mamma is writing, "Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Twysden request the honour of Admiral and Mrs. Davis Locker's company at dinner on Thursday the so-and-so." "Philip what?" says mamma, looking up from her card. "Philip hating any one! Philip eating any one! Philip! we have a little dinner on the 24th. We shall ask your father to dine. We must not have too many of the family. Come in afterwards, please."

"Yes, aunt," says downright Phil, "I'll come, if you and the girls wish. You know tea is not my line; and I don't care about dinners, except in my own way, and with——"

"And with your own horrid set, sir!"

"Well," says Sultan Philip, flinging himself out on the sofa, and lording on the ottoman, "I like mine ease and mine inn."

"Ah, Philip! you grow more selfish every day. I mean men do," sighed Agnes.

You will suppose mamma leaves the room at this juncture. She has that confidence in dear Philip and the dear girls, that she sometimes *does* leave the room when Agnes and Phil are together. She will leave Reuben, the eldest born, with her daughters: but my poor dear little younger son of a Joseph, if you suppose she will leave the room and *you* alone in it—O my dear Joseph, you may just jump down the well at once! Mamma, I say, has left the room at last, bowing with a perfect sweetness and calm grace and gravity; and she has slipped down

the stairs, scarce more noisy than the shadow that slants over the faded carpet—(oh! the faded shadow, the faded sunshine!)—mamma is gone, I say, to the lower regions, and with perfect good breeding is torturing the butler on his bottle-rack—is squeezing the housekeeper in her jam-closet—is watching the three cold cutlets shuddering in the larder behind the wires—is blandly glancing at the kitchen-maid until the poor wench fancies the piece of bacon is discovered which she gave to the crossing-sweeper—and calmly penetrating John until he feels sure his inmost heart is revealed to her, as it throbs within his worsted-laced waistcoat, and she knows about that pawning of master's old boots (beastly old high-lows!), and—and, in fact, all the most intimate circumstances of his existence. A wretched maid, who has been ironing collars, or what not, gives her mistress a shuddering curtsey, and slinks away with her laces; and meanwhile our girl and boy are prattling in the drawing-room.

About what? About everything on which Philip chooses to talk. There is nobody to contradict him but himself, and then his pretty hearer vows and declares he has not been so very contradictory. He spouts his favourite poems. "Delightful! Do, Philip, read us some Walter Scott! He is, as you say, the most fresh, the most manly, the most kindly of poetic writers—not of the first class, certainly; in fact, he has written most dreadful bosh, as you call it so drolly; and so has Wordsworth, though he is one of the greatest of men, and has reached sometimes to the very greatest height and sublimity of poetry; but now you put it, I must confess he is often an old bore, and I certainly should have gone to sleep during the *Excursion*, only you read it so nicely. You don't think the new composers as good as the old ones, and love mamma's old-fashioned playing? Well, Philip, it is delightful, so ladylike, so feminine!" Or, perhaps, Philip has just come from Hyde Park, and says, "As I passed by Apsley House, I saw the Duke come out, with his old blue frock and white trousers and clear face. I have seen a picture of him in an old *European Magazine*, which I think I like better than all—gives me the idea of one of the brightest men in the world. The brave eyes gleam at you out of the picture; and there's a smile on the resolute lips, which seems to ensure triumph. Agnes, Assaye must have been glorious!"

"Glorious, Philip!" says Agnes, who had never heard of Assaye before in her life. "Arbela, perhaps; Salamis, Marathon, Agincourt, Blenheim, Busaco—where dear grandpapa was killed—Waterloo, Armageddon; but Assaye? Que voulez-vous?"

"Think of that ordinarily prudent man, and how greatly he knew how to dare when occasion came! I should like to have died after winning such a game. He has never done anything so exciting since."

"A game? I thought it was a battle just now," murmurs Agnes in her mind; but there may be some misunderstanding. "Ah, Philip," she says, "I fear excitement is too much the life of all young men now. When will you be quiet and steady, sir?"

"And go to an office every day, like my uncle and cousin; and read the newspaper for three hours, and trot back and see you."

"Well, sir! that ought not to be such very bad amusement," says one of the ladies.

"What a clumsy wretch I am! My foot is always trampling on something or somebody!" groans Phil.

"You must come to us, and we will teach you to dance, Bruin!" says gentle Agnes, smiling on him. I think when very much agitated, her pulse must have gone up to forty. Her blood must have been a light pink. The heart that beat under that pretty white chest, which she exposed so liberally, may have throbbed pretty quickly once or twice with waltzing, but otherwise never rose or fell beyond its natural gentle undulation. It may have had throbs of grief at a disappointment occasioned by the milliner not bringing a dress home; or have felt some little fluttering impulse of youthful passion when it was in short frocks, and Master Grimsby at the dancing-school showed some preference for another young pupil out of the nursery. But feelings, and hopes, and blushes, and passions, now? Psha! They pass away like nursery dreams. Now there are only proprieties. What is love, young heart? It is two thousand a year, at the very lowest computation; and with the present rise in wages and house-rent, that calculation can't last very long. Love? Attachment? Look at Frank Maythorn, with his vernal blushes, his leafy whiskers, his sunshiny, laughing face, and all the birds of spring carolling in his jolly voice; and old General Pinwood hobbling in on his cork leg, with his stars and orders, and leering round the room from under his painted eyebrows. Will my modest nymph go to Maythorn, or to yonder leering Satyr, who totters towards her in his white and rouge? Nonsense. She gives her garland to the old man, to be sure. He is ten times as rich as the young one. And so they went on in Arcadia itself, *really*. Not in that namby-pamby ballet and idyll world, where they tripped up to each other in rhythm, and talked hexameters; but in the real, downright, no-mistake country—Arcadia—where Tityrus, fluting to Amaryllis in the shade, had his pipe very soon put out when Melibœus (the great grazier) performed on his melodious, exquisite, irresistible cow-horn; and where Daphne's mother dressed her up with ribbons and drove her to market, and sold her, and swapped her, and bartered her like any other lamb in the fair. This one has been trotted to the market so long now that she knows the way herself. Her baa has been heard for—do not let us count how many seasons. She has nibbled out of countless hands; frisked in many thousand dances; come quite harmless away from goodness knows how many wolves. Ah! ye lambs and raddled innocents of our Arcadia! Ah, old *Ewe!* Is it of your ladyship this fable is narrated? I say it is as old as Cadmus, and man- and mutton- kind.

So, when Philip comes to Beaunash Street, Agnes listens to him most kindly, sweetly, gently, and affectionately. Her pulse goes up very nearly half a beat when the echo of his horse's heels is heard in the quiet

street. It undergoes a corresponding depression when the daily grief of parting is encountered and overcome. Blanche and Agnes don't love each other very passionately. If I may say as much regarding those two lambkins, they butt at each other—they quarrel with each other—but they have secret understandings. During Phil's visits the girls remain together, you understand, or mamma is with the young people. Female friends may come in to call on Mrs. Twysden, and the matrons whisper together, and glance at the cousins, and look knowing. "Poor orphan boy!" mamma says to a sister matron. "I am like a mother to him since my dear sister died. His own home is so blank, and ours so merry, so affectionate! There may be intimacy, tender regard, the utmost confidence between cousins—there may be future and even closer ties between them—but you understand, dear Mrs. Matcham, no engagement between them. He is eager, hot-headed, impetuous, and imprudent, as we all know. She has not seen the world enough—is not sure of herself, poor dear child. Therefore, every circumspection, every caution, is necessary. There must be no engagement—no letters between them. My darling Agnes does not write to ask him to dinner without showing the note to me or her father. My dearest girls respect themselves." "Of course, my dear Mrs. Twysden, they are admirable, both of them. Bless you, darlings! Agnes, you look radiant! Ah, Rosa, my child, I wish you had dear Blanche's complexion!"

"And isn't it monstrous keeping that poor boy hanging on until Mr. Woolcomb has made up his mind about coming forward?" says dear Mrs. Matcham to her own daughter, as her brougham-door closes on the pair. Here he comes! Here is his cab. Maria Twysden is one of the smartest women in England—that she is."

"How odd it is, mamma, that the *beau cousin* and Captain Woolcomb are always calling, and never call together!" remarks the *ingénue*.

"They might quarrel if they met. They say young Mr. Firmin is very quarrelsome and impetuous!" says mamma.

"But how are they kept apart?"

"Chance, my dear! mere chance!" says mamma. And they agree to say it is chance—and they agree to pretend to believe one another. And the girl and the mother know everything about Woolcomb's property, everything about Philip's property and expectations, everything about all the young men in London, and those coming on. And Mrs. Matcham's girl fished for Captain Woolcomb last year in Scotland, at Loch-hookey; and stalked him to Paris; and they went down on their knees to Lady Banbury when they heard of the theatricals at the Cross; and pursued that man about until he is forced to say, "Confound me! hang me! it's too bad of that woman and her daughter, it is now, I give you my honour it is! And all the fellows chaff me! And she took a house in Regent's Park, opposite our barracks, and asked for her daughter to learn to ride in our school—I'm blest if she didn't, Mrs. Twysden! and I thought my black mare would have kicked her off one day—I mean the

daughter—but she stuck on like grim death; and the fellows call them Mrs. Grim Death and her daughter. Our surgeon called them so, and a doocid rum fellow—and they chaff me about it, you know—ever so many of the fellows do—and *I'm* not going to be had in that way by Mrs. Grim Death and her daughter! No, not as I knows, if you please!"

"You are a dreadful man, and you gave her a dreadful name, Captain Woolcomb!" says mamma.

"It wasn't me. It was the surgeon, you know, Miss Agnes: a doocid funny and witty fellow, Nixon is—and sent a thing once to *Punch*, Nixon did. I heard him make the riddle in Albany Barracks, and it riled Foker so! You've no idea how it riled Foker, for he's in it!"

"In it?" asks Agnes, with the gentle smile, the candid blue eyes—the same eyes, expression, lips, that smile and sparkle at Philip.

"Here it is! Capital! Took it down. Wrote it into my pocket-book at once as Nixon made it. '*All doctors like my first, that's clear!*' Doctor Firmin does that. Old Parr Street party! Don't you see, Miss Agnes? FEE! Don't you see?"

"Fee! Oh, you droll thing!" cries Agnes, smiling, radiant, very much puzzled.

"'My second,'" goes on the young officer—"'*My second gives us Foker's beer!*'"

"'*My whole's the shortest month in all the year!*' Don't you see, Mrs. Twysden? FEE-BREWERY, DON'T YOU SEE? February! A doocid good one, isn't it now? and I wonder *Punch* never put it in. And upon my word, I used to spell it Febuary before, I did; and I daresay ever so many fellows do still. And I know the right way now, and all from that riddle which Nixon made."

The ladies declare he is a droll man, and full of fun. He rattles on, artlessly telling his little stories of sport, drink, adventure, in which the dusky little man himself is a prominent figure. Not honey-mouthed Plato would be listened to more kindly by those three ladies. A bland, frank smile shines over Talbot Twysden's noble face, as he comes in from his office, and finds the creole prattling. "What! *you* here, Woolcomb? Hay! Glad to see you!" And the gallant hand goes out and meets and grasps Woolcomb's tiny kid glove.

"He has been so amusing, papa! He has been making us die with laughing! Tell papa that riddle you made, Captain Woolcomb?"

"That riddle I made? That riddle Nixon, our surgeon, made. 'All doctors like my first, that's clear,'" &c.

And *da capo*. And the family, as he expounds this admirable rebus, gather round the young officer in a group, and the curtain drops.

As in a theatre booth at a fair there are two or three performances in a day, so in Beaunash Street a little genteel comedy is played twice:—at four o'clock with Mr. Firmin, at five o'clock with Mr. Woolcomb; and for both young gentlemen same smiles, same eyes, same voice, same welcome. Ah, bravo! ah, encore!

CHAPTER X.

In which we visit "Admiral Byng."

FROM long residence in Bohemia, and fatal love of bachelor case and habits, Master Philip's pure tastes were so destroyed, and his manners so perverted that, you will hardly believe it, he was actually indifferent to the pleasures of the refined home we have just been describing; and, when Agnes was away, sometimes even when she was at home, was quite relieved to get out of Beaunash Street. He is hardly twenty yards from the door, when out of his pocket there comes a case; out of the case there jumps an aromatic cigar, which is scattering fragrance around as he is marching briskly northwards to his next house of call. The pace is even more lively now than when he is hastening on what you call the wings of love to Beaunash Street. At the house whither he is now going, he and the cigar are always welcome. There is no need of munching orange chips, or chewing scented pills, or flinging your weed away half a mile before you reach Thornhaugh Street—the low, vulgar place. I promise you Phil may smoke at Brandon's, and find others doing the same. He may set the house on fire, if so minded, such a favourite is he there; and the Little Sister, with her kind, beaming smile, will be there to bid him welcome. How that woman loved Phil, and how he loved her, is quite a curiosity; and both of them used to be twitted with this attachment by their mutual friends, and blush as they acknowledged it. Ever since the little nurse had saved his life as a schoolboy, it was *à la vie à la mort* between them. Phil's father's chariot used to come to Thornhaugh Street sometimes—at rare times—and the doctor descend thence and have colloquies with the Little Sister. She attended a patient or two of his. She was certainly very much better off in her money matters in these late years, since she had known Dr. Firmin. Do you think she took

money from him? As a novelist, who knows everything about his people, I am constrained to say, Yes. She took enough to pay some little bills of her weak-minded old father, and send the bailiff's hand from his old collar. But no more. "I think you owe him as much as that," she said to the doctor. But as for compliments between them—"Dr. Firmin, I would die rather than be beholden to you for anything," she said, with her little limbs all in a tremor, and her eyes flashing anger. "How dare you, sir, after old days, be a coward and pay compliments to me; I will tell your son of you, sir!" and the little woman looked as if she could have stabbed the elderly libertine there as he stood. And he shrugged his handsome shoulders: blushed a little too, perhaps: gave her one of his darkling looks, and departed. She had believed him once. She had married him, as she fancied. He had tired of her; forsaken her; left her—left her even without a name. She had not known his for long years after her trust and his deceit. "No, sir, I wouldn't have your name now, not if it were a lord's, I wouldn't, and a coronet on your carriage. You are beneath me now, Mr. Brand Firmin!" she had said.

How came she to love the boy so? Years back, in her own horrible extremity of misery, she could remember a week or two of a brief, strange, exquisite happiness, which came to her in the midst of her degradation and desertion, and for a few days a baby in her arms, with eyes like Philip's. It was taken from her, after a few days—only sixteen days. Insanity came upon her, as her dead infant was carried away:—insanity, and fever, and struggle—ah! who knows how dreadful? She never does. There is a gap in her life which she never can recal quite. But George Brand Firmin, Esq., M.D., knows how very frequent are such cases of mania, and that women who don't speak about them often will cherish them for years after they appear to have passed away. The Little Sister says, quite gravely, sometimes, "They are allowed to come back. They do come back. Else what's the good of little cherubs bein' born, and smilin', and happy, and beautiful—say, for sixteen days, and then an end? I've talked about it to many ladies in grief sim'lar to mine was, and it comforts them. And when I saw that child on his sick-bed, and he lifted his eyes, *I knew him*, I tell you, Mrs. Ridley. I don't speak about it; but I knew him, ma'am; my angel came back again. I know him by the eyes. Look at 'em. Did you ever see such eyes? They look as if they had seen heaven. His father's don't." Mrs. Ridley believes this theory solemnly, and I think I know a lady, nearly connected with myself, who can't be got quite to disown it. And this secret opinion to women in grief and sorrow over their new-born lost infants Mrs. Brandon persists in imparting. "*I* know a case," the nurse murmurs, "of a poor mother who lost her child at sixteen days old; and sixteen years after, on the very day, she saw him again."

Philip knows so far of the Little Sister's story, that he is the object of this delusion, and, indeed, it very strangely and tenderly affects him. He remembers fitfully the illness through which the Little Sister tended him,

the wild paroxysms of his fever, his head throbbing on her shoulders—cool tamarind drinks which she applied to his lips—great gusty night shadows flickering through the bare school dormitory—the little figure of the nurse gliding in and out of the dark. He must be aware of the recognition, which we know of, and which took place at his bedside, though he has never mentioned it—not to his father, not to Caroline. But he clings to the woman, and shrinks from the man. Is it instinctive love and antipathy? The special reason for his quarrel with his father the junior Firmin has never explicitly told me then or since. I have known sons much more confidential, and who, when their fathers tripped and stumbled, would bring their acquaintances to jeer at the patriarch in his fall.

One day, as Philip enters Thornhaugh Street, and the Sister's little parlour there, fancy his astonishment on finding his father's dingy friend, the Rev. Tufton Hunt, at his ease by the fireside. "Surprised to see *me* here, eh?" says the dingy gentleman, with a sneer at Philip's lordly face of wonder and disgust. "Mrs. Brandon and I turn out to be very old friends."

"Yes, sir, old acquaintances," says the Little Sister, very gravely.

"The captain brought me home from the club at the Byngs. Jolly fellows the Byngs. My service to you, Mr. Gann and Mrs. Brandon." And the two persons addressed by the gentleman, who is "taking some refreshment," as the phrase is, make a bow, in acknowledgment of this salutation.

"You should have been at Mr. Philip's call-supper, Captain Gann," the divine resumes. "That *was* a night! Tiptop swells—noblemen—first-rate claret. That claret of your father's, Philip, is pretty nearly drunk down. And your song was famous. Did you ever hear him sing, Mrs. Brandon?"

"Who do you mean by *him?*" says Philip, who always boiled with rage before this man.

Caroline divines the antipathy. She lays a little hand on Philip's arm. "Mr. Hunt has been having too much, I think," she says. "I *did* know him ever so long ago, Philip!"

"What does he mean by Him?" again says Philip, snorting at Tufton Hunt.

"Him?—Dr. Luther's Hymn! 'Wein, Weiber und Gesang,' to be sure!" cries the clergyman, humming the tune. "I learned it in Germany myself—passed a good deal of time in Germany, Captain Gann—six months in a specially shady place—*Quod* Strasse, in Frankfort-on-the-Main—being persecuted by some wicked Jews there. And there was another poor English chap in the place, too, who used to chirp that song behind the bars, and died there, and disappointed the Philistines. I've seen a deal of life, I have; and met with a precious deal of misfortune; and borne it pretty stoutly, too, since your father and I were at college together, Philip. You don't do anything in this way? Not so early, eh?

It's good rum, Gann, and no mistake." And again the chaplain drinks to the captain, who waves the dingy hand of hospitality towards his dark guest.

For several months past Hunt had now been a resident in London, and a pretty constant visitor at Dr. Firmin's house. He came and went at his will. He made the place his house of call; and in the doctor's trim, silent, orderly mansion, was perfectly free, talkative, dirty, and familiar. Philip's loathing for the man increased till it reached a pitch of frantic hatred. Mr. Phil, theoretically a Radical, and almost a Republican (in opposition, perhaps, to his father, who of course held the highly-respectable line of politics)—Mr. Sansculotte Phil was personally one of the most aristocratic and overbearing of young gentlemen; and had a contempt and hatred for mean people, for base people, for servile people, and especially for too familiar people, which was not a little amusing sometimes, which was provoking often, but which he never was at the least pains of disguising. His uncle and cousin Twysden, for example, he treated not half so civilly as their footmen. Little Talbot humbled himself before Phil, and felt not always easy in his company. Young Twysden hated him, and did not disguise his sentiments at the club, or to their mutual acquaintance behind Phil's broad back. And Phil, for his part, adopted towards his cousin a kick-me-downstairs manner, which I own must have been provoking to that gentleman, who was Phil's senior by three years, a clerk in a public office, a member of several good clubs, and altogether a genteel member of society. Phil would often forget Ringwood Firmin's presence, and pursue his own conversation entirely regardless of Ringwood's observations. He *was* very rude, I own. *Que voulez-vous?* We have all of us our little failings, and one of Philip's was an ignorant impatience of bores, parasites, and pretenders.

So no wonder my young gentleman was not very fond of his father's friend, the dingy gaol chaplain. I, who am the most tolerant man in the world, as all my friends know, liked Hunt little better than Phil did. The man's presence made me uneasy. His dress, his complexion, his teeth, his leer at women—*Que sais-je?*—everything was unpleasant about this Mr. Hunt, and his gaiety and familiarity more specially disgusting than even his hostility. The wonder was that battle had not taken place between Philip and the gaol clergyman, who, I suppose, was accustomed to be disliked, and laughed with cynical good-humour at the other's disgust.

Hunt was a visitor of many tavern parlours; and, one day, strolling out of the "Admiral Byng," he saw his friend Dr. Firmin's well-known equipage stopping at a door in Thornhaugh Street, out of which the doctor presently came. "Brandon" was on the door. Brandon, Brandon! Hunt remembered a dark transaction of more than twenty years ago—of a woman deceived by this Firmin, who then chose to go by the name of Brandon. He lives with her still, the old hypocrite, or he has gone back to her, thought the parson. O you old sinner! And

the next time he called in Old Parr Street on his dear old college friend, Mr. Hunt was specially jocular, and frightfully unpleasant and familiar.

"Saw your trap Tottenham Court Road way," says the slang parson, nodding to the physician.

"Have some patients there. People are ill in Tottenham Court Road," remarks the doctor.

"*Pallida mors æquo pede*—hay, doctor? What used Flaccus to say, when we were undergrads?"

"*Æquo pede*," sighs the doctor, casting up his fine eyes to the ceiling.

"Sly old fox! Not a word will he say about her!" thinks the clergyman. "Yes, yes, I remember. And, by Jove! Gann was the name."

Gann was also the name of that queer old man who frequented the "Admiral Byng," where the ale was so good—the old boy whom they called the Captain. Yes; it was clear now. That ugly business was patched up. The astute Hunt saw it all. The doctor still kept up a connection with the—the party. And that is her old father, sure enough. "The old fox, the old fox! I've earthed him, have I? This is a good game. I wanted a little something to do, and this will excite me," thinks the clergyman.

I am describing what I never could have seen or heard, and can guarantee only verisimilitude, not truth, in my report of the private conversation of these worthies. The end of scores and scores of Hunt's conversations with his friend was the same—an application for money. If it rained when Hunt parted from his college chum, it was, "I say, doctor, I shall spoil my new hat, and I am blest if I have any money to take a cab. Thank you, old boy. *Au revoir*." If the day was fine, it was, "My old blacks show the white seams so, that you must out of your charity rig me out with a new pair. Not your tailor. He is too expensive. Thank you—a couple of sovereigns will do." And the doctor takes two from the mantelpiece, and the divine retires, jingling the gold in his greasy pocket.

The doctor is going after the few words about *pallida mors*, and has taken up that well-brushed broad hat with that ever-fresh lining, which we all admire in him—"Oh, I say, Firmin!" breaks out the clergyman. "Before you go out, you must lend me a few sovs, please. They've cleaned me out in Air Street. That confounded roulette! It's a madness with me."

"By George!" cries the other, with a strong execration, "you are too bad, Hunt. Every week of my life you come to me for money. You have had plenty. Go elsewhere. I won't give it you."

"Yes, you will, old boy," says the other, looking at him a terrible look; "for——"

"For what?" says the doctor, the veins of his tall forehead growing very full.

"For old times' sake," says the clergyman. "There's seven of 'em

on the table in bits of paper—that'll do nicely." And he sweeps the fees with a dirty hand into a dirty pouch. "Halloa! Swearin' and cursin' before a clergyman. Don't cut up rough, old fellow! Go and take the air. It'll cool you."

"I don't think I would like that fellow to attend me, if I was sick," says Hunt, shuffling away, rolling the plunder in his greasy hand. "I don't think I'd like to meet him by moonlight alone, in a *very* quiet lane. He's a determined chap. And his eyes mean *miching malecho*, his eyes do. Phew!" And he laughs, and makes a rude observation about Dr. Firmin's eyes.

That afternoon the gents who used the "Admiral Byng" remarked the reappearance of the party who looked in last evening, and who now stood glasses round, and made himself uncommon agreeable to be sure. Old Mr. Ridley says he is quite the gentleman. "Hevident have been in foring parts a great deal, and speaks the languages. Probbly have 'ad misfortunes, which many 'av 'ad them. Drinks rum-and-water tremenjous. 'Ave scarce no heppytite. Many get into this way from misfortunes. A plesn man, most well informed on almost every subjeck. Think he's a clergyman. He and Mr. Gann have made quite a friendship together, he and Mr. Gann 'ave. Which they talked of Watloo, and Gann is very fond of that, Gann is, most certny." I imagine Ridley delivering these sentences, and alternate little volleys of smoke, as he sits behind his sober calumet and prattles in the tavern parlour.

After Dr. Firmin has careered through the town, standing by sick-beds with his sweet sad smile, fondled and blessed by tender mothers who hail him as the saviour of their children, touching ladies' pulses with a hand as delicate as their own, patting little fresh cheeks with courtly kindness—little cheeks that owe their roses to his marvellous skill; after he has soothed and comforted my lady, shaken hands with my lord, looked in at the club, and exchanged courtly salutations with brother bigwigs, and driven away in the handsome carriage with the noble horses—admired, respecting, respectful, saluted, saluting—so that every man says, "Excellent man, Firmin. Excellent doctor, excellent man. Safe man. Sound man. Man of good family. Married a rich wife. Lucky man." And so on. After the day's triumphant career, I fancy I see the doctor driving homeward, with those sad, sad eyes, that haggard smile.

He comes whirling up Old Parr Street just as Phil saunters in from Regent Street, as usual, cigar in mouth. He flings away the cigar as he sees his father, and they enter the house together.

"Do you dine at home, Philip?" the father asks.

"Do you, sir? I will if you do," says the son, "and if you are alone."

"Alone. Yes. That is, there'll be Hunt, I suppose, whom you don't like. But the poor fellow has few places to dine at. What? D—— Hunt? That's a strong expression about a poor fellow in misfortune, and your father's old friend."

I am afraid Philip had used that wicked monosyllable whilst his father was speaking, and at the mention of the clergyman's detested name. "I beg your pardon, father. It slipped out in spite of me. I can't help it. I hate the fellow."

"You don't disguise your likes or dislikes, Philip," says, or rather groans, the safe man, the sound man, the prosperous man, the lucky man, the miserable man. For years and years he has known that his boy's heart has revolted from him, and detected him, and gone from him; and with shame, and remorse, and sickening feeling, he lies awake in the night-watches, and thinks how he is alone—alone in the world. Ah! Love your parents, young ones! O Father Beneficent! strengthen our hearts: strengthen and purify them so that we may not have to blush before our children!

"You don't disguise your likes and dislikes, Philip," says the father then, with a tone that smites strangely and keenly on the young man.

There is a great tremor in Philip's voice, as he says, "No, father, I can't bear that man, and I can't disguise my feelings. I have just parted from the man. I have just met him."

"Where?"

"At—at Mrs. Brandon's, father." He blushes like a girl as he speaks.

At the next moment he is scared by the execration which hisses from his father's lips, and the awful look of hate which the elder's face assumes —that fatal, forlorn, fallen, lost look which, man and boy, has often frightened poor Phil. Philip did not like that look, nor indeed that other one, which his father cast at Hunt, who presently swaggered in.

"What, *you* dine here? We rarely do papa the honour of dining with him," says the parson, with his knowing leer. "I suppose, doctor, it is to be fatted-calf day now the prodigal has come home. There's worse things than a good fillet of veal; eh?"

Whatever the meal might be, the greasy chaplain leered and winked over it as he gave it his sinister blessing. The two elder guests tried to be lively and gay, as Philip thought, who took such little trouble to disguise his own moods of gloom or merriment. Nothing was said regarding the occurrences of the morning when my young gentleman had been rather rude to Mr. Hunt; and Philip did not need his father's caution to make no mention of his previous meeting with their guest. Hunt, as usual, talked to the butler, made sidelong remarks to the footman, and garnished his conversation with slippery double-entendre and dirty old-world slang. Betting-houses, gambling-houses, Tattersall's, fights, and their frequenters, were his cheerful themes, and on these he descanted as usual. The doctor swallowed this dose, which his friend poured out, without the least expression of disgust. On the contrary, he was cheerful: he was for an extra bottle of claret—it never could be in better order than it was now.

The bottle was scarce put on the table, and tasted and pronounced

perfect, when—oh! disappointment!—the butler reappears with a note for the doctor. One of his patients. He must go. She has little the matter with her. She lives hard by, in May Fair. "You and Hunt finish this bottle, unless I am back before it is done; and if it is done, we'll have another," says Dr. Firmin, jovially. "Don't stir, Hunt"—and Dr. Firmin is gone, leaving Philip alone with the guest to whom he had certainly been rude in the morning.

"The doctor's patients often grow very unwell about claret time," growls Mr. Hunt, some few minutes after. "Never mind. The drink's good—good! as somebody said at your famous call-supper, *Mr.* Philip—won't call you Philip, as you don't like it. You were uncommon crusty to me in the morning, to be sure. In my time there would have been bottles broke, or worse, for that sort of treatment."

"I have asked your pardon," Philip said. "I was annoyed about—no matter what—and had no right to be rude to Mrs. Brandon's guest."

"I say, did you tell the governor that you saw me in Thornhaugh Street?" asks Hunt.

"I was very rude and ill-tempered, and again I confess I was wrong," says Phil, boggling and stuttering, and turning very red. He remembered his father's injunction.

"I say again, sir, did you tell your father of our meeting this morning?" demands the clergyman.

"And pray, sir, what right have you to ask me about my private conversation with my father?" asks Philip, with towering dignity.

"You won't tell me? Then you *have* told him. He's a nice man, your father is, for a moral man."

"I am not anxious for your opinion about my father's morality, Mr. Hunt," says Philip, gasping in a bewildered manner, and drumming the table. "I am here to replace him in his absence, and treat his guest with civility."

"Civility! Pretty civility!" says the other, glaring at him.

"Such as it is, sir, it is my best, and—I—I have no other," groans the young man.

"Old friend of your father's, a university man, a Master of Arts, a gentleman born, by Jove! a clergyman—though I sink that——"

"Yes, sir, you do sink that," says Philip.

"Am I a dog," shrieks out the clergyman, "to be treated by you in this way? Who are you? Do you know who you are?

"Sir, I am striving with all my strength to remember," says Philip.

"Come! I say! don't try any of your confounded airs on *me!*" shrieks Hunt, with a profusion of oaths, and swallowing glass after glass from the various decanters before him. "Hang me, when I was a young man, I would have sent one—two at your nob, though you were twice as tall! Who are you, to patronize your senior, your father's old pal—a university man:—you confounded, supercilious——"

"I am here to pay every attention to my father's guest," says Phil;

"but, if you have finished your wine, I shall be happy to break up the meeting, as early as you please."

"You shall pay me; I swear you shall," said Hunt.

"Oh, Mr. Hunt!" cried Philip, jumping up, and clenching his great fists, "I should desire nothing better."

The man shrank back, thinking Philip was going to strike him (as Philip told me in describing the scene), and made for the bell. But when the butler came, Philip only asked for coffee; and Hunt, uttering a mad oath or two, staggered out of the room after the servant. Brice said he had been drinking before he came. He was often so. And Phil blessed his stars that he had not assaulted his father's guest then and there, under his own roof-tree.

He went out into the air. He gasped and cooled himself under the stars. He soothed his feelings by his customary consolation of tobacco. He remembered that Ridley in Thornhaugh Street held a divan that night; and jumped into a cab, and drove to his old friend.

The maid of the house, who came to the door as the cab was driving away, stopped it; and as Phil entered the passage, he found the Little Sister and his father talking together in the hall. The doctor's broad hat shaded his face from the hall-lamp, which was burning with an extra brightness, but Mrs. Brandon's was very pale, and she had been crying.

She gave a little scream when she saw Phil. "Ah! is it you, dear?" she said. She ran up to him: seized both his hands: clung to him, and sobbed a thousand hot tears on his hand. "I never will. Oh, never, never, never!" she murmured.

The doctor's broad chest heaved as with a great sigh of relief. He looked at the woman and at his son with a strange smile;—not a sweet smile.

"God bless you, Caroline," he said, in his pompous, rather theatrical, way.

"Good night, sir," said Mrs. Brandon, still clinging to Philip's hand, and making the doctor a little humble curtsey. And when he was gone, again she kissed Philip's hand, and dropped her tears on it, and said, "Never, my dear; no, never, never!"

The Irish Convict System.

WHY IT HAS SUCCEEDED.

A FEW weeks since, I found myself, with two friends, traversing a newly-reclaimed common in an agricultural district some fifteen miles from Dublin. A very short time ago the place was all but uninhabited, the heath being in possession of a few squatters, on sufferance, who had been tempted to it by the immunity granted to their class, the absence of rent, and the quality of the soil. More recently, however, the ground had been required for a particular purpose : a body of men, under an energetic leader, were brought to subdue it with the plough, and the old occupants were dispossessed, not entirely without remonstrances or threats of resistance. But the dread authority of the law was against them ; and their own leader, a bold and clever man, was disarmed by being appointed to a subordinate office. Under the newly-arrived improvers, the squatters disappeared from the scene, the undulating surface of the common was converted into cultivated fields, "and laughing Ceres reassumed the plain." The spot has not quite lost its desolate aspect : although there is a public road through it, and a few buildings are in sight, there is still a broad expanse so devoid of any marked feature that guide-posts are necessary to point the way of the wandering labourer who desires to return home. The work is advancing under the vigorous industry of some fifty men who are employed on the estate, and who may be seen on any working day of the week at their labours. And who are they that are thus, in our own time, colonizing the ancient soil of Ireland, and annexing it to the conquests of modern agriculture? They are convicts under sentence of penal servitude. Yes, that band of fifty men, clothed in the ordinary garb of rustic labourers, peacefully obeying the orders of two foremen, clothed not very unlike themselves and working with them, are men whose crimes have subjected them to prison and to the discipline of a transient slavery. There are, indeed, no chains; there are no military guards—not even gaolers—to restrain them; no fences which they are not in the hourly habit of passing break the broad expanse of the common, with its widely-separated guide-posts pointing the way to the huts which are the prisons of these men. But there is something else far more potent.

It was while I was engaged in surveying the system of discipline of which the colony at Lusk forms only a portion, that I learned the revolt in Chatham prison. The details of that violent outbreak amongst the luxuriously fed Chathamites, who were in open mutiny and refusing to work, were told me on the very day when I was surrounded by convicts

wholly without chains, and hard at work in cold and rain ; and with the Chatham reports fresh in my mind, I heard the civil officers of this open prison at Lusk telling me how the labourers under them, living, as I shall show you, upon hard fare, are steady workmen, regular in their duty, and so zealous that, while they are actually purchasing bread as a luxury, they will pursue their toil after the regular hour, in order to help in securing the harvest. This is the result of a system which, with the erring man in the iron grip of the law, has subjected him to something stronger than manacles or lash, and yet, substituting a truly correctional for a merely penal handling, has made sweet the uses even of the bitterest adversity, the adversity of the criminal gaol.

If we look abroad, beyond the horizon of that strange, unwalled prison, to the general effects of the two systems, English and Irish, we find the same contrast in the broadest results. For instance, in the session before last, a return was obtained by the House of Lords, which shows that of the convicts out on ticket-of-leave in England nine-tenths relapse into crime, and are actually recommitted to prison for fresh offences ; while of course we cannot assume the merely unaccused tenth to be virtuous and pure. In Ireland, even including the criminals released under the old law, the men recommitted are *not* one-fifth of the whole number released, and with all the figures before me, I find great reason to doubt whether they amount to one-tenth. The chaplain of Millbank has calculated that considerably more than half—nearly two-thirds—of the men brought to that prison, are "habitual or professional thieves," "possessing," he says, "great intelligence, but affording little hope of amendment by means of prison discipline." A convict of this class said to him, "It's not likely I'll work for fifteen shillings a week, when I can get as many pounds." The remark of the convict confirmed the opinion with which the founders of the English system started—that you cannot reform prisoners, but can only export them. We shall see by and by how far the assumption is justified by facts.

Statistical figures, however, never suffice to show us the true substance and nature of any two things compared; they do not indicate the actual distinction, they only mete it; and in order to appreciate the striking contrast afforded to the English system, let us see what the Irish system is. A very brief recapitulation will bring us into the midst of it. In 1837, Sir William Molesworth, the accomplished and patriotic pupil of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, demanded that Select Committee on Transportation which reported in 1838, with such force that it became impossible for the Home Government to continue the practice, and, against the will of Australia, transportation was abandoned in 1840. Attempts were made partially to continue the use of the colonies as a receptacle for our refuse population; but the Cape of Good Hope actually rebelled against such an experiment; and by 1853 Western Australia was the one colony willing to receive our convicts, in small numbers. The establishments of Bermuda and Gibraltar remain as

state prisons, to which a limited number of prisoners can be consigned. But since 1853 it has been necessary to provide for the custody of our convicts at home. After a laborious investigation in 1850, a select committee of the House of Commons had stated the opinion, corroborated by facts and figures, that the majority of convicted criminals can be reformed. In 1855, Captain Walter Crofton, who had been appointed to inquire into the state of the convict prisons in Ireland, addressed to the Government a communication, citing that opinion, and particularly suggesting two conditions to any complete attempt at a redeeming discipline. The first was, intermediate prisons, in which the convict could be subjected to trial before his discharge; the reformed, as it were, being filtered away from the unreformed; and the second condition was, such treatment of the whole class as would subject them to the principle of individualization, each man's case being separately handled with reference to his antecedents, his character, and his actual state of mind. Captain Crofton was placed at the head of the gentlemen appointed as Directors of the Irish Convict Prisons, to carry out the system which he had indicated, and which I have so lately seen at work.

The system can be best comprehended, as it is administered, upon the principle of individualizing. We will suppose that the criminal—let us call him John Carrol—has already been "living in crime," has been before convicted and punished—imprisoned, say, three months for larceny, twelve months for robbery—and is now sentenced for robbery, not to the shortest term of penal servitude, three years, nor to the longest, fifteen, but to the medium term of seven years. Of that period, he must spend at least five years in prison before his release under ticket-of-licence. On the 1st January, 1858, he is admitted to the ordinary prison of Mountjoy, and is at once lodged in a separate cell. As soon as he has entered, it is distinctly explained to him that the period of his detention in that separate cell will depend upon his own conduct. If he is perfectly quiet and orderly, he will be completely isolated even from prison society only for eight months; should he be less well behaved, the period will be the full nine months. Should the criminal fever be upon him in a chronic form, stimulating him to indulge in the excitements of violence—in brawling, striving to communicate with his neighbours, or even in attacking the gaolers—he is soon made to feel how utterly powerless he is, not only by the walls that box him in, but by the reducing of his food to bread and water, and even by flogging.

Usually, by the end of nine months, or very often in eight months, the convict is sent to the next prison. If he is a labourer, he is sent to Spike Island, near Queenstown; if he is a mechanic, to the prison of Philipstown. In either case, he is placed in what is called the third class, and is employed upon some branch of useful industry. If he is wholly unacquainted with work, he is set to some very simple form of handicraft, such as the making of buckle-straps, or other process equally easy. On his entrance into this class, however, he is again told that his condition while

he is in it, and his ultimate promotion to a higher class, will depend exclusively upon his own conduct. No power of "indulgence" is reposed in the officers of the prison; the system itself is humane, considerate, careful to secure the utmost amount of hope and improvement for the prisoner; and his best reliance consists in the most faithful and strict execution of the system. Any departure from it by the officers would be to embezzle for the benefit of an individual the moral fund available for the whole class. This is all explained to the man in language adapted to his state of education and intelligence; he is made to *feel* that he is himself the true regulator of his own condition in the class and of the period of his leaving it.

As soon as he is admitted into the third class his conduct is marked down, in an account kept for the purpose. The highest number of marks which he can attain during the month for "discipline," is three; he is put to school, and the highest number of marks which he can attain for "school" is likewise three; his "industry" is also marked with the highest number, three—nine in all; and should he keep up to the highest standard, as he well may with common diligence and tractability, he can secure his promotion at the end of two months, having earned eighteen marks. But he may have lived in a false pride; he may be intoxicated with the vanity of vindictiveness; he may think it "manly" to contemn the opportunity offered to him, and so defy the authority of the officers; and he may fail to earn his promotion from the third class to the second in less than six months. While he is in the third class he is allowed one penny a week out of his earnings; but for misconduct, according to its degree, his marks may be taken from him, his money allowance may be stopped, or he may even be sent back to separate confinement, with the sterner punishments suited to that condition.

From the third the convict, John Carrol, passes into the second class, where he is allowed twopence a week out of his earnings; and here he may remain, according to his conduct and the character which he has acquired, as short a time as six months, or as long a time as seven months, or even longer. In the first class, where he is allowed fourpence a week, his stay may be twelve months, or fifteen; and in the advanced class, where the allowance is ninepence, it would in either case be twenty months. The better conducted prisoner has passed through the ordinary prison in four years and three months; the worse conducted, in four years and nine months.

In the ordinary prison all these allowances go towards the money which he is allowed to lay by as a fund on his discharge. Each prisoner keeps his own account to check that of the officers; and the men in all classes and of all characters are found to be extremely keen in watching the correctness of the accounts kept against their name. They haggle earnestly over a single mark which is to be allowed or withheld; contest the accuracy of the record, question the justice of the official calculation, and, if their own judgment is not satisfied with the decision of the officers over them, they appeal to the Governor, or even, in certain cases, to the

Chief Director of Convict Prisons. In the cell of a young man who had been confined for robbery, I was told that he had shown his understanding of the prison rules and of the opportunity which they afforded him, by almost unexceptionable good conduct, having misbehaved himself "only once."

"Not at all, sir!" he exclaimed, earnestly but respectfully, by way of correction to the official statement.

"You were reported," said my informant to him.

"Yes, but I was not *punished;* I was sent to hospital."

The man had been charged, probably, with some neglect of duty, and proved that he was more sick than sinning. Thus, even in the ordinary prison, the men themselves become conscious and active coadjutors in carrying out the system under which they are disciplined, and we shall see, as we advance, how thoroughly they become imbued with its spirit. In proportion as it is rigorously administered it has been found possible to dispense with some of the merely mechanical restraints. In the chapel, for instance, it was in the old time thought necessary to divide the prisoners by partitions; a plan which facilitated various tricks and irreverent idlings during divine service. The partitions have been removed. The place of worship is in itself a room simple enough, but not devoid of a certain tastefulness in its arrangements. The sanctity of the occasion and the collective example operate in a wholesome, though undoubtedly in a cheerful manner, upon every individual who attends; and thus by degrees the prisoner is removed from mere separate detention within the four narrow walls that form a kind of live tomb, to live and breathe in the company of his fellow-creatures; he does this with a newly-acquired sense of moral necessity, and with the evidences on every side that others as well as himself appreciate the promotion and comfort derivable from good conduct.

Every circumstance by which he is surrounded contributes to enlarge and strengthen this influence. As he makes his progress, while yet within the walls of the ordinary prison, the stamp on his own sleeve indicating his class and the number of marks he has earned, and the numbers on the badge of those with whom he is daily associated, are a memento that he has made only so much progress, but still so much. He knows that his opportunities are widening as he goes. He is aware that as he attains promotion the fund lodged to his account is growing in a higher ratio, and will grow yet more largely and rapidly. At every step in his advance it is explained to him that he is gradually marching towards the comparative unrestraint of the Intermediate prison, whose increased comfort and freedom he is able to appreciate from the progressive experience which he has already had in the ordinary prison. Even the countenances of the companions around him will speak in the same eloquent spirit.

For there is no greater evidence of the change worked in the race by this hard, matter-of-fact discipline, than the altered expression of the

general physiognomy. As soon as the man enters the first prison, the most unmistakeable record of his identity is at once registered in the prison books in the shape of a photographic portrait. "No, no!" exclaimed an eminent thief, when he was placed before the machine, stretching forth his hands so as to hide his face—"No, no; you are taking away my bread!" The man was actuated by a prudential regard for his professional interests, when he should once more be released from gaol. As it turned out, however, that very man obtained better employment than thieving, and he need have been under no fear to leave his likeness with the prison authorities. Yet, on proper occasion, the use he apprehended is made of these photographic portraits. If a convict or ticket-of-leave should go out of bounds, or if a man previously convicted should be arrested, his portrait can be sent to the place where he is captured, and he can be identified. There is, however, a still broader interest in this strange portrait gallery of murderers, housebreakers, thieves, and malefactors in general. You see, upon the face of the class, every variety of depraved expression. Some few are scowling villains, fit to tread the most melodramatic stage; some, cunning enough to satisfy the preconceptions of the most self-satisfied scientific physiognomist; not a few, simple-minded, but somewhat blank in aspect, as though they were entirely swayed by the circumstances of the moment. Not a few, also, wear the gay, triumphant expression of extreme vanity, as if they would rather be eminent as thieves than not be noticed at all, and were delighted to stand for their portraits, even though it were to the prison photographer. But the largest number of all have a very peculiar expression. If you will allow the eyelids and lips to drop as they will with weariness and indifference—if you will let the chest collapse, and the shoulders round themselves with the same listless lack of stamina—and if, while the head is thrown forward, you will slightly lift the face, giving an additional drag as it were to the cheeks, the eyelids, and the lips, you will bring over your countenance exactly the same arrangement which is the common veil assumed by the majority of malefactors pictured in this strange gallery. It is cunning, covered by an affectation of *insouciance*. Your thief *comme il faut* finds it most *distingué*, as well as most diplomatic, to conceal his true qualities under a show of being *blasé*; and his face indicates—all partly put on, but still more natural than he thinks—a want of interest, a want of feeling, and a want of understanding. You see these truly "low" expressions in almost all the earliest classes of the ordinary prisoners; but as you advance in the series, the expression improves. The scowl is rapidly displaced. The old villain, at his school-books, acquires almost the ingenuous expression of childhood. The half-idiotical simper of vanity is sobered. The melancholy *blasé* affectation passes off, and the general countenance becomes at once more simple, more steady, and more cheerful; until, in the upper classes, you may find many countenances even above the average out of doors, in placid self-possession, awakened intelligence, and amiable content.

In the first prison the convict has acquired habits of industry, either in the prosecution of his own trade, or in some simple occupation afforded to him. He has gone through a certain amount of schooling, tested under able teachers by periodical examinations, which serve to call forth his own faculties, and the consciousness of them. He is associated with his fellows, under discipline, in the workroom, the schoolroom, in the class, and in the chapel; and he has thus been gradually accustomed to regularity of life and to a regulated state of thought. He has been made to feel how completely his condition and prospects depend upon his own conduct; and at every stage, if he has encountered any difficulties of comprehension, they have been cleared away for him by the explanations of the prison authorities. But thus far he has felt under coercion. The force at first brought to bear upon him was, in its character, purely penal. In the earlier stages, after his release from constant confinement in a separate cell, the penal element has been largely commingled with tuition and industry; and, throughout, there has been ceaseless restraint and coercion; the latter, perhaps, of a moral kind, but not the less distinctly exercised. According to the old system, even of improved prisons, the convict was thrown upon society fresh from these coercions and restraints, without character; he confronted something worse than suspicion—often hopeless repulsion; the newly-restored liberty was accompanied by fearful temptations to relapse into crime, the promptings that way being almost justified by common sense, through the utter despair of finding honest employment. Was it not possible to meet these difficulties—to soften the transition from perfect restraint to perfect freedom—to show that the prisoner could continue his better habits even with diminished compulsion, and thus to provide him with "a character from his last place," though that place should actually be a prison? Captain Walter Crofton saw that these questions could be answered in the affirmative. In a communication to the Government, written in November, 1855, he again challenged attention to the opinion expressed by the Committee of the House of Commons, that "the generality of criminals" are "reformable." Already the reformatory element had been mingled with the penal, but Captain Crofton proposed to test the efficacy of the reform, by arrangements which should at once supply the prisoner with employment, and guarantee his character in prison as "exemplary." The thing wanted was a probationary stage, to act as a filter in distinguishing the reformed from the unreformed. It was calculated that while this trial stage would exercise upon the probationer a direct and most important influence of its own, it would show the employer outside that the quondam criminal had really habits of industry and self-control. And Captain Crofton pointed out the influence which such a system must exercise over the criminal population generally.

These suggestions were at once adopted by the Government for Ireland in 1855: Intermediate prisons were established at Forts Camden and Carlisle, on either side of Cork Harbour; at Lusk, about fifteen miles

from Dublin; and at Smithfield, in that city. The unskilled labourers are, in the first instance, sent to Fort Camden, but they are afterwards sent to Lusk. About the same time, an excellent suggestion was thrown out—that prisoners should be lodged in movable huts; a plan which would facilitate their transfer from place to place, so as to render labour of the kind available where it would be most valuable to the public. There are many works which cannot pay those who immediately execute them, though they would more than pay the nation; for instance, the reclamation of large tracts of land would, in many cases, not remunerate the present undertakers, and, perhaps, not the next generation, and yet the whole community would benefit by the extension. Colonel Jebb was not in favour of this suggestion; and at all events, it has not been carried out in England, where he has had the chief control. It has been carried out in Ireland, and two huts, as they are called, or barracks, as they might be better named, have been placed on Lusk Common. They are made of corrugated iron, and would each hold a hundred men; and similar huts were erected at the two forts. It is found in practice that these buildings can be taken down, removed, and re-erected without damage. They afford excellent shelter, and with all their essential fittings, they do not cost more than 330*l.* a piece. As soon as the convict enters the "Intermediate prison," which is but half a prison, half a school for the discipline of his intelligence, industry, and moral conduct, he is placed in a totally altered position. He no longer wears the prison dress, but simply the garb of a working man, which he is at liberty to modify out of his own earnings. He is no longer liable to punishment; but the penalty which he incurs for any culpable abuse of the opportunity afforded to him, is the being sent back to the ordinary prison. He is thus actually removed, long before the expiration of his sentence, from that which is properly called a prison to a wholly different building; he feels his body and limbs in a different dress, he is conscious of a different moral state, of new privileges, with a certain amount of free will. He knows that he can gradually increase his freedom or purchase his absolute release, some time before the expiration of his sentence, if he will only throw himself, as a willing co-operator, into this Intermediate system, of which he now makes a part. The warder who is placed over him as a guardian is also a fellow-workman, acting as a foreman in the convict's own labours. The prison officer has thus imposed upon him the novel duties of furnishing to the men an example and an encouraging companionship; and it has been found in practice that there is sufficient conscience, intelligence, and zeal, amongst the class of men from whom the warders are derived, to secure a thorough performance of these remarkable duties. I am well aware that, to the English mind, what I am now saying will read something like advocacy or "praise"—the latter, it seems to me, always a most useless process; but I am not asserting what *would be*, if certain projects were carried out, I am telling you what has been done; I am describing things as any man may see them who

will go to examine for himself, and I am stating results which can be proved on concurrent testimony of the most authentic kind.

The moral and mental training of the convict is strengthened and expedited by the judicious use of lectures. He has already gone to school in the elements of education; but the lecturer is able to address him in a more comprehensive manner than the schoolmaster, and to train him in the habit of regarding whole classes of subjects or circumstances in a connected view. Amongst the subjects of the lectures, for instance, I recall one on the composition of air; another, on Canada, and her resources; the ocean, its description and natural history; eminent men who have advanced themselves from an humble station; the structure and distribution of plants; Australia, and her opportunities; life, and its struggles; the laws of supply and demand; temperance and self-control; the discharged convict, with letters and reports from men who have actually left prison and established themselves respectably in life. The lecturer to the prisons in Dublin, Mr. Organ, is a man who has had great experience amongst the working-classes, from whom the convicts are mainly formed. He not only knows their special deficiencies, and the best way to supply those deficiencies, but also the way to get at the understanding of his listeners. Of an ardent and sympathetic nature, Mr. Organ is, nevertheless, remarkable for the fidelity with which he has adapted himself to a system demanding strict discipline in its officers, not less than in the classes subjected to it; and you will find that he has shown his capacity as a practical administrator in a branch of service far more delicate and arduous than lecturing. The progress of the students, however, is tested, as it is in the earlier schools, by the practice of examination. The class is ranged before the lecturer in something like a semicircle; and the students on each side, with a certain rotation, are encouraged to question the other side upon points raised in previous lectures; and I have heard many questions of history, geography, practical science, or economy, very pertinently put by these students, and as pertinently answered. In many cases, the avowals of ignorance or non-comprehension were quite as striking as the replies, with regard both to the moral frankness and to the real insight. By means of this instruction, before he leaves the Intermediate prison, the pupil has acquired an elementary knowledge of the materials and agencies of daily existence; he knows something of the rules of social economy, and is able to explain, better than some luckier people in other classes, the rationale of the laws which govern the necessities of life.

The occupant of the Intermediate prison is engaged in useful labour; the product of his industry has a value of which some portion goes towards the expenses of the establishment; and he is thus really repaying a debt to the community. But some portion is also granted to him as a gratuity, of which again a fraction is allowed for immediate expenditure. The utmost amount which he can earn in a week is 2*s.* 6*d.* If he be slack in his industry, of which there are few examples, or

maladroit, he may be unable to earn so much. The greater portion of this remains in charge of the authorities. Sometimes it has been spent on articles absolutely necessary for the prisoner's use; at other times it has been used as an instruction fee to tradesmen; very frequently it has been employed in paying for the passage of the discharged convict to another country, either where he already had connections, or where he saw an opportunity for employing himself at a distance from the scene of his former troubles. Of his earnings he is allowed sixpence a week to spend, within certain limits, as he likes. He must not, for instance, use it to buy intoxicating drinks; but he may spend it in books, clothing, food, and some other articles.

I think I noticed a variety in the neck-kerchiefs, which I ascribed to that source; and it is evident that a healthy pleasure would be taken in the variety for the variety's sake, since it contributed to mark the distinction between the homely garb and the old prison uniform. To the library the men contribute a halfpenny a week. The payment is optional, but there is not a single instance of refusal. Nay, on obtaining their discharge, convicts not unfrequently leave one shilling, two shillings, or half-a-crown for the library, as a mark of respect to that institution, and of good-will towards the companions they leave behind. Sometimes, indeed, the departing convict will leave a contribution, even as much as ten shillings, towards the fund of some fellow-workman with whom he has formed a friendship. These little acts, which must be purely spontaneous, go far to indicate the spirit that has been awakened in the tribe.

I have already mentioned one thing in which the residents of the Intermediate prison not unfrequently spend a part of their sixpence a week—bread. The fact is quite sufficient to show that the dietary is not excessive, either in quantity or quality; yet the men at Lusk do not grumble, they do not revolt to extort a more luxurious fare, they do not refuse to work. On the contrary, if an extraordinary amount of work is needed—as, for instance, to complete a piece of drainage promptly, or to save the harvest—they throw themselves into the labour with zeal. On such occasions they take evident pleasure in promoting the interests of the establishment, and in evincing their zealous fidelity towards the head of their department; and it is at times like these that they are observed to spend a portion of their little weekly *honorarium* in bread!

Once a week the inmates of the Intermediate prison are allowed to send one of their own class out of bounds, to purchase the articles on which the sixpence a week is to be spent. In all the time since the beginning of the plan there have been but three cases of default. In one instance the man so employed was a person of weak mind, who ought, perhaps, not to have been selected; in the other two instances the defaulters had met with old friends, and had been tempted "just to have a drink." But in each of these three cases the man was found waiting outside the gates of the Intermediate prison, looking very foolish. He had been tempted,

he had yielded; but he retained his conscience, his hope in the system, and his preference of it over the wild chances and the remorse of flight.

Another little incident related to me strikingly illustrates this manly and healthy spirit, and especially shows the insight which the men acquire into the laws that so inevitably govern their conduct. When the Chief Director of Convict Prisons was visiting an Intermediate establishment, one of the men approached him, and respectfully challenged inquiry into his request that he might be liberated a fortnight sooner than the period set down for him. He said that his time *would* have expired a fortnight sooner if a certain mark had not been withheld from him in the former prison. I have already said that the men keep their own accounts as a check upon the officers, and that any difference of statement is promptly adjudicated. The petitioner for an earlier release was reminded of this fact, and he admitted that the mark had been withdrawn in strict conformity with rules; but, he said, the offence for which the penalty was enforced was a mere trifle, and "everything depended on his getting out a fortnight sooner." What "everything" meant he did not state; but probably it was that he had an opportunity of going abroad with a friend, or of otherwise establishing himself hopefully out of prison. The Chief Director promised to inquire into the case. He did so, and summoned the man before him again. It turned out to be true that the penalty had been inflicted for something that was in itself of a trifling nature; but it was a breach of the rules, and when he broke those rules the convict knew what he was doing. Still he urged it was only a trifle, and that fortnight was "everything" to him. He was asked to suppose the very common case of a convict whose behaviour had been absolutely unimpeachable, and to say how such a man, asking to be released a fortnight sooner, as a matter of mere favour, could be refused, if another who had broken the rules, however trivially, could claim the indulgence? The man paused for a moment, and then answered: "No, sir, I see it would not work." And he walked away with the air of a man who was satisfied in his own judgment.

In a large proportion of instances the convict now passes through a stage intermediate even between the Intermediate prison and complete liberty. You will remember that, under the present law, sentences are passed for a fixed term of years, and those sentences, let me say in passing, are far too short. That subject has been handled with masterly clearness by Captain Crofton, in a pamphlet recently published; but I am not at present in any manner discussing the subject of convict imprisonment, its actual state or possible amendment; I am in no way advocating the extension of the Irish system to England—I am simply reporting and describing.*

* The pamphlet is entitled, *The Immunity of Habitual Criminals: with a Proposition for Reducing their Number by means of longer Sentences of Penal Servitude; Intermediate Convict Prisons, Conditional Liberation, and Police Supervision.* It is published in London by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, of Fleet Street; in Dublin by Messrs. Alexander Thom and Sons, of Abbey Street.

A criminal who behaves as badly as possible may be remanded back to the first prison, and may never earn his ticket of licence, so that he may be discharged without having effectually passed through the stages of the Intermediate prison and the ticket-of-licence. In that event, we may reckon it as tolerably certain that he will very soon be reconvicted; so that short sentences are, practically, a reduplication of imprisonment for the offender, and a reduplication of trouble and expense for the public.

Where the offender profits by the discipline and instruction of the prison, he can practically shorten his imprisonment by obtaining his release on ticket-of-licence. In the instance of the seven-years convict who has entered Mountjoy Prison on the 1st of February, 1858, and whose behaviour has since been quite satisfactory, he may obtain his ticket-of-licence on the 1st of April, 1863. The seven-years man whose conduct has been more chequered, may, probably, obtain his licence on the 1st of January, 1864. In the former instance he will enjoy his restoration to the world all the sooner, will all the sooner be earning more money, and very likely preparing for departure abroad; but in either instance, it must be remembered, the ticket-of-licence is liable to be revoked. And the form of permit which is given to him on his departure from the Intermediate prison is endorsed with a minute description of the man, and by a notice of the conditions that he must obey. He is told that the power of altering or revoking the licence will certainly be exercised in case of his misconduct; that if he wishes to retain the privilege accorded for his good conduct he must continue to deserve it; and that a forfeiture of the licence will be incurred, not only by being convicted of a new offence, but by idle and dissolute life, or by associating with notoriously bad characters. A notice-paper accompanying the order of licence requires each convict to report himself to the constabulary station of his district on the first of each month, and not to change the district without notice to his constabulary. Neglect of those rules also entails forfeiture of the licence.

Before the system had been fully tried, objectors discovered fatal difficulties. It was assumed that the police would make a meddlesome and tyrannical use of the authority thus reposed in them: it was assumed that the convict would generally neglect the conditions of his licence, and that the regular enforcement of the conditions would be impracticable. It is now needless to argue the matter *à priori*, since the assumed objections have been completely met by practical experience, even in this short space of time. There are now in Dublin sixty-five convicts out at service under tickets-of-licence, besides seventy more who have been discharged on the expiration of their sentences, but who continue voluntarily to report themselves to the police every fortnight; a fact in itself which discloses to us more than the needful submission,—what we may call a margin of tractability. With regard to the prisoners out in the rest of Ireland, it is not so easy to ascertain

the exact numbers; for many licences expire weekly; hundreds have expired since the first issue—January, 1856; and many men have had their sentences commuted for their thoroughly good conduct under licence, and before the 1st of January, 1857, convicts on licence did not register with the police. Any guess at the total in the counties, therefore, would be fallacious. It is very considerable.

I made a tour of Dublin, *à la* Haroun Alraschid, for the express purpose of seeing the discharged convicts actually busy at their daily work. I found them in a great variety of occupations. Some were busy in the most public thoroughfares of Dublin, as labourers. They recognized my companions at a glance, but no notice was taken of them openly, and they went on working without any stop or recognition. There was nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary labourer, except, undoubtedly, in most instances, a more thoughtful aspect, and a countenance that might be described as more awakened. Other workmen we found busy as labourers in some of the less finished parts of Dublin; and at certain spots they were stationed in no inconsiderable numbers. Others were working within doors, at the manufactory of a busy tradesman, in one of the busiest streets of Dublin—a highway not unlike Newgate Street or Bishopsgate Street—the tradesman dealing in an article of very general consumption. Others were in a sort of manufactory, homely in appearance, but on an extensive scale, and situated in one of the lowest neighbourhoods of old Dublin. In all the report was the same: the discharged convicts prove to be steady labourers and good workmen; their employers were quite satisfied, and were ready to employ similar labour again. This evidence was general; its character will come out more distinctly in a few particular instances.

In one of the humbler streets, an industrious woman has opened a small shop, and her business is prospering. With tears in her eyes, she bore testimony to the regular conduct of her husband, and to the peaceful state of her home: that husband was a discharged convict, who had been an habitual thief; and, as a drunkard, he had gone to such extremes, that he still bore signs of the delirium tremens with which he was threatened. He now earns twelve shillings a week as a builder's labourer, and assists his wife in paying for their child whom they have put to school.

Among the very first persons who ventured upon employing a man with a prison character, is an extensive builder. Some of the men whom he thus consented to take, have formerly borne the worst of characters. Their conduct with him, however, had been, in every respect, satisfactory. He has, at present, four in his employment; one joined his works in 1856, and that man's wages have risen from ten shillings a week to twenty-four shillings; the others have been in the place for about two years.

The tradesman in the street which I have likened to Newgate Street, has in his employment four men, and he made his report, on their conduct, with the utmost directness and unreserve. He had no complaint to make; in some respects the labourers obtained through Mr. Organ are

more tractable than the ordinary class of Dublin workmen—less inclined to cavil, less ready to take advantage of their employer in periods of pressure, more eager to persevere in winning his approval. One of the men who had been with this gentleman had led a life of crime for many years; another had been known to the Dublin police for the last ten years, and, though still young, had been convicted seven times. These men are surrounded by property, which malice or negligence might injure, to the amount of even a hundred pounds. Two of them, including the man who was convicted seven times, are entrusted with the collection of bills to the amount of forty or fifty pounds at a time, and there is not a single instance of inaccuracy. It is to be remarked that, in this instance as well as in others, the employer had had several men in his service at different times, so that he spoke from a varied and lengthened experience.

The owner of the other manufactory which I might liken to a leather-dresser's in the midst of St. Giles's, is himself a very intelligent man, business-like and straightforward. His transactions are extensive, and he evidently has a keen eye to the main chance. Yet he naturally and properly expressed strong satisfaction at the consciousness that, while serving his own interests, he was engaged in a work really beneficial. One of the men employed at this place had been for nine years "in crime" before conviction. He has been four years in his present place, and every day of those four years he has been steadily earning a good character. The case of the other man has been still more remarkable. He may be said to have had extensive connections in the criminal professions, and he was himself distinguished in his calling as a desperate burglar. With a fine figure, a manly aspect, and an agreeable countenance, he has about him much that is considered to distinguish the gentleman. He had for some time been a "flash man," and his ambition as a Don Juan in that sphere had been gratified by the most remarkable "success." A policeman said of this eminent burglar, that he "should know his chisel in any window in Dublin." The hero was so active and reckless that it was impossible to capture him, even with the powerful force brought to bear against him, until two of his ribs had been fractured. Another policeman, a devoted servant of the Irish system, with full confidence in its efficacy, declared that the case of this man, so hardened in crime and so reckless, must be regarded as an exception, in which the ticket-of-licence would be inapplicable and unsafe. The fact is, that the man had employed certain qualities which are not bad in themselves, amid adverse circumstances, and probably from childhood, under the influence of a perverse ambition. The thorough discipline of the Intermediate prison, however, had bent these faculties back into the right direction, and had drawn forth his better faculties. When allusion was made, in his presence, to a brother who had also been convicted, he instantly defended the other's character; remarked that that other had been convicted for the only time in which he had gone astray, and that since his discharge the brother's character had stood higher than his own. In

some sense this is true: there was no evidence against the brother except with regard to the offence for which he was convicted; and under his ticket-of-licence he got on so well that he is now engaged in trade as an employer, with a rising business. But the man with whom I conversed had also behaved unexceptionably during the three years and more in which he has been with his present employer; so much so that his position has been steadily improved, and he is now selected to sleep in his employer's house. Here he is surrounded by property ready for the market, and quite portable; he is also placed in the midst of a neighbourhood thickly inhabited by men of the very worst character, who would but too gladly take part in any burglary. Yet this accomplished burglar, this man whom the policeman assumed to be incorrigible, whose chisel was known in any window of Dublin, sleeps on the inside of the window, and is trusted by the master without a moment's uneasiness.

As the counterpart and addition to these cases of men employed, I may give specimens of the applications made by employers. At first, of course, the initiative was taken by the earnest and energetic officers of the system, who were glad to discover men in trade with sufficient understanding and trustfulness to accept the services of the convicts; but even in this short time the employers have learned to take the initiative. Sometimes they make their application by simply walking up to Smithfield, and asking for the men they want; sometimes they make their application by letter to Mr. Organ, asking for workpeople in simple business-like terms, such as they would use to any well-known agent. I have such letters before me. One writer, a prosperous tradesman, who is altering his house, says, "could you send me a decent bricklayer, to build up a wall and do a few other jobs." Another, a manufacturer, says, "I can now make room for two of your men, provided they are sober and well able to work. Wages, 10s. a week." A third, in a large way of business, can employ two or three "able and willing men." And so on.

I have already mentioned the report by the chaplain of Millbank, who says that the larger half of the men at his prison are habitual and professional thieves, and that he has little hope of their amendment; quoting the remark of a convict: "It's not likely I'll work for fifteen shillings a-week when I can get as many pounds." Many a Dublin convict, formerly "an habitual and professional thief," could tell this Englishman—and there are some Englishmen in the Irish prisons—that, although he might get fifteen pounds in a lucky week, he cannot possibly pursue that game for any time in Ireland. And the accomplished burglar to whom I have just now referred, could tell the Millbank chaplain, that the most ardent and successful in the profession of thieving can be redeemed, when proper influences are brought to bear upon them. If we find so many as 966 relapsing out of 1,080 in England, we find very different results in Ireland. We have seen that the means of identification are good, and the co-operation of the police, in the counties as well as in Dublin, is very efficient. The means of noting

the well or ill doing of *all* liberated criminals are still refused; there are no means of surveillance over the habitual offenders who, under the working of short sentences, have been finally discharged. We have seen that some—and it is a matter of course that they are men who have had a training under the new system—voluntarily report themselves after the final expiration of their sentences; thus remaining the active *colleagues* of Captain Crofton and his brother officers in developing the system for the benefit of society and of the criminal class. A constant and regular correspondence is kept up by the Directors in Dublin with the governors of the county and borough gaols, and also with the police and constabulary throughout the country, in order to do all that can be done under existing legislation to identify criminals who have already been in the convict prisons, and to bring forward the previous conviction on every new trial. And, in passing, I may remark that we have no reason to suppose the English police less zealous or able than the Irish; in fact, I have *some* ground for thinking that our country police would willingly receive any general orders of a kind to increase their usefulness in this direction. The working of the systematic endeavours in Ireland is shown in the statistics, now that we know the *things* meted by the figures. In 1854, there were in the Irish Convict Prisons 3,933 convicts; in 1861 there are 1,492. In 1854, the number convicted was 710; in 1860 it had sunk, almost progressively, to 331. In the seven years, ending with 1860, the total number convicted was 3,054; discharged, 5,560. The number of men sent out on licence during the last five years is 1,462; of licences revoked, 89, the relapses of this class into crime being under 7 per cent. Last year the total number of new sentences passed on persons who had ever before been convicts, was 114; but this total is fallacious. Of that number, 58 were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment in local prisons, several of them being confined only twenty-four hours, for such offences as drunkenness. Only 56 were sentenced to penal servitude; and of the total number there is reason to believe that not a few were discharged under the old system, eight or ten years ago. Comparing these figures with the great number liberated in the last eight years, 5,560, it is obvious that the very largest number of relapses does not amount to 20 per cent., and probably does not exceed 10 per cent., and might be yet further reduced with extended powers of surveillance and longer sentences. I say nothing of England, where, *before* the wholesale retrograde movements at Portland and Chatham, the relapses have stood at nearly 90 per cent., because, I repeat, I am not comparing the two systems. Only flesh and blood cannot resist a glance at contrasts so striking.

The system for managing the female convicts in Ireland is exactly like that of the male departments, in principle, and in results. The differences in the plan are occasioned partly by a difference in the statistics, and partly by the peculiar circumstances which attend the women on their

discharge from a criminal prison. It is evident, especially at this early stage of the system, that it is more difficult to obtain employment for a woman who has the brand of a prison residence upon her than for a man; and yet it is done, as we shall see, with the most hopeful promise for the future. The much smaller number of the prisoners on the female side, as compared with the male side, however, renders it inconvenient to distribute them in different gaols, and all the progressive stages of their prison discipline are carried out in a single building, the Mountjoy Female Prison, in Dublin. When I visited it, this building contained 410 prisoners. Here, under one roof, we find the class under confinement in separate cells, and the four classes earning marks, as in Philipstown and Snake Island, with the intermediate prisons, as at Fort Camden and Smithfield. There is another difference. Many of the convicts are mothers; on their incarceration, their children become chargeable to the State. There are often difficulties in actually separating mother and child, and it has been found desirable to establish within the walls of the prison an infant-school for the young offspring of the female convicts. All the prisoners, as on the male side, are put to school, and you see aged women, sometimes grey and shrivelled, with the hardened countenance of ignorance and depraved age, busy over the very rudiments of education—a second childhood being brought to book in a manner as melancholy as it is fantastic. And yet there appears to be a certain degree of willingness in the whole body of the scholars, including even these venerable harridans. There is a system of marks similar to that in the male prisons, and it is similarly explained to the women, and is equally well understood. There is, as on the male side, the same progressive improvement of the countenance, only, perhaps, the more repulsive exceptions among the aged and the hardened are more pronounced, while the more pleasing change in the younger and better faces (the vast majority) is more decided and more touching. There is another peculiarity. All the officers of the prison, except a few in the outer part, are women. The post of governor is filled by a matron, Mrs. Lidwell, a lady of great energy and intelligence, dignified in appearance, kind in manner, with a singular power of sustained activity. She has infused her own spirit into a numerous body of assistants and teachers, who take a manifest pride in the progress of their pupils, and keen interest in their moral improvement. At first, these lady-warders came to their duty in a garb by no means indecorous, but more or less designed to be becoming, if not gay; and it was felt by the higher authorities, not only that the exhibition of such gaiety might have a painfully invidious effect, particularly upon the younger women, but that since many of those younger women are originally led astray by the desire for dress, the display within the very prison might suggest a confusion of ideas by no means wholesome. An order was issued, therefore, that all the female officers should put on soberer clothing; indeed, the rule directed that while in the exercise of their duty they should wear mourning. All

of them are thus clothed, from the matron to the youngest of the attendants.

I need not say that the prison is well constructed and well arranged, on the newest principles. There is not a foot of space to be spared in the earlier cells; but in the later classes, where work has to be done, the room is enlarged. The furniture is all that is necessary for bodily health, which implies a certain degree of comfort; the building is well warmed and admirably ventilated.

The stage to be passed under ticket-of-licence is afforded by the Roman Catholic Refuge at the Golden Bridge, Dublin, and by the Protestant Refuge, in Heytesbury Street; but the licence is extended to other places when it is so recommended by the manager of the refuge. Since March, 1856, 317 persons have been sent to the Golden Bridge; 47 to the Heytesbury Street Refuge; 350 in all. Of this number fifteen have returned to convict prisons, or about four per cent.

The number of inmates in the Roman Catholic Refuge at present is 50; the average is 60. The Protestant establishment, where the number of inmates averages a dozen, is conducted by a matron, under lady patronesses, who visit it. In the Roman Catholic Refuge, which is conducted by a Lady Superior and nuns of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, with a few lay sisters, the ladies actually reside. The Lady Superior is the governor of the whole, and is regarded by the women entrusted to her charge as a mother. Within the same outer walls there is a Reformatory for young girls. By the influence of the Lady Superior, Miss Kirwan, and her friends, employment is found for the industry of the women and girls; who also, of course, do a great part of the work proper to the establishment itself, such as the cooking, washing, &c. A complete account is kept with every inmate, from the period of her commitment to her leaving the refuge.

If the teachers in the male prisons do their duty in carrying out the appeal which the system makes to the individual character, the Lady Superior and nuns of the Convent of the Golden Bridge are not backward in the same Christian work. The Catholic organization is peculiarly favourable for this species of influence; but it must be said—and it is affirmed most emphatically by Protestants who habitually visit the Golden Bridge—that this influence is exerted in a spirit of genuine Christianity exalted far above any mere sectarian emulation.

When the period for the discharge of the convict arrives, the Lady Superior, with the assistance of her friends, exerts herself to procure employment, if possible, in some situation which will secure a moral as well as a material shelter for the women. Here again the Catholic organization proves of extreme value; the religious orders in various parts of Ireland, and even in the colonies or the United States, taking a very active share in the work. Thus it has been found comparatively easy to secure for the greater number of females sent forth from the Refuge a thoroughly honest way of life. Many of these *protégées* remain perma-

nently in correspondence with the Lady Superior, and I have before me several letters addressed to her, all showing that the writers have been taught to comprehend their past, and the opportunity of their future.

Again, out of a large correspondence, even of the most genuine and interesting letters, it is difficult to select such as are not unsuitable for publication, either because they dwell too much on the individual feelings of the writer, or because they touch too unreservedly on affairs which it might be mischievous to make common property; and out of a good many letters first selected I have chosen but one, printing it exactly as it is written, with the suppression only of the names. It is a very fair specimen of the whole; only others are less unscholarly, report higher wages, and indicate more positive well-doing.

The writer was born in Dublin; she led a bad life for *thirty* years, and was convicted *twenty-four times!* She is now proving that "it is never too late to mend;" for she is in a respectable situation, and is conducting herself excellently.

"*Dublin, 6th January,* 1861.

"Dear Rev. Mother,—I hope you do not think me ungrateful for not writing to you, for I have a great deal to do. I would have written to you at Christmas, But I was at Liverpooll with one of they Ladies. I have 9 in family now, and has only the same Wages and I do be very unhappy. But I say a little prayer and I get quite reconciled, and I know you never forget me, for I am sure it was your Worthy prayers that kept me as I am. I had a deal of trials since with a bad sister, But I will not fret you to tell you, for only for her I would have never left your maternal holy rooff. I thought to do well for her poor thing, But she Would not be good, she still sends to me, But my good confessor would not let me go near her or her husband. I was very sorry that E. N. left that good place, one of my Ladies went about a situation for her and she did not go to it. I hope poor Peggy is doing well. I will be delighted to see M. W., I will never forget her kindness to me when I fell. dear Mother of my soul will you tell her I will be happy to see her that is if she leaves, I could get her six shillings a week at the Waiscoat making. I did go to look for Mary N., But she was gone poor thing I was very sorry for her. May the Lord preserve all that was ever under your care from all sin and evil, and may you flourish every day in Bringing Souls to God is the humble prayer of your penitent and humble servant,

"Mary R.

"God bless you all with you."

Thus the records of the Golden Bridge not only tell the career of the convict from her entrance into the criminal prison, but in a great proportion of cases tell her history after she has reissued into the world, and keep an account of her behaviour; showing us, on evidence which can be attested, that the reformation has been practical and substantial. It is not, indeed, that the trials of these unhappy women terminate with conviction, or even with release. If it is not easy to select letters, there are still greater difficulties in illustrating the very success of the system by the stories of these poor creatures, because you might follow the penitent with injury. There is another difficulty: in many cases it is absolutely impossible to relate the circumstances, they are so shocking, so painful, so unfit to be related coldly, without the sighs and tears that softened and

humanized their recital in reality. When I was looking over the column which showed how the prisoners, on their final release, had been disposed of, my attention was attracted in one instance by the word "married." I learned that, before her committal, the girl had been engaged to a young man; he, also, had become a convict; they remained faithful to each other in affection, and it was thought desirable that their union should be completed by the sanction of the Church. After their marriage, they conducted themselves very well. I heard some strange and deeply-interesting stories of women who entered the refuge, still in a condition of perverse and sulky obduracy. They had submitted to the prison rules sufficiently to work their way into the refuge, but remained mutinous at heart, and the struggle before the final relenting was terrible to witness. With the insight of a clear and affectionate intellect, the Lady Superior has observed that those women who remain incorrigible and cannot be reclaimed by any effort of discipline, reason, or exhortation, are precisely those who appear to be "deficient in natural affection." It is the appeal to natural affection which usually awakens the latent life in the heart of the most obdurate. A striking instance of this was afforded in the case of one who had apparently been hardened in profligacy.

M. L. was a wild, reckless girl; she left her mother to join a gang of sheep-stealers; she was captured, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' transportation. While in Cork prison she tried to make her escape, but she was discovered. She seemed very penitent, and contrived to have it supposed that a marked change for the better had taken place. When she came to the Refuge, however, she was found to be cunning and deceitful, and for several months no symptom of genuine reformation could be detected. At length, her manner was more subdued, and she was more industrious. One day, she came to the Lady Superior, and, looking more abashed than usual, said, "I don't know what is come over me, but, somehow, my mind is changed, and I could not rest until I came to speak to you." "Changed in what?" she was asked. "To tell you the truth," she said, she "had entered the Refuge with the full determination not to be reformed." Before she left Cork prison, she had arranged with two of the worst women there to call for her in Dublin when their sentence should expire, and they had their plans made to "go out" in Dublin, and to outdo even their past lives in wickedness. M. L. now asked to be "saved" from those women. After some further conversation, she said, "Now, ma'am, if I could hear from my mother I would be happy. She has never answered any of my letters, and I don't know whether she is living or dead." The Lady Superior took down her address and wrote to the Sisters of Mercy at the town where the girl's relatives lived, to procure all possible information. They did so, and learned that when the daughter was convicted the mother had taken all the family to America; and they procured the American address. The Lady Superior wrote at once to the mother, and told her of the improvement in the disposition of her child, begging of her to forgive the penitent, and to

write to her. Miss Kirwan also said that if the mother would receive the girl, she would pay the passage and other expenses. The mother wrote a touching letter, full of joy to hear that her daughter was under such good care; expressing anxiety to see her again, and—a point bearing urgently on the case—sending money for clothes. Shortly before the girl was released, the two women did call for her; but, of course, they were not allowed to see her; and, on hearing that she did not intend to take her discharge for Dublin, they showed much surprise. She went to America; and after she arrived she wrote, "I am living in ——— with mother and brothers. I am quite comfortable. Poor mother was glad to see me; and she and brothers are very thankful to you all for your kindness to me."

A girl, whom we will call W. G., went to service in a farmer's house when she was very young. The farmer's son promised to marry her, and he took her to England, as she supposed, to keep his word, but there he deserted her. The parish authorities sent her back to Ireland, with her child. Being afraid to return to her only surviving relative, her mother, she wandered about the country as a strolling vagrant. One day, while suffering from want and fatigue, she was accosted by a woman who seemed to be travelling in the same direction, and who expressed much sympathy. The new friend deplored to see so young a woman "with such a blight upon her." Of course, remarked the comforter, so long as she was burdened by "that child" she could not earn her bread, or return to her own village. At once, and for the first time, the idea of deserting her child occurred to the wanderer; but she turned from the thought with horror. However, as they walked along she listened to the tempter. They came to a lonely part of the road, and the stranger said to her, "If you are not willing to leave the child yourself, give her to me, and I will do it for you; but mind, you must not look behind, nor watch where I put it." The woman took the child, telling the mother to walk on fast for awhile, and she should be overtaken. The girl did so; and when the woman came up, the mother could learn nothing about the infant. Where the child was put, what was likely to happen to it, was it dead or alive, to this hour she does not know; but the cry uttered by the babe when snatched from her arms seems to ring in her ears unceasingly. She left that part of the country, fearing she might be suspected and arrested; and now she grew reckless and dishonest. She was convicted twice; on the second conviction she received the sentence of seven years' transportation, and before the expiration of that sentence, she worked her way into the Golden Bridge Refuge. Until she came to the Government prison, she was extremely ignorant of her religious duties: at the Refuge her anxiety for instruction won the admiration of the pious ladies. But the more she learned—the more she prayed—the more acute became her remorse. With a true Christian feeling—with a Christian *policy*, it may be said—exalted above all cant and sectarian ambition, the Lady Superior seldom allowed the penitent to speak of her

remorse, though at the time it consoled her to do so. After leaving the Refuge, W. G. obtained a good situation as cook, which she held with much satisfaction to the family for more than three years. During that time she called at the Golden Bridge; and though no allusion was ever made to the past, the tears always came into her eyes when the Lady spoke to her. She went to Australia in the character she had earned, and is now in an excellent situation. She has changed her country, and has improved her position in society, but still her teacher feels that her "sin is always before her." In other words, by her behaviour the girl shows that she has learned, in heart, and mind, and act, to appreciate the distinction between that which is precious in life, and that which is bad and hopeless.

A. N. left her mother at the age of fifteen, and lived with a dishonest woman, who taught her to steal. She was committed four times: on the last occasion she was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, and she came to the Reformatory for the last nine months of her sentence. There she conducted herself extremely well, was a good general servant, and became an excellent laundress. While the girl was in prison, her mother went to London, and took the family with her. She wrote several letters to Anne, inviting her to London when her sentence should expire, and telling her that there was a comfortable home for her. Before the Superior consented to Anne's going, she wrote to inquire in what business the family was engaged, and what employment Anne should have if she were sent to her mother; but the answers were evasive. The sisters of the order in London were asked to obtain information about the family, and the account they gave was anything but good. When the whole circumstance was told to Anne, she at once declined to go to her mother, and she declared herself very grateful to have been saved. She gladly accepted the offer to emigrate to ——, in the United States, where she has now twenty pounds a year as laundress. Letters were received from the mother, but they were not answered. A few days after Anne had left the Reformatory, a man, in outward appearance a gentleman, called and inquired for her, saying he was directed by her mother to bring her back with him to London. You can imagine the pleasure with which he was told that she had sailed for America. The case not only shows us a soul saved, but the example by which we may rescue other souls.

E. K. was left an orphan at twelve or fourteen years of age, with the charge of a younger brother, to whom she was attached. They went to their aunt (their only surviving relative), who refused to receive both, but offered to take E., if she would leave her little brother. To this proposal the sister would not consent. Without home or friends, the two children wandered about the country, supported by the charity of strangers; and it was in a state of starvation that they committed their first theft, were detected, tried, and sent for a short time—a "lenient" sentence probably—to the county gaol. They left their prison more dishonest than when they entered it; and they followed the same course

of life, with the usual fortune: they were committed the second, and the third time. On this last occasion they, luckily for them, received the sentence of "seven years' transportation." After being three years and nine months in prison, E. came to the Reformatory. While she was in the charge of the ladies her conduct was "most satisfactory." On her final release a respectable situation was obtained for her, and she held it for a year and a half or two years. About that time she made the acquaintance of a young man, a bricklayer by trade; and the couple became much attached to each other. But when the lover proposed for her, she declined to give any answer, and contented herself with directing the young man to call on the Lady Superior and ask her consent. He did so: inquiries were made; he proved to be industrious and good, and the excellent Mother Magdalen said that she had no objection to the marriage.

Some days afterwards E. came to the Refuge with her lover, and went in alone to see the chief. She was very pale, and much agitated. She simply said, "I am come to ask a favour of you, ma'am—that you would speak to Denis."

The Lady Superior answered that she had spoken to the young man already, and was quite satisfied with him.

"It is not that," said the girl; "but I want you to tell him *all—everything* you know about me. I could not marry him otherwise. It would be deceiving him—but I don't know how he may take it!" And her eyes filled with tears.

"You are quite right," replied the lady; "I have been wondering what you would do in the matter. Call in Denis; but leave the room yourself."

Denis entered.

"Are you going to marry this girl?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do you know about her?" she asked him.

"Everything good, ma'am." And he looked very indignant, as if prepared to contradict any ill report.

He was then told that the object of E.'s visit that day was to ask the Mother to disclose to him some circumstances of her past life over which she still mourned, and that when he heard them, if he wished, he was at liberty to break off their engagement. He then said, with much feeling, that the Lady Superior need not enter more fully on the subject; that he knew all, and had done so from the beginning of their acquaintance. A fellow-servant in the house where E. lived had told him. "And, indeed, ma'am," he continued, "I never spoke to the same girl since, as I did not think well of her to have told me so much. However, it did not change me in the least; and now I think more highly of E. than ever."

They were married, and were very happy; but a deep shade of sadness was always observed over E., as if she could not forget the past. She died in about a year after their marriage. When she found herself in

danger, she sent for the admirable Mother Magdalen; but the lady arrived too late,—the sufferer was dead.

Her husband's grief was intense. "Oh, ma'am," he cried, "she was a wife for a prince; she was beautiful, and so gentle; all the people in the house we lodged in respected her, though she spoke to no one but myself. After our marriage, she could not rest until she told me the history of her life; but I never cast a thought on it after."

I have made my report. I have collected my information from official documents, in every case verified by contemporaneous entries, as systematically kept as the books in a regular merchant's counting-house. I have made inquiries for myself, collating the official information with the facts I thus ascertained. I could have told you a great deal more, but I have already usurped far too large a share of your space. Yet I have told you enough to explain why it is the complete success of the Irish convict system is attested by every kind of testimony throughout the country; by the officials, the magistracy, the police; by the mercantile body; by the clergy of all denominations; by the press, statistics, and the very aspect of the past convicts as compared with the criminal class before its discipline. Yes, I may say, literally, that the thorough success of the system is avouched by every rank in the country, from the convicts, who are at once its subjects and promoters, up to that experienced, unprejudiced, and generous statesman, who, seated on the viceregal throne, surveys it broadly in all its social bearings.

Horace Saltoun.

Part III.—Væ Victis.

Some little time after our last interview, Horace paid me a visit. I imagined from his manner there was something on his mind of which he desired to unburden himself; it soon came out.

"Paul, what should you say if you heard I entertained the wish to marry?"

"Say, Horace?" I replied, slowly; "I hardly know what I should say."

He began to talk with a little nervousness and rapidity. "I have been steady and in good health now for some years; I feel better than I ever did in my life."

"I'm glad of it, Horace: you look like it. Have you ever had any return of that morbid craving?"

"I won't say I have had no sensations of the sort, Paul; but never with the same irresistible strength: never so strongly that I could not only resist it, but I felt I could do so; consequently I nerved myself for the struggle, without that wretched despondency which used to overpower me."

"Well, Horace, I am far from saying you ought not to marry, for every man has a chance of becoming a better and happier one when he has a good wife; but much depends upon what sort of a woman she may be. What is she like?"

"She is like ——" here he stopped, and took a long suck at his cigar. "Well, Paul, she is like a Juno without her severity. She gives me a sensation of rest only to stand near her. I'm a big fellow, but I don't look it beside her. She's a large, calm, gentle woman: there, Paul, don't laugh at the description. This is all a man could wish for to be his comfort and his better angel; to rule his home, and to be the mother of his children!"

"In love, Horace?" I said, jestingly.

"Well, I suppose I am; at least this looks like it," and he looked rather silly as he bared his arm, and displayed tatooed thereon in slender blue lines, the initials M. O., with an anchor and a cross, done in sailor fashion with gunpowder. "I ought to tell you her name, 'Margaret Oliver.'" He said it several times over, as if it sounded pleasantly to him.

"How old is she?"

"Thirty, or thereabouts: a year or two more than I have; but I'm not sorry for that. She has no one but herself to please: her father and mother are both dead. She lives at ——" (naming a place a few miles from town), "and an old lady, a sort of companion, resides with her."

I was silent.

"You don't think me wrong to marry, Paul? I tell you if anything would keep me strong and happy, marrying such a woman as that would do it. Don't say it would be wrong, old fellow," he continued, in an agitated manner: "say anything but that. In truth," he continued, sadly, "I don't think that I ought to be condemned to live for ever hopeless and alone. I tell you I feel so lonely sometimes, I often think I shall cut my throat."

"Would you be insured against cutting your throat by marrying Miss Oliver?"

"I think there would be so much then to make life dear; at present why should I live to cumber the ground, and occupy the place of a better man on the earth? My parents had done well if they had smothered me as soon as I was born: if I am so cursed, better that I had never lived to see the light of day!"

"And in the face of that would you run the chance of becoming a father to a generation who might be as miserable as yourself?"

"I know what you are driving at, Paul, and I've thought of all that; but in the first place, both my father and mother were temperate people, and in the second, science and experience support us in the idea that the mother has in general more influence than the father on the cerebral development of her child. Margaret has such a perfect organization, such a calm fine temper, it would be impossible to conceive of her failing to influence all near her."

I reflected. I didn't like to advise, and told him so.

"Why, Paul, it's enough to make a man go mad of himself, or take brandy indefinitely, to be so isolated as I am: I could shed tears sometimes when those rough scampish fellows show the personal affection to me which they often do."

I still did not speak, but sat silent and preoccupied.

"Well," he said, with an outburst of strong emotion, "then here goes my last chance of happiness. I'll have a grand funeral, and bear away and bury, with what pomp I may, the dead body of this dear hope, and set it round with faded good intentions and the ghost of a possible joy; for, being now dead and useless, it will be as odious in my nostrils as a corpse left to decay."

His features worked painfully, and he turned himself back in his chair. I could not bear this; I thought there was reason in what he urged.

"Not so fast, Horace; don't put opinions into my mouth. As to marriage, do that which you think right; but I think Miss Oliver ought not to be in ignorance of the circumstances of your history."

He looked distressed, but faced me at once.

"I think so too, Paul: as an honourable man I am bound not to conceal that from her. It may—probably will—cost me all I dared to hope for; but better lose her than win her by fraud. You are quite right; it

must be done. But I have a boon to ask of your friendship—a friendship now of many years' standing; and for the sake of the youth and manhood which we have passed together, you will not refuse me: it is, that you will yourself tell it to Margaret."

"My dear Horace," I said, "consider: I am unacquainted with her; and she will reasonably think that a revelation of such matters should come from your own lips. It would be most officious, or appear so, in me."

"No, it would not, Paul. You can't think how I shrink from it. Besides, I wish her decision to be uninfluenced by compassion or kind feeling, and would have it the result of her judgment, apart from my presence."

I need not recount his persuasions and arguments; it will suffice to say that he prevailed: that I consented that he should send a letter to Margaret Oliver, which should procure me a private interview, and contain such partial explanation as might break the ground for me.

Two days afterwards I rode down and presented myself at Miss Oliver's residence, to perform my disagreeable mission. The room into which I was shown opened into a conservatory filled with rare exotics; a variety of trifles were about, indicating feminine occupation, and that harmony and good taste prevailed which characterize the presence of habitual refinement. The mellowed, softened tone, the fading light, and the delicious odour of the flowers, combined, threw me into a reverie; from this I roused myself by an effort when the servant entered to say that Miss Oliver would be with me in a few minutes, and begged that I would, meanwhile, walk into the conservatory.

When she appeared, I thought I had seldom seen a grander specimen of womanhood, both morally and physically. When Horace compared her to the Olympian queen divested of her severity, he did not describe her ill. She had large, calm, limpid eyes, with a singularly candid and tender expression, ample but finely formed limbs, somewhat heavily moulded lips and chin, and a quantity of dark hair folded about the head; and though, from the admirable proportions of the latter, the size did not appear inordinate, it was yet an unusually large brain for a woman. Her complexion was the marble, opaque tint which distinguished the old Roman women; and her walk, as she swept forward to me, I thought like herself, calm and undulating. When she spoke it was in a rich, low voice; and her smile was so full of benignity and goodness that I at once realized the truth of the sensation which Horace described her as inspiring: that of *rest*. A slight degree of embarrassment at meeting was perhaps inevitable, and it existed; but I am sincere enough to own that it was on my side alone.

After a little preliminary conversation, she told me at once that she knew I had come with a communication from Mr. Saltoun. I therefore entered on what I had to say, rather awkwardly and hurriedly, I fear; but I gathered calmness as I proceeded: it was perchance reflected from hers. I gave his history, as far as I knew it—the antecedents of his father, the illness of his sister, his engagement to Cecile Otway. I did not look up,

but I *felt* that she moved slightly here; then she bowed her head, and I continued. I praised, as indeed I justly could, his nature and disposition. I mentioned his professional fame. Then I gave the whole sad history, as delicately, truthfully, and tenderly as I could; omitting nothing, according to his directions. I glanced at her once; she was listening with averted head, and her hand shaded her eyes. I could hear a tremulous, heavy breath drawn now and then, but she made no other movement: feeling, and, I doubt not, suffering, but calm and stirless. I dwelt on his blameless life, his complete solitude, his lonely home, his genuine humility and distrust of himself, and, above all, on the noble truthfulness and confidence in her which he displayed by insisting on her being acquainted with these mortifying and humiliating occurrences in his life.

When I had finished, there was a pause. Miss Oliver remained for more than a minute so still she hardly seemed to breathe. Then she turned her face and person full towards me, as though to present herself unarmed to the foe—her face tear-stained, though her eyes looked truthful and luminous as ever—and she said solemnly, yet a little tremulously, "You are Horace Saltoun's friend, and you will, of all men, know that I do right. I will marry Horace; and if a wife's true heart can shield him from the horrors that have beset him, mine shall do so, and then I shall not have lived in vain. But if that may not be, I will still share his fate; preferring rather, if God will, to run some risk in sustaining a great and noble nature, than to marry some man who less needs comfort and succour."

What words of mine could shake a resolution so full of womanly feeling and generosity? I had neither the heart nor the wish to alter it. In fact I could not speak, but wrung her hand, and left her.

I may hurry over this part of my history. Miss Oliver had, as Horace said, no one to please but herself; she had an ample fortune, and his income was very sufficient, so they were at once affianced, and were to be married at the close of one month. I saw them frequently during this interval, and was at each interview more and more convinced that she was of all women the one best suited to Horace.

But if he had done ill to marry at all? Alas, who can tell! Her cheerfulness was so serene, so pervading her whole being, that she seemed the visible expression of that fine sentiment of Herder's, "The greatest treasure which God has given his creatures is, and ever will be, genuine existence."

Now Horace, notwithstanding his powerful and energetic nature, had occasionally a certain melancholy on him; similar, I think, to that which Kant describes in a commentary on an observation of Saussure: "A species of sadness," he says, "belonging to the bracing emotions, and which bears the same relation to a relaxing sadness as the sublime does to the beautiful."

There was, I do not deny, a proportion of phlegm in Margaret's temperament, against which irritable and excitable spirits broke and fretted themselves in vain, and then, spent and exhausted, they returned to rest

themselves on her, as though they thereby imbibed a part of that calm which seemed to know no disturbance. I have heard it said by small, acrid women, that her figure was clumsy and her movements slow; but the outward form corresponded to the inner nature: it knew no littleness, no scorn, no bitterness. She was born to become a man's stay. Such a woman would hardly have fulfilled nature's purpose if she had not been so placed as to impart some of her own equable happiness to one less fortunately constituted; and on such a tender and loving breast any man would be glad to rest a weary head and wounded spirit. Her characteristic was not intellect—many men and women surpassed her in that; but in her moral strength, in the power of gentleness, in her exquisite tenderness, there were few who did not experience when near her a sensation of being cared for, and sympathized with, lulled, soothed, and borne away as though by the current of a mighty yet noiseless river.

They were married, and for several years enjoyed more happiness than usually falls to the lot of mortals. Between the terms of his lectures they resided at a small property of hers on the northern coast of Wales. Under her genial influence his intellect seemed to expand with fresh vigour, while her unswerving kindness and goodness of heart, added to her wonderful serenity, lent to his impulsive and unequal temper all that it most specially required.

Mrs. Saltoun became the mother of one little girl. The child lived, while the mother all but died. Fever supervened, and for nearly six weeks Horace hardly took off his clothes or left the bedside of his wife. The case was one of that exhausting nature which demands refreshments or stimulants every hour, or still more frequently, in order to retain the rapidly sinking vitality, and this service Horace insisted on performing unassisted. Now I need not say that to do this for such a length of time is a most frightful strain on both mind and body: it is similar in its nature to the often-attempted feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours—a task in which not a few have broken down.

She recovered, but he did not escape so easily; though it was not until her convalescence that it told on him. I was myself ill at this period, and it was not until I was showing appearances of improvement that I was allowed to talk. The young surgeon before mentioned was in attendance on me, and one of my first questions was as to the Saltouns.

"Just what I was wanting to speak to you about," was the reply. "You have been wanted up there, and may go now, as soon as you like."

"What has gone wrong? Why did you not tell me before?"

"Which question am I to reply to first? Everything has gone wrong; and you were to be kept undisturbed. When I am in possession of a patient, I take charge of mind as well as body."

"Give me some insight into the matter, for I shall start to-morrow."

"Saltoun has been drinking, or drugging, or something, and has had a touch of the horrors again: his wife bears it like an angel, they say. There now, I'll pack your carpet-bag."

I started, of course, immediately, and reached my destination the following day.

The house was an old, rambling building of gray stone; it was only two stories high, and was covered with creepers, moss, lichen, &c. One side faced the sea: it stood, in fact, at the end of a ravine which widened on to the shore; to the right and left the cliffs were very precipitous and rocky: altogether the scenery was wild and grand, and the situation one of great natural beauty.

I could hardly tell whether Saltoun was glad to see me or not. I know I thought him frightfully shaken, and irritable to the last degree. His memory, too, was much affected: he often forgot what he wanted to do, or the name of an article he required; and whether any one noticed it and tried to supply the omission, or whether it were passed over, he was equally impatient and angry. He evinced a pointed disinclination to enter on the subject of his illness with me, alleging that it was one most hateful to him. But I ascertained from other sources, that though he had constantly administered wine, brandy, &c., to his wife, he had never either tasted them, or appeared to wish to do so. Almost as soon as his wife was able to leave her room safely, however, he went out to take exercise, as he said; he came in wet, tired, and haggard, and went straight to his own room, where he drank himself into a state of stupor.

I had not been with him more than three days when he expressed his determination to go to town and recommence his lectures. His wife endeavoured by instant acquiescence to let this intention die a natural death, and received the announcement with apparent equanimity; but when, in spite of this, he persisted, she became much disturbed, and expressed to me her distress. When soothing and argument had no effect, she tried, poor thing, to draw his attention to her delicate health, and begged him not to leave her. It was in vain. As for me, I heard it with consternation; but all I could say was useless; so we reluctantly abandoned the idea of preventing him, and prepared reluctantly to face the trial, which I could not conceal from myself would be a very serious one.

Margaret Saltoun was as yet but little altered in appearance, though her eyes had an air of languor about them, and I thought I could trace a few silver threads among the masses of dark hair. With her usual sweet temper she commenced making her little preparations to accompany him. At first he forbade this, but she laid her hand on his shoulder, and, bending over him, kissed his forehead: "Where you go, I go, Horace."

As she raised her head, I saw her eyes were brimful of unshed tears. No more was said, and we travelled together to town—not a very gleeful trio. . . . . .

I went with him to his class-room, and Horace Saltoun once more, amid the plaudits of the students, made his way up to his accustomed standing-place; but not with the confident, vigorous step of old. There was, however, no very visible want of nerve about his manner as he faced us. It was with a strange and painful sort of feeling I heard him announce

that the subject on which he proposed that day to lecture was "*The Brain.*"

He proceeded, after a few very brief remarks, to describe the anatomy of the cerebrum. I could detect no omission as he proceeded rapidly to dispose of one of the hemispheres, illustrating the different divisions by diagrams, which he drew as he went on: most exquisite specimens of anatomical drawing they were. Then he faltered a little, and his eye seemed to lose its intensity of gaze; by a violent effort he recovered himself, and went on:

"Gentlemen, I need not recount to you the old superstitions. People have supposed that the principle of life, or the secret centre of intelligence, resided in this," laying his finger on one minute gland. "False, all these theories. Is the mind that which we can crush between our fingers, or resolve into phosphates or carbonates? No, this is not mind; this is not life. A child can live for a time without a brain, and a madman or an imbecile can drag on existence with a brain complete in all its parts."—He said this with singular emphasis.

This was so unlike his usual style of lecture, curt, witty, and practical, that several men regarded each other inquiringly. He paused, essayed to begin, but stopped again, and I saw his memory failed him. He passed his hand over his forehead, with an inexpressibly troubled look; then he went on again, but this time with the anatomy of the heart; even in this he evidently forgot many of the terms, and several times left a sentence unfinished. He drew another diagram with entire success, then came another embarrassed pause. A most uncomfortable sensation stole over every one present. He referred to his diagram, and seemed to remember that he had left the brain unfinished; then—giving me one glance of such agony as I can never forget—he recommenced; but the treacherous memory again failed: he attempted to explain one part, and utterly lost the thread of the argument, and not only the name, but the very idea. He drew himself up to his full height, looked at us steadily for a moment, and bursting into tears, hurriedly left the room. In all London there was perhaps no greater misery than that proud and sensitive heart endured that night.

Horace never entered this lecture-room again. For upwards of a year he travelled with his wife on the Continent; and I was told the mineral waters at some of the spas in Germany had done wonders for his shattered health. When they returned to this country they retired to the property I have before alluded to in Wales, and lived there in comparative seclusion. I saw him very seldom, and only for short periods, and then he seemed enjoying very fair health, though not the man he was when I first knew him: but I was informed that he still continued occasionally to make sad outbreaks; not by any means frequently, but that when he did get intoxicated it was to a terrible excess.

One bright, undimmed star still shone in their heaven amid these driving clouds and storms, and that was their mutual and passionate love.

In this fact friends and foes agreed alike; so that I still hardly repented that I had not urged him to abjure marriage. . . .

One day a letter was placed in my hand, containing these words in Mrs. Saltoun's handwriting, "Come to me instantly."

In those days the network of railways did not exist as at present, and though I travelled all night it was morning before I drove up to the house. Margaret met me in the doorway, strangely saddened, and very pale. Her habitual calm was not the dogged submission of a fatalist, but the humble, softened confidence of one who believed that Heaven watched over all. She was by no means one of those women whom the smallest anxiety reduces to a skeleton, and therefore, though the pallor habitual to her had become more than ever marble in its hue, the blue veins more easily traced, and the large, full, lustrous eyes languid and heavy, yet, worn and tried as she looked, Margaret Saltoun was now, as ever, a most noble specimen of perfect womanhood; fined down, perhaps, through much suffering: but it has been finely remarked, "We predicate more nobly of the worn appearance of St. Paul than of the fair and ruddy countenance of David."

But few words were uttered: the consciousness of misfortune was on us both. As I wrung her hand, my eye rested almost unconsciously, perhaps, on her black dress. She responded to the silent thought.

"God has taken my little one to Himself: it is better, perhaps, so"—here her voice trembled exceedingly, and there followed a silence, which I, at least, had no words to break. At last she resumed, in her rich, pleading voice, "You know the worst, doctor, when you know that at this moment we are ignorant where Horace may be; or, indeed, whether he is alive or dead. Something in these letters has grieved him up to that point when he could no longer control himself. He has often told me—and it is even now my pride and joy to know—that no earthly sorrow touched him which he did not confide to me. You will read these letters" (she placed them in my hand): "you will judge how little he is to blame for what they record; and you will see in all this another proof that nothing has power to overthrow his strength of mind except anxiety of the heart, or grief and unkindness from those he loves."

I hurriedly mastered their contents. His sister was dead! In one were the certificated reports of the foreign authorities. Miss Saltoun had, in a fit of somnambulism, precipitated herself from a window, died, and was buried; that was the substance of the intelligence. Alas! somnambulism or delirium—who could tell? The other was a letter stamped with about fifty post-marks. It had apparently, through some ignorance in the writer of the proper address, made the tour of Europe. It was dated five weeks prior to the unhappy event: in it Mdlle. Justine sent in her resignation; "finding," she said, "that her young lady no longer required her services."

"When did Horace leave the house?" I inquired.

"He received this letter the day before yesterday, and appeared stunned

rather than agitated by the news ; then he swallowed a quantity of wine, and I fear spirits likewise, and lay down on his bed, feverish and restless. I lay by his side, and as he seemed to become more tranquil, I slept. When I awoke he was no longer by me. We sent messengers in all directions, and traced him down to the shore. Early this morning I myself found his clothes; they were thrown off in disorder, and soaked in dew, as if they had been there many hours."

She was deadly pale as she said this, and the tears rained down her face: there was no trembling, no loud cry, but a grief pure and noble, and yet chastened and resigned.

"Dear Mrs. Saltoun," I said, "I would not for worlds deceive you, but my impression is that Horace is not lost to us : first remember that he was a bold, and steady, and powerful swimmer; secondly, if, as I imagine, a brief delirium has seized him, strong physical exertion may prove most useful to him. It would be about four o'clock yesterday afternoon that he left you: no very great time has elapsed."

That day the country round was again scoured by men and horses, and the sea-shore carefully searched. I superintended the latter in person. The coast was very wild and picturesque at this point, forming a vast amphitheatre of crags and precipices, intersected in one place by a deep gully, and again farther up by a torn and rent ravine, partially clothed with verdure in the cleft; a few pine-trees and dwarfed oaks sprang out of the fissures in the rocks, whose bent and twisted branches testified to many a long year of exposure to the drifting spray, and of struggle with the wind and tempest. Several subterranean passages ran deep into the cliff, terminating in some fine caverns, formerly the resort of smugglers on this coast. No trace of the fugitive could I discover; but, knowing well the passionate attachment of Horace for the sea, I suspected strongly that he was concealed in some of these caves, and would probably prowl out as soon as he thought darkness would secure him from pursuit.

The bay was rather a large one, running deep inland, and the coast to the left extended so far out as to appear almost opposite. A broad tongue of black purple lay on the water's edge, and above it towered the snow-capped mountain of ——, at that instant warmed into rose colour by the rays of the setting sun. As if to mimic this there ran out from the shore in a slanting direction, for above half a mile, a chain of rough rocks, which, being partially under water at high tide, were mostly covered with black seaweed. From the extreme point it was a quarter of a mile in a straight line to the main land, and between it and this natural breakwater the sea was in general as placid as a lake, but of very considerable depth. When I had fully mastered the chief points hereabouts, I returned to the house to give Margaret such scanty hope as was in my power. I insisted on her swallowing a sedative, and advised her to go to bed at once, and sleep if possible.

About eleven at night, I again took the path to the shore, and loitered about for upwards of an hour without seeing or hearing anything that I

sought for; I then took up my position in the mouth of one of the caves, which commanded a full view of the bay. For half an hour or more I continued my vigil without any result. I strolled out and perceived evident signs of a change of weather, but feeling reluctant to return to that unhappy lady without tidings of her husband, I again went under shelter.

Gradually the stillness grew ominously hushed, and for a quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the moan of the sullen wave as it broke on the sands. Another instant and the winds were loosed with irresistible fury; down came the storm-king from his throne, down drove the white mist, down drove the torrent, and the gray sea was a sheet of foam. The pine-trees ahead looked like isolated fragments of darkness, and the gnarled oaks creaked and strained to hold their own. The war of the elements continued with fury for upwards of an hour. I fancied I heard a voice, or voices, and indeed felt so persuaded of it that I ventured forth once; but the rain blinded me: the air was thick with spray, and the roar of the sea, which was perfectly invisible to me, made all else inaudible, so I was glad to return.

Almost as abruptly as the storm began, it ceased; leaving, however, a dense white fog, which moved capriciously, sometimes allowing the breakers to be visible, and the next minute gathering over the sea and clearing away to the cliffs. At length, it hovered in a heavy mass over earth and water, while the sky was no longer hidden, and I could see the moon attempting to emerge from a coil of rain-laden clouds. Suddenly as I stood straining my eyes into darkness, the mist, by some undercurrent of air I imagine, was raised as though by mechanism, and for a brief minute I saw the ocean, the bay, and the jutting-out reef of rocks. But I saw more than this: my eyes beheld distinctly at the extremity of the reef, touched as it was by the moonlight, a human figure pacing rapidly to and fro. Then by a vexatious caprice the current of air changed, the mist fell like a white pall, and I saw no more: but that was enough. Scrambling out, I made my way as rapidly as possible along the rough shingle, to gain if I could the command of the point in question.

The rocks were of great size, curiously massed together in grotesque position and outline, and being very slippery and full of deep fissures containing water, it was no easy work to make satisfactory progress along them in that uncertain light; so that when I had accomplished a quarter of a mile I was bathed in perspiration, and almost disposed to think that my eyes had deceived me, and that I was on a fruitless and foolhardy errand. Still I continued onward, and the chain grew more narrow; but though the sea was calm, I could hear nothing but the gurgle of its deep inky waters against the base. The fog cleared in a circle round me as I proceeded, the moon shone forth from a lake of deep blue sky surrounded by an almost transparent halo of fleecy silver clouds, while now and then the cliffs to my right, whitened by her beams, stood out in strong relief, and the sands lay beneath in a deep shadow of unbroken gloom.

I could now discern clearly a figure: it was, then, no spectre of my fancy; and I felt equally convinced that it was Horace, and none other: for who but a man distraught would be in such a place at such an hour? I resolved to proceed very cautiously, since the fog behind me was so whitened as almost to point me out; and if I could see him so plainly, there was no reason why he should not perceive me. I approached near enough to hear some one shouting, muttering, and laughing. Whenever the figure faced in my direction, I crouched behind the large rocks which were nearest to me, then made another spring, and again concealed myself. At last I stood within half a dozen yards.

I had not deceived myself; it was indeed Horace Saltoun. He was entirely naked, with the exception of a chaplet of black seaweed on his head, and a twisted rope made out of the root part of the same material, coiled round his neck, waist, and loins, and terminating in a fantastic knot which fell to his knee, his feet were cut and stained, and a thin streak of blood was visible from a cut on his forehead, from which it trickled slowly down his face. He was shouting, blaspheming, and gesticulating, and tearing the seaweed violently from the rocks, and hurling it by great handfuls into the sea.

I stood hidden from his sight for a few moments, to regain my breath and consider what was my best course of action. To return for assistance would obviously be to lose the result of my labour; yet it was hardly probable that in his present excited state he would consent to accompany me of his own will. I was not near enough to spring upon him, and even if I could, holding a naked man by force is slippery work, and I did not feel disposed to place confidence in the strength of the seaweed rope; there only remained a hand-to-hand struggle, the most likely termination of which seemed to be that we should both roll off into the sea. In this dilemma I resolved to try the effect of suddenly announcing my presence. His present condition was not a surprise to me: I had long expected that his increasing excesses in stimulants would bring on a maniacal attack; and I was aware that in that condition everything may be hoped for, as far as management goes, by taking advantage of a timely diversion of attention. So I walked boldly forward, and said as calmly as I could,—"It is very cold work out here, Horace."

He staggered back as if I had struck him, and then confronted me, shading his eyes with both his hands.

"What, you've come, have you?" he said, slowly.

"Yes," I replied, "and I want to help you in what you are about," and I made a few steps forwards.

"Then stand back," he yelled out, at the very top of his voice. "Stand back, or I'll twist your neck as soon as I get hold of you."

"Horace," I called out, in slow distinct tones, "come home; your wife is ill—very ill, and wants you."

"My wife ill?" he repeated after me: "Margaret ill?" and he bent forward, and peered curiously at me.

I kept my eye fixed on his, endeavouring to rivet his attention, and advanced close to him. He stood perfectly still. I touched him; he continued motionless, and a hard sinister smile stole over his face: my hand even glided up his arm; but as soon as it reached his shoulder, he burst into a loud, shrill, derisive laugh, made one bound backwards off the reef, and the sea closed silently over him. I leaned over the edge, keeping my eye on the spot where he disappeared; he rose to sight again nearly in the same place: and never, as long as I live, can I forget that singular scene. The white mist formed a clear ring of which we were the centre, the moon shone pale and cold on the murky waters, while each ripple made by the plunge bore a silver sparkle on its tiny crest. In the midst of these circling eddies, gleaming ghastly in the moonlight, the dripping hair swathed back from the forehead, floated this white human face with a strangely malign expression in the eyes. Even now I feel cold when I think of that moment: my blood curdled round my heart as I watched him. He smiled—or seemed to smile, and then, rounding the point, disappeared; striking off, as far as I could judge, in a slanting direction, towards the shore rather than otherwise.

A good deal cast down by my ill-success, I began to retrace my steps. I had tried the boasted power of the human eye, and it had signally failed me. Perhaps it might be in some measure due to my long familiarity on equal terms with Horace; for, in cases of this description, former personal intimacy often militates against a physician's influence. Before I fairly quitted these unlucky rocks my foot slipped, and I managed to sprain my ankle severely; not enough to bring me to a standstill, but sufficiently so to impede materially the rapidity of my progress. Leaving myself in this untoward condition, I will relate what occurred meanwhile at the house.

Margaret had, according to my recommendation, swallowed the sedative, undressed, and retired to bed; where, overcome by fatigue and wretchedness, she sank into a heavy sleep. The bedroom in question, the one usually occupied by herself and her husband, was on the ground-floor, at the extremity of the right wing, and looked out on a small plot of grass and a thickly-tangled shrubbery.

About five o'clock that morning, when dawn was breaking, she awoke with the feeling of something cold being pressed tightly on her throat. She opened her eyes, starting up mechanically from her pillow, and saw what might well have tried the nerves of the strongest man. There was poor Horace sitting calmly by her bedside, perfectly naked, his seaweed chaplet still on his head, and his arms folded on his breast, making conspicuously visible her own initials and the cross and anchor in pale blue, which he had so carefully punctured on himself in the days that were passed away. But in his hands he held the two ends of the coil of black seaweed stalk, which he had twisted tightly round her neck; and it was the pressure of this deadly ligature upon her throat that roused her from sleep. Owing to her instinctive self-possession, and

her wonderfully calm nature, aided, perhaps, in some measure by the effects of the opiate, she neither started nor screamed when she discovered her peril, but at once addressed him cheerfully, and tried to link one of his hands in hers; yet he still retained his hold on the coil, so that she knew she was helpless. She told me afterwards how difficult it was for her to withstand the inclination to put her fingers to her neck and endeavour to rid herself of the ghastly necklace. But she did refrain.

"Yes, it is I, Margaret, love," he answered, dreamily. "I have come to enable you to die. It is necessary," he continued, with frightful calmness, "that you should be strangled. I've been a long time preparing this rope, and it is now thoroughly charmed."

She shivered a little.

"It is cold—is it not?" he said; "but that will not signify in the end. It seems almost a pity—does it not?" and he touched her full and finely-moulded throat doubtfully with his fingers. "Don't be afraid, love," he added, almost tenderly, and proceeded to tighten the coil.

She made a desperate effort. "You know, Horace, I can have no objection, but I must have my hair properly dressed: you must dress it for me. You used to think my hair beautiful, you know."

He seemed puzzled for a moment. "Is it absolutely needful?" he inquired, sternly.

"I am sure it is," she replied, with a vague idea that it would be better to assign some reason, however absurd; "the corpse would otherwise look unseemly."

"Very well," he answered, gravely. He then assisted her out of bed, still keeping the detestable coil in his fingers.

She placed herself before the glass, biting her lips to bring back the colour which had fled, and trying to smile; then letting down her long hair, she handed him the brushes. He took them, and began his task with the greatest gentleness, and to her inexpressible relief, she felt the coil relax as the two ends fell down on the floor; though, of course, it was still round her throat. Those moments seemed hours, and her agitation and suspense were fast growing intolerable. Meanwhile, poor lady, she praised his dexterity, which seemed to please him excessively, and stimulated him to new endeavours. He began to perform the most extravagant manœuvres, brushing her hair quite up, and letting it fall in a mass over her shoulders, then twisting it round his own neck, and laying it over his face: all this with immoveable gravity.

It was precisely at this juncture that I arrived from the shore. Under the idea that the shortest path was by the shrubbery, I pushed my way through the tangled branches, and, standing on the lawn, I reconnoitred the house. I was naturally surprised to see Mrs. Saltoun visible at that hour from the bedroom window: it was low enough for me to have a view of part of the interior of the room; and I saw that she was sitting before her mirror, her face turned towards the window. She was

excessively pale, and had a strange forced smile. Though she caught my eye, she neither moved nor made the slightest sign of recognition, but continued to gaze with such a stern, stolid, fixed expression, that I was moved with a nameless dread. I stepped back and looked again; yes, so it was! I saw plainly her mad husband standing behind her: I could see his head still crowned, and his naked shoulders. Though I was not aware of the critical nature of her peril, I knew there was danger, so, crouching down out of sight, I made my way instantly into the house. I encountered his own servant, a man much attached to his master; he inquired eagerly if I had tidings of him.

"Take off your shoes," I said, instantly, "and follow me; your master is in the house."

I paused outside the bedroom door and listened. I could hear nothing excepting the rustling of the brushes in the hair, and an odd low chuckling laugh. I then tried the handle of the door as noiselessly as possible: good; it was not bolted or locked inside, as I had feared to find. I instantly threw it wide open. Horace faced me, and with a terrible yell sprang upon me like a wild beast. Poor fellow! assistance was at hand, and he was quickly overpowered. When I turned to seek Margaret, she had fainted.

That house still remains tenanted, but half of it is closed; and the brilliant lecturer, Horace Saltoun, is heard of no more. In one range of apartments you may see a fantastically attired, restless being, talking perpetually and incoherently. His smile is unmeaning, his restlessness incessant, his actions are aimless. In close attendance on him is his servant; but ever haunting his steps, clad in the plainest garb, performing almost menial offices for that poor, broken-down wreck who is still her husband, his noble-minded wife continues her cheerless task: and no one has the same influence over him which she possesses. Her cheeks are a little hollow and worn, there is a look of pain on her brow, and there are dark violet rings beneath eyes that are still pure and lustrous; but the same serene benevolence, the same tender, genial smile is ever there. She listens to all his long dissertations without point or sequence, in which scraps of anatomy are curiously mingled with exordiums on the necessity of her duty, and obedience, and gratitude to him: for he who used to be the most humble-minded and unselfish of men is changed as much morally as intellectually; and his arrogant and patronizing manner towards her would be laughable if it were not so very, very sad. Time to that blinded eye seems to stay his scythe. Poor Horace lives only in the present: he can neither remember the past, nor apprehend for the future. Sometimes he will make a brilliant metaphor, or begin to quote a fragment of some fine passage, but invariably relapses into vapid nonsense before he can finish it: the lightning flash only serves to reveal still more the blackness of the ruin.

The Morality of Advocacy.

The disregard of lawyers for truth and justice has been for many generations a standing topic for satire. The common view of the subject is expressed by Southey, with his usual neatness, in the address to Bishop Basil, which he puts into the mouth of the devil:—

> "The law thy calling ought to have been,
> With thy wit so ready and tongue so free,
> To prove by reason, in reason's despite,
> That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
> And white is black, and black is white—
> What a loss I have had in thee."

Dr. Arnold seems to have looked upon the profession of an advocate as of necessity immoral. In the *History of Rome*, he speaks of "the study of law, which is as wholesome to the human mind as the practice of it is often injurious;" and in one of his published letters to Sir J. Coleridge, he speaks of his "abhorrence of the profession of advocacy," and asks whether there is no way by which a man can hope to reach the position of a judge without exposing himself to the injurious influences of the bar. It is, perhaps, however, amongst the lighter class of writers that lawyers of all sorts, and more particularly barristers, are most hardly dealt with. There is a piquancy in the contrast which is alleged to exist between the solemnity of the function which they claim to discharge—the administration of justice—and the disregard which their conduct is said to display for everything but the interest of their clients, which is irresistibly tempting to those who are bound to make a point of some sort or other, whatever may be the subject on which they write. There is, also, considerable satisfaction in taking vengeance upon men who, in the exercise of their profession, often pain and humiliate others. To represent lawyers in a newspaper article, or in a novel, in an odious or ludicrous light, is often as pleasant to the author as it is to a junior boy to get a chance of throwing a stone with impunity at one of the tyrants of the school. The world at large is always ready to enjoy the spectacle of desolators desolate and victors overthrown.

On the other hand, those who are guided in forming their opinions by their judgment, rather than their sympathies, will be slow to condemn any established and recognized profession as immoral; for they will feel that to do so is to condemn the general constitution of society, as it forms a connected whole, the different members of which are closely connected with each other. Advocacy has been a recognized profession in all societies, except the most barbarous and despotic, and it would be absurd to deny that it has rendered splendid services to every nation in which it

has existed. In our own time and country there is peculiar evidence of its value. Whatever may be said of the bar, no one ever speaks of the bench in terms of indignation or contempt. To describe the judges, either of the superior or of the inferior courts, as corrupt, inhuman, and indifferent to truth and justice, would be a pointless absurdity; yet they are no more than successful barristers who, if the common theory of the bar is true, must have passed their lives in the diligent cultivation of the very qualities, for the opposite of which they are remarkable. Can any one listen for a few days to the administration of justice in Westminster Hall, and honestly say that the impression left on his mind by the behaviour of the presiding judges, is that the most active years of their lives have been passed in a course of systematic and elaborate lying?

The contrast between the conclusion pointed to by these, and other obvious considerations of the same kind, and the popular view of the case just described, is remarkable enough to make it worth while to inquire what is the relation between advocacy and morality, and whether the profession of an advocate is really one which cannot be pursued successfully without disregarding the claims of honour and conscience.

The leading principle by which the whole subject is governed is, that the profession of advocacy is an essential part of the general system of the administration of law. The principle itself is familiar, perhaps even trite, but its practical application is generally unperceived; for though both the words and the thoughts for which they stand are commonplace enough, few persons set themselves seriously to consider what law is, and what is implied in its administration. A clear view on each of these points is, however, essential to anyone who wishes to understand the moral questions connected with advocacy. First, then, What is law? It is usually supposed that if a contrast can be drawn out between law and justice, law is, as it were, refuted and exposed; but such contrasts may be true, and may yet prove little or nothing. Law is a collection of rules, or, more properly, of commands, prescribing the application of certain principles to particular classes of circumstances, with inflexible rigidity and precision. Justice may be described, with some approach to correctness, as the sentiment on which law is founded, but, like the curve and the asymptote, they never coincide, however nearly they may approach. Probably no law was ever yet devised which entirely satisfied the sentiment of justice in every case to which it was applied. No laws are more general, and few appear more obvious, than those which punish crimes and enforce contracts. Yet definitions of contracts and of crimes are essential to such laws, and, such is the infirmity both of human language and of human thought, that the best definitions ever constructed will always include many cases which never occurred to those who framed them, and which, if they could be settled on their own grounds, and without establishing precedents, would unquestionably be determined in a manner totally different from that in which the law determines them: yet this does not condemn the law. Many

actions involving the guilt of high treason are almost universally looked upon as virtuous, some even as heroic. Yet no sane man would wish to see the law of treason relaxed. The forfeiture of a beneficial lease by some trifling neglect, which could be easily compensated by damages, appears, and in one sense is, grossly unjust; but it would be absurd to restrain people by law from making leases upon what terms they please, and it would be monstrous not to hold them to those terms when they were once made.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that there is a natural and inevitable opposition between a definition and the sentiment on which it rests. The sentiment which condemns dishonesty is as clear and strong as any sentiment can be. But how far is it satisfied by the definition of theft? The sentiment condemns the intention even more decisively than the act. It disapproves of indirect and virtual theft more strongly than of that which is simple and comparatively open; it makes no distinction whatever between the attempt to commit the crime and its actual accomplishment; but when a definition of theft is required, all these things must be taken into account, and terms must be employed which cannot by any skill be so construed as to describe any acts whatever except those which the legislator is prepared to punish. Hence, terms must be chosen which do not describe, and therefore leave unpunished, many acts morally indistinguishable from those which are punished. It is not theft to determine to steal a purse, nor to follow the man who carries it for the purpose of stealing it, nor to stretch out the hand for the purpose of taking it, nor even to lay hold of it with the same intention. The definition is not satisfied till the purse is actually removed from its place; but as soon as that is done the crime is complete, whatever may have been the temptation, however rapidly repentance, and even confession and restitution, may follow. The servant who sees a halfpenny lying about, takes it into her hand with the intention of stealing, and immediately changes her mind and puts it back, is a thief. A professional criminal, who has planned a robbery for weeks together, who has gone out with the full intention of committing it, and who runs away at the last moment because he sees a policeman coming, has committed no crime at all; but this injustice, if it is so to be called, is inevitable. Laws must be general in their terms; and in order to punish the professional criminal and exonerate the servant-girl, it would be necessary to attach penalties to states of mind instead of overt acts; and this would, in practice, be an insupportable tyranny. Hence, a thousand cases like these would not prove that the definition which produces them is a wrong one. They merely show the opposition which always does and must exist between law and the sentiment of justice on which law is founded, and illustrate the principle that a certain harshness, sternness, and disregard of individual cases of hardship are inseparable from the very existence of law.

The first thing, therefore, to be borne in mind in examining the moral

character of the profession of advocacy is, that the advocate is administering law and not attempting to satisfy the sentiment of justice, and is thus engaged in a task which is radically different from that which devolves upon persons placed in positions in private life apparently analogous to his own. The master of a house, in managing the affairs of his family, a person called in to advise upon the conduct which honour and conscience require under difficult circumstances—a man of business consulted as to the course which a tradesman in difficulties ought to pursue with regard to the interests of his creditors, are all called upon in a sense to administer justice, but they are not called upon to administer law, for no one of them has to deal, as is the case with judges and advocates, with precise rules and inflexible definitions.

Such being the general nature of law, what is the character of its administration? It may, probably, be asserted with as much confidence as such broad propositions ever deserve, that the degree of liberty which a nation enjoys may be tested by the degree in which the task of setting the law in motion is left to private persons. In our own country this practice prevails, with few exceptions, in all cases civil and criminal. Judges, barristers, and attorneys, are inactive, unless they are set in motion by private litigants who demand the application of the law to particular cases for the sake of obtaining some personal object. A man wishes to have the benefit of a contract, to receive compensation for a wrong, to get a criminal punished, and he applies to the judge appointed for that purpose to put the law in force. It is obviously necessary that the judge should hear what he has to say, and hence comes the necessity for professional advocates.

This arrangement is so familiar that there is some danger of overlooking the fact that it is only one of several modes by which the object of administering the law might be attained, each of which would require a corresponding theory of the duties of an advocate. For example, criminal justice might be, and in most countries actually is, regarded as a public, rather than a private matter. Instead of leaving private prosecutors to detect and punish criminals, and accused persons to defend themselves to the best of their power, public officers might be appointed charged with the duty of examining into the whole truth on both sides, and of reporting the results of their inquiries to the judge and jury. Methods, more or less similar, might be adopted in civil causes. It might be said that the public at large has an interest in the administration of justice, and the judge might be charged with the duty of inquiring into the matter for himself, instead of deciding on what was said by the litigants and their witnesses. An illustration of this mode of proceeding is supplied by the Divorce Court, in which the judge has the power in certain cases of directing counsel to be instructed to guard, in the interest of the public, against collusion between the parties. If any principle of this kind were adopted, the advocate would cease to be, as at present, the representative of the litigant exclusively, and would become the repre-

sentative of the public. In that character he would have to discharge an entirely different set of duties from those which devolve upon him at present.

The result is that the law is a system of strict definite rules, founded on the sentiment of justice, but in a large number of individual cases inevitably conflicting with that sentiment; that these rules are applied to individual cases on the requisition of private litigants and not otherwise, and that the advocate is the representative before the court or jury, as the case may be, of the private litigant who claims the enforcement of the law.

Such being the general character of the profession of an advocate, the first question which it suggests is, whether the obligations which it imposes are in their very nature of such a character that a conscientious man ought not to undertake them? Does the profession of an advocate place any one who acknowledges the obligation to be true and just in all his dealings, in the same position in which the profession of a hangman would place a man who believed capital punishments to be sinful, or the military profession would place a Quaker? The common sense and common experience of mankind answer that it does not; but why not? Why is it not wrong and unjust for a man to hold himself in readiness to say what is to be said in favour of any one who wishes to put the law in force against his neighbour? That every one who does so habitually must frequently take part in shocking the sentiment of justice, and in inflicting hardship often of the most grievous kind on individuals, follows from the observations already made on the nature of law. If a barrister succeeds in his profession, there can be little doubt that he will, in the course of his career, brand honest men with infamy; deprive lawful proprietors of their possessions; and possibly deprive innocent men not only of character and property, but of liberty and even of life? Why is it right to incur, without compulsion and of free choice, responsibilities (to call them by no heavier name) so tremendous?

To answer such questions by appealing to the common sense and common practice of the world, is, for practical purposes, as wise as for other than practical purposes it is unsatisfactory. In order to give not merely a reason for disregarding such difficulties in practice, but an answer which removes them, it is necessary to go deep into the foundations of morality. The true answer is one which has already been shortly glanced at. It is that for purposes of action, and especially for the purpose of deciding on the morality of professions, we must assume that life is a good thing; or at least that, not being proved to be a bad one, it is to be treated as good. From this it follows that all callings which are proved by satisfactory evidence to be essential to the transaction of the affairs of life must also be treated as good, and that such defects as are shown by experience to be inseparable from their working prove not that they are bad, but that life itself is less beneficial than it would have been without them.

Thus the steps by which the profession of advocacy is justified are as follow:—We must act on the principle that life is a good thing; therefore, that the administration of the law, which is essential to the transaction of the affairs of life, is good; therefore, that advocacy, which is essential to the administration of the law, is good; therefore, that the shocks given by the practice of advocacy to the sentiment of justice, and the hardships inflicted by it on individuals, which are inseparable from advocacy, are drawbacks from its advantages, and not objections to its existence.

The somewhat abstract character of these considerations may make some further illustration of them desirable. The objections made to advocacy are in principle the same as objections which might be urged against every pursuit in life. The profession of a physician is, perhaps, as useful as any other; yet how much might be urged against it. "You," it might be said to a young man setting out in his calling, "are about to devote yourself to a systematic attack upon disease, and the systematic prolongation of human life. Have you ever considered what is involved in that? How many of the children whose entrance into life you protect will have reason to curse your skill, and to say with Job, 'Why died I not from the womb? Why did the knees prevent me, or why the breasts that I should suck?' How often will it be your lot to protract the intolerable and useless anguish of incurable disease? How often will you be called upon to defeat the constitution of nature by relieving men from the consequences of their guilt, and enabling hardened sinners to continue to sin with comparative impunity? It will often be your lot to sentence to want, to wretchedness, perhaps to death, deserving families who would have been happy, if your skill had not prolonged the life of some wretch unfit to live; nay, you may save lives for the hangman, which but for you would have ended in comparative innocence and prosperity." To every one who marries, such considerations might be addressed with still greater force. "You," it might be said, "are going out of your way to give life to beings who in all probability will be eternally damned; and this you do without the slightest reference to their interests, and with no other object than that of gratifying your own affections and passions." No answer can possibly be given to these arguments except that which justifies the advocate, as well as the doctor and the husband. That answer is, "I am not prepared to creep into a corner, and to give up the life in which I find myself as an evil in itself. It may or may not be so, but I must, for practical purposes, adopt one view or the other; and, for various reasons, I think that it is wiser to adopt the cheerful one than to adopt the gloomy one." If this principle is once laid down, it will follow that, as every one must choose his line of life on general rules, and with a view to general results, men may properly marry, cure disease, and enforce the law; because, on the whole, life, health, and law are good things, and not bad ones, though their advantages are not unmixed.

If this general theory of the morality of advocacy is accepted, many of

the common objections to it fall to the ground at once. It puts an end to all questions about pleading on the wrong side: for to the advocate whose duty it is to administer law, the *wrong* side means the illegal side; and which side is legally right is a question which can be decided only by a competent court; and the mode of arriving at a decision which courts of justice have deliberately adopted in this country is that of hearing all that can be said on both sides of the cases brought before them. No doubt it may be, and often is, morally wrong to exercise a legal right. It may be unmerciful, vindictive, grossly selfish, and abominably cruel to do so, but this is the concern of the litigant, not of the advocate. A legal right is a power put by society at large into the hands of a private person to be used at his discretion. The officers of the law, in their various degrees, enable him to use it, but there is no moral difference at all between the advocate who conducts to a successful termination a prosecution instituted from the vilest motives, and the judge who passes sentence on the verdict. No one blames the latter, nor ought any one to blame the former.

Many persons would admit that this is, in theory, a sufficient justification of the profession of advocacy, but they would add, "Whatever may be the theory, the practice is, in point of fact, unjustifiable. Barristers do not, as a rule, confine themselves to performing the duty which the law assigns them. They do twist evidence; they do, as far as they can, pervert and obscure the truth, and their standing and success in their profession is determined by the ability with which they contrive to do so."

This impression is as unjust as it is common. Its injustice is displayed most strikingly in the fact that it entirely overlooks the existence of a whole system of professional morality based upon the principles just stated, and rigidly enforced, not only by the authority of the judges, but by both the good and the bad qualities of the bar, by professional honour and *esprit de corps* on the one hand, and by personal rivalry and even jealousy on the other. It would be out of place to enter here upon a full description of this system, but it may be stated generally that its object is to maintain rigidly the representative character of the advocate. It forbids every expression and every form, either of statement or of interrogation, which would involve a surrender of that character, and make the advocate a partisan, instead of a professional agent. To attack private character without explicit instructions that the imputations made are true; to misstate the effect of evidence; to put to a jury a false view of the law; to attempt to mislead the court by garbling or misquoting cases; to insult or to attempt to confuse and bewilder a witness by a brutal manner or insolent questions; are practices which are looked upon by barristers in the light in which tradesmen look upon sanding sugar and wetting tobacco. To judge from the representations given by popular writers, it would appear to be the common opinion that such practices are regarded, both by the bench and by the bar, as triumphs of ingenuity. In *Mary Barton*, for example, a trial for murder is introduced, in which the counsel for the prosecution asks a witness

for the prisoner a question which fills ten or twelve lines of print, which is so framed as to assert more than once that the prisoner is guilty, and that the witness is not only perjured, but bribed; and this question, it is asserted, was asked because the barrister saw, from the expression of the prosecutor's face, how anxious he was that the prisoner should be convicted.

With a little more knowledge of the profession which she was attacking, the kindly and warm-hearted authoress of this scene would have known that if there were at the bar any man brutal enough to ask such a question, no judge who has sat on the bench in modern times could have permitted it to be asked; nor would any one, however brutal, have given the counsel on the other side the easy triumph of successfully protesting against it. No doubt, if the scene were anything like a fair representation of the morals of advocates, they would deserve to be described as men willing to let themselves out to commit judicial murders for a few guineas; but, strange as the assertion may appear, a profession which contains amongst its members as large a proportion of spirited and highly cultivated men as any other is not likely to overlook such infamy, and is not, in fact, in the habit of doing so.

Such imputations as are conveyed in the passage just referred to are not merely unjust, but they are most injurious to the public, because they tend to bring the administration of justice into disrepute. Any one who has had much practical experience of criminal trials knows that no feature connected with them is more striking than the striking impartiality of the prosecuting counsel. To any one who has been personally concerned in the transaction of such business, this is not surprising. It is by no means true that a confident manner and cool nerves always, or even usually, accompany the callous brutality which would lead a man to wish to curry favour with a private prosecutor, who in all probability would never come into court again in any capacity, at the expense of conduct morally equivalent to a cowardly assassination. To prosecute a man on trial for his life is like performing a surgical operation, and a barrister in the one position is not much more likely to forget his responsibility, than a surgeon in the other. No one who has ever taken part coolly, deliberately, and with the fullest consciousness of the nature of his task in putting a fellow-creature to death, would burden his conscience with the recollection of unfair conduct in the discharge of such a duty for the contingent possibility of a future fee. The imputation referred to above is about as fair as a scene describing the readiness of a surgeon to let his knife slip at a critical moment, in order to humour an expectant heir.

It would, of course, be absurd to claim for barristers a higher standard of morality than can be claimed for members of other professions. All that can be expected of any profession, viewed as a body corporate, is that its professional rules should stigmatize the abuses to which its members are specially tempted; that the breach of the letter of such

rules should be punished or prevented, and that the neglect of their spirit should be visited with general disfavour. No one who has any practical acquaintance with the bar will doubt that in each of these points it does its duty at least as strictly as any other professional body. Indeed, the publicity of the profession makes its rules more stringent than those of any other walk of life. The authority of the judges, the stringency of the rules of evidence, and the vigilance of the counsel on the other side, are securities amply sufficient to make such scenes as novelists introduce into their stories impossible in real life. They certainly do not and cannot afford a security against disingenuousness—against malignant insinuations, gratuitous imputations artfully introduced into speeches, or a harsh and brutal way of asking justifiable questions. In short, they strictly limit the sphere of an advocate's discretion, but they do, and must of necessity, leave it to him whether he will use that discretion like a gentleman or like a blackguard. In order to make out any real charge against the bar as a profession, it would be necessary to show that its general sentiment was favourable to the latter course; that, other things being equal, the blackguard and liar, by reason of his brutality and falsehood, was more honoured and more highly rewarded than the gentleman and man of honour.

There is no doubt an impression that this is so, but it is not only false in fact, but is capable of being both explained and refuted. The explanation of it is simple. Everyone, except professional lawyers, forms his opinion of barristers either from personal experience, or from the newspapers. If he forms it from personal experience, he is almost sure to be influenced by the strongest prejudice. Litigation is in the nature of things exceedingly unpleasant. No one likes the man whom he has either sued or been sued by, and it would be strange if he did not dislike his representative even more than himself. Average human beings cannot be expected to judge quite candidly of a man who devotes all his energies to finding fault with them, to showing that they are in the wrong, to injuring their interests, or possibly their character; the litigant is even less likely to be better satisfied with his own advocate—a man who treats him with irritating coolness, cuts his explanations short, takes his business out of his hands, and acts on the assumption that in an hour or two he takes in the whole bearings of a case over which his client has perhaps been poring for months.

The judgment formed of barristers from the newspapers is also too unfavourable for a different set of reasons. People read newspapers, and especially the trials reported there, almost exclusively for amusement. The most important cases brought into court "possess," to use the reporter's phrase, "no interest for the general public." Mercantile causes of all kinds, questions about dispositions of property, actions between landlord and tenant, proceedings about the rights and duties of public authorities, such as corporations, questions as to rights of way, local customs, and other matters which it would be tedious to mention, are amongst the

most important branches of litigation, and impose upon the advocates engaged in them their most laborious, and also their most lucrative duties; but such matters as these are naturally passed over very shortly in the columns of newspapers. The cases which are reported there at full length are matters of a slightly scandalous kind. Actions for libel, assault, seduction, or breach of promise of marriage—actions by fraudulent bill discounters—horse causes in which whole days are spent in complicated perjury—and, in fact, every suit which could be classed under the general title of *Fool* v. *Knave*, are the cases which are reported and read, and from which the public form their notion as to what sort of people barristers are. These cases give far too low a notion of advocacy, and of those who practise it. The litigants are usually both rogues and fools, they naturally resort to a low class of attorneys, who again have a natural affinity for the lowest kind of barrister. Those who have a special turn for this kind of business, and who are supposed to be the most distinguished members of the profession by those who measure professional eminence by the frequency with which a man's name appears in the newspaper, form a class which is small, disreputable, and shut out to a great extent from really high professional distinction. After a short experience of Westminster Hall, it would be easy for any one to recognize at a glance the members of this class. The callous insensibility, the brutal indifference to the feelings of others, the hardened vulgarity which can never rise above a sort of metallic bombast, the unvarying mannerism which makes every speech, upon every subject, look like variations upon one tune, have almost always made their mark on the features, the tone of voice, and the very gait and gesture. It is from this small section of a noble profession that too many persons form their opinion of the whole of it; and it is not surprising that that opinion should be a low one. It is unfortunately true that there are amongst English barristers a certain number of ruffians as brutal and as false as any of their clients. It is, however, utterly untrue that these men are a fair specimen of their profession. Where the bar is sufficiently numerous the principle of the division of labour allots the dirty work to those who are fit for it; but where the number is smaller—on most of the circuits, for example—such a class as that just described is not found; and the consequence is, that when a dirty cause has to be tried, it is tried in a comparatively inoffensive way. Reckless imputations are not made, witnesses are not browbeaten, the judge knows that the counsel will not misstate evidence, or conduct the case so as to inflict needless pain and hurt the feelings or characters of absent persons.

It is by no means true that in order to obtain this result any sacrifice of efficiency is necessary, or that the man who degrades himself into being the tool of another person's malignity does his work better, or is more highly rewarded, than the man who knows and does his duty. The class referred to above are generally ignorant of law and destitute of education. They owe their success, such as it is, to plain sense and

a natural turn for public speaking; but these, though good gifts, are by no means enough to raise a man to the top of his profession. There is a point at which the higher qualities of the mind begin to tell upon professional prospects, and which is seldom if ever passed by those who are without them. Political life is one great avenue to the highest legal honours; but the mere forensic bully is unfit for Parliament. An assembly of gentlemen is not to be addressed in the spirit and with the stock of knowledge which make a bill-broking attorney fall down and worship the work of his own and his fellows' briefs; and a man who has passed the best years of his life in bullying and swaggering with distinguished success on one side of Westminster Hall, will find, when he contrives to pass to the other, that men with better characters and better education, though of smaller natural ability, will become Attorney or Solicitor General, or take their seats on the bench, whilst he is still enjoying the privilege of making honest women blush for the gratification of the gaping fools who look upon him as a distinguished lawyer.

Legal knowledge is another passport to high legal distinction; but this is not only not usually associated with the sort of dirty eminence under consideration, but is hardly consistent with it. It takes years of study and thought to make a great lawyer, and when a man is ascertained to be one he will have something better to do than to be at the orders of every wretched pettifogger who can cook up an action for an assault or an illegal distress. A man who chooses to take up the petty line of business may do so; but if he does, he sacrifices the prospect of rising beyond a petty level.

The general character of litigation is in itself a proof that it cannot be advantageously conducted by dishonest men. It is one of the foolish errors into which people are led by the wish to look knowing, to assert that litigation is generally dishonest. In fact, it is an uncommon thing for people to go to law unless, whether right or wrong, they have a substantial reason for doing so. No doubt a certain proportion of legal proceedings arise out of mere spite, fomented, possibly, by rogues who wish to profit by it. But these cases form the exceptions. There is in every large nation a vast mass of substantial litigation, which is produced by various causes. Such, for example, is the irregular, informal manner in which people do business when they have confidence in each other, and the fact that unforeseen events often disturb that confidence, and make it necessary to put a precise construction on words and acts which never had any precise meaning. Another great source of it is to be found in misunderstandings, which may begin in perfect good faith, but go on increasing and widening till they assume the form of quarrels, which it is absolutely necessary to settle judicially. *Bonâ fide* disputes upon matters of fact are a third source of litigation. Whether a man was in his right mind when he made a will; what really occurred between two persons who have different impressions of the same transaction; what was the cause of a railway accident; whether or not it was produced by the negligence of the

company's servants,—these, and other questions of the same sort, are specimens of the inevitable intricacy of human affairs—an intricacy which unavoidably causes differences of opinion between perfectly honourable men.

When such questions as these are under discussion, a *bonâ fide* litigant does not wish to have his claim advocated as if he were a rogue and a cheat. He wishes to win, not merely because he wants the money, but because he wants his rights, and he therefore prefers a man of honour for his representative. It is only in novels that people engage in lawsuits with the conviction that they are in the wrong. In real life there is nothing of which they are more firmly convinced than that they are right, and that if the truth came out it would secure their triumph. So much is this the case that it furnishes an answer, independent of that already given, to the common charge against advocacy, that the advocate has to plead on the wrong side. All that he knows of either side is contained in his own brief, and it must be a very singular brief indeed if it does not establish the claim of the person on whose behalf it is delivered in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. No one, or hardly anyone, is ever wrong on his own showing. If he were, he would not come into court.

Of the many foolish things that are said about the bar, few are more foolish than the common assertion that moral vices, such as impudence, coarseness, and lying, are useful to a lawyer. In fact, honesty is the best policy in that, in precisely the same sense as in other professions. Each of the three vices first named is on the whole injurious to a man's legal prospects. Impudence is often confounded with the possession of strong nerves—the advantage of which no one disputes; but it is in reality quite a different thing. It is no more than insensibility to shame, arising from the absence of that internal warning which holds a man back from doing what is wrong, or makes him feel ashamed of himself if he does; but how is this an advantage to any one? It can only be one in the supposition that to do the shameful thing, which modesty withholds a man from doing, is an advantage; but the contrary of this has been already sufficiently shown. Impudence is very like imperfect bodily senses; it consists not in an excess of courage, but in a want of sensibility, and is a most serious defect both in speaking and in the examination of witnesses. It is impossible to do either of these things well unless the speaker can establish sympathy between himself and those whom he is addressing, and to this considerable sensibility is indispensable. An impudent man does not feel whether the judge and the jury are listening to him or not, nor has he any notion of the impression which he is making. He cannot feel for the witness whom he examines, and, therefore, never examines him well, for he does not see how his questions affect him. The same may be said to a great extent of coarseness, which has, moreover, the additional disadvantage of disgusting those who listen to it.

The notion that disregard to truth is an advantage to a barrister, is of all the spiteful commonplaces which people take a foolish pleasure in

repeating upon the subject, the most absurd. The silly jokes about briefless-ness, which were certainly threadbare twenty and probably a hundred years ago, appear to have created an impression that a barrister is a sort of educated beggar, absolutely dependent on all his clients, jointly and severally, with no character to lose, and bound down to an abject subserviency to every one who gives him a brief, in respect of every brief which he receives. Such notions, childish as they are, afford the only possible explanation of the impression as to the advantage which a barrister is supposed to derive from acquiring a reputation for falsehood. In fact, such a reputation is, apart from its infamy, a most serious calamity. A man suspected of that vice is never trusted, either by the judges or by the bar; and no one who does not know by practical experience how much the despatch of business depends on the existence of such confidence, can estimate the loss which the want of it inflicts. Suppose a man has promised an attorney that he will personally attend a particular case, and leaves it at the last moment to his junior;—is that likely to prolong their connection? Suppose a judge detects him in misstating the effect of an affidavit, and on all subsequent occasions insists on his reading his affidavits straight through—is that likely to make him a pleasant person to deal with? Suppose that after giving a promise to the counsel on the other side to produce a particular witness, or to make a particular admission, he refuses to do so—is he likely to be trusted with confidence in return? The simple truth is, that advocacy is neither more nor less moral than other professions. It is a practical expedient devised as the best mode of doing a very difficult thing, namely, administering the law. It shares with all other human pursuits the reproach of doing harm as well as good, though on the whole it does good. It possesses a high and strict standard of professional morality, which is, however, evaded by a noisy and conspicuous section of its members; and it gives its prizes to those who have the intellectual and physical strength to win them; but in attaining them the possession of the principal moral virtues are a considerable, though not an indispensable assistance.

Food—What it is.

Civilization rests on hunger. Whatever part Mr. Darwin's *Struggle for Existence* may have played in the development of the animal creation, it has certainly had no mean place in the development of man. The recurring and unfailing stimulus which the stomach supplies, lies at the root of all those energetic efforts by which men gradually advance from ignorance to knowledge, from impotence to full dominion over nature. Without the necessity of eating, they would probably never have exerted, they would never even have discovered, half their powers. Men *ought*, therefore, to be hungry. Failing appetite, the human race had been a failure altogether.

Accordingly, a continual demand for food has been attained in man's construction. He carries his task-master within him, and, spite of his laziness, becomes a working animal. No inconsiderable achievement this! Nor is it the less admirable, because, in the nature of things, it must be. That nature of things itself is admirable.

We must eat, because we are not the possessors, but only the users, of the power which we exercise. We draw from nature at once our substance, and the force by which we operate upon her; being, so far, parts of her great system, immersed in it for a short time and to a small extent. Enfolding us, as it were, within her arms, Nature lends us her forces to expend; we receive them, and pass them on, giving them the impress of our will, and bending them to our designs, for a little while; and then—— Yes; then it is all one. The great procession pauses not, nor flags a moment, for our fall. The powers which Nature lent to us she resumes to herself, or lends, it may be, to another: the use which we have made of them, or might have made and did not, written in her book for ever.

Nature folds us in her arms—and feeds us with *milk*. Scattered through the animal and vegetable kingdoms lie the various substances which are blended in the mother's breast. Man, guided by a native instinct, which his highest refinement and most perfect knowledge can but sanction and develop, gathers these substances together, to make from them a sustenance that almost exactly repeats his earliest food. Regarding the essential elements, and overlooking the accidents of form and mode, we may strictly say that man, wherever he is rightly nourished, is fed on milk. And, indeed, in whatever form the food may be taken by the mouth, the blood is fed on milk at all times. The main result of the digestive elaboration which they undergo, is to reduce all viands to a milk-like fluid—chyle. "Moreover," says an eloquent author, "nature, the mighty mother, offers herself breastwise to all her little natures; she swells in

landscape and undulating hill with mammary tenderness; each creation is a dug held forth to a younger creature; and milk is thus again a symbol of the food and feeding which are everywhere." *

But what then is milk? It is a combination of several very different ingredients, each one of which has its own part to play in the living body. Besides water (which constitutes about nine-tenths of it), milk contains casein, the substance out of which the cheese is made; fat, which yields the butter; sugar, which is sometimes extracted, and is then known as "sugar of milk;" and, lastly, various salts, the principal being common dinner salt, and phosphate of lime or bone earth.

Any food on which man can live a healthy life, must contain virtually the same ingredients:—a substance similar to cheese, and known by the general term *albuminous;* fat; sugar, or starch; earthy matter, or salts; and water. These are not the only essentials of food, but they are the chief.

That we need in our food flesh-like matter, to renew our wasting flesh, and earthy matter, to make strong our bones, is evident. But why should we need also fat, or starch, or sugar, especially the latter, of which our bodies do not seem to consist at all?

We may perhaps obtain a clue to the purpose which sugar serves when taken as food, by observing what occurs in it when placed in corresponding circumstances, external to the body. If a solution of sugar is kept in a warm atmosphere, exposed to the air, and a small quantity of yeast be added, we know that it ferments; the sugar resolves itself into carbonic acid and alcohol, *and the yeast grows.* Here are two opposite processes going on together, and mutually connected—the decomposition of the sugar (which is attended with the absorption of oxygen), and the growth of the yeast. We will not ask at present which of these processes is the cause of the other; it is enough that they take place together, and that, at least, the growth will not go on, if the sugar be not decomposed.

Now the yeast is composed of the same matter of which our own bodies mainly consist. Like them, it is an albuminous substance: and it grows, as we have seen, on condition of the waste and decomposition—in fact, the partial burning away—of sugar. May it not be, then, that our bodies also grow—are made to increase or live—on the same condition? and that the sugar, taken as food, wastes and is burnt away within the system; while by its means, the other, yeast-like, elements of our food develop into more life?

This would be simply the same thing occurring in the body, that occurs without. We may, therefore, well believe that such mutually dependent decomposition of sugar and growth of albumen take place in the system, though perhaps, as yet, it can hardly be said to be proved. The fact that starch is converted into sugar in the body, before any further use is made of it, renders the idea more probable. It is not meant

* *The Human Body, and its Connection with Man.*

that the process of digestion, in this respect, is the same as fermentation, but simply that it is analogous. There is nothing in the body that corresponds strictly to the cells of yeast, nor do the sugar and starch of the food *ferment:* although carbonic acid is formed from them, alcohol is not.

But whether this view be true or not, it presents to us an idea, long ago suggested by Liebig, and of the truth of which there scarcely exists any reasonable doubt: namely, that our food consists of two portions essentially distinct—one designed to furnish the materials of our bodies, the other designed to furnish *force.* Liebig fixed his attention chiefly on the heat, which man, in common with the other warm-blooded animals, produces, and which amounts on an average to 38° in temperate climates, and in cold climates to much more; the heat of human blood, in health, being everywhere about 98° Fahrenheit. Accordingly, Liebig divided food into the two classes of tissue-forming and heat-producing substances; the former comprising the albuminous materials, with a certain proportion of the oleaginous, or fatty; the latter, or heat-producers, comprising the greater proportion of the oleaginous substances, and all the sugar and the starch. All the structures of our body, with the exception of the fat deposited in certain parts (which can hardly be regarded as essential when the animal is considered in respect to its active powers), consist of, or largely contain, albuminous materials.

But what, then, distinguishes these "albuminous" materials? Chiefly this: that they contain nitrogen, from which fat, and starch, and sugar are entirely free. Nitrogenous substances are found in all our organs. We can partly see a reason for this in the characters which nitrogen possesses. Of all known bodies, it is that which most strongly tends to the gaseous state, and which constitutes, accordingly, the most unstable compounds. The activity, or proneness to change, of animal bodies, seems to depend chiefly on the presence of nitrogen within them, and its inveterate tendency to escape, and to become free again. "The mobility of nitrogen," says Dr. George Wilson, "makes it pre-eminently the modifier of the living organism. Like a half-reclaimed gipsy from the wilds, it is ever seeking to be free again; and not content with its own freedom, is ever tempting others, not of gipsy blood, to escape from thraldom. Like a bird of strong beak and broad wing, whose proper place is the sky, it opens the door of its aviary, and rouses and flutters the other and more peaceful birds, till they fly with it, although they soon part company." The ordinary cotton, which remains so permanent under all conditions, and even burns so slowly, differs from the explosive gun-cotton, chiefly by the addition of nitrogen to the latter. And this may illustrate the difference between the slow-changing sugar, starch, or fat, and the quickly-decomposing, force-exerting muscle.

It is curious to observe, in respect to nitrogen, how the very same qualities fit one element for purposes apparently the most opposed. As a gas, nitrogen is passive, inoperative, almost entirely free from tendencies of any kind, and fit therefore to be a mere diluent of the too-powerful

oxygen. It is the fluid in which our vital air is dissolved, as we mix potent substances with water, to moderate and equalize their force. Combined, on the other hand, into the solid form, nitrogen becomes full of intense activity, and constitutes substances which are fitted, by their extreme liability to change, to become the instruments of sensation or of will.

Nor is it uninteresting to note that, in these respects, oxygen presents characters exactly the reverse. This element is active and prone to change in its free or gaseous state, tending to oxidize every substance that is capable of undergoing that process; it is passive and stable when combined. Surely in these deep relations, and in the adjustment of the living body to their demands, we have glimpses of a profound harmony and a far-reaching adaptation, the full recognition of which might raise to a worthier level our conception of creative wisdom.

The non-albuminous portions of our food—the sugars, starches, fats—are also fitted by their chemical relations for the part they serve. Less prone to change than the nitrogen-containing bodies, they yet have a tendency to undergo changes of their own. They tend to unite with oxygen, this union being much facilitated by the presence of the albuminous bodies, which, changing more readily, give them as it were a start. Sugar and starch consist of equal values of oxygen and hydrogen (the proportion which forms water), and about the same amount of carbon. They are called, therefore, carbo-hydrates (that is, carbon-waters), and may probably be rightly regarded as water containing carbon diffused through it. Thus the carbon readily attracts oxygen to itself, and forms carbonic acid: carbonic acid and water being the products of their decay or burning. Fat and oils, of every kind, also consist of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but in them the oxygen is in less proportion. They are not merely water and carbon, but if there be any water in them, then both carbon and hydrogen must be considered as diffused through it. Accordingly, these oleaginous substances, in their burning, take up more oxygen, and give out more force. Any one (who likes) may prove this fact by taking, on a cold day, a glass of cod-liver oil, and seeing how warm it makes him.

Thus as the escape of nitrogen seems to give their primary activity to the organs of the body, so the absorption of oxygen gives rise to the force which the subsidiary portions of the food supply. The heat of the body is derived from oxidation; not, however, of the carbo-hydrates and fats alone, but, in their turn, of all its structures too: for these, either in the act of fulfilling or after they have fulfilled their functions, are partly burned with oxygen as well.

In these processes—the casting forth of nitrogen, and uniting with oxygen, each of them being a source of force within the body—consists emphatically the animal life. And thus we recognize the relation of the vegetable to the animal world, as the great preparer of its food. For the plant performs processes the very reverse of these. It combines nitrogen

with its tissues, and forms albuminous bodies;* it gives off oxygen, separating it from carbonic acid, and thus forms starchy bodies and fat. By this means it provides a store of force-containing materials for the animal's use; all the principal elements concerned are placed in their active state; the carbon and oxygen tending to unite, the nitrogen tending to liberate itself. There is a store of force here which the animal needs only to appropriate, to give it power to act.

Food is force. The transference of vegetable matter to the animal, in its eating, is like the placing a tense spring within a watch. The animal structure is the mechanism, and the force which is in the food, operating through it, produces the animal functions as its results. The plants are our purveyors; they gather strength for us from the air and earth, reducing the impalpable and evanescent forces of light and heat into solid and enduring forms, in which we can grasp them with our hands, and consume them with our teeth, appropriate them to our own substance, and make them our immediate servants. The advancing army of animal existence bears in its train a commissariat which turns to best account the resources of all lands, and whose system never breaks down.

But the non-nitrogenous elements of food have other offices besides that of producing force. Fat is essential to the formation of every structure in the body, especially of the brain and nervous system, which consist in great part of a peculiar fat combined with phosphorus. It is present also in great quantity, wherever specially active growth and development of cells are taking place. Accordingly it exists largely in the yolk of the egg, one-third of which is composed of oil. This oil gives the yolk its yellow colour and rich taste; it seems to be especially used in the development of the blood cells. Fat is essential also to the right digestion of all food; and there are many facts which prove that an insufficiency of fat or oily matters in the food tends to produce scrofulous disease. In Iceland, where all the other conditions which favour that affection exist in great intensity, but the food of the people contains an immense quantity of fat, scrofula is scarcely known. Thus, although fat is chiefly consumed in cold countries to act as fuel, and to supply the enormous amount of heat required in them, yet its use is universal. If the inhabitants of the arctic regions gorge themselves with animal blubber, those of the tropics season their lighter dishes with vegetable oils, which those climates yield in especial abundance. It may be that the soft fluid acts as a corrective to the watery, pungent, acid, and cool things which are so refreshing to the frame. So we add oil to salads.

Starch and sugar, too, have other parts to play besides being directly consumed to furnish force. By the separation of oxygen from them in

* This nitrogen, however, is not absorbed from the air. It is derived by the plant only from the chemical compounds which nitrogen forms; and chiefly from the volatile ammonia (the pungent "spirit of hartshorn") in the air, and from the salts of nitric acid in the soil.

the body, they may be converted into fat; but the presence of a certain amount of fat in the food is essential to this process. Boussingault found, by experiments on animals, that starchy matters (such as potatoes) will not fatten, unless a little fat be also given with them. When this is done, fat is accumulated in much greater amount than the quantity consumed. Bees, too, if fed upon sugar alone, cannot long continue to form wax; but if a minute portion of fat be added to the sugar, much more wax continues to be secreted than the fat could supply. The instinct, therefore, which leads us to mix butter with potatoes is justified by physiology.

Sugar, also, by forming an acid within the digestive system, acts the part of a solvent upon the other food, and by mixing with the albuminous and earthy matters, causes them to be more easily absorbed. So the egg contains a small proportion of sugar, which aids in the absorption of lime from the shell, to form the bony fabric of the chick. It does not follow from this, however, that the free use of sugar in its separate form is desirable. The ordinary articles of vegetable food contain sugar (or starch, which in the body is converted into sugar), in large proportion; and there is good reason to believe that in its naturally-combined form it is both more easily digested, and more available for the purposes of nutrition, than when crystallized. And further, being almost the lowest form of all the organic substances which are suitable for food, and that which yields the least force in its oxidation, sugar in excess is not well borne by the system: it seems to squander the energies of the assimilating apparatus, diverting to the less highly vitalized and less nutritious substance, the force which should be devoted to the elaboration of the more powerful and more essential articles of food. The ordinary sugar of commerce, moreover, derived from the sugar-cane, is not capable of being directly applied to physiological purposes. Cane-sugar is converted within the body into another kind of sugar, resembling that derived from the grape, before it can enter into the circuit of the vital changes. . This modification involves no other change of composition than the taking into combination a little more water. The form of sugar which results is called glucose, and is more easily fermentable than cane-sugar. Their relative composition is—cane-sugar, 12 of carbon to 12 of water; grape sugar, 12 of carbon to 14 of water.

Thus the main current of our life flows on. The organic elements of the food, in their two great forms, supply us on the one hand with the substance we appropriate, and on the other, with the power by which we live, and the heat which makes us glow with vital warmth. But other elements, besides these, are needful. In its highest flights, life does not utterly forsake the ground; the human body, depending upon inorganic salts for its existence, confesses its origin in dust. Common minerals—iron, sulphur, phosphorus, soda, potash, lime, and others—circulate in the blood, or are garnered in the various tissues. And these also are furnished in the food, the various vegetable products containing them in varying

quantities. The instinctive choice of certain articles of food, which characterizes, sometimes, whole nations, seems often to be determined by the presence or absence of certain of these elements. The potato, for example, contains but little lime, and in Ireland, where it has become the staple article of food, the water is largely impregnated with lime, owing to the nature of the soil. The importance of the saline ingredients of food is proved by an experiment made by the French academicians, who fed a dog, daily, on half a pound of boiled flesh that had been previously soaked in water and pressed; in the course of forty-three days the animal had lost one quarter of its weight, and after fifty-five days its emaciation was extreme.*

The inorganic materials exist in the body in two forms; partly combined in minute proportions with the albuminous substances, and partly in the form of salts simply dissolved in the fluids. The total quantity of salts contained in the blood is seven or eight parts in the thousand, of which common salt, the chloride of sodium, constitutes about the half. Various of these inorganic materials serve evident uses in the economy. Lime, for instance, united with phosphoric acid, gives solidity to the bones. The alkaline salts also play an important part. Through being alkaline, the blood holds its albumen in solution, and more readily absorbs the digested food, which has been rendered acid by the gastric juice. The alkalies also promote the oxidation and removal of the worn-out materials which the blood carries to the lungs, and there casts off. The chloride of sodium furnishes hydrochloric acid to the stomach, while its free soda goes to constitute the bile, and other alkaline secretions. It has been found that cows, with whose food no salt was mingled, after some months lost their hair, and fell into bad condition. And the almost universal desire for this substance, among both men and animals, indicates its physiological necessity. Travellers in Africa have described the intense longing for salt, which a continued use of vegetable food without it induces. Yet it is curious that in certain countries, salt is not consumed. Professor Johnston mentions as instances of this, the South-Western part of Africa, and Berezov, in Siberia. Whether an extraordinary supply of salt is otherwise furnished in these districts, has not been ascertained.

But of all the inorganic elements, none seem to exhibit so striking an adaptation to become a constituent of the organic body as *phosphorus*. The peculiar characters of this substance, fitting it for vital uses, were first described by Professor Graham, the present Master of the Mint; and Dr. G. Wilson has since illustrated the subject with all the acuteness of his searching intellect and the wealth of his graceful fancy.†

Phosphorus, in its common and first discovered form, is a soft, semi-transparent substance, resembling wax; it shines even at the freezing-point of water, melts a hundred degrees below the boiling point of that liquid, bursts into flame in the air at a temperature a little higher, and

* Dr. Letheby.

† *Edinburgh Essays*, 1856.

yields a thick white smoke, condensing into a snow of phosphoric acid. It is so inflammable that it can be preserved with safety only under water, and there is scarcely a chemist who has not been in some degree a martyr to its flames. It is so poisonous that not a year passes without some poor child falling a victim to the small portion which it thoughtlessly eats from a lucifer match, and without some uncautioned lucifer-match-maker suffering the prolonged tortures of slow poisoning which its daily administration in minute doses infallibly occasions. It reacts so powerfully upon the air in which it is permitted to fume, that it changes its oxygen into the energetic oxidizing, deodorizing, and bleaching agent which is known as ozone. In a word, it exhibits in an intense degree an affinity or tendency to combine, alike with metals and non-metals, and strikingly alters each by its union with it.

In so far, then, as mobility, or susceptibility of various changes, is concerned, no one will question the fitness of phosphorus to become an organismal element. But till recently we had not discovered that it can change this mobile, restless condition, for one of passive indifference and great stability. Phosphorus is now known to exist in no fewer than five distinct forms, besides that above described, which is called the *vitreous*, or glassy phosphorus. The most interesting of these other forms is that of a red, non-crystalline solid, the properties of which are in most marked contrast to all that were before supposed to characterize this substance. It does not shine at the heat of freezing water, nor melt even at that of boiling water. It exhales at ordinary temperatures no vapour and no odour, nor does it become oxidized in the air, nor change it into ozone. It is not poisonous, even when directly administered in doses a hundred times greater than those which are fatal with vitreous phosphorus, and it may be handled with impunity. Towards other elements it shows in general a singular indifference; nor is it till it is raised to a temperature of 500° Fahrenheit (or some 470° above the heat necessary to make vitreous phosphorus begin to burn), that it starts into activity, bursting into flame, and yielding phosphoric acid. It appears to owe its peculiarities to the presence in it of much latent heat, so that it differs from vitreous phosphorus as steam does from water, or water from ice; for it is most easily produced by long maintenance of the common phosphorus at a temperature below 490°, and when heated above this point, it suddenly bursts into vapour, changing, with evolution of heat, into the familiar modification of the element.

Here, then, is an element which can imperceptibly and quickly pass from a condition of great chemical activity to one of great chemical inertness. In virtue of this character, phosphorus "may follow the blood in its changes, may oxidize in the one great set of capillaries, and be indifferent to oxygen in the other; may occur in the brain, in the vitreous form, changing as quickly as the intellect or imagination demands, and literally flaming that thoughts may breathe and words may burn; and may be present in the bones in its amorphous form, content like an impassive caryatid, to sustain upon its unwearied shoulders the mere dead weight of

stones of flesh. And what is here said of the brain as contrasted with the bones, will apply equal or similar force to many other organs of the body. All throughout the living system, we may believe that phosphorus is found at the centres of vital action in the active condition, and at its outlying points in the passive condition. In the one case it is like the soldier with his loaded musket pressed to his shoulder and his finger on the trigger, almost anticipating the command to fire; in the other it is like the same soldier with his unloaded weapon at his side standing at ease."

Further, phosphorus forms with oxygen a powerful acid, capable even of abstracting water from sulphuric acid, and yet perfectly unirritating to the organic textures. Taking up varying quantities of water, phosphoric acid assumes no fewer than three distinct forms, which will unite with one, two, or three atoms of alkali respectively, giving an acid, neutral or alkaline reaction. Thus it is available for the most varied uses in the body. "A child is beginning to walk, and the bones of its limbs must be strengthened and hardened; phosphoric acid, accordingly, carries with it three units of lime to them, and renders them solid and firm. But the bones of its skull must remain comparatively soft and yielding, for it has many a fall, and the more elastic these bones are, the less will it suffer when its head strikes a hard object; so that in them we may suppose the phosphoric acid to retain but two units of lime, and to form a softer, less consistent solid. And the cartilages of the ribs must be still more supple and elastic, so that in them the phosphoric acid may be supposed to be combined with but one unit of base. On the other hand, its teeth must be harder than its hardest bones, and a new demand is made on the lime-phosphates to associate themselves with other lime-salts (especially fluoride of calcium), to form the cutting edges and grinding faces of the incisors and molars. All the while also, the blood must be kept alkaline, that oxidation of the tissues may be promoted, and albumen retained in solution; and yet it must not be too alkaline, or tissues and albumen will both be destroyed, and the carbonic acid developed at the systemic capillaries will not be exchanged for oxygen when the blood is exposed to that gas at the lungs. So phosphoric acid provides a salt containing two units of soda and one of water, which is sufficiently alkaline to promote oxidation, dissolve albumen, and absorb carbonic acid, and yet holds the latter so loosely, that it instantly exchanges it for oxygen when it encounters that gas in the pulmonary capillaries. Again, the flesh juice must be kept acid (perhaps, as has been suggested, in electro-polar opposition to the alkalinity of the blood, as affecting the transmission of the electrical currents which are now known to traverse the tissues), and phosphoric acid provides a salt, containing two units of water, and one of potash, which secures the requisite acidity."

"Chemical unions have been compared to marriages, and chemical compounds to wedded pairs. If the comparison is accepted, then the great majority of the mineral acids are monogamists, and wedded each to a single base: but phosphoric acid, like an eastern patriarch, has the

privilege, if he pleases, of wedding three bases, although he is often satisfied with two, and can cheerfully content himself with one. Or, to vary the figure more expressively, the ordinary acids are like the Hindoos under the domination of caste, and when hired as servants stipulate to carry but one thing, and the minimum weight of that; phosphoric acid is an English servant of all work, lifting three loads at a time, of any three things that require to be lifted, and willing at all times to make himself generally useful."

These characters of phosphorus, besides their own immediate interest, are, as we shall see, most suggestive in relation to the question of food in its widest sense. For the nitrogen-containing bodies are characterized also by a capacity for assuming a great variety of distinct forms, which serve very different physiological purposes, with very slight changes of composition. They exist in the blood in two chief forms—that of albumen and that of fibrine. The former of these is comparatively little prone to change; the latter readily alters its condition, coagulating on exposure to the air. A great variety also of these substances is found in food, each separate species of plant containing its own peculiar nitrogenous element, distinguished by a slight variety of properties. But we must hasten on. Of the water, which not only forms a part, but is, indeed, the chief constituent of all our food (as it is also of the entire body, constituting three-fourths of our weight), we need not speak further. Although it is the most important of all alimentary substances, and the entire withdrawal of it from the food produces more intolerable sufferings and speedier death than any other kind of starvation, yet so far as we at present know, its office, as a food, is simple. It seems to be a diluent or menstruum only, facilitating changes in which it has itself no share. Perhaps we might say that water is to the body what nitrogen is to the atmosphere, the passive solvent in which the active elements are distributed, and by means of which their activity is at once elicited and controlled. The free use of water, however, greatly promotes various secretions, causing an increase not only in their liquid portion, but also in their solid constituents.

There is another class of substances met with in our natural food, which experience has proved to be of the utmost value, although the mode of their action is not understood—the organic acids, and fresh vegetable juices. The desire for fruits and fresh vegetables, which becomes an intense longing when they have been for some time withheld, as those who have made long voyages at sea can testify, has its root in a real want of the system. Lime-juice, assisted by other rational measures, has banished scurvy from the navy; and further proof of the necessity of these substances for healthy nutrition is furnished by facts which still occur. Dr. Carpenter has called attention to the circumstance that during the year that followed the potato famine in Ireland, when the high price of vegetables prevented their use as an article of diet to a considerable extent, scurvy broke out in many of the English poorhouses. And there is no doubt that too scanty a supply of vegetables, though it may not

produce actual disease, undermines the health, and increases the risk of many affections. Not very long ago a patient was admitted into Guy's Hospital with fractured leg. The limb was placed in the most favourable circumstances for uniting. The diet was liberal, and of the most nourishing kind, containing bread, and meat, and porter in abundance. But no union took place. Fresh vegetables were prescribed to the full extent of appetite, and new bone began at once to be deposited.

Nothing is more truly unscientific than the prolonged enforcement of an exclusive diet of bread and meat for weak digestion. It has happened more than once in our own knowledge that a person suffering from dyspepsia, for which a rigid diet has been prescribed, has yielded to temptation, and indulged in a free and varied and most anti-digestive meal; and the dyspepsia has disappeared from that time forth. This fact, however, says nothing in favour of habitual indulgence.

Instinct or natural desire is, generally—perhaps in health it is almost always—a good index to the food that is best. In many cases of disease it is an invaluable guide to the articles best adapted to the patient's state. But this is not always the case. In some instances, as where sugar is found in excess within the system—where the flesh runs away in sugar as it were—the desire for fruits is intense, but its gratification is very hurtful.

It was an idea of Liebig's that alcohol was a food; that is, that like fat or sugar, it united with oxygen in the system, and supplied it with warmth. Recent investigations, however, very carefully conducted by Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, have thrown discredit on this opinion. It appears that if not all (which it would be extremely difficult if not impossible to prove), yet by far the greater part of any spirit consumed passes off in the secretions, unchanged. It may be shown, unaltered, in the breath, the perspiration, and other secretions, for as much as ten or twelve hours after the use of even a moderate quantity, and there is no evidence that any part of it undergoes oxidation. If this view be true, alcohol would appear to act the part of an excitant merely, affording no real accession of any kind to the force of the body. It has been long known to possess a special affinity for the nervous tissues. Dr. Percy, many years ago, proved its presence in the brain of persons dying from its use, and of animals to which it was administered; and the authors above mentioned confirm his experiments.

When food is entirely withheld, mammals and birds die in from ten to twenty days, losing in the course of that time from less than a third, to more than half of their weight, according to the amount of fat they had previously accumulated. From some experiments made by Chossat, it appears, that while the fat is almost entirely consumed, and the blood reduced to one-fourth of its amount, the nervous system suffers scarcely any loss of weight. Bidder and Schmidt, however, found that in the case of cats, the blood was diminished even more than the fat, and the brain also wasted to the extent of 37 per cent.

The most striking circumstance, however, connected with starvation, is the tendency to decomposition and putridity, alike in the blood and all the organs, which the absence of food occasions. The system, left unnourished, not only wastes away, and is consumed ; its vitality also fails, and putrid emanations cover the surface. This fact furnishes further evidence that part of the office of the food is to feed the *life* of the organism, as well as to supply its substance, and maintain its heat. Thus typhus, and other putrid fevers, follow in the train of famine. Perhaps it is, in part, by counteracting this tendency to putrefaction, that very small quantities of food seem to have so much influence in deferring the fatal effects of abstinence. The usual duration of life in the human subject under complete deprivation of food and drink, is only eight or ten days, yet a case is reported by Dr. Willan, in which a young gentleman, who starved himself under the influence of a religious delusion, lived for sixty days, *taking only a little orange juice.** In another instance, a patient, under a hysterical affection, for three weeks took only a cup of tea once or twice a day, and on many days not even this was swallowed; yet the strength seemed rather to increase than to diminish during this period.

But results similar to those of entire want of food ensue, if the attempt be made to confine ourselves to any single article of diet, however in itself nutritious. It has long been known that gelatine—the substance which forms jelly in all its varieties—could not sustain life. Experiments made on dogs and other animals, by a French Commission, showed that they died almost as soon when fed on gelatine, as when kept entirely fasting. But further investigation has proved that albumen itself, the substance from which almost all our structures are directly formed, will not maintain life when exclusively employed. The disgust which a long continuance of one narrow diet excites is therefore justified from the charge of caprice. Dr. Hammond, an American physician, has recently published an account of some experiments made upon himself, with the view of determining the value of certain kinds of food. For ten consecutive days he lived upon coagulated albumen and water. At the end of that time his health was seriously deranged; the power of the system to assimilate the albumen was impaired, the body was daily losing weight, and an extreme degree of lassitude was felt. On a diet of starch alone, the effects were, as might have been expected, still more severe. The following is the note of his condition on the eighth day of the experiment:—"Violent headache was present during the whole day. The mind was somewhat confused; an almost constant twitching of the left upper eyelid was experienced, and caused me a great deal of annoyance. There was great oppression of the chest, which was only relieved by frequent, full, and deep inspirations; palpitation of the heart; and vomiting of a sour fluid. Several boils made their appearance, and scratches on the hand would not heal. The lips were of a bluish tinge."

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* Dr. Carpenter's *Human Physiology*, 5th Edition, p. 60.

From this experiment we may judge what effects are likely to attend the plan of feeding infants on arrowroot and water. Nor can any artificial combination of the various elements of food, however scientifically they may be adjusted, satisfy the demands of the system. The peculiar mode of combination which exists in the various foods so lavishly provided by nature, is as essential to healthy nutrition as the substances themselves. Food must contain not material only, but power; that from which life is to flow, must embody the results of living action. It must be redolent of sunshine, and permeated with light; it must have drunk in the virtue of the airs of heaven. For all these our food must transfer to us—to glow within our veins, and animate our nerves. Through it, the forces of the universe must work within us, in order that we may live. And therefore, surely, it is that not to one or two—or twenty—varieties of food does nature stint our appetite, or confine our feast. She opens her hand, and pours forth to man the treasures of every land and every sea, because she would give to him a wide and vigorous life, participant of all variety. For him the cornfields wave their golden grain, of delicate wheat, or hardier rye, of strengthening oat, or thinner rice, or oil-abounding maize. Freely for him the palm, the date, the banana, the bread-fruit tree, the pine, spread out a harvest on the air; and pleasant apple, plum, or peach solicit his ready hand. Beneath his foot lie stored the starch of the potato, the gluten of the turnip, the sugar of the beet; while all the intermediate space is rich with juicy herbs.

Nature bids him eat and be merry; adding to his feast the solid flesh of bird, and beast, and fish, prepared as victims for the sacrifice: firm muscle to make strong the arm of toil, in the industrious temperate zone; and massive ribs of fat to kindle inward fires, for the sad dwellers under arctic skies.

"Eat and be merry!" Let the various life of all the world throb in the world's ruler.

Framley Parsonage.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Lady Lufton's Request.

The bailiffs on that day had their meals regular,—and their beer, which state of things, together with an absence of all duty in the way of making inventories and the like, I take to be the earthly paradise of bailiffs; and on the next morning they walked off with civil speeches and many apologies as to their intrusion. "They was very sorry," they said, "to have troubled a gen'leman as were a gen'leman, but in their way of business what could they do?" To which one of them added a remark that, "business is business." This statement I am not prepared to contradict, but I would recommend all men in choosing a profession to avoid any that may require an apology at every turn;—either an apology or else a somewhat violent assertion of right. Each younger male reader may perhaps reply that he has no thought of becoming a sheriff's officer; but then are there not other cognate lines of life to which perhaps the attention of some such may be attracted?

On the evening of the day on which they went Mark received a note from Lady Lufton begging him to call early on the following morning, and immediately after breakfast he went across to Framley Court. It may be imagined that he was not in a very happy frame of mind, but he felt the truth of his wife's remark that the first plunge into cold water was always the worst. Lady Lufton was not a woman who would continually throw his disgrace into his teeth, however terribly cold might be the first words with which she spoke of it. He strove hard as he entered her room to carry his usual look and bearing, and to put out his hand to greet her with his customary freedom, but he knew that he failed. And it may be said that no good man who has broken down in his goodness can carry the disgrace of his fall without some look of shame. When a man is able to do that, he ceases to be in any way good.

"This has been a distressing affair," said Lady Lufton after her first salutation.

"Yes, indeed," said he. "It has been very sad for poor Fanny."

"Well; we must all have our little periods of grief; and it may perhaps be fortunate if none of us have worse than this. She will not complain, herself, I am sure."

"She complain!"

"No, I am sure she will not. And now all I've got to say, Mr. Robarts, is this: I hope you and Lufton have had enough to do with black sheep

to last you your lives; for I must protest that your late friend Mr. Sowerby is a black sheep."

In no possible way could Lady Lufton have alluded to the matter with greater kindness than in thus joining Mark's name with that of her son. It took away all the bitterness of the rebuke, and made the subject one on which even he might have spoken without difficulty. But now, seeing that she was so gentle to him, he could not but lean the more hardly on himself.

"I have been very foolish," said he, "very foolish and very wrong, and very wicked."

"Very foolish, I believe, Mr. Robarts—to speak frankly and once for all; but, as I also believe, nothing worse. I thought it best for both of us that we should just have one word about it, and now I recommend that the matter be never mentioned between us again."

"God bless you, Lady Lufton," he said. "I think no man ever had such a friend as you are."

She had been very quiet during the interview, and almost subdued, not speaking with the animation that was usual to her; for this affair with Mr. Robarts was not the only one she had to complete that day, nor, perhaps, the one most difficult of completion. But she cheered up a little under the praise now bestowed on her, for it was the sort of praise she loved best. She did hope, and, perhaps, flatter herself, that she was a good friend.

"You must be good enough, then, to gratify my friendship by coming up to dinner this evening; and Fanny, too, of course. I cannot take any excuse, for the matter is completely arranged. I have a particular reason for wishing it." These last violent injunctions had been added because Lady Lufton had seen a refusal rising in the parson's face. Poor Lady Lufton! Her enemies—for even she had enemies—used to declare of her, that an invitation to dinner was the only method of showing itself of which her good-humour was cognizant. But let me ask of her enemies whether it is not as good a method as any other known to be extant? Under such orders as these obedience was of course a necessity, and he promised that he, with his wife, would come across to dinner. And then, when he went away, Lady Lufton ordered her carriage.

During these doings at Framley Lucy Robarts still remained at Hogglestock, nursing Mrs. Crawley. Nothing occurred to take her back to Framley, for the same note from Fanny which gave her the first tidings of the arrival of the Philistines told her also of their departure—and also of the source from whence relief had reached them. "Don't come, therefore, for that reason," said the note, "but, nevertheless, do come as quickly as you can, for the whole house is sad without you."

On the morning after the receipt of this note Lucy was sitting, as was now usual with her, beside an old arm-chair to which her patient had lately been promoted. The fever had gone, and Mrs. Crawley was slowly regaining her strength—very slowly, and with frequent caution from the

Silverbridge doctor that any attempt at being well too fast might again precipitate her into an abyss of illness and domestic inefficiency.

"I really think I can get about to-morrow," said she; "and then, dear Lucy, I need not keep you longer from your home."

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me, I think. I suppose Mr. Crawley has been complaining again about the cream in his tea." Mr. Crawley had on one occasion stated his assured conviction that surreptitious daily supplies were being brought into the house, because he had detected the presence of cream instead of milk in his own cup. As, however, the cream had been going for sundry days before this Miss Robarts had not thought much of his ingenuity in making the discovery.

"Ah, you do not know how he speaks of you when your back is turned."

"And how does he speak of me? I know you would not have the courage to tell me the whole."

"No, I have not; for you would think it absurd coming from one who looks like him. He says that if he were to write a poem about womanhood, he would make you the heroine."

"With a cream-jug in my hand, or else sewing buttons on to a shirt-collar. But he never forgave me about the mutton broth. He told me, in so many words, that I was a—storyteller. And for the matter of that, my dear, so I was."

"He told me that you were an angel."

"Goodness gracious!"

"A ministering angel. And so you have been. I can almost feel it in my heart to be glad that I have been ill, seeing that I have had you for my friend."

"But you might have had that good fortune without the fever."

"No, I should not. In my married life I have made no friends till my illness brought you to me; nor should I ever really have known you but for that. How should I get to know any one?"

"You will now, Mrs. Crawley; will you not? Promise that you will. You will come to us at Framley when you are well? You have promised already, you know."

"You made me do so when I was too weak to refuse."

"And I shall make you keep your promise too. He shall come, also, if he likes; but you shall come whether he likes or no. And I won't hear a word about your old dresses. Old dresses will wear as well at Framley as at Hogglestock."

From all which it will appear that Mrs. Crawley and Lucy Robarts had become very intimate during this period of the nursing; as two women always will, or, at least should do, when shut up for weeks together in the same sick room.

The conversation was still going on between them when the sound of wheels was heard upon the road. It was no highway that passed before the house, and carriages of any sort were not frequent there.

"It is Fanny, I am sure," said Lucy, rising from her chair.

"There are two horses," said Mrs. Crawley, distinguishing the noise with the accurate sense of hearing which is always attached to sickness; "and it is not the noise of the pony carriage."

"It is a regular carriage," said Lucy, speaking from the window, "and stopping here. It is somebody from Framley Court, for I know the servant."

As she spoke a blush came to her forehead. Might it not be Lord Lufton, she thought to herself,—forgetting at the moment that Lord Lufton did not go about the country in a close chariot with a fat footman. Intimate as she had become with Mrs. Crawley she had said nothing to her new friend on the subject of her love affair.

The carriage stopped and down came the footman, but nobody spoke to him from the inside.

"He has probably brought something from Framley," said Lucy, having cream and such like matters in her mind; for cream and such like matters had come from Framley Court more than once during her sojourn there. "And the carriage, probably, happened to be coming this way."

But the mystery soon elucidated itself partially, or, perhaps, became more mysterious in another way. The red-armed little girl who had been taken away by her frightened mother in the first burst of the fever had now returned to her place, and at the present moment entered the room, with awe-struck face, declaring that Miss Robarts was to go at once to the big lady in the carriage.

"I suppose it's Lady Lufton," said Mrs. Crawley.

Lucy's heart was so absolutely in her mouth that any kind of speech was at the moment impossible to her. Why should Lady Lufton have come thither to Hogglestock, and why should she want to see her, Lucy Robarts, in the carriage? Had not everything between them been settled? And yet ——! Lucy, in the moment for thought that was allowed to her, could not determine what might be the probable upshot of such an interview. Her chief feeling was a desire to postpone it for the present instant. But the red-armed little girl would not allow that.

"You are to come at once," said she.

And then Lucy, without having spoken a word, got up and left the room. She walked downstairs, along the little passage, and out through the small garden, with firm steps, but hardly knowing whither she went, or why. Her presence of mind and self-possession had all deserted her. She knew that she was unable to speak as she should do; she felt that she would have to regret her present behaviour, but yet she could not help herself. Why should Lady Lufton have come to her there? She went on, and the big footman stood with the carriage door open. She stepped up almost unconsciously, and, without knowing how she got there, she found herself seated by Lady Lufton.

To tell the truth her ladyship also was a little at a loss to know how she was to carry through her present plan of operations. The duty of beginning,

however, was clearly with her, and therefore, having taken Lucy by the hand, she spoke.

"Miss Robarts," she said, "my son has come home. I don't know whether you are aware of it."

She spoke with a low, gentle voice, not quite like herself, but Lucy was much too confused to notice this.

"I was not aware of it," said Lucy.

She had, however, been so informed in Fanny's letter, but all that had gone out of her head.

"Yes; he has come back. He has been in Norway, you know,—fishing."

"Yes," said Lucy.

"I am sure you will remember all that took place when you came to me, not long ago, in my little room upstairs at Framley Court."

In answer to which, Lucy, quivering in every nerve, and wrongly thinking that she was visibly shaking in every limb, timidly answered that she did remember. Why was it that she had then been so bold, and now was so poor a coward?

"Well my dear; all that I said to you then I said to you thinking that it was for the best. You, at any rate, will not be angry with me for loving my own son better than I love any one else."

"Oh, no," said Lucy.

"He is the best of sons, and the best of men, and I am sure that he will be the best of husbands."

Lucy had an idea, by instinct, however, rather than by sight, that Lady Lufton's eyes were full of tears as she spoke. As for herself she was altogether blinded and did not dare to lift her face or to turn her head. As for the utterance of any sound, that was quite out of the question.

"And now I have come here, Lucy, to ask you to be his wife."

She was quite sure that she heard the words. They came plainly to her ears, leaving on her brain their proper sense, but yet she could not move or make any sign that she had understood them. It seemed as though it would be ungenerous in her to take advantage of such conduct and to accept an offer made with so much self-sacrifice. She had not time at the first moment to think even of his happiness, let alone her own, but she thought only of the magnitude of the concession which had been made to her. When she had constituted Lady Lufton the arbiter of her destiny she had regarded the question of her love as decided against herself. She had found herself unable to endure the position of being Lady Lufton's daughter-in-law while Lady Lufton would be scorning her, and therefore she had given up the game. She had given up the game, sacrificing herself, and, as far as it might be a sacrifice, sacrificing him also. She had been resolute to stand to her word in this respect, but she had never allowed herself to think it possible that Lady Lufton should comply with the conditions which she, Lucy, had laid upon her.

And yet such was the case, as she so plainly heard. "And now I have come here, Lucy, to ask you to be his wife."

How long they sat together silent, I cannot say; counted by minutes the time would not probably have amounted to many, but to each of them the duration seemed considerable. Lady Lufton, while she was speaking, had contrived to get hold of Lucy's hand, and she sat, still holding it, trying to look into Lucy's face,—which, however, she could hardly see, so much was it turned away. Neither, indeed, were Lady Lufton's eyes perfectly dry. No answer came to her question, and therefore, after a while, it was necessary that she should speak again.

"Must I go back to him, Lucy, and tell him that there is some other objection—something besides a stern old mother; some hindrance, perhaps, not so easily overcome."

"No," said Lucy, and it was all which at the moment she could say.

"What shall I tell him, then? Shall I say yes—simply yes."

"Simply yes," said Lucy.

"And as to the stern old mother who thought her only son too precious to be parted with at the first word—is nothing to be said to her?"

"Oh, Lady Lufton!"

"No forgiveness to be spoken, no sign of affection to be given? Is she always to be regarded as stern and cross, vexatious and disagreeable?"

Lucy slowly turned round her head and looked up into her companion's face. Though she had as yet no voice to speak of affection she could fill her eyes with love, and in that way make to her future mother all the promises that were needed.

"Lucy, dearest Lucy, you must be very dear to me now." And then they were in each other's arms, kissing each other.

Lady Lufton now desired her coachman to drive up and down for some little space along the road while she completed her necessary conversation with Lucy. She wanted at first to carry her back to Framley that evening, promising to send her again to Mrs. Crawley on the following morning—"till some permanent arrangement could be made," by which Lady Lufton intended the substitution of a regular nurse for her future daughter-in-law, seeing that Lucy Robarts was now invested in her eyes with attributes which made it unbecoming that she should sit in attendance at Mrs. Crawley's bedside. But Lucy would not go back to Framley on that evening; no, nor on the next morning. She would be so glad if Fanny would come to her there, and then she would arrange about going home.

"But Lucy, dear, what am I to say to Ludovic? Perhaps you would feel it awkward if he were to come to see you here."

"Oh, yes, Lady Lufton; pray tell him not to do that."

"And is that all that I am to tell him?"

"Tell him—tell him—He won't want you to tell him anything;—only I should like to be quiet for a day, Lady Lufton."

"Well, dearest, you shall be quiet; the day after to-morrow then. ——Mind we must not spare you any longer, because it will be right that you should be at home now. He would think it very hard if you were to be so near, and he was not to be allowed to look at you. And there will be some one else who will want to see you. I shall want to have you very near to me, for I shall be wretched, Lucy, if I cannot teach you to love me." In answer to which Lucy did find voice enough to make sundry promises.

And then she was put out of the carriage at the little wicket gate, and Lady Lufton was driven back to Framley. I wonder whether the servant when he held the door for Miss Robarts was conscious that he was waiting on his future mistress. I fancy that he was, for these sort of people always know everything and the peculiar courtesy of his demeanour as he let down the carriage steps was very observable.

Lucy felt almost beside herself as she returned upstairs, not knowing what to do, or how to look, and with what words to speak. It behoved her to go at once to Mrs. Crawley's room, and yet she longed to be alone. She knew that she was quite unable either to conceal her thoughts or express them; nor did she wish at the present moment to talk to any one about her happiness,—seeing that she could not at the present moment talk to Fanny Robarts. She went, however, without delay into Mrs. Crawley's room, and with that little eager way of speaking quickly which is so common with people who know that they are confused, said that she feared she had been a very long time away.

"And was it Lady Lufton?"

"Yes; it was Lady Lufton."

"Why, Lucy; I did not know that you and her ladyship were such friends."

"She had something particular she wanted to say," said Lucy, avoiding the question, and avoiding also Mrs. Crawley's eyes; and then she sate down in her usual chair.

"It was nothing unpleasant, I hope."

"No, nothing at all unpleasant; nothing of that kind.—Oh, Mrs. Crawley, I'll tell you some other time, but pray do not ask me now." And then she got up and escaped, for it was absolutely necessary that she should be alone.

When she reached her own room—that in which the children usually slept—she made a great effort to compose herself, but not altogether successfully. She got out her paper and blotting-book intending, as she said to herself, to write to Fanny, knowing, however, that the letter when written would be destroyed; but she was not able even to form a word. Her hand was unsteady and her eyes were dim and her thoughts were incapable of being fixed. She could only sit, and think, and wonder, and hope; occasionally wiping the tears from her eyes, and asking herself why her present frame of mind was so painful to her? During the last two or three months she had felt no fear of Lord Lufton, had always carried her-

self before him on equal terms, and had been signally capable of doing so when he made his declaration to her at the parsonage; but now she looked forward with an undefined dread to the first moment in which she should see him.

And then she thought of a certain evening she had passed at Framley Court, and acknowledged to herself that there was some pleasure in looking back to that. Griselda Grantly had been there, and all the constitutional powers of the two families had been at work to render easy a process of love-making between her and Lord Lufton. Lucy had seen and understood it all, without knowing that she understood it, and had, in a certain degree, suffered from beholding it. She had placed herself apart, not complaining—painfully conscious of some inferiority, but, at the same time, almost boasting to herself that in her own way she was the superior. And then he had come behind her chair, whispering to her, speaking to her his first words of kindness and good-nature, and she had resolved that she would be his friend—his friend, even though Griselda Grantly might be his wife. What those resolutions were worth had soon become manifest to her. She had soon confessed to herself the result of that friendship, and had determined to bear her punishment with courage. But now——

She sate so for about an hour, and would fain have so sat out the day. But as this could not be she got up, and having washed her face and eyes returned to Mrs. Crawley's room. There she found Mr. Crawley also, to her great joy, for she knew that while he was there no questions would be asked of her. He was always very gentle to her, treating her with an old-fashioned polished respect—except when compelled on that one occasion by his sense of duty to accuse her of mendacity respecting the purveying of victuals——, but he had never become absolutely familiar with her as his wife had done; and it was well for her now that he had not done so, for she could not have talked about Lady Lufton.

In the evening, when the three were present, she did manage to say that she expected Mrs. Robarts would come over on the following day.

"We shall part with you, Miss Robarts, with the deepest regret," said Mr. Crawley; "but we would not on any account keep you longer. Mrs. Crawley can do without you now. What she would have done, had you not come to us, I am at a loss to think."

"I did not say that I should go," said Lucy.

"But you will," said Mrs. Crawley. "Yes, dear, you will. I know that it is proper now that you should return. Nay, but we will not have you any longer. And the poor dear children, too,—they may return. How am I to thank Mrs. Robarts for what she has done for us?"

It was settled that if Mrs. Robarts came on the following day Lucy should go back with her; and then, during the long watches of the night —for on this last night Lucy would not leave the bed-side of her new friend till long after the dawn had broken—she did tell Mrs. Crawley what was to be her destiny in life. To herself there seemed nothing strange in her new position; but to Mrs. Crawley it was wonderful that she—she,

poor as she was—should have an embryo peeress at her bedside, handing her her cup to drink, and smoothing her pillow that she might be at rest. It was strange, and she could hardly maintain her accustomed familiarity. Lucy felt this, at the moment.

"It must make no difference, you know," said she, eagerly; "none at all, between you and me. Promise me that it shall make no difference."

The promise was, of course, exacted; but it was not possible that such a promise should be kept.

Very early on the following morning—so early that it woke her while still in her first sleep—there came a letter for her from the parsonage. Mrs. Robarts had written it, after her return home from Lady Lufton's dinner.

The letter said :—

"My own own Darling,

"How am I to congratulate you, and be eager enough in wishing you joy? I do wish you joy, and am so very happy. I write now chiefly to say that I shall be over with you about twelve to-morrow, and that I *must* bring you away with me. If I did not some one else, by no means so trustworthy, would insist on doing it."

But this, though it was thus stated to be the chief part of the letter, and though it might be so in matter, was by no means so in space. It was very long, for Mrs. Robarts had sat writing it till past midnight.

"I will not say anything about him," she went on to say, after two pages had been filled with his name, "but I must tell you how beautifully she has behaved. You will own that she is a dear woman; will you not?"

Lucy had already owned it many times since the visit of yesterday, and had declared to herself, as she has continued to declare ever since, that she had never doubted it.

"She took us by surprise when we got into the drawing-room before dinner, and she told us first of all that she had been to see you at Hogglestock. Lord Lufton, of course, could not keep the secret, but brought it out instantly. I can't tell you now how he told it all, but I am sure you will believe that he did it in the best possible manner. He took my hand and pressed it half a dozen times, and I thought he was going to do something else; but he did not, so you need not be jealous. And she was so nice to Mark, saying such things in praise of you, and paying all manner of compliments to your father. But Lord Lufton scolded her immensely for not bringing you. He said it was lackadaisical and nonsensical; but I could see how much he loved her for what she had done; and she could see it too, for I know her ways, and know that she was delighted with him. She could not keep her eyes off him all the evening, and certainly I never did see him look so well.

"And then while Lord Lufton and Mark were in the dining-room, where they remained a terribly long time, she would make me go through the house that she might show me your rooms, and explain how you were to be mistress there. She has got it all arranged to perfection, and I am sure she has been thinking about it for years. Her great fear at present is that you and he should go and live at Lufton. If you have any gratitude in you, either to her or me, you will not let him do this. I consoled her by saying that there are not two stones upon one another at Lufton as yet; and I believe such is the case. Besides, everybody says that it is the ugliest spot in the world. She went on to declare, with tears in her eyes, that if you were content to remain at Framley, she would never interfere in anything. I do think that she is the best woman that ever lived."

So much as I have given of this letter formed but a small portion of it, but it comprises all that it is necessary that we should know. Exactly at twelve o'clock on that day Puck the pony appeared, with Mrs. Robarts and Grace Crawley behind him, Grace having been brought back as being capable of some service in the house. Nothing that was confidential, and very little that was loving, could be said at the moment, because Mr. Crawley was there, waiting to bid Miss Robarts adieu; and he had not as yet been informed of what was to be the future fate of his visitor. So they could only press each other's hands and embrace, which to Lucy was almost a relief; for even to her sister-in-law she hardly as yet knew how to speak openly on this subject.

"May God Almighty bless you, Miss Robarts," said Mr. Crawley, as he stood in his dingy sitting-room ready to lead her out to the pony-carriage. "You have brought sunshine into this house, even in the time of sickness, when there was no sunshine; and He will bless you. You have been the Good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, pouring in oil and balm. To the mother of my children you have given life, and to me you have brought light, and comfort, and good words, —making my spirit glad within me, as it had not been gladdened before. All this hath come of charity, which vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up. Faith and hope are great and beautiful, but charity exceedeth them all." And having so spoken, instead of leading her out, he went away and hid himself.

How Puck behaved himself as Fanny drove him back to Framley, and how those two ladies in the carriage behaved themselves—of that, perhaps, nothing further need be said.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Nemesis.

But in spite of all these joyful tidings it must, alas! be remembered that Pœna, that just but Rhadamanthine goddess, whom we moderns ordinarily call Punishment, or Nemesis when we wish to speak of her goddess-ship, very seldom fails to catch a wicked man though she have sometimes a lame foot of her own, and though the wicked man may possibly get a start of her. In this instance the wicked man had been our unfortunate friend Mark Robarts; wicked in that he had wittingly touched pitch, gone to Gatherum Castle, ridden fast mares across the country to Cobbold's Ashes, and fallen very imprudently among the Tozers; and the instrument used by Nemesis was Mr. Tom Towers of the *Jupiter*, than whom, in these our days, there is no deadlier scourge in the hands of that goddess.

In the first instance, however, I must mention, though I will not relate, a little conversation which took place between Lady Lufton and Mr. Robarts. That gentleman thought it right to say a few words more to her ladyship respecting those money transactions. He could not

but feel, he said, that he had received that prebendal stall from the hands of Mr. Sowerby; and under such circumstances, considering all that had happened, he could not be easy in his mind as long as he held it. What he was about to do would, he was aware, delay considerably his final settlement with Lord Lufton; but Lufton, he hoped, would pardon that, and agree with him as to the propriety of what he was about to do.

On the first blush of the thing Lady Lufton did not quite go along with him. Now that Lord Lufton was to marry the parson's sister it might be well that the parson should be a dignitary of the church; and it might be well, also, that one so nearly connected with her son should be comfortable in his money matters. There loomed also, in the future, some distant possibility of higher clerical honours for a peer's brother-in-law; and the top rung of the ladder is always more easily attained when a man has already ascended a step or two. But, nevertheless, when the matter came to be fully explained to her, when she saw clearly the circumstances under which the stall had been conferred, she did agree that it had better be given up.

And well for both of them it was—well for them all at Framley—that this conclusion had been reached before the scourge of Nemesis had fallen. Nemesis, of course, declared that her scourge had produced the resignation; but it was generally understood that this was a false boast, for all clerical men at Barchester knew that the stall had been restored to the chapter, or, in other words, into the hands of the Government, before Tom Towers had twirled the fatal lash above his head. But the manner of the twirling was as follows:—

"It is with difficulty enough," said the article in the *Jupiter*, "that the Church of England maintains at the present moment that ascendancy among the religious sects of this country which it so loudly claims. And perhaps it is rather from an old-fashioned and time-honoured affection for its standing than from any intrinsic merits of its own that some such general acknowledgment of its ascendancy is still allowed to prevail. If, however, the patrons and clerical members of this Church are bold enough to disregard all general rules of decent behaviour, we think we may predict that this chivalrous feeling will be found to give way. From time to time we hear of instances of such imprudence, and are made to wonder at the folly of those who are supposed to hold the State Church in the greatest reverence.

"Among those positions of dignified ease to which fortunate clergymen may be promoted are the stalls of the canons or prebendaries in our cathedrals. Some of these, as is well known, carry little or no emolument with them, but some are rich in the good things of this world. Excellent family houses are attached to them, with we hardly know what domestic privileges, and clerical incomes, moreover, of an amount which, if divided, would make glad the hearts of many a hard-working clerical slave. Reform has been busy even among these stalls, attaching some amount of work to the pay, and paring off some superfluous wealth from such of them as were over full; but reform has been lenient with them, acknowledging that it was well to have some such places of comfortable and dignified retirement for those who have worn themselves out in the hard work of their profession. There has of late prevailed a taste for the appointment of young bishops, produced no doubt by a feeling that bishops should be men fitted to get through really hard work; but we have never heard that young prebendaries were considered desirable. A clergyman selected for such a position should,

we have always thought, have earned an evening of ease by a long day of work, and should, above all things, be one whose life has been, and therefore in human probability will be, so decorous as to be honourable to the cathedral of his adoption.

"We were, however, the other day given to understand that one of these luxurious benefices, belonging to the cathedral of Barchester, had been bestowed on the Rev. Mark Robarts, the vicar of a neighbouring parish, on the understanding that he should hold the living and the stall together; and on making further inquiry we were surprised to learn that this fortunate gentleman is as yet considerably under thirty years of age. We were desirous, however, of believing that his learning, his piety, and his conduct, might be of a nature to add peculiar grace to his chapter, and therefore, though almost unwillingly, we were silent. But now it has come to our ears, and, indeed, to the ears of all the world, that this piety and conduct are sadly wanting; and judging of Mr. Robarts by his life and associates, we are inclined to doubt even the learning. He has at this moment, or at any rate had but a few days since, an execution in his parsonage house at Framley, on the suit of certain most disreputable bill discounters in London; and probably would have another execution in his other house in Barchester close, but for the fact that he has never thought it necessary to go into residence."

Then followed some very stringent, and, no doubt, much-needed advice to those clerical members of the Church of England who are supposed to be mainly responsible for the conduct of their brethren; and the article ended as follows:—

"Many of these stalls are in the gift of the respective deans and chapters, and in such cases the dean and chapters are bound to see that proper persons are appointed; but in other instances the power of selection is vested in the Crown, and then an equal responsibility rests on the government of the day. Mr. Robarts, we learn, was appointed to the stall in Barchester by the late Prime Minister, and we really think that a grave censure rests on him for the manner in which his patronage has been exercised. It may be impossible that he should himself in all such cases satisfy himself by personal inquiry. But our government is altogether conducted on the footing of vicarial responsibility. *Quod facit per alium, facit per se*, is in a special manner true of our ministers, and any man who rises to high position among them must abide by the danger thereby incurred. In this peculiar case we are informed that the recommendation was made by a very recently admitted member of the Cabinet, to whose appointment we alluded at the time as a great mistake. The gentleman in question held no high individual office of his own; but evil such as this which has now been done at Barchester, is exactly the sort of mischief which follows the exaltation of unfit men to high positions, even though no great scope for executive failure may be placed within their reach.

"If Mr. Robarts will allow us to tender to him our advice, he will lose no time in going through such ceremony as may be necessary again to place the stall at the disposal of the Crown!"

I may here observe that poor Harold Smith, when he read this, writhing in agony, declared it to be the handiwork of his hated enemy, Mr. Supplehouse. He knew the mark; so, at least, he said; but I myself am inclined to believe that his animosity misled him. I think that one greater than Mr. Supplehouse had taken upon himself the punishment of our poor vicar.

This was very dreadful to them all at Framley, and, when first read, seemed to crush them to atoms. Poor Mrs. Robarts, when she heard it, seemed to think that for them the world was over. An attempt had been made to keep it from her, but such attempts always fail, as did this.

The article was copied into all the good-natured local newspapers, and she soon discovered that something was being hidden. At last it was shown to her by her husband, and then for a few hours she was annihilated; for a few days she was unwilling to show herself; and for a few weeks she was very sad. But after that the world seemed to go on much as it had done before; the sun shone upon them as warmly as though the article had not been written; and not only the sun of heaven, which, as a rule, is not limited in his shining by any display of pagan thunder, but also the genial sun of their own sphere, the warmth and light of which were so essentially necessary to their happiness. Neighbouring rectors did not look glum, nor did the rectors' wives refuse to call. The people in the shops at Barchester did not regard her as though she were a disgraced woman, though it must be acknowledged that Mrs. Proudie passed her in the close with the coldest nod of recognition.

On Mrs. Proudie's mind alone did the article seem to have any enduring effect. In one respect it was, perhaps, beneficial; Lady Lufton was at once induced by it to make common cause with her own clergyman, and thus the remembrance of Mr. Robarts' sins passed away the quicker from the minds of the whole Framley Court household.

And, indeed, the county at large was not able to give to the matter that undivided attention which would have been considered its due at periods of no more than ordinary interest. At the present moment preparations were being made for a general election, and although no contest was to take place in the eastern division, a very violent fight was being carried on in the west; and the circumstances of that fight were so exciting that Mr. Robarts and his article were forgotten before their time. An edict had gone forth from Gatherum Castle directing that Mr. Sowerby should be turned out, and an answering note of defiance had been sounded from Chaldicotes, protesting, on behalf of Mr. Sowerby, that the duke's behests would not be obeyed.

There are two classes of persons in this realm who are constitutionally inefficient to take any part in returning members to Parliament —peers, namely, and women; and yet it was soon known through the whole length and breadth of the county that the present electioneering fight was being carried on between a peer and a woman. Miss Dunstable had been declared the purchaser of the Chase of Chaldicotes, as it were just in the very nick of time; which purchase—so men in Barsetshire declared, not knowing anything of the facts—would have gone altogether the other way, had not the giants obtained temporary supremacy over the gods. The duke was a supporter of the gods, and therefore, so Mr. Fothergill hinted, his money had been refused. Miss Dunstable was prepared to beard this ducal friend of the gods in his own county, and therefore her money had been taken. I am inclined, however, to think that Mr. Fothergill knew nothing about it, and to opine that Miss Dunstable, in her eagerness for victory, offered to the Crown more money than the property was worth in the duke's opinion, and that the Crown

took advantage of her anxiety, to the manifest profit of the public at large.

And it soon became known also that Miss Dunstable was, in fact, the proprietor of the whole Chaldicotes estate, and that in promoting the success of Mr. Sowerby as a candidate for the county, she was standing by her own tenant. It also became known, in the course of the battle, that Miss Dunstable had herself at last succumbed, and that she was about to marry Dr. Thorne of Greshamsbury, or the "Greshamsbury apothecary," as the adverse party now delighted to call him. "He has been little better than a quack all his life," said Dr. Fillgrave, the eminent physician of Barchester, "and now he is going to marry a quack's daughter." By which, and the like to which, Dr. Thorne did not allow himself to be much annoyed.

But all this gave rise to a very pretty series of squibs arranged between Mr. Fothergill and Mr. Closerstil, the electioneering agent. Mr. Sowerby was named "the lady's pet," and descriptions were given of the lady who kept this pet, which were by no means flattering to Miss Dunstable's appearance, or manners, or age. And then the western division of the county was asked in a grave tone—as counties and boroughs are asked by means of advertisements stuck up on blind walls and barn doors—whether it was fitting and proper that it should be represented by a woman. Upon which the county was again asked whether it was fitting and proper that it should be represented by a duke. And then the question became more personal as against Miss Dunstable, and inquiry was urged whether the county would not be indelibly disgraced if it were not only handed over to a woman, but handed over to a woman who sold the oil of Lebanon. But little was got by this move, for an answering placard explained to the unfortunate county how deep would be its shame if it allowed itself to become the appanage of any peer, but more especially of a peer who was known to be the most immoral lord that ever disgraced the benches of the upper house.

And so the battle went on very prettily, and, as money was allowed to flow freely, the West Barsetshire world at large was not ill satisfied. It is wonderful how much disgrace of that kind a borough or county can endure without flinching; and wonderful, also, seeing how supreme is the value attached to the constitution by the realm at large, how very little the principles of that constitution are valued by the people in detail. The duke, of course, did not show himself. He rarely did on any occasion, and never on such occasions as this; but Mr. Fothergill was to be seen everywhere. Miss Dunstable, also, did not hide her light under a bushel; though I here declare, on the faith of an historian, that the rumour spread abroad of her having made a speech to the electors from the top of the porch over the hotel-door at Courcy was not founded on fact. No doubt she was at Courcy, and her carriage stopped at the hotel; but neither there nor elsewhere did she make any public exhibition. "They must have mistaken me for Mrs. Proudie," she said, when the rumour reached her ears.

But there was, alas! one great element of failure on Miss Dunstable's side of the battle. Mr. Sowerby himself could not be induced to fight it as became a man. Any positive injunctions that were laid upon him he did, in a sort, obey. It had been a part of the bargain that he should stand the contest, and from that bargain he could not well go back; but he had not the spirit left to him for any true fighting on his own part. He could not go up on the hustings, and there defy the duke. Early in the affair Mr. Fothergill challenged him to do so, and Mr. Sowerby never took up the gauntlet.

"We have heard," said Mr. Fothergill, in that great speech which he made at the Omnium Arms at Silverbridge—"we have heard much during this election of the Duke of Omnium, and of the injuries which he is supposed to have inflicted on one of the candidates. The duke's name is very frequent in the mouths of the gentlemen,—and of the lady,—who support Mr. Sowerby's claims. But I do not think that Mr. Sowerby himself has dared to say much about the duke. I defy Mr. Sowerby to mention the duke's name upon the hustings."

And it so happened that Mr. Sowerby never did mention the duke's name.

It is ill fighting when the spirit is gone, and Mr. Sowerby's spirit for such things was now well nigh broken. It is true that he had escaped from the net in which the duke, by Mr. Fothergill's aid, had entangled him; but he had only broken out of one captivity into another. Money is a serious thing; and when gone cannot be had back by a shuffle in the game, or a fortunate blow with the battledore, as may political power, or reputation, or fashion. One hundred thousand pounds gone, must remain as gone, let the person who claims to have had the honour of advancing it be Mrs. B. or my Lord C. No lucky dodge can erase such a claim from the things that be—unless, indeed, such dodge be possible as Mr. Sowerby tried with Miss Dunstable. It was better for him, undoubtedly, to have the lady for a creditor than the duke, seeing that it was possible for him to live as a tenant in his own old house under the lady's reign. But this he found to be a sad enough life, after all that was come and gone.

The election on Miss Dunstable's part was lost. She carried on the contest nobly, fighting it to the last moment, and sparing neither her own money nor that of her antagonist; but she carried it on unsuccessfully. Many gentlemen did support Mr. Sowerby because they were willing enough to emancipate their county from the duke's thraldom; but Mr. Sowerby was felt to be a black sheep, as Lady Lufton had called him, and at the close of the election he found himself banished from the representation of West Barchester;—banished for ever, after having held the county for five-and-twenty years.

Unfortunate Mr. Sowerby! I cannot take leave of him here without some feeling of regret, knowing that there was that within him which might, under better guidance, have produced better things. There are men, even of high birth, who seem as though they were born to be

rogues; but Mr. Sowerby was, to my thinking, born to be a gentleman. That he had not been a gentleman—that he had bolted from his appointed course, going terribly on the wrong side of the posts—let us all acknowledge. It is not a gentlemanlike deed, but a very blackguard action, to obtain a friend's acceptance to a bill in an unguarded hour of social intercourse. That and other similar doings have stamped his character too plainly. But, nevertheless, I claim a tear for Mr. Sowerby, and lament that he has failed to run his race discreetly, in accordance with the rules of the Jockey Club.

He attempted that plan of living as a tenant in his old house at Chaldicotes and of making a living out of the land which he farmed; but he soon abandoned it. He had no aptitude for such industry, and could not endure his altered position in the county. He soon relinquished Chaldicotes of his own accord, and has vanished away, as such men do vanish—not altogether without necessary income; to which point in the final arrangement of their joint affairs, Mrs. Thorne's man of business—if I may be allowed so far to anticipate—paid special attention.

And thus Lord Dumbello, the duke's nominee, got in, as the duke's nominee had done for very many years past. There was no Nemesis here —none as yet. Nevertheless, she with the lame foot will assuredly catch him, the duke, if it be that he deserve to be caught. With us his grace's appearance has been so unfrequent that I think we may omit to make any further inquiry as to his concerns.

One point, however, is worthy of notice, as showing the good sense with which we manage our affairs here in England. In an early portion of this story the reader was introduced to the interior of Gatherum Castle, and there saw Miss Dunstable entertained by the duke in the most friendly manner. Since those days the lady has become the duke's neighbour, and has waged a war with him, which he probably felt to be very vexatious. But, nevertheless, on the next great occasion at Gatherum Castle Doctor and Mrs. Thorne were among the visitors, and to no one was the duke more personally courteous than to his opulent neighbour, the late Miss Dunstable.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How they were all Married, had Two Children, and lived Happy ever after.

Dear, affectionate, sympathetic readers, we have four couple of sighing lovers with whom to deal in this our last chapter, and I, as leader of the chorus, disdain to press you further with doubts as to the happiness of any of that quadrille. They were all made happy, in spite of that little episode which so lately took place at Barchester; and in telling of their happiness—shortly, as is now necessary—we will take them chronologically, giving precedence to those who first appeared at the hymeneal altar.

In July, then, at the cathedral, by the father of the bride, assisted by his examining chaplain, Olivia Proudie, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of Barchester, was joined in marriage to the Rev. Tobias Tickler, incumbent of the Trinity district church in Bethnal Green. Of the bridegroom, in this instance, our acquaintance has been so short, that it is not, perhaps, necessary to say much. When coming to the wedding he proposed to bring his three darling children with him; but in this measure he was, I think prudently, stopped by advice, rather strongly worded, from his future valued mother-in-law. Mr. Tickler was not an opulent man, nor had he hitherto attained any great fame in his profession; but, at the age of forty-three he still had sufficient opportunity before him, and now that his merit has been properly viewed by high ecclesiastical eyes the refreshing dew of deserved promotion will no doubt fall upon him. The marriage was very smart, and Olivia carried herself through the trying ordeal with an excellent propriety of conduct.

Up to that time, and even for a few days longer there was doubt at Barchester as to that strange journey which Lord Dumbello undoubtedly did take to France. When a man so circumstanced will suddenly go to Paris, without notice given even to his future bride, people must doubt; and grave were the apprehensions expressed on this occasion by Mrs. Proudie, even at her child's wedding-breakfast. "God bless you, my dear children," she said, standing up at the head of her table as she addressed Mr. Tickler and his wife; "when I see your perfect happiness —perfect, that is, as far as human happiness can be made perfect in this vale of tears—and think of the terrible calamity which has fallen on our unfortunate neighbours, I cannot but acknowledge His infinite mercy and goodness. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." By which she intended, no doubt, to signify that whereas Mr. Tickler had been given to her Olivia, Lord Dumbello had been taken away from the archdeacon's Griselda. The happy couple then went in Mrs. Proudie's carriage to the nearest railway station but one, and from thence proceeded to Malvern, and there spent the honeymoon.

And a great comfort it was, I am sure, to Mrs. Proudie when authenticated tidings reached Barchester that Lord Dumbello had returned from Paris, and that the Hartletop-Grantly alliance was to be carried to its completion. She still, however, held her opinion—whether correctly or not, who shall say?—that the young lord had intended to escape. "The archdeacon has shown great firmness in the way in which he has done it," said Mrs. Proudie; "but whether he has consulted his child's best interests in forcing her into a marriage with an unwilling husband, I for one must take leave to doubt. But then, unfortunately, we all know how completely the archdeacon is devoted to worldly matters."

In this instance the archdeacon's devotion to worldly matters was rewarded by that success which he no doubt desired. He did go up to London, and did see one or two of Lord Dumbello's friends. This he did, not obtrusively, as though in fear of any falsehood or vacillation on

the part of the viscount, but with that discretion and tact for which he has been so long noted. Mrs. Proudie declares that during the few days of his absence from Barsetshire he himself crossed to France and hunted down Lord Dumbello at Paris. As to this I am not prepared to say anything; but I am quite sure, as will be all those who knew the archdeacon, that he was not a man to see his daughter wronged as long as any measure remained by which such wrong might be avoided.

But, be that as it may—that mooted question as to the archdeacon's journey to Paris—Lord Dumbello was forthcoming at Plumstead on the 5th of August, and went through his work like a man. The Hartletop family, when the alliance was found to be unavoidable, endeavoured to arrange that the wedding should be held at Hartletop Priory, in order that the clerical dust and dinginess of Barchester Close might not soil the splendour of the marriage gala doings; for, to tell the truth, the Hartletopians, as a rule, were not proud of their new clerical connections. But on this subject Mrs. Grantly was very properly inexorable; nor, when an attempt was made on the bride to induce her to throw over her mamma at the last moment and pronounce for herself that she would be married at the priory, was it attended with any success. The Hartletopians knew nothing of the Grantly fibre and calibre, or they would have made no such attempt. The marriage took place at Plumstead, and on the morning of the day Lord Dumbello posted over from Barchester to the rectory. The ceremony was performed by the archdeacon, without assistance, although the dean, and the precentor, and two other clergymen, were at the ceremony. Griselda's propriety of conduct was quite equal to that of Olivia Proudie; indeed nothing could exceed the statuesque grace and fine aristocratic bearing with which she carried herself on the occasion. The three or four words which the service required of her she said with ease and dignity; there was neither sobbing nor crying to disturb the work or embarrass her friends, and she signed her name in the church books as "Griselda Grantly" without a tremor—and without a regret.

Mrs. Grantly kissed her and blessed her in the hall as she was about to step forward to her travelling carriage, leaning on her father's arm, and the child put up her face to her mother for a last whisper. "Mamma," she said, "I suppose Jane can put her hand at once on the moire antique when we reach Dover?" Mrs. Grantly smiled and nodded, and again blessed her child. There was not a tear shed—at least, not then—nor a sign of sorrow to cloud for a moment the gay splendour of the day. But the mother did bethink herself, in the solitude of her own room, of those last words, and did acknowledge a lack of something for which her heart had sighed. She had boasted to her sister that she had nothing to regret as to her daughter's education; but now, when she was alone after her success, did she feel that she could still support herself with that boast? For, be it known, Mrs. Grantly had a heart within her bosom and a faith within her heart. The world, it is true, had pressed

upon her sorely with all its weight of accumulated clerical wealth, but it had not utterly crushed her—not her, but only her child. For the sins of the father, are they not visited on the third and fourth generation?

But if any such feeling of remorse did for awhile mar the fulness of Mrs. Grantly's joy, it was soon dispelled by the perfect success of her daughter's married life. At the end of the autumn the bride and bridegroom returned from their tour, and it was evident to all the circle at Hartletop Priory that Lord Dumbello was by no means dissatisfied with his bargain. His wife had been admired everywhere to the top of his bent. All the world at Ems, and at Baden, and at Nice, had been stricken by the stately beauty of the young viscountess. And then, too, her manner, style, and high dignity of demeanour altogether supported the reverential feeling which her grace and form at first inspired. She never derogated from her husband's honour by the fictitious liveliness of gossip, or allowed any one to forget the peeress in the woman. Lord Dumbello soon found that his reputation for discretion was quite safe in her hands, and that there were no lessons as to conduct in which it was necessary that he should give instruction.

Before the winter was over she had equally won the hearts of all the circle at Hartletop Priory. The duke was there and declared to the marchioness that Dumbello could not possibly have better. "Indeed, I do not think he could," said the happy mother. "She sees all that she ought to see, and nothing that she ought not."

And then, in London, when the season came, all men sang all manner of praises in her favour, and Lord Dumbello was made aware that he was reckoned among the wisest of his age. He had married a wife who managed everything for him, who never troubled him, whom no woman disliked, and whom every man admired. As for feast of reason and for flow of soul, is it not a question whether any such flows and feasts are necessary between a man and his wife? How many men can truly assert that they ever enjoy connubial flows of soul, or that connubial feasts of reason are in their nature enjoyable? But a handsome woman at the head of your table, who knows how to dress, and how to sit, and how to get in and out of her carriage—who will not disgrace her lord by her ignorance, or fret him by her coquetry, or disparage him by her talent—how beautiful a thing it is! For my own part I think that Griselda Grantly was born to be the wife of a great English peer.

"After all, then," said Miss Dunstable, speaking of Lady Dumbello—she was Mrs. Thorne at this time—"after all, there is some truth in what our quaint latter-day philosopher tells us—'Great are thy powers, O Silence!'"

The marriage of our old friends Dr. Thorne and Miss Dunstable was the third on the list, but that did not take place till the latter end of September. The lawyers on such an occasion had no inconsiderable work to accomplish, and though the lady was not coy, nor the gentleman slow, it was not found practicable to arrange an earlier wedding. The cere-

mony was performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, and was not brilliant in any special degree. London at the time was empty, and the few persons whose presence was actually necessary were imported from the country for the occasion. The bride was given away by Dr. Easyman, and the two bridesmaids were ladies who had lived with Miss Dunstable as companions. Young Mr. Gresham and his wife were there, as was also Mrs. Harold Smith, who was not at all prepared to drop her old friend in her new sphere of life.

"We shall call her Mrs. Thorne instead of Miss Dunstable, and I really think that that will be all the difference," said Mrs. Harold Smith.

To Mrs. Harold Smith that probably was all the difference, but it was not so to the persons most concerned.

According to the plan of life arranged between the doctor and his wife she was still to keep up her house in London, remaining there during such period of the season as she might choose, and receiving him when it might appear good to him to visit her; but he was to be the master in the country. A mansion at the Chase was to be built, and till such time as that was completed, they would keep on the old house at Greshamsbury. Into this, small as it was, Mrs. Thorne,—in spite of her great wealth,—did not disdain to enter. But subsequent circumstances changed their plans. It was found that Mr. Sowerby could not or would not live at Chaldicotes; and, therefore, in the second year of their marriage, that place was prepared for them. They are now well known to the whole county as Dr. and Mrs. Thorne of Chaldicotes,—of Chaldicotes, in distinction to the well-known Thornes of Ullathorne in the eastern division. Here they live respected by their neighbours, and on terms of alliance both with the Duke of Omnium and with Lady Lufton.

"Of course those dear old avenues will be very sad to me," said Mrs. Harold Smith, when at the end of a London season she was invited down to Chaldicotes; and as she spoke she put her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"Well, dear, what can I do?" said Mrs. Thorne. "I can't cut them down; the doctor would not let me."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Harold Smith, sighing; and in spite of her feelings she did visit Chaldicotes.

But it was October before Lord Lufton was made a happy man;—that is, if the fruition of his happiness was a greater joy than the anticipation of it. I will not say that the happiness of marriage is like the Dead Sea fruit,—an apple which, when eaten, turns to bitter ashes in the mouth. Such pretended sarcasm would be very false. Nevertheless, is it not the fact that the sweetest morsel of love's feast has been eaten, that the freshest, fairest blush of the flower has been snatched and has passed away, when the ceremony at the altar has been performed, and legal possession has been given? There is an aroma of love, an undefinable delicacy of flavour, which escapes and is gone before the church portal is left, vanishing with the maiden name, and incompatible with the solid comfort appertaining to the rank of wife. To love one's own spouse, and to be

loved by her, is the ordinary lot of man, and is a duty exacted under penalties. But to be allowed to love youth and beauty that is not one's own—to know that one is loved by a soft being who still hangs cowering from the eye of the world as though her love were all but illicit—can it be that a man is made happy when a state of anticipation such as this is brought to a close? No; when the husband walks back from the altar, he has already swallowed the choicest dainties of his banquet. The beef and pudding of married life are then in store for him;—or perhaps only the bread and cheese. Let him take care lest hardly a crust remain,—or perhaps not a crust.

But before we finish, let us go back for one moment to the dainties,—to the time before the beef and pudding were served,—while Lucy was still at the parsonage, and Lord Lufton still staying at Framley Court. He had come up one morning, as was now frequently his wont, and, after a few minutes' conversation, Mrs. Robarts had left the room,—as not unfrequently on such occasions was her wont. Lucy was working and continued her work, and Lord Lufton for a moment or two sat looking at her; then he got up abruptly and, standing before her, thus questioned her:—

"Lucy," said he.

"Well, what of Lucy now? Any particular fault this morning?"

"Yes, a most particular fault. When I asked you, here, in this room, on this very spot, whether it was possible that you should love me—why did you say that it was impossible?"

Lucy, instead of answering at the moment, looked down upon the carpet, to see if his memory were as good as hers. Yes; he was standing on the exact spot where he had stood before. No spot in all the world was more frequently clear before her own eyes.

"Do you remember that day, Lucy?" he said again.

"Yes, I remember it," she said.

"Why did you say it was impossible?"

"Did I say impossible?"

She knew that she had said so. She remembered how she had waited till he had gone, and that then, going to her own room, she had reproached herself with the cowardice of the falsehood. She had lied to him then; and now—how was she punished for it?

"Well, I suppose it was possible," she said.

"But why did you say so when you knew it would make me so miserable?"

"Miserable! nay, but you went away happy enough! I thought I had never seen you look better satisfied."

"Lucy!"

"You had done your duty and had had such a lucky escape! What astonishes me is that you should have ever come back again. But the pitcher may go to the well once too often, Lord Lufton."

"But will you tell me the truth now?"

"What truth?"

"That day, when I came to you,—did you love me at all then?"

"We'll let bygones be bygones, if you please."

"But I swear you shall tell me. It was such a cruel thing to answer me as you did, unless you meant it. And yet you never saw me again till after my mother had been over for you to Mrs. Crawley's."

"It was absence that made me—care for you."

"Lucy, I swear I believe you loved me then."

"Ludovic, some conjuror must have told you that."

She was standing as she spoke, and, laughing at him, she held up her hands and shook her head. But she was now in his power, and he had his revenge,—his revenge for her past falsehood and her present joke. How could he be more happy when he was made happy by having her all his own, than he was now?

And in these days there again came up that petition as to her riding—with very different result now than on that former occasion. There were ever so many objections, then. There was no habit, and Lucy was—or said that she was—afraid; and then, what would Lady Lufton say? But now Lady Lufton thought it would be quite right; only were they quite sure about the horse? Was Ludovic certain that the horse had been ridden by a lady? And Lady Meredith's habits were dragged out as a matter of course, and one of them chipped and snipped and altered, without any compunction. And as for fear, there could be no bolder horsewoman than Lucy Robarts. It was quite clear to all Framley that riding was the very thing for her. "But I never shall be happy, Ludovic, till you have got a horse properly suited for her," said Lady Lufton.

And then, also, came the affair of her wedding garments, of her *trousseau*,—as to which I cannot boast that she showed capacity or steadiness at all equal to that of Lady Dumbello. Lady Lufton, however, thought it a very serious matter; and as, in her opinion, Mrs. Robarts did not go about it with sufficient energy she took the matter mainly into her own hands, striking Lucy dumb by her frowns and nods, deciding on everything herself, down to the very tags of the boot-ties.

"My dear, you really must allow me to know what I am about;" and Lady Lufton patted her on the arm as she spoke. "I did it all for Justinia, and she never had reason to regret a single thing that I bought. If you'll ask her, she'll tell you so."

Lucy did not ask her future sister-in-law, seeing that she had no doubt whatever as to her future mother-in-law's judgment on the articles in question. Only the money! And what could she want with six dozen pocket-handkerchiefs all at once? There was no question of Lord Lufton's going out as governor-general to India! But twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs had not been too many for Griselda's imagination.

And Lucy would sit alone in the drawing-room at Framley Court, filling her heart with thoughts of that evening when she had first sat there. She had then resolved, painfully, with inward tears, with groanings of her spirit, that she was wrongly placed in being in that company. Griselda

Grantly had been there, quite at her ease, petted by Lady Lufton, admired by Lord Lufton; while she had retired out of sight, sore at heart, because she felt herself to be no fit companion to those around her. Then he had come to her, making matters almost worse by talking to her, bringing the tears into her eyes by his good-nature, but still wounding her by the feeling that she could not speak to him at her ease.

But things were at a different pass with her now. He had chosen her —her out of all the world, and brought her there to share with him his own home, his own honours, and all that he had to give. She was the apple of his eye, and the pride of his heart. And the stern mother, of whom she had stood so much in awe, who at first had passed her by as a thing not to be noticed, and had then sent out to her that she might be warned to keep herself aloof, now hardly knew in what way she might sufficiently show her love, regard, and solicitude.

I must not say that Lucy was not proud in these moments—that her heart was not elated at these thoughts. Success does beget pride, as failure begets shame. But her pride was of that sort which is in no way disgraceful to either man or woman, and was accompanied by pure true love, and a full resolution to do her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased her God to call her. She did rejoice greatly to think that she had been chosen, and not Griselda. Was it possible that having loved she should not so rejoice, or that, rejoicing, she should not be proud of her love?

They spent the whole winter abroad, leaving the dowager Lady Lufton to her plans and preparations for their reception at Framley Court; and in the following spring they appeared in London, and there set up their staff. Lucy had some inner tremblings of the spirit, and quiverings about the heart, at thus beginning her duty before the great world, but she said little or nothing to her husband on the matter. Other women had done as much before her time, and by courage had gone through with it. It would be dreadful enough, that position in her own house with lords and ladies bowing to her, and stiff members of Parliament for whom it would be necessary to make small talk; but, nevertheless, it was to be endured. The time came and she did endure it. The time came, and before the first six weeks were over she found that it was easy enough. The lords and ladies got into their proper places and talked to her about ordinary matters in a way that made no effort necessary, and the members of Parliament were hardly more stiff than the clergymen she had known in the neighbourhood of Framley.

She had not been long in town before she met Lady Dumbello. At this interview also she had to overcome some little inward emotion. On the few occasions on which she had met Griselda Grantly at Framley they had not much progressed in friendship, and Lucy had felt that she had been despised by the rich beauty. She also in her turn had disliked, if she had not despised, her rival. But how would it be now? Lady Dumbello could hardly despise her, and yet it did not seem possible that they should meet as friends. They did meet, and Lucy came forward with a

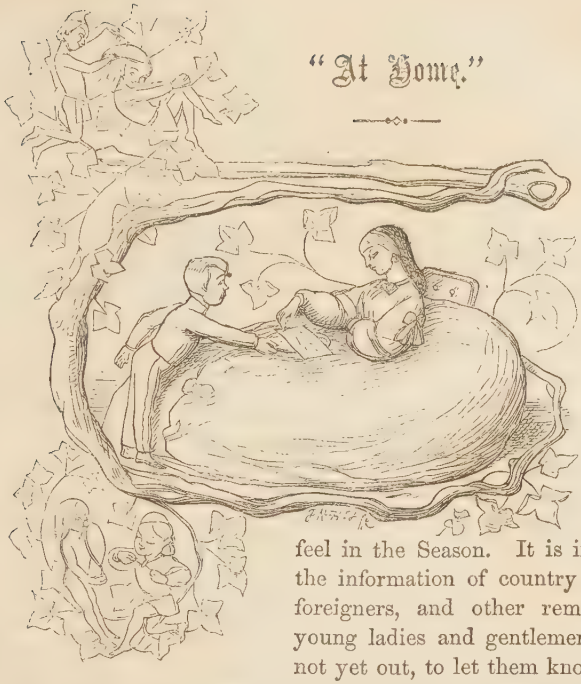
pretty eagerness to give her hand to Lady Lufton's late favourite. Lady Dumbello smiled slightly—the same old smile which had come across her face when they two had been first introduced in the Framley drawing-room; the same smile without the variation of a line,—took the offered hand, muttered a word or two, and then receded. It was exactly as she had done before. She had never despised Lucy Robarts. She had accorded to the parson's sister the amount of cordiality with which she usually received her acquaintance; and now she could do no more for the peer's wife. Lady Dumbello and Lady Lufton have known each other ever since, and have occasionally visited at each other's houses, but the intimacy between them has never gone beyond this.

The dowager came up to town for about a month, and while there was contented to fill a second place. She had no desire to be the great lady in London. But then came the trying period when they commenced their life together at Framley Court. The elder lady formally renounced her place at the top of the table,—formally persisted in renouncing it though Lucy with tears implored her to resume it. She said also, with equal formality—repeating her determination over and over again to Mrs. Robarts with great energy—that she would in no respect detract by interference of her own from the authority of the proper mistress of the house; but, nevertheless, it is well known to every one at Framley that old Lady Lufton still reigns paramount in the parish.

"Yes, my dear; the big room looking into the little garden to the south was always the nursery; and if you ask my advice, it will still remain so. But, of course, any room you please——"

And the big room, looking into the little garden to the south, is still the nursery at Framley Court.

"At Home."



THE drawing which accompanies these few lines does not pretend to novelty of subject. Nor is it hoped that people "in society" will be struck with the representation of what they so constantly see, and, it may be added, feel in the Season. It is intended chiefly for the information of country cousins, intelligent foreigners, and other remote persons; also young ladies and gentlemen growing up, and not yet out, to let them know what and where they may expect to go to if they should "give up to parties what is meant for mankind." Perhaps, also, in the future, it may be news to that distinguished New Zealander so often referred to by contemporary writers, and who, we are given to understand, will himself be fond of drawing. Far be it from me to imply that this attempt to picture a manner and custom of modern society is likely to "live" in that distant period of posterity when St. Paul's is in ruins, and the enterprising traveller is sitting patiently on the Monument—I mean the broken arch of London Bridge—sketching. I only intend to convey that a fossil copy of it may, by chance, be dug up by the antiquarian; or that my little fly-leaf may be preserved in the otherwise amber periodical in which it now appears.

It is a Protest against a habit the givers of parties are given to, of inviting into their houses more people than the houses will hold. And it may be remarked, that if it be necessary to the happiness of the hostess and the success of "At Homes" that the guests should be crushed almost to death, it would be an improvement if such pressing invitations were issued in winter only, and not, as now, chiefly in the hottest months of the year.

It is common at these receptions for the crowd to reach such dimensions that, the rooms becoming quite full, the company is squeezed gradually up the stairs till it disappears out of sight in the direction of the bedrooms,

and towards the roof of the house; while in another direction it overflows out of the windows on to the balconies into outer darkness. More guests arrive every minute, and endeavour to make their way into the presence of the hostess; some struggle manfully, but never reach the rooms, and subside at last on the stairs; others succumb sooner, and live the rest of the night on the landing, a quiet, but an oppressive existence amongst coloured lamps and flower-pots. The whole staircase at last becomes choked up with "society," closely packed, leaning against the banisters on one side, and the wall on the other, resigned to their fate; while in the centre or middle passage, the horrors of which increase each moment, two streams of company are seen, one supposing it is going up, and the other under the impression that it is coming down; but this is a delusion, for neither has moved more than three quarters of an inch the last half-hour, and it becomes a melancholy subject for speculation, whether at this rate the middle of next week or the latter portion is the soonest their respective destinations are likely to be reached.

In such circumstances, a philosopher may, although a stout lady be standing upon each of his patent-leather feet, in agony, yet fixed—the edge of a gibus hat stuck in his eye, or an elegant gold pin of enormous size decorating a lovely head, but at the same time stabbing him in the ear—he may, I suggest, still, if he has any pluck, find amusement and instruction. He may find pleasure in the delightful good-humour of some, in the long-enduring, uncomplaining patience of others; and again, he may see one of the gentler sex, while grief is struggling in her face, gallantly preserving her company smile, and trying hard to look as if she really thought it pleasure she was undergoing; and he may see, and hear too, some of the sex that is not gentle seeking relief to their pent-up feelings by muttering words of a condemnatory nature. He may discover who is good-tempered, and who is not, as he contemplates that mob of well-dressed persons, whose trains, heads of hair, wreaths and bouquets, flounces and feelings, are more or less dishevelled.

But observe the refreshment-room. From about midnight, all the various currents set in in that direction, those in the drawing-rooms, the landing, the little boudoir off the drawing-room, the staircases, and the hall; all these, which are full, are to be emptied into the refreshment-room, which is already full. That is the intention; the consequences of the attempt to carry it out it is not easy to imagine or to describe.

Suppose yourself slowly drifting towards the ices, you being, perhaps, short of stature, but of a persevering nature—pledged, perhaps, to the Object of your Affections to get a strawberry cream, she being on the point of fainting—you yourself in an exhausted state, your progress stopped in front, and the horizon shut out from view by a big fat man. The consciousness that the parting of your back hair is being ruffled, that a dragoon's moustache of supernatural length is tickling your eye on one side, and that the man of all others in the world you most dislike has his elbow wedged into your side on the other, almost drives

you to despair; and when, with a surprising effort, you are able to turn to escape these, it is only to find all your features violently imbedded in the prodigious wreath attached to a lady's head, and not *hers*. To be near the rose is considered an advantage, but when the roses are artificial, that makes a difference. For my part, I think what I describe realizes the picture of an honest man struggling with adversity, formerly esteemed one of the noblest of sights.

After all, I suppose, that while there are Objects of the Affections, men will be found willing to go through dangers and difficulties to see them and to serve them: and who can doubt that in the fabulous period when the knight killed a dragon, or fought his way through the enchanted forest, an additional pleasure was imparted by those facts to the interview afterwards with the princess, who was waiting the result on the tower top?

Suppose, then, that you have survived the supper-room, your next endeavour is to get into the apartment devoted to outer coats, &c.; and upon reaching which, you fondly hope that your garment will be delivered up upon the production by you of a small ticket, having a number inscribed upon it. Vain delusion, and weak-minded man! The barricade of tables formed for the preservation of order and the outer garments, and behind which neatly-attired maidens had officiated, in the early part of the night, has been stormed by "society," and complete anarchy prevails. Ladies' cloaks, beautiful bournouses, shawls, bags containing furs, strange hoods, are trampled under foot, with coats, Inverness wrappers, and hats, all mingled together, and flung about in the wildest disorder. "Numbers" are no use; the maids are fled, or out of their wits with perplexity; it is a wild hunt of ladies and gentlemen for their "things." Some find them, some don't; some take what comes, some go without taking anything; some have even been known to imagine they had a chance of recovering their property by calling next day.

And to think that there were some people who "moved heaven and earth" to get invited to this party, while of those who were there the greater part seemed to think only of how they could get away soonest, and in safety!

The change into the fresh air is pleasant after an atmosphere of faded flowers, wax-lights, and scent. There is a whole army of servants about the door, the familiar shouting of the linkman greets the ear, a long stream of carriages, their lamps shining into the far distance, meets the eye, while above are the stars glittering in the cool, bright sky.

Elisabetta Sirani.

1665.

Just to begin,—and end! so much,—no more!
To touch upon the very point at last
Where life should cling: to feel the solid shore
Safe; where, the seething sea's strong toil o'erpast,
Peace seem'd appointed; then, with all the store
Half-undivulged of the glean'd ocean cast,
Like a discouraged wave's on the bleak strand,
Where what appear'd some temple (whose glad Priest
To gather ocean's sparkling gift should stand,
Bidding the wearied wave, from toil releast,
Sleep in the marble harbours bathed with bland
And quiet sunshine, flowing from full east
Among the laurels) proves the dull blind rock's
Fantastic front,—to die, a disallow'd,
Dasht purpose: which the scornful shore-cliff mocks,
Even as it sinks; and all its wealth bestow'd
In vain,—mere food to feed, perchance, stray flocks
Of the coarse sea-gull! weaving its own shroud
Of idle foam, swift ceasing to be seen!
—— Sad, sad, my father! . . . yet it comes to this.
For I am dying. All that might have been—
That must have been! . . . the days, so hard to miss,
So sure to come! . . . eyes, lips, that seem'd to lean
In on me at my work, and almost kiss
The curls bow'd o'er it, . . . lost! Oh, never doubt
I should have lived to know them all again,
And from the crowd of praisers single out
For special love those forms beheld so plain
Beforehand. When my pictures, borne about
Bologna, to the church doors, led their train
Of kindling faces, turn'd, as by they go,
Up to these windows,—standing at your side
Unseen, to see them, I (be sure!) should know
And welcome back those eyes and lips, descried
Long since in fancy: for I loved them so,
And so believed them! Think! . . . Bologna's pride
My paintings! . . . Guido Reni's mantle mine . . .
And I, the maiden artist, prized among
The masters, . . . ah, that dream was too divine
For earth to realize! I die so young,

All this escapes me! God, the gift be Thine,
Not man's, then . . . better so! That throbbing throng
Of human faces fades out fast. Even yours,
Belovèd ones, the inexorable Fate
(For all our vow'd affections!) scarce endures
About me. Must I go, then, desolate
Out from among you? Nay, my work ensures
Fit guerdon somewhere,—tho' the gift must wait!
Had I lived longer, life would sure have set
Earth's gift of fame in safety. But I die.
Death must make safe the heavenly guerdon yet.
I trusted time for immortality,—
There was my error! Father, never let
Doubt of reward confuse my memory!
Besides,—I have done much: and what is done
Is well done. All my heart conceived, my hand
Made fast . . . mild martyr, saint, and weeping nun,
And truncheon'd prince, and warrior with bold brand,
Yet keep my life upon them;—as the sun,
Tho' fallen below the limits of the land,
Still sees on every form of purple cloud
His painted presence.

Flaring August's here,
September's coming! Summer's broider'd shroud
Is borne away in triumph by the year:
Red Autumn drops, from all his branches bow'd,
His careless wealth upon the costly bier.
We must be cheerful. Set the casement wide.
One last look o'er the places I have loved,
One last long look! . . . Bologna, O my pride
Among thy palaced streets! The days have moved
Pleasantly o'er us. What has been denied
To our endeavour? Life goes unreproved.
To make the best of all things, is the best
Of all means to be happy. This I know,
But cannot phrase it finely. The night's rest
The day's toil sweetens. Flowers are warm'd by snow.
All's well God wills. Work out this grief. Joy's zest
Itself is salted with a touch of woe.
There's nothing comes to us may not be borne,
Except a too great happiness. But this
Comes rarely. Tho' I know that you will mourn
The little maiden helpmate you must miss,
Thanks be to God, I leave you not forlorn.
There should be comfort in this dying kiss.

Let Barbara keep my colours for herself.
I'm sorry that Lucia went away
In some unkindness. 'Twas a cheerful elf!
Send her my scarlet ribands, mother; say
I thought of her. My palette's on the shelf,
Surprised, no doubt, at such long holiday.
In the south window, on the easel, stands
My picture for the Empress Eleänore,
Still wanting some few touches, these weak hands
Must leave to others. Yet there's time before
The year ends. And the Empress' own commands
You'll find in writing. Barbara's brush is more
Like mine than Anna's; let her finish it.
Oh, . . . and there's 'Maso our poor fisherman!
You'll find my work done for him: something fit
To hang among his nets: you liked the plan
My fancy took to please our friend's dull wit,
Scarce brighter than his old tin fishing can. . . .
St. Margaret, stately as a ship full sail,
Leading a dragon by an azure band;
The ribbon flutters gaily in the gale:
The monster follows the Saint's guiding hand,
Wrinkled to one grim smile from head to tail:
For in his horny hide his heart grows bland.
—— Where are you, dear ones? . . .

'Tis the dull, faint chill,
Which soon will shrivel into burning pain!
Dear brother, sisters, father, mother—still
Stand near me! While your faces fixt remain
Within my sense, vague fears of unknown ill
Are softly crowded out, . . . and yet, 'tis vain!
Greet Giulio Banzi; greet Antonio; greet
Bartolomeo, kindly. When I'm gone,
And in the school-room, as of old, you meet,
— Ah, yes! you'll miss a certain merry tone,
A cheerful face, a smile that should complete
The vague place in the household picture grown
To an aspect so familiar, it seems strange
That aught should alter there. Mere life, at least,
Could not have brought the shadow of a change
Across it. Safely the warm years encreast
Among us. I have never sought to range
From our small table at earth's general feast,
To higher places: never loved but you,
Dear family of friends, except my art:

Nor any form save those my pencil drew
  E'er quiver'd in the quiet of my heart.
I die a maiden to Madonna true,
  And would have so continued. . . . There, the smart,
The pang, the faintness! . . .

  Ever, as I lie
  Here, with the Autumn sunset on my face,
And heavy in my curls (whilst it, and I,
  Together, slipping softly from the place
We play'd in, pensively prepare to die),
  A low warm humming simmers in my ears,
— Old summer afternoons! faint fragments rise
  Out of my broken life . . . at times appears
Madonna-like a moon in mellow skies:
  The three Fates with the spindle and the shears:
The Grand Duke Cosmo with the Destinies:
  St. Margaret with her dragon; fitful cheers
Along the Via Urbana come and go:
  Bologna with her towers! . . . Then all grows dim,
And shapes itself anew, softly and slow,
  To cloister'd glooms thro' which the silver hymn
Eludes the sensitive silence; whilst below
  The south-west window, just one single, slim,
And sleepy sunbeam, powders with waved gold
  A lane of gleamy mist along the gloom,
Whereby to find its way, thro' manifold
  Magnificence, to Guido Reni's tomb,
Which set in steadfast splendour, I behold.
  And all the while, I scent the incense fume,
Till dizzy grows the brain, and dark the eye
  Beneath the eyelid. When the end is come,
There, by his tomb (our master's) let me lie,
  Somewhere, not too far off; beneath the dome
Of our own Lady of the Rosary:
  Safe, where old friends will pass; and still near home!

OWEN MEREDITH.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XI.

ON A CHALK-MARK ON THE DOOR.

ON the doorpost of the house of a friend of mine, a few inches above the lock, is a little chalk-mark, which some sportive boy in passing has probably scratched on the pillar. The doorsteps, the lock, handle, and so forth, are kept decently enough; but this chalk-mark, I suppose some three inches out of the housemaid's beat, has already been on the door for more than a fortnight, and I wonder whether it will be there whilst this paper is being written, whilst it is at the printer's, and, in fine, until the month passes over? I wonder whether the servants in that house will read these remarks about the chalk-mark? That the Cornhill Magazine is taken in in that house I know. In fact I have seen it there. In fact I have read it there. In fact I have written it there. In a word, the house to which I allude is mine—the "editor's private residence," to which, in spite of prayers, entreaties, commands, and threats, authors, and ladies especially, *will* send their communications, although they won't understand that they injure their own interests by so doing; for how is a man who has his own work to do, his own exquisite inventions to form and perfect —Maria to rescue from the unprincipled Earl—the atrocious General to confound in his own machinations—the angelic Dean to promote to a bishopric, and so forth—how is a man to do all this, under a hundred interruptions, and keep his nerves and temper in that just and equable state in which they ought to be when he comes to assume the critical office? As you will send here, ladies, I must tell you you have a much worse chance than if you forward your valuable articles to Cornhill. Here your papers arrive, at dinner-time, we will say. Do you suppose

that is a pleasant period, and that we are to criticize you between the *ovum* and *malum*, between the soup and the dessert? I have touched, I think, on this subject before. I say again, if you want real justice shown you, don't send your papers to the private residence. At home, for instance, yesterday, having given strict orders that I was to receive nobody, "except on business," do you suppose a smiling young Scottish gentleman, who forced himself into my study, and there announced himself as agent of a Cattle-food Company, was received with pleasure? There, as I sate in my arm-chair, suppose he had proposed to draw a couple of my teeth, would I have been pleased? I could have throttled that agent. I daresay the whole of that day's work will be found tinged with a ferocious misanthropy, occasioned by my clever young friend's intrusion. Cattle-food, indeed! As if beans, oats, warm mashes, and a ball, are to be pushed down a man's throat just as he is meditating on the great social problem, or (for I think it was my epic I was going to touch up) just as he was about to soar to the height of the empyrean!

Having got my cattle-agent out of the door, I resume my consideration of that little mark on the doorpost, which is scored up as the text of the present little sermon; and which I hope will relate, not to chalk, nor to any of its special uses or abuses (such as milk, neck-powder, and the like), but to servants. Surely ours might remove that unseemly little mark! Suppose it were on my coat, might I not request its removal? I remember, when I was at school, a little careless boy, upon whose forehead an ink mark remained, and was perfectly recognizable for three weeks after its first appearance. May I take any notice of this chalk-stain on the forehead of my house? Whose business is it to wash that forehead? and ought I to fetch a brush and a little hot water, and wash it off myself?

Yes. But that spot removed, why not come down at six, and wash the doorsteps? I daresay the early rising and exercise would do me a great deal of good. The housemaid, in that case, might lie in bed a little later, and have her tea and the morning paper brought to her in bed; then, of course, Thomas would expect to be helped about the boots and knives; cook about the saucepans, dishes, and what not; the lady's-maid would want somebody to take the curl-papers out of her hair, and get her bath ready. You should have a set of servants for the servants, and these under-servants should have slaves to wait on them. The king commands the first lord in waiting to desire the second lord to intimate to the gentleman usher to request the page of the antechamber to entreat the groom of the stairs to implore John to ask the captain of the buttons to desire the maid of the still-room to beg the housekeeper to give out a few more lumps of sugar, as his Majesty has none for his coffee, which probably is getting cold during the negotiation. In our little Brentfords we are all kings, more or less. There are orders, gradations, hierarchies, everywhere. In your house and mine there are mysteries unknown to us. I

am not going into the horrid old question of "followers." I don't mean cousins from the country, love-stricken policemen, or gentlemen in mufti from Knightsbridge Barracks; but people who have an occult right on the premises: the uncovenanted servants of the house; grey women who are seen at evening with baskets flitting about area-railings; dingy shawls which drop you furtive curtsies in your neighbourhood; demure little Jacks, who start up from behind boxes in the pantry. Those outsiders wear Thomas's crest and livery, and call him "Sir;" those silent women address the female servants as "Mum," and curtsey before them, squaring their arms over their wretched lean aprons. Then, again, those *servi servorum* have dependants in the vast, silent, poverty-stricken world outside your comfortable kitchen fire, in the world of darkness, and hunger, and miserable cold, and dank flagged cellars, and huddled straw, and rags, in which pale children are swarming. It may be your beer (which runs with great volubility) has a pipe or two which communicates with those dark caverns where hopeless anguish pours the groan, and would scarce see light but for a scrap or two of candle which has been whipped away from your worship's kitchen. Not many years ago—I don't know whether before or since that white mark was drawn on the door—a lady occupied the confidential place of housemaid in this "private residence," who brought a good character, who seemed to have a cheerful temper, whom I used to hear clattering and bumping overhead or on the stairs long before daylight (for, you see, ever since the *Superfine Review* said I wasn't a gentleman I have lost my sleep, and lie awake trying to think how to be one, and if I could get that kind critic to come and give me and my family lessons)—there, I say, was poor Camilla, scouring the plain, trundling and brushing, and clattering with her pans and brooms, and humming at her work. Well, she had established a smuggling communication of beer over the area frontier. This neat-handed Phillis used to pack up the nicest baskets of my provender, and convey them to somebody outside—I believe, on my conscience, to some poor friend in distress. Camilla was consigned to her doom. She was sent back to her friends in the country; and when she was gone we heard of many of her faults. She expressed herself, when displeased, in language that I shall not repeat. As for the beer and meat, there was no mistake about them. But *après?* Can I have the heart to be very angry with that poor jade for helping another poorer jade out of my larder? On your honour and conscience, when you were a boy, and the apples looked tempting over Farmer Quarringdon's hedge, did you never ——? When there was a grand dinner at home, and you were sliding, with Master Bacon, up and down the stairs, and the dishes came out, did you ever do such a thing as just to——? Well, in many and many a respect servants are like children. They are under domination. They are subject to reproof, to ill-temper, to petty exactions, and stupid tyrannies, not seldom. They scheme, conspire, fawn, and are hypocrites. "Little boys should not loll on chairs:" "Little girls should be seen, and not heard;"

and so forth. Have we not almost all learnt these expressions of old foozles; and uttered them ourselves when in the square-toed state? The Eton master who was breaking a lance with our Paterfamilias of late, turned on Paterfamilias, saying, He knows not the nature and exquisite candour of well-bred English boys. Exquisite fiddlestick's end, Mr. Master! Do you mean for to go for to tell us that the relations between young gentlemen and their schoolmasters are entirely frank and cordial; that the lad is familiar with the man who can have him flogged; never shirks his exercises; never gets other boys to do his verses; never does other boys' verses; never breaks bounds; never tells fibs—I mean the fibs permitted by scholastic honour? Did I know of a boy who pretended to such a character, I would forbid my scapegraces to keep company with him. Did I know a schoolmaster who pretended to believe in the existence of many hundred such boys in one school at one time, I would set that man down as a baby in knowledge of the world. "Who was making that noise?" "I don't know, sir."—And he knows it was the boy next him in school. "Who was climbing over that wall?" "I don't know, sir."—And it is in the speaker's own trousers, very likely, the glass bottle-tops have left their cruel scars. And so with servants. "Who ate up the three pigeons which went down in the pigeon-pie at breakfast this morning?" "O dear me, sir! it was John, who went away last month!"—or, "I think it was Miss Mary's canary-bird, which got out of the cage, and is so fond of pigeons, it never can have enough of them." Yes, it *was* the canary-bird; and Eliza saw it; and Eliza is ready to vow she did. These statements are not true; but please don't call them lies. This is not lying: this is voting with your party. You *must* back your own side. The servants' hall stands by the servants' hall against the dining-room. The schoolboys don't tell tales of each other. They agree not to choose to know who has made the noise, who has broken the window, who has eaten up the pigeons, who has picked all the plovers' eggs out of the aspic, how it is that liqueur brandy of Gledstanes is in such porous glass bottles—and so forth. Suppose Brutus had a footman, who came and told him that the butler drank the Curaçoa, which of these servants would you dismiss?—the butler, perhaps, but the footman certainly.

No. If your plate and glass are beautifully bright, your bell quickly answered, and Thomas ready, neat, and good-humoured, you are not to expect absolute truth from him. The very obsequiousness and perfection of his service prevents truth. He may be ever so unwell in mind or body, and he must go through his service—hand the shining plate, replenish the spotless glass, lay the glittering fork—never laugh when you yourself or your guests joke—be profoundly attentive, and yet look utterly impassive—exchange a few hurried curses at the door with that unseen slavey who ministers without, and with you be perfectly calm and polite. If you are ill, he will come twenty times in an hour to your bell; or leave the girl of his heart—his mother, who is going to America—his dearest friend,

who has come to say farewell—his lunch, and his glass of beer just freshly poured out—any or all of these, if the door-bell rings, or the master calls out "THOMAS" from the hall. Do you suppose you can expect absolute candour from a man whom you may order to powder his hair? As between the Reverend Henry Holyshade and his pupil, the idea of entire unreserve is utter bosh; so the truth as between you and Jeames or Thomas, or Mary the housemaid, or Betty the cook, is relative, and not to be demanded on one side or the other. Why, respectful civility is itself a lie, which poor Jeames often has to utter or perform to many a swaggering vulgarian, who should black Jeames's boots, did Jeames wear them and not shoes. There is your little Tom, just ten, ordering the great, large, quiet, orderly young man about—shrieking calls for hot water—bullying Jeames because the boots are not varnished enough, or ordering him to go to the stables, and ask Jenkins why the deuce Tomkins hasn't brought his pony round—or what you will. There is mamma rapping the knuckles of Pincot the lady's-maid, and little miss scolding Martha, who waits up five-pair of stairs in the nursery. Little miss, Tommy, papa, mamma, you all expect from Martha, from Pincot, from Jenkins, from Jeames, obsequious civility and willing service. My dear, good people, you can't have truth too. Suppose you ask for your newspaper, and Jeames says, "I'm reading it, and jest beg not to be disturbed;" or suppose you ask for a can of water, and he remarks, "You great, big, 'ulking fellar, ain't you big enough to bring it hup yoursulf?" what would your feelings be? Now, if you made similar proposals or requests to Mr. Jones next door, this is the kind of answer Jones would give you. You get truth habitually from equals only; so, my good Mr. Holyshade, don't talk to me about the habitual candour of the young Etonian of high birth, or I have my own opinion of *your* candour or discernment when you do. No. Tom Bowling is the soul of honour, and has been true to Black-eyed Syousan since the last time they parted at Wapping Old Stairs; but do you suppose Tom is perfectly frank, familiar, and above-board in his conversation with Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.? There are secrets, prevarications, fibs, if you will, between Tom and the Admiral—between your crew and *their* captain. I know I hire a worthy, clean, agreeable, and conscientious male or female hypocrite, at so many guineas a year, to do so and so for me. Were he other than hypocrite I would send him about his business. Don't let my displeasure be too fierce with him for a fib or two on his own account.

Some dozen years ago, my family being absent in a distant part of the country, and my business detaining me in London, I remained in my own house with three servants on board wages. I used only to breakfast at home; and future ages will be interested to know that this meal used to consist, at that period, of tea, a penny roll, a pat of butter, and, perhaps, an egg. My weekly bill used invariably to be about fifty shillings; so that as I never dined in the house, you see, my breakfast, consisting of the

delicacies before mentioned, cost about seven shillings and threepence per diem. I must, therefore, have consumed daily—

	s.	d.
A quarter of a pound of tea (say)	1	3
A penny roll (say)	1	0
One pound of butter (say)	1	3
One pound of lump-sugar	1	0
A new-laid egg	2	9

Which is the only possible way I have for making out the sum.

Well, I fell ill while under this regimen, and had an illness which, but for a certain doctor, who was brought to me by a certain kind friend I had in those days, would, I think, have prevented the possibility of my telling this interesting anecdote now a dozen years after. Don't be frightened, my dear madam; it is not a horrid, sentimental account of a malady you are coming to—only a question of grocery. This illness, I say, lasted some seventeen days, during which the servants were admirably attentive and kind; and poor John, especially, was up at all hours, watching night after night—amiable, cheerful, untiring, respectful, the very best of Johns and nurses.

Twice or thrice in the seventeen days I may have had a glass of *eau sucrée*—say a dozen glasses of *eau sucrée*—certainly not more. Well, this admirable, watchful, cheerful, tender, affectionate John brought me in a little bill for seventeen pounds of sugar consumed during the illness—"Often 'ad sugar and water; always was a callin' for it," says John, wagging his head quite gravely. You are dead, years and years ago, poor John—so patient, so friendly, so kind, so cheerful to the invalid in the fever. But confess, now, wherever you are, that seventeen pounds of sugar to make six glasses of *eau sucrée* was a *little* too strong, wasn't it, John? Ah, how frankly, how trustily, how bravely he lied, poor John! One evening, being at Brighton, in the convalescence, I remember John's step was unsteady, his voice thick, his laugh queer—and having some quinine to give me, John brought the glass to me—not to my mouth, but struck me with it pretty smartly in the eye, which was not the way in which Dr. Elliotson had intended his prescription should be taken. Turning that eye upon him, I ventured to hint that my attendant had been drinking. Drinking! I never was more humiliated at the thought of my own injustice than at John's reply. "Drinking! Sulp me! I have had ony one pint of beer with my dinner at one o'clock!"—and he retreats, holding on by a chair. These are fibs, you see, appertaining to the situation. John is drunk. "*Sulp* him, he has only had an 'alf-pint of beer with his dinner six hours ago;" and none of his fellow-servants will say otherwise. Polly is smuggled on board ship. Who tells the lieutenant when he comes his rounds? Boys are playing cards in the bedroom. The outlying fag announces master coming—out go candles—cards popped into bed—boys sound asleep. Who had that light in the dormitory? Law bless you! the poor, dear innocents are every one snoring. Every one snoring, and every snore is a lie told through the nose! Suppose one of your boys or mine is engaged in that awful crime,

are we going to break our hearts about it? Come, come. We pull a long face, waggle a grave head, and chuckle within our waistcoats.

Between me and those fellow-creatures of mine who are sitting in the room below, how strange and wonderful is the partition! We meet at every hour of the daylight, and are indebted to each other for a hundred offices of duty and comfort of life; and we live together for years, and don't know each other. John's voice to me is quite different from John's voice when it addresses his mates below. If I met Hannah in the street with a bonnet on, I doubt whether I should know her. And all these good people with whom I may live for years and years, have cares, interests, dear friends and relatives, mayhap schemes, passions, longing hopes, tragedies of their own, from which a carpet and a few planks and beams utterly separate me. When we were at the seaside, and poor Ellen used to look so pale, and run after the postman's bell, and seize a letter in a great scrawling hand, and read it, and cry in a corner, how should we know that the poor little thing's heart was breaking? She fetched the water, and she smoothed the ribbons, and she laid out the dresses, and brought the early cup of tea in the morning, just as if she had had no cares to keep her awake. Henry (who lived out of the house) was the servant of a friend of mine who lived in chambers. There was a dinner one day, and Henry waited all through the dinner. The champagne was properly iced, the dinner was excellently served; every guest was attended to; the dinner disappeared; the dessert was set; the claret was in perfect order, carefully decanted, and more ready. And then Henry said, "If you please, sir, may I go home?" He had received word that his house was on fire; and, having seen through his dinner, he wished to go and look after his children, and little sticks of furniture. Why, such a man's livery is a uniform of honour. The crest on his button is a badge of bravery.

Do you see—I imagine I do myself—in these little instances, a tinge of humour? Ellen's heart is breaking for handsome Jeames of Buckley Square, whose great legs are kneeling, and who has given a lock of his precious powdered head, to some other than Ellen. Henry is preparing the sauce for his master's wild-ducks while the engines are squirting over his own little nest and brood. Lift these figures up but a storey from the basement to the ground-floor, and the fun is gone. We may be *en pleine tragédie*. Ellen may breathe her last sigh in blank verse, calling down blessings upon James the profligate who deserts her. Henry is a hero, and epaulettes are on his shoulders. *Atqui sciebat*, &c., whatever tortures are in store for him, he will be at his post of duty.

You concede, however, that there is a touch of humour in the two tragedies here mentioned. Why? Is it that the idea of persons at service is somehow ludicrous? Perhaps it is made more so in this country by the splendid appearance of the liveried domestics of great people. When you think that we dress in black ourselves, and put our fellow-creatures in green, pink, or canary-coloured breeches; that we order

them to plaster their hair with flour, having brushed that nonsense out of our own heads fifty years ago; that some of the most genteel and stately among us cause the men who drive their carriages to put on little Albino wigs, and sit behind great nosegays—I say I suppose it is this heaping of gold lace, gaudy colours, blooming plushes, on honest John Trot, which makes the man absurd in our eyes, who need be nothing but a simple reputable citizen and in-door labourer. Suppose, my dear sir, that you yourself were suddenly desired to put on a full dress, or even undress, domestic uniform with our friend Jones's crest repeated in varied combinations of button on your front and back? Suppose, madam, your son were told that he could not go out except in lower garments of carnation or amber-coloured plush—would you let him? . . . . But, as you justly say, this is not the question, and besides it is a question fraught with danger, sir; and radicalism, sir; and subversion of the very foundations of the social fabric, sir. . . . Well, John, we won't enter on your great domestic question. Don't let us disport with Jeames's dangerous strength, and the edge-tools about his knife-board: but with Betty and Susan who wield the playful mop, and set on the simmering kettle. Surely you have heard Mrs. Toddles talking to Mrs. Doddles about their mutual maids? Miss Susan must have a silk gown, and Miss Betty must wear flowers under her bonnet when she goes to church if you please, and did you ever hear such impudence? The servant in many small establishments is a constant and endless theme of talk. What small wage, sleep, meal, what endless scouring, scolding, tramping on messages, fall to that poor Susan's lot; what indignation at the little kindly passing word with the grocer's young man, the pot-boy, the chubby butcher! Where such things will end, my dear Mrs. Toddles, I don't know. What wages they will want next, my dear Mrs. Doddles, &c.

Here, dear ladies, is an advertisement which I cut out of *The Times* a few days since, expressly for you:

A LADY is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION for a very respectable young woman as HEAD KITCHEN-MAID under a man-cook. She has lived four years under a very good cook and housekeeper. Can make ice, and is an excellent baker. She will only take a place in a very good family, where she can have the opportunity of improving herself, and, if possible, staying for two years. Apply by letter to, &c. &c.

There, Mrs. Toddles, what do you think of that, and did you ever? Well, no, Mrs. Doddles. Upon my word now, Mrs. T., I don't think I ever did. A respectable young woman—as head kitchen-maid—under a man-cook, will only take a place in a very good family, where she can improve, and stay two years. Just note up the conditions, Mrs. Toddles, mum, if you please, mum, and *then* let us see:—

1. This young woman is to be HEAD kitchen-maid, that is to say, there is to be a chorus of kitchen-maids, of which the Y. W. is to be chief.

2. She will only be situated under a man-cook. (A) ought he to be a French cook; and (B), if so, would the lady desire him to be a Protestant?
3. She will only take a place in a *very good family*. How old ought the family to be, and what do you call good? that is the question. How long after the Conquest will do? Would a banker's family do, or is a baronet's good enough? Best say what rank in the peerage would be sufficiently high. But the lady does not say whether she would like a high church or a low church family. Ought there to be unmarried sons, and may they follow a profession? and please say how many daughters; and would the lady like them to be musical? And how many company dinners a week? Not too many, for fear of fatiguing the upper kitchen-maid; but sufficient, so as to keep the upper kitchen-maid's hand in. [N.B.—I think I can see a rather bewildered expression on the countenance of Mesdames Doddles and Toddles as I am prattling on in this easy bantering way.]
4. The head kitchen-maid wishes to stay for two years, and improve herself under the man-cook, and having of course sucked the brains (as the phrase is) from under the chef's nightcap, then the head kitchen-maid wishes to go.

And upon my word, Mrs. Toddles, mum, I will go and fetch the cab for her. The cab? Why not her ladyship's own carriage and pair, and the head coachman to drive away the head kitchen-maid? You see she stipulates for everything—the time to come; the time to stay; the family she will be with; and as soon as she has improved herself enough, of course the upper kitchen-maid will step into the carriage and drive off.

Well, upon my word and conscience, if things are coming to *this* pass, Mrs. Toddles, and Mrs. Doddles, mum, I think I will go upstairs and get a basin and a sponge, and then downstairs and get some hot water; and then I will go and scrub that chalk-mark off my own door with my own hands.

It is wiped off, I declare! After ever so many weeks! Who has done it? It was just a little roundabout mark, you know, and it was there for days and weeks, before I ever thought it would be the text of a Roundabout Paper.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1861.

A Juvenile Party—3 till 7.

FROM three till seven does not describe the time of life of the company, but indicates the hours at which the party begins and ends.

Children now-a-days are invited "out" very soon after they come into the world; and to say that youth and beauty at the age of three years is commonly seen at a juvenile party would be to give a very faint idea of the truth. Babies are invited; and in the horizontal or recumbent stage of their dear little existences, before they have reached the perpendicular and toddling period; and the consequence is, that portions of the company are carried into the assembly by processions of nursery-maids, in whose arms they repose, staring about with great intelligence, but quite unconscious of the nature of the proceedings, and dressed in the height of the fashion—for their time of life—bless them!

The little boys at first are shy and awkward, and eye one another with half curious, half pugnacious looks, uncertain whether to make friends or to plunge at once into violent personal encounters and desperate

trials of strength. The little girls are more dignified and self-possessed, but slightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppressed with a sense of the magnificence of their attire.

Of all living things, the wisest is surely a certain type of a little girl just before reaching the recognized age of reason, and a long way off from what are called years of discretion; she is so sensible, so sedate, so useful, so everything that is proper; always thinking of others, never of herself; she can direct, instruct, or advise any number of brothers, or manage the most complicated household affairs, and, in short, seems by instinct to belong to the governing classes. In humble life, she is seen in the street followed by a troop of youngsters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herself, and it is a fine sight to see how she manœuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous crossing. Amongst the well-to-do in the world she is generally seen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of visitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurseries upstairs. Common-sense and prudence are her most prominent characteristics; and my belief is, that in all the affairs of life she is qualified to give the very best advice. At the juvenile party, she is seen enjoying herself in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of sober merriment; an enemy to everything rough or boisterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and sisters. What would mothers do without her, I wonder?

The accompanying drawing is designed to show a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the stiffness and the coyness, and the pride and the pomp of the earlier part of the afternoon have given way, in most cases, to the high spirits and demonstrative behaviour of the natural juvenile. The sports and pastimes are raging, so to speak, and may be said to include dancing, and eating and drinking, blind-man's buff, (rocking) horse exercise, and music on the penny trumpet; besides playing at soldiers and Noah's ark (with all the latest improvements), fighting, flirtation, Jack-in-the-box, and no end of other games, sentimental conversation, and sleep! And oh! to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys since the days when I played at Noah's ark. In what other direction has civilization progressed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time represented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artless simplicity—all the quadrupeds supported by four perfectly straight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a shapeless block, and every bird and beast, without exception, decorated on its outside with round spots of vermilion colour of about the size of a sixpence. While now what a change! The most lovely lions, tigers, and giraffes; with coats of such a delightful fluffy texture; their forms modelled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; outsides that might challenge the criticism of a Landseer; insides constructed, I have no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Professor Owen.

As I have endeavoured with my pencil to show a few of the varieties

to be seen on these occasions, to attempt here anything like a list or elaborate description of the company would be as a twice-told tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few representative juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and amongst them the young lady who considers herself no longer a juvenile, but is not yet "out," so just condescends to come, and conducts herself with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whose great delight is dancing with all the smallest of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or saving them from being swamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growth. It is pleasant to see him bent double in the endeavour to reach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a series of jumps, regardless of time, or space, or collisions with other couples, or bumpings up against the spectators. And the performance must be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to shoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember once on asking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his saying, "I enjoyed myself very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud puss who does not consider that either the family or years of the little boy who humbly asks if he may be allowed the pleasure, entitle him to that distinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a boy in a jacket, indeed! Somewhat similar things have happened at parties not juvenile; only in after-life it is not often want of years that is objected to in a partner.

Then there is that good-for-nothing boy, who is so careless and slovenly in his dress, and so odd in his ways, and not like other boys, and does not care for play, and won't dance, can't learn easily, yet is fond of reading, and pores over books or a curious mechanical contrivance, in the most absurd way possible, for hours. He is like a fish out of water at a party, is considered rather a failure by his family and friends—but perhaps will some day turn out a great genius, and discover or invent something that will astonish or delight the world. And there is the clever rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the mischievous young gentleman with the large organ of destructiveness, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that display themselves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and everybody else's clothes, and upsetting every article sufficiently handy for the purpose that comes within his reach. For about three seconds after some great act of destruction he looks very penitent, but he instantly begins again, and fortunate is the party in which only one specimen of this genus is found.

But if some are troublesome and riotous, and others begin to display precocious symptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the society and conversation of babies the

most delightful of all. When I get over the first feeling of shyness in the presence of a strange infant, and when presuming so far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken but shaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the finest lady in the land—of fashion. The process is this: you hold out a finger, the first, and it is instantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which close tightly round your one finger with an intensity of friendliness and confidence rare in after life, and which is accompanied by a look so happy, and so straightforward and honest, and unselfish, that the recollection of it is a joy for ever afterwards. Emboldened by the feeling of intimacy thus established, one may sometimes go so far as to thrust a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young baby may be called "it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the most beautiful smiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin, the whole face becomes radiant with the brightest and most sunshiny laughter. At the same moment a sudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waistcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurse of course, shows a natural jollity, and a disposition at that early age to poke people in the ribs. Then the mouth struggles into the position usually employed in whistling, but the result is more in the nature of crowing. I don't think it possible to express the sound by any combination of letters at my command, so had better not attempt it. The conversation does not go much beyond this, and there may be some who would object to it on the ground of deficiency of point; others I can fancy saying they prefer more variety, but to me it appears very expressive—as far as it goes; and if it is not very witty, or very learned, or particularly wise, on the other hand, there is no effort at display; it is not ill-natured, or self-sufficient, or pretentious, or vulgar, or silly; and I prefer it to much of the talk that is heard in "society."

The Stage Queen and the Squire.

CHAPTER I.

The "Bear" at Bath.

The place was Old Bath, in the days immediately succeeding those of Alexander Pope and William Hogarth, and dovetailing into those of Horace Walpole and the Wesleys. Lady Lechmere had lost her seven hundred pounds on one night's cards, and poisoned herself next morning to escape her debts in this world. The Duke of Devonshire had played away his great estate of Leicester Abbey at another sitting in London. Lady Mary had compared the round globe to a mitey cheese, and had as lief as not the half of it were eaten. Whitfield was addressing his multitudes, and summoning another lady of quality, drawn up in her coach at an easy distance and listening from her high place, to become an active party in the sale of her soul. The age was one of rackets and reaction from morning till night, and Bath was the head-quarters of the first—the scene of the pump-room, the raffle, the public breakfast, the junketing at mid-day, the ball at midnight, the play, the ridotto.

The scene was a private room in the "Bear," when it was crowded with peers, bullies, rooks, highwaymen, leaders of fashion, waiting-women, and stage stars. The "Bear" was held by great Mrs. Price, a hostess large, shining, portly—a friendly great woman, too magnificent to be fussy, or mean, or spiteful. In the days of Anne and the early Georges, and of private posting, when suites of rooms were hired for an ailing princess, brocade and Mechlin were worn by her as by her betters, and forced-meat balls, goose, and sage, buttered ale, burnt claret, and sack whey were consumed in her own parlour, where her pretty daughter Clarissa, just returned from a finishing school, and unable to do more than sew catgut, pet a lap-dog, and laugh to contrast her cherry lips and pearly teeth, was courted by jolly Squire West, with her mother's sanction, and by young Medlicot, the painter, without. The "Bear" looked out on the Parade, with its throngs of beaux—veritable beaux, with Beau Nash at their head—wigged, caned, and snuff-boxed, and belles with trains, borne by black boys, cambric caps and aprons, and abundance of velvet patches. In and out of its yawning doorway strutted fine gentlemen, chaplains, and wits, while grooms, public and private, swarmed round the house. Its broad stairs and low wide corridors, traversed by the more private company, led to sitting-rooms of all degrees, panelled with oak or lined with cedar, with worked worsted wonders in the shape of chairs, and China monsters by way of ornaments.

The person was a handsome woman, attired negligently in what was called a sacque, with a mob-cap, sipping a dish of tea, as sober women will after fatigue or in anticipation of exertion, and making occasional reference to some shabby, well-worn volumes and printed sheets piled up beside her. The lady's attitude was studious for days when a chapter of the Bible, a cookery recipe, a paper by Addison or Dick Steele, or a copy of verses, included all the knowledge after which the gentler sex aspired; her retirement was remarkable at that gay era, and in that gadding neighbourhood; and her morning dress, though it would not have offended a Tabitha Tidy, looked plain among the silvered mazarines and the tippets of pheasants' tails. Not to make a mystery of her, she was a rare woman; as you might have heard, had you stood in the bar and questioned the drawer, or retired to your own retreat and examined the chamber-maid, or even listened and looked amidst the general excitement in the great house—the loitering of passers-by when they came near her door, and the scuttling off upon any movement within. Mrs. Price herself—potent Mrs. Price, whispered confidentially how many notes she had refused to forward, and how many peeps she had granted, and waxed animated and mysterious, though we have disclaimed mystery with regard to the lady in the Nankin sitting-room.

The stranger was a woman of five or six and twenty; but her beauty, though still in its prime, showed the wear and tear of years; and had it not been that its chief power lay in the intellect and goodness which sat on the capacious but not cloudy brow, and gleamed out of the cordial but not shallow dark blue eyes, and hovered round the somewhat wide and somewhat lined but never sensual mouth—you would have said this was a faded queen whom the world was mad to worship. As it was, she did look faded this spring afternoon, and fretted occasionally audibly enough as she turned over the leaves of her volumes, and sighed heigho! as she looked at her repeater—not quite so common an appendage as the little Geneva story-tellers, though a footpad carried always a goodly supply, and a gentleman's gentleman of very fine prestige would wear a couple, "one in each fob"—and sipped her tea: which, by the way, she drank, not out of one of the diminutive China cups, but out of an old battered, but very shining little silver tankard.

Anon my lady rose and strolled to a back window. She looked across the noisy, crowded stable-yard into the corner of a garden, where a lilac bush was budding into dusty dim purple blossom, that yet did not lack a drooping gorgeousness of air and lusciousness of perfume, and a hoary apple-tree blossomed white and pink like a blushing child, away over the green fields to a farmhouse upon a hill, where russet and yellow stacks proved the farmer's command of ready money, or caution in selling. In that farmhouse, according to the novels of the day, rustics in smock-frocks, milkmaids like peonies, and a farmer and his wife as uncouth and ignorant as their farm folk, ought to have been regaling themselves about that hour with beans and bacon, seasoning the repast with mirth of

the most boisterous description. In truth, so that the mirth was innocent, it mattered little whether it expressed itself in huge guffaws, or cheery giggles, or dignified ha! ha's! as round the table at Wakefield; and, indeed, neighbour Flamborough was admitted by the good vicar to be decent company. From just such another farmhouse as that on the hill, on which our bright, benevolent woman—even in the dumps—was gazing wistfully, issued Caroline Inchbald, a beauty, and a generous, virtuous woman under great temptations, a friend and rival on equal terms with Amelia Opie.

But hark! an arrival in the next room: fresh guests—country people of consequence, for they were ushered in by Mrs. Price herself, who received in person their orders for an incongruous meal, neither dinner nor supper, to recruit them for some gala in which they had the prospect of figuring, to judge from a torrent of exclamations which pierced through a convenient cupboard in the partition.

"Make haste, girls," in bass tones.

"Eat away, Fiddy," treble, mimicking the bass.

"Uncle, don't attempt the game-pie. We'll be too late, as sure as our heads. Didn't you hear Mrs. Price say there was a power of company all wanting seats? It would be too bad if we lost the sight after all."

"What, Prissy, worse than Admiral Byng's defeat, or my spoilt medal?"

"Oh! Uncle Rowland, how can you joke! Now, Fiddy, there's a dear creature, don't have anything to say to the cream tart. What although we're as hungry as hawks, if we only get a good view to talk about at the Vicarage and Larks' Hall."

"There—Prissy, dear, then I've done. I'll just run and shake out our myrtle crapes and fresh pinch our stomachers."

"Hold! no such thing, lasses. I'm not to be left here to feed in solitude, and without e'er a portfolio or picture. You little geese, it is two good hours to the exhibition. Are you to be frizzing, and painting, and lacing, and mincing, and capering for two mortal hours, and your poor country uncle left to spoil his digestion for want of something else to do than eat? Is that your gratitude, when here have I come against my will to introduce you to the wicked, gay world, and spoil your Arcadian simplicity? Don't make faces, Prissy?"

"Oh! Uncle Rowland. You are making base pretences, Uncle Rowland."

"Indeed, sir, I think you are as wild to see the wonders as we are."

But the remonstrance had its effect, for the young ladies evidently sat down again, and, by the clatter of knives and forks, condescended to do some justice to the good things provided for their solace, while the conversation went on in more regular order.

The lady in the Nankin sitting-room had decidedly the advantage in this situation, as she did not soliloquize in private, and she heard through the cupboard and the locked door of communication the chat of her

neighbours. They spoke no treason, and they ought to be more prudent if they told secrets: it was a real benefit to a lonely wight, a little irritated in nerve and temper, to be a party to their lively, affectionate, simple intercourse; and, as the truth must be told, the lady in the Nankin sitting-room crossed her hands with a motion of indolent interest and turned her head with an air of listless pleasure, nodding and beating her foot lightly on the floor now and then, in interjection and commentary. She could figure the group perfectly. Two rosy little girls brought into the town for a day and a night's shopping and gadding, as they would call it, under the escort of an indulgent uncle: a bachelor, probably, else madam, his wife, would have been there to keep them in order; and not so very elderly, for the good man was of what was styled a sprightly turn, and though his nieces submitted to his authority, there was a decidedly modified amount of reverence in the way in which they insisted,

"You must comb out your curls, Uncle Rowland."

"And I'll tie your cravat for you, sir, and make you quite smart. We are not to appear abroad with a country bumpkin or a fright of a student, are we, Prissy?"

And mutual jokes were bandied pretty freely.

"Now, Prissy, are we to see the famous traveller?"

"No, sir, it is to be the Virtuoso, with the mock copper coins."

"Bronze, child, bronze."

"We're to have nobody in particular, only Lady Betty," chimed in the more girlish voice. "The company, the other gentlefolks, will be quite sufficient besides."

"And Fiddy will scream when the blunderbusses are fired. Shall we take the precaution of putting cotton in her ears beforehand?" derided the man.

Then the single lady fixed further, that Prissy (Mrs. Priscilla, doubtless, in company down in Somersetshire) was the cleverest and most forward, and that Fiddy (Mrs. Fidelia) was the shyest and, perhaps, the prettiest, for she was clearly Uncle Rowland's favourite. But then, for all her rosy cheeks, poor child! she was delicate, since there was a constant cry from the conductor of the party, "Fiddy, you vain doll, remember your mantle; madam is not here to wrap you up, nor Granny."

"Oh, sir! we've lots of scarfs and shawls, all for Fiddy; and she is to tie on her Iris hood against the draughts."

"What! one of the poppies and bluebells that Will Honeycomb admired? She'll beat you, Prissy, out and out. I would sicken and bear her company."

"I wonder to hear you, sir. I can tell you, Granny would not coddle me so. Granny is always preaching of hardening weakness."

"Ah, the old mother is no milksop!"

There, was she not right? Had she not full hints of the history of the vicarage and madam its mistress, the mother of these two little girls; and of the parish priest her husband, their father—the younger brother of

the tolerably educated squire yonder, with his Larks' Hall; and of Granny, who kept house there still for her elder son, where she had once reigned queen paramount in the hearty days of her homely goodman. It was a scroll fairly unfolded, and perfectly legible to the experienced woman.

"Uncle Rowland," prefaced the soft voice, more quietly, "do you really think the gay world of the town so much more vicious than the sober world of the country?"

"Why, no, my dear," answered the manly voice, graver, too, and with a little sadness in its ring, "ignorance is not innocence, and depravity is vastly more general than any mode. Nevertheless, there are customs of which I would greatly prefer Prissy and Fiddy to remain unaware, like their mother before them."

"But Granny lived in the great world, and there is not one of us like Granny."

"The risk is too great, child; the fire is wondrous strong, though the pure gold be sometimes refined in the process—as your father would preach."

"And, sir, this Mrs. Lumley, or Lady Betty, as they called her downstairs, is as virtuous as she is clever."

"You may depend upon that, Miss, or you had not come to Bath to see her play. They term the poor soul Lady Betty because she has turned on her heel from the worthless London sparks, and taught them to keep their distance."

"Uncle Rowland, I don't think you heartily sympathize with charming Lady Betty."

"Tut! child, I have not seen her. You would not have me captivated ere I ever set eyes on my enslaver? But, to speak honestly, little Fiddy, I own I have no great leaning to actresses and authoresses. There are perils enough in a woman's natural course without her challenging the extremes of a fictitious career. More than that, Fiddy, I have not much faith in the passion that is ranted to the public; even if it were always a creditable passion. Those who are sorely hurt don't bawl, child: deep streams are still."

"I will play to him," says, to herself, the lady of the Nankin sitting-room, her lips parting with a slight smile, and her colour rising at the same time; for your true woman is easily pained, and, the more fully furnished, the more finely skilled, all the more susceptible to blame as to praise, and so on that account the less qualified for public life. There was many a strong enough argument against the stage and the desk which Master Rowland might have used instead of his weak one.

Lady Betty, in that bubbling, frothing, steaming London—Mrs. Lumley in the provinces—was a young actress of great repute and good character, who had compelled success, like Mrs. Siddons after her, and reigned for several seasons, and still her fame was paramount and her respectability unquestioned. In those very dissipated days of Queen

Anne and the early Georges, the broad prejudices which darken the stage were light in tint and slender in force. The great world was tumultuous, giddy, reckless, with innumerable victims falling suddenly into its yawning chasms, like the figures from the bridge in Mirza's vision; the theatre was not a more exposed sphere than many another, and that made all the difference in the world. Very few save the strictest Methodists condemned it, when Henry Brooke wrote for it, and Dr. Johnson stood with his hands behind his back in the green room.

Mrs. Betty Lumley, tall, comely, high-principled, warm-hearted, and ingenuous, was come of yeomen ancestors. She did not see a play in a barn and run away after the drama, like Caroline Inchbald; but on the death of her father and mother, she went up with an elder sister and young brother to London, to seek for an employment and a livelihood. Encountering some person of dramatic pursuits—manager, stage-painter, ticket-taker, or the like, or the wife of one or another—she was recommended to the stage. She was supported in the idea by all her connections, when no one questioned the perfect lawfulness of the profession. She studied hard in new, though not uncongenial fields; she ventured; she tried again and again, with the "modest but indomitable pluck" of genius, and she at last won a profession and a prospect of independence. In all this nobody blamed her: on the contrary, the magnates of the hour, kings, councillors, bishops, awarded her great credit for her parts, her industry, her integrity, her honour.

Not a lady of quality in London was more respected and admired, rightly or wrongly, than Mrs. Betty. At the same time it is possible that, having reached the goal, could she have turned back and begun her walk anew, she would have hesitated on following this thorny path. It was a thorny path, for all its applause and success; nay, on account of them: with a good woman like Mrs. Betty, it required all her sincerity, her sobriety, according to the prevailing standard, her religion, to deliver her from imminent danger. Moreover, with the attainment of the object, had come the bitter drops which qualified the cup. Her plain, fond, innocent sister was in her grave; and so within the last two years was the young brother, for whom her interest had procured a post of some importance in the colonies, whence he bequeathed to Mrs. Betty, his dear distinguished sister, his little savings. Mrs. Betty struggled to be resigned, and was not only weary but tempted to grasp at material rewards. This was the turning-point of her life. She would be virtuous to the last: that honest, clear character revolted at vice; but she might harden, sour, grow greedy of power, imperious, and arrogant. For, remember, it is not said that Mrs. Betty had contracted no contamination. No, no; Mrs. Betty had suffered from her selfish fits, her vain fits, her malicious fits—she had experienced her hours of boldness and levity—she had made her own way to eminence—she had struggled with unscrupulous rivals—she had heard much which we would have wished her not to have heard—she had been a member of that wild, ultra fine, coarse, scan-

dalous society; but as we find saints in strange company sometimes, so the cordial, faithful, generous woman remained with only a slight coating of affectation and worldliness, thirst for praise, desire after excitement, habit of command.

"I'll play to this horrid country justice," whispers Mrs. Betty, quite roused, and looking animated and brilliant already. "I hear by the gentleness of his voice, when he speaks of the sins and sorrows of mankind, and when he addresses his little girl, that the fellow has a heart; but he gave me no quarter, and he shall receive none in return. I'll conquer him. To come within sight and sound of the boards with his muddy boots and his snarls, spoiling the enjoyment of the lasses!"

Very true, Mrs. Betty, it was neither very wise nor very gallant; but you ought to remember that the most loyal prejudices are sometimes as loyally abandoned.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Betty on the Stage.

The principal theatre of the queen of watering-places in her palmy days was filling fast, as it had done for the last two nights. Other attractions lost their power. Ombre, basset, hazard, lansquenet, loo, spread their cards and counters in vain for crafty or foolhardy fingers. The master of the ceremonies found his services at a discount; no troops of maidens, no hosts of squires, answered to his appeal; no double sets were forming to the inspiring strains of "Nancy Dawson." The pit and the boxes, and the more tragic boards, with the worthy, charming, gifted Lady Betty come down for three nights in the season, to improve, entertain, and enrapture them, and this her last night—constituted the only orbit in which the planets would revolve.

It is to be hoped the company were on their best behaviour; for even in church the conduct of flighty young people was apt to be very far from exemplary: it is said, "they drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, ate nuts and pelted the shells." At least the world was here in full-blown variety; sublime, languid peers; needy placemen, hilarious foxhunters, brave tradesmen, aspiring mechanics, poor good-for-nothings; sober housewives, whose thoughts were still of their husbands' shirt-fronts and their hasty-puddings, and who never dreamt that they were impugning their sobriety by attending a play; above all, fine ladies armed with their fans and their essences. And, as a whole, the audience was in a vastly respectful attitude—the gentlemen tapping their snuff-boxes meditatively, and desisting in a great measure from their loud laughter, their bets, their cursing and swearing; the ladies only whispering behind their handkerchiefs, and moving to cause their diamonds to

sparkle, all in acknowledgment of the vicinity of the fair and potent Lady Betty.

The play was *Venice Preserved*, and Lady Betty entered in an early scene. Truly a fine woman—not so lovely as Anne Oldfield, not so superb as Sarah Siddons; but with a frank, fair, womanly presence,—bright, genial, quick, passionate through the distress of Belvidera, the repudiated daughter and beggared wife—the part which, according to Campbell, "so constantly commands the tears of audiences, that it would be a work of supererogation for me to extol its tenderness."

Dressed in the English fashion under the Georges, walked the maiden reared in the air blowing off the lagoons within the shadow of the grim lion of St. Mark, to such sentimental accompaniments as the dipping oar and the gondolier, and finished off with the peculiar whims of Betty Lumley: a fair, flowered brocade, for which William Hogarth might have designed the pattern and afterwards prosecuted for payment the unconscionable weaver, a snow-white lace kerchief crossed over her bosom and reaching even to her shapely chin, where it met the little black velvet collar with its pearl sprig; her brown hair (which had shown rather thin, rolled up beneath her mob cap) shaken out and gathered in rich bows with other pearl sprigs on the top of her head; her little ears bare, her cheeks slightly hollow, but so fresh, so modest, so cool in their unpainted paleness, and on the smallest provocation acquiring the purest sea-shell pink which it would have been a sin and a shame to eclipse with staring paint; the contour, a little sharper than it had once been, only rendered more delicate by the defect, and so sweet yet—so very sweet; her beautiful arms bare to the elbow, but shaded with falls of cobweb lace; and in one hand, poised daintily between two fingers, a natural flower, a bunch of common rural cowslips—it was at this period of the year an appendage that would have been formal as the Miss Flamborough's oranges under any other touch, but was graceful in this woman's slight clasp. You might see nearly the same costume worn by Mrs. Molesworth, one of the most beautiful women of her day, an early sitter to Sir Joshua; and, regarding the simple dignity, the privacy, and domesticity of its tone, partaking of "the pearl and the peach" of the flesh tints, one recognized the great discretion and tact of the actress who could persist in associating with her public appearance her version of this decorous and home-breathing attire.

"Enchanting creature!" "Fine woman!" "Otway's devoted wife to the life!" murmured the company, in a flutter of genuine admiration, breathing freely, opening their eyes and their lips naturally—forgetting themselves, these Sir Plumes and Belindas, once in a way.

"I do hope the poor soul will not be deserted and undone—she's so easy to serve—and all Bath, and, for that matter, Lon'on too, I believe, at her feet!" Mrs. Price says emphatically to young Medlicot, whom she is patronizing for one night, because he knows somewhat of plays and players; and who, in spite of his allegiance to swimming, simpering Clarissa, would give a fortune to paint that pose. Belvidera

need fear no lolling, no sneering, no snapping at her little peculiarities this night.

As she came on, "kind, good, and tender," telling that poor distracted, misguided Jaffier, in his humiliation, that she joyed more in him than did his mother, Lady Betty darted a sharp, searching glance through the boxes. Ah! yonder they were! The little girls the parson's daughters, with their uncle the squire, fault-finding, but honourable; Mrs. Prissy, and Mrs. Fiddy wearing her red hood, among the great turrets of curls, the plumeaux and the topknots, to whom Bath, with its pump-room and parade, its shops and its balls, was as delightful a *terra incognita*—a fairy-land of gay and splendid people, as to Catherine Morland, another country clergyman's daughter. Round-faced, eager, happy girls, intent upon the play, and the great London star, beautiful, wonderful, bewitching Lady Betty, who is now looking at them—yes, actually staring them full in the face with her deep, melting, blue eyes, while she reassures her cowardly husband: why could he not turn hedger and ditcher, content for her sake? And how dared uncle Rowland disparage her?

There was uncle Rowland, younger than Lady Betty had taken him for —not more than five-and-forty—in his coat trimmed with the silver lace, a little old-fashioned, and even a little shabby in such company, his Mechlin tie rather out of date and already disordered, his cocked-hat crushed below his arm, and his bluff, ruddy face among his pinched and sallow brethren: a big English gentleman, who hunted, shot, or fished, or walked after his whistling ploughman every morning, and punctually smoked his pipe, looked out for the glowworms, listened to the nightingale, and on occasions daringly dashed in amongst the poachers by the palings of his park or paddock on summer evenings; yet whose hands were reasonably white and flexible, as if they handled other things in addition to guns and fishing-rods, and whose eyes, at once clear and meditative, had studied more than the spire of his brother's church and the village street, more than quiet country towns, and loud watering places, and deep metropolises.

At present, Master Rowland had no family ties beyond the Vicarage; and it was a matter of fact that he was in no hurry to marry or settle, as the phrase went; though he was settled long ago, and might have married once a year, without any impediment from old madam, as Mrs. Betty would have been swift to suppose. He perfectly approved of Mr. Spectator's standard of virtue—"Miss Liddy can dance a jig, raise a pasty, write a good hand, keep an accompt, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid;" but then, it only made him yawn. The man was sinking down into an active-bodied, half-learned, half-facetious bachelor. He was mentally cropping dry and solid food contentedly, and, at the same time, he was a bit of a humourist. He loved his little Prissy and Fiddy, his only breathing and speaking rosebuds and cherries, as dear goddaughters, whom he had spoilt as children, and whom he was determined to present with portions when he presided more prominently than their father, the vicar, at their wedding dinners; but he had no mind to take

any of their fellows, for better, for worse, as his companion, till death did them part. His own hair, which he mixed with that of his wig, was rusting into grey—he was surely becoming an old bachelor; but, happily, the old mother would not fret, since according to the ordinary laws of nature, she would not live to hear the old name changed: and, after all, while there was life there was hope, that the Hall, neither the largest nor the most magnificent but one of the oldest seats in the county, would find a mistress, a Madam Rowland Parnell, to figure on the roll of the many Madam Parnells before her.

Then Lady Betty stepped upon the stage at Bath, and, amidst the gaze of a multitude of frivolous and simple, or gross and depraved spectators, incapable of comprehending her, played to the manly, modestly intellectual good squire, who could take a bull by the horns, who had some ear for the musical glasses, and of whom was certainly written a few of the sentences of the memoirs in a particular paper, in that stock where we recognize the bearing of our progenitors more vividly than in their moth-eaten letters or on their mouldering tombstones.

Master Rowland woke up, looked his fill, as open-mouthed as the rest, and while he did so, his system received a shock; and Lady Betty was revenged to an extent that she had not foreseen.

The noble, open-hearted, large-minded woman played on, going heart and soul into the sorrows of the dark-eyed, brown-faced sister whom Titian might have painted, and making them accord with her fair English love of justice, her blue-eyed English devotion to her husband, her Saxon fearlessness and faith in the hour of danger; only looking strange and foreign when, in place of lying prostrate in submission and rising in chaste, meek patience to rear her orphan son, she writhed like a Constance in agony, and died more speedily from her despair than Jaffier by the dagger which on the scaffold freed Pierre. The assembly rises in whole rows—sobs, swoons. Mrs. Prissy and Mrs. Fiddy are crying in delicious abandonment: Master Rowland sits motionless.

"I declare I had forgotten the justice," reflects Lady Betty, resting behind the scenes. "I do believe I am that poor Belvidera for the last half-hour. I meant to bring the man to tears. I do think when I recall his blooming face, it was as white as a sheet—the poor, dear, good man, I hope he's none the worse of it."

It was not ranting, Master Rowland perceived, neither was it a personal revelation, except as a certain indication of faculties and feelings; it was such a representation by tone and gesture as Otway had first given by his pen, as the painter confers by his pencil, the musician by his instrument.

Master Rowland knows full well that she is Mrs. Betty Lumley the great London actress, not Belvidera the Venetian senator's daughter; but he will never again turn from the chill of his stone-arched hall, where his fingers have grown benumbed riveting a piece of armour or copying an epitaph or an epigram, or linger under his mighty oak-tree, the Usher

which might have shaded three generations, or advise with his poor tenants, or worship in church, without the sickening sense of a dull blank in his heart and home—a vain craving which cannot be satisfied, feeding on his peace like a low fever, leaping up and down, yet burning on.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Betty.

Bath was sleeping as soundly as if it had been a quaker town: any sounds of riot were scattered and subdued. The dowager did not count her gains as she clutched them, borne along the street by the glare of the dropping flambeaux. Her son, who like the young Duke of Marlborough and his brother peer, carried no meaner change than golden guineas, did not clink them as he tossed them to the chairmen fighting for the prize. The poor waiting woman was sleeping profoundly with her head on her arms, worn out by her long watch, and dreaming blessedly of her father the village doctor, and her true love the young curate, who wanted her to wed on twenty pounds a year and the prospect of training young gentlemen for the schools: oh! a world happier in her vigil than her ensnared mistress arranging that fatal assignation at one of the wicked masquerades. The "Bear" was reasonably still for a great public house with twos and threes of travellers departing at all hours, waiters and hostlers stirring on their behalf, horses trotting out from adjoining stables, circles of chariots suffering displacement—all in addition to the distinct and fervent sensation of the night coach.

Suddenly a noise and flurry arose in the grey light and its general repose—accents of terror and anxiety, a movement of pity and distress, rising, growing, and prevailing through the establishment. A young girl is attacked by violent illness—a life in its spring-time is threatened with sudden extinction; friends at hand seeking remedies and bewailing the calamity—friends at a distance, all unconscious, mentioned with broken voices and averted eyes.

The incident appealed to all sound hearts. Mrs. Price was wiping her eyes and carrying up restoratives with her own hands. "'Twas Mrs. Fiddy, whom she had known from a child; the niece of Master Rowland, who had always supported the house; and madam, her mother, away at the vicarage, and the dear child, too good and quiet to live."

"I will come to her, my good Mrs. Price. My sister had these fainting fits; I'm used to them. I'm not affrighted; I'll revive the child: the poor child, I'll be bound she'll not be offended at the liberty. Pooh! I can sit up after playing as well as sleep. Dear! dear! Many a night I was happy to sit up with Deb," pleaded an urgent, benevolent voice, waxing plaintive towards the conclusion of the speech.

"Indeed you are too gracious, my lady—I mean madam," protested the perplexed, overwhelmed Mrs. Price; "but I dare not venture without Master Rowland's consent: the squire is particular, and he is much pained by Mrs. Fiddy's illness, away from home, under his care: he will do everything himself, and issue his orders, although Dr. Fulford's been upstairs lending his advice these ten minutes."

"A fudge for doctors when there's a helpful woman at hand, Mrs. Price! Convey my message to the squire; inform him that I've had experience—mind, experience—and am a full-grown, reasonable woman, and not a fine lady. I know the poor little sister will be shaking like a leaf, and frightening the darling; and you are stiff in the joints yourself, Mrs. Price, and a little overcome. I'm just the person, so let me in!"

Master Rowland, without his coat (for he was not a methodical enough man, though he had an orderly turn of his own, to travel with a gown and slippers in his valise), was labouring to recover his niece; Mrs. Prissy, with her cloak huddled round her, was making magnanimous efforts to swallow her sorrow and terror, and aid her uncle; while the poor little sufferer—guileless, affectionate Mrs. Fiddy—lay very pale, very faint, very chill, with life flickering beneath her half-closed eyelids and in the gushes of her fitful breath. Master Rowland felt his interest in his pet and his regard for her tugging at his heart, while his trouble rendered him outwardly cold and hard, as it does some men; yet Mrs. Fiddy's closing eyes turned trustfully to him, and her weak fingers clung tightly to his strong hand.

"No, no; the fewer onlookers the better. What would a stranger do here, Mrs. Price?" he inquired angrily; for he remembered, with a pang, that certain new, unaccountable, engrossing emotions had quite superseded Fiddy in his thoughts this night, and banished her from his notice when he might have detected the signs of approaching illness, and might have met them and vanquished them before their climax.

"Bid him speak a word with me, Mrs. Price: a gentleman cannot refuse. I have reasons which will excuse my importunity," reiterated that sympathetic voice.

He walked out doggedly, and never once lifted his eyes. "Madam, I am your servant; but we do not need your help: my niece would be scared by the presence of a stranger. Reserve your charity ——" "for the poor" he was about to add; but she interrupted him so humbly, putting her frank hand upon his arm, and using the first conventional phrase that occurred to her. "Your worship, I believe I could nurse the young lady better than anybody: I have seen my dear sister affected, as I judge, similarly. Do not stand on ceremony, sir; do not deprive the poor girl of a benefit which Providence has sent her, for a scruple—if you would not regret it. I beg your pardon, but do let me succour her."

He looked up. There she stood in her white wrapping-gown and cap, ready prepared for her patient; so appropriate-looking in dress and face,

with her broad forehead full of thought, and her cheek flushed with feeling; an able, tender woman in her prime, endeavouring to do Christian offices, longing to pour balm into gaping, smarting wounds; imploring to be allowed to fulfil her mission. He bowed, and stood aside; she curtsied, and passed in. He heard her voice the next moment, low, but perfectly audible, cheerful and pleasant, addressing Mrs. Prissy. "My dear madam, your uncle has permitted me to count myself a mature friend, like madam, your mother; and after this introduction you will excuse me for taking care of you. Doctor, what drops do you favour? You have them there; if you please I'll offer them: I've administered them before." She spoke to the doctor very courteously; perhaps remarking that he was young and somewhat agitated, and that his black velvet coat was so much the worse of the wear that he also might be suspected of holding his cocked hat to his breast to hide a villanously compromising hole. "Mayn't I chafe Mrs. Fiddy's hands, doctor? You're better, my dear?"

Mrs. Fiddy's head was on her arm; Mrs. Fiddy's eyes were raised to her face wonderingly but complacently, and, though quite conscious, Mrs. Fiddy involuntarily sighed out "mother." Very motherly was the elder woman's assurance: "Yes, my dear, I'll serve as madam your mother, in her absence, till madam herself comes; and she'll laugh at our confusion and clumsiness, I warrant."

Mrs. Fiddy smiled a little smile herself. She was rousing herself: nature was reacting in its own redemption; the necessary stimulus was obtained, and the little lass was in a fair way of recovery.

But Mrs. Betty did not leave off her cares; she elected herself mistress of the sick room—for she reigned there as everywhere else. She dismissed shivering, tearful, grateful Mrs. Prissy with a hug, and a whispered promise that her dear sister Mrs. Fiddy would be as lively as a grig in the morning; got rid of the doctor and Mrs. Price, and all but routed Master Rowland, but only succeeded in driving him as far as the next room. There he sat under the pale, pure, blue sky, and the first silvery beams of the golden sun in the spring morning, looking out at a duplicate of the prospect from the back window of the Nankin sitting-room, on the same drooping, effulgent lilac, on the fair apple blossom, on the farmhouse upon the hill, and listening intently to every sound close at hand.

How light her foot was—light as her fingers were nimble; how cleverly she shaded the sick girl from the light, without depriving her of air! How resigned Fiddy was to be consigned to her! how quickly and entirely the child had confided in her; how she had hailed her as another mother! Some women—young, handsome women—are very motherly, and caress an infirm father, and coax an ailing kinswoman, and pet an old servant, exactly as they would dandle a child—tickle him, smother him, with quite wholesome indulgence. Mrs. Betty was putting the chamber to rights, in defiance of all the chamber-maids of the

"Bear;" she was concocting some refreshing drink, for which Mrs. Price had supplied the materials, over the fire, which she had ordered in case of mould and damp, even in the well-seasoned "Bear." Once she began to sing softly what might have been a cradle-song, but stopped short, as if fearing to disturb Fiddy, and composed herself to perfect stillness. Then Master Rowland heard Mrs. Fiddy question Mrs. Betty in her weak, timid voice, on Fiddy's own concerns. "You said you had seen these fits before, madam? May I be so bold as to ask, did the sufferer recover?"

There was a moment's silence. It was my sister, Fiddy: she was much older than I. Dear! dear! Deb would have been quite a middle-aged woman now; though I'm sure I never thought her so. She had a complication of diseases, besides being liable to swoons all her life. My dear, she died, as we must all die when our time comes; and may we all be as well prepared as was Deb! In the meantime we are in God's hands. I have been taken with fainting fits myself, Fiddy, ere now. I think they are in my constitution, but they are not called out yet, and I believe they will be kept under; as, I fully trust, country air, and exercise, and early hours, will conquer yours."

"And you will take great care of yourself, and go into the country sometimes, dear Mrs. Betty," pleaded the girl fondly, forgetting herself.

Mrs. Betty laughed, and turned the conversation, and finally read her patient to sleep with the morning Lesson, given softly and reverently, as good Bishop Ken himself might have done it.

The poor squire was a discomfited, disordered Sir Roger. He could not cope with this fine woman; and then it came home to him imperatively that he was precisely in that haggard, unbecoming state of looks and costume significantly expressed in those days by the powder being out of a man's hair and his frills rumpled. "Dormer's hair was free from any trace of powder, and hung dejectedly over his pale countenance, and it was evident from the tossed and disordered condition of his cravat and ruffles that he had not been abed during the night, but had only flung himself on a couch in full dress." Master Rowland saw no reason in the world why he should subject himself to this peculiarly damping process, and present himself at breakfast under such tarnished colours; though he was as little likely to suffer from it as any man, being as big and bluff in person as could be consistently with that undefinable, inalienable, untransferable flavour of a gentleman (and rather a refined gentleman) hanging about his skirts. So he absented himself for an hour, and returned freshened by a plunge in the river and a puff in his wig. But, alas! he found that Mrs. Betty, without quitting Mrs. Fiddy's bed-chamber, by the mere sleight of hand of tying on a worked apron with vine clusters and leaves and tendrils all in purple and green floss silks on clear muslin, pinning a pink bow under her mob-cap, and sticking in her bosom a bunch of dewy ponceau polyanthuses, with which Sally the maid had presented her, had beat him most completely.

Mrs. Fiddy was, as Mrs. Betty had predicted, so far re-established that she could breakfast with the party and talk of riding home later in the day; though but a wan flower, yet, like one of those roses with a faint colour and a fleeting odour in their earliest bud. And Mrs. Betty breakfasted with the Parnells, and was such company as the little girls had never encountered before; nor for that matter their uncle before them, though he kept his discovery a profound secret: it was not so pleasant in one sense, and yet in another it made him feel like a king.

This was Mrs. Betty's last day in Bath, and she was to travel up to Town in the train of my Lord and Lady Salop, by easy stages and long halts; otherwise she must have hired servants, or carried pistols, and been prepared to use them, in the mail. Fortunately the Salops' chariots and gigs did not start till the afternoon, so that Mrs. Betty had the morning to spend with her new friends, and she was delighted to bestow it on them; though my Lord and Lady and their satellites, with all their insolence to their country neighbours, were perpetually sending lacqueys with compliments, conveniences, and little offerings to court Mrs. Betty—the star in the plenitude of her lustre, who might emulate Polly Peacham, and be led to the altar by another enslaved Duke of Bolton.

How pleasant Mrs. Betty was with the girls! Upon the whole, she slighted "the Justice," as she had dubbed him. She saw with her quick eyes that he was something superior; but then she saw many men as well-looking, well endowed, well mannered, with as fair intellects and more highly cultivated quite—than he. She was nauseated with admirers, without her heart being touched. It is perfectly true that a woman of generous sympathies and cultivated tastes, clever, cordial, affluent in attractions, and easily moved on the surface, is hard to sound to the depths, and fix like a rock there, and so becomes a frequent example of the genus old maid.

But Mrs. Betty did not often find a pair of unsophisticated little girls won to her by her frankness and kindness, and dazzled by her goodness and greatness. How she awoke Fiddy's laugh, nervous to-day, with the Chit-Chat Club and the Silence Stakes. What harmless, diverting stories she told them of high life—how she had danced at Ranelagh, sailed upon the Thames, ate her bun at Chelsea, mounted one of the eight hundred favours which cost a guinea apiece when Lady Die became a countess, and called upon Lady Petersham in her deepest mourning, when she sat in her state bed enveloped in crape, with her children and grandchildren in a row at her feet! And then she ended simply with the fact that she was born in a farmhouse like that on the hill, and she would like to know if they roasted groats and played at shovelboard there still; and showed them her little silver tankard, which her godfather the jolly miller had given her, and out of which her elder sister, who had never taken kindly to tea, had drunk her ale and her aniseed water: she used it every day—sure, what dish could be so pleasant to her? And Fiddy

and Prissy had each a draught of milk out of it, to boast of for the rest of their lives, as if they had sipped caudle out of the caudle-cup at a royal heir's christening.

Mrs. Betty made the girls talk, too—of their garden, the old parish clerk, the housekeeper at Larks' Hall, granny, madam, the vicar, and, to his face, of Uncle Rowland, his horses and colts, his cows and calves, his pictures and cabinets; of Fox-holes: with Letty and Grizel of Sedley and Bearwood, with Dick Ashbridge: at whose name Prissy laughed saucily, and Fiddy bit her lips and frowned as fiercely as she was able. With what penetration Mrs. Betty read their connections, and how blithely and tenderly she commented upon them!

Mrs. Betty promised to send her young friends sets of silks for their embroidery (and kept her word); she presented Prissy with her enamel snuff-box, bearing an exact representation of that ugly building of St. James's; and Fiddy with her "equipage"—scissors, tablets, and all, chased and wreathed with tiny pastorals of shepherds, reclining and piping on sylvan banks, and shepherds and shepherdesses dancing on velvet lawns.

Mrs. Betty kissed the girls at parting, and wished them health, peace, and good husbands; bidding them sometimes remember Betty Lumley when they were happy together, and when they were saying their prayers; she gently pushed away Fiddy, lest she should be too weak to return even that hearty salutation, and held out her hand to Master Rowland, who took it with a crimson cheek, and raised it to his lips: pshaw! she never once looked at him. He dropped the warm, firm hand, white and pink like the apple-blossom, and not too slight but that it could have baked bread and drawn on a roquelaire, and went out and lifted his little girls into his mother's old coach, and drove off, never looking behind him. Why turn his head, when care had at last leapt up and sat by his side on the box-cushion?

The poor bachelor squire drove off, but for his manhood, groaning inwardly. He had come to Bath, never dreaming of evil, bent on none of the dissipations of the Circe city, but to give his little nieces a treat, and to gratify what mild student's taste was in him for a student's chief delight—a fairly played play. He had met the heaviest loss which a man can sustain. Lady Betty had acted, and caught not only her share of Master Rowland's ticket, to which she was fairly entitled, but the cream of his fancy and the core of his heart; with which she had no manner of business, any more than with the state papers and the coronation jewels.

Spring.

Fair Grecian legend, that in Spring,
Seeking sweet tale for sunnier hours,
Fabled how Enna's queen did bring
Back from the under world her flowers.

Whence come ye else, goblets of gold,
Which men the yellow crocus call?
Ye snowdrops, maiden-meek and cold,
What other fingers let you fall?

What hand but hers? who, wont to rove
The asphodel in Himera,
Torn thence by an ungentle love,
Flung not her favourites away?

King of dark death! on thoughts that roam
Thy passion and thy power were spent:
When blossom-time is come at home,
Homeward the soul's strong wings are bent.

So comes she, with her pleasant wont,
When April chases Winter old,
Couching against his frozen front
Her tiny spears of green and gold.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Ups and Downs in the House of Peers.

The House of Lords has, in commercial phrase, been recently "taking stock." Its members now number four hundred and fifty-seven; among whom the earls are more numerous than the barons. This amount is about half a hundred in excess of what it was thirty years ago; but it is little more than double the number on the roll summoned in the reign of Henry III. to perform the service due by them. On this roll are inscribed two hundred names, of which fifty are those of spiritual barons. The bishops, who are now lords of parliament, but not peers of the realm, fall one short of thirty, if Lord Auckland be not reckoned among them as Bishop of Bath and Wells. The spiritual mixture was, of course, greater in the old parliaments than it is at the present day. In that assembled at Carlisle by order of Edward I., the eighty-six temporal peers were balanced by twenty bishops and forty-eight abbots. The prelates who have seats in the upper house do not equal the viscounts, whose total is set down at thirty-one.

It is a well-known fact, that there is not to be found among the lords a single male descendant of any one of the five-and-twenty barons appointed to enforce the observation of Magna Charta. That competent authority, Sir Bernard Burke, attributes this circumstance to the ever rough and ready application of the law of attainder. The peerages have gone, but the descendants of those old landed aristocrats have not invariably disappeared. We find property now held, so Sir Bernard informs us, by the direct representatives of those who held it when Domesday Book was compiled.

It is not, however, by attainder only, that many holders of titles have been cast off from association with the House of Lords. In former periods, those proud peers partook very much of the nature of those animals who, when one brother of the herd is wounded, drive him away, or gore him to death; so we occasionally discover that when a lord was hampered by such difficulties that he was unable to support his dignity his colleagues contrived to procure sanction to an enactment whereby he was stripped of that dignity—in order, perhaps, that he might sink with greater alacrity beneath the burden of his difficulties.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, there was a Richard Grey de Ruthyn, Earl of Kent, who was the idol of all the gamblers in and about the taverns of East Cheap. He was a great dicer, a deep drinker, had a melodious voice, and with bad people was accepted as a "good fellow." Richard had a weak mind, ever more ready to be impressed or influenced by what was exceedingly pleasant than by what was incontrovertibly proper. At last, at every shake of the box there went from him

a score of acres or the acres' worth. At such rate of progress the head of a family is speedily ruined, and his family with him. So it was with this Earl Richard. A penniless peer, he lounged about playhouse doors and tavern passages. One night he lay down, in his tattered finery, on a bench in a low inn in London, and fell asleep, never to awake. When the tapster went to arouse his lordship, the Earl of Kent rolled off the bench dead, upon the floor.

His half-brother and heir, Henry, succeeded to the nothing and misery bequeathed by his predecessor, but my lords did not summon the landless and coinless earl to sit among them, and serve the king. The doubly disinherited peer, accordingly, dropped the title altogether, and lived in an obscurity of which he was not ashamed, sharing the little he had of his own, with his son Henry. The Greys de Ruthyn, however, were of a stock not likely to be content with degradation. The next heir, remembering he was a gentleman, and determined to sit with his peers, carved his way to fortune, and the gallant fellow having shown the stuff of which he was made, by becoming rich, was rewarded for such merit, by being called to the house, by a welcome writ of summons.

Two out of the three Staffords who between 1444 and 1521 bore the title of Duke of Buckingham, suffered attainder, forfeiture of all dignities, and death. Some years subsequently, their male representative, Roger Stafford, a man of excellent qualities and some justifiable ambition, endeavoured to recover the position lost by his ancestors. Had he been like Osrick, "spacious in the possession of dirt," *dives tellure*, his success would have been assured. But Roger, though he had much learning, was owner of neither house nor land; and the summons was refused on the sole ground of his poverty. Roger did not complain, but accepted defeat with tranquil resignation. Having been refused his title, he would no longer wear the family name; and when George Villiers, Marquis of Buckingham, heard that poor Mr. Fludd had died in a street of no great quality, his inquiry respecting the person so named was answered by the information that the poor old man was the heir of the Staffords, and of a title to which the marquis himself was raised at no very distant period.

Some of the degraded peers hid their misery abroad, and were forgotten by their happier fellows in England. Such was the case with Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter. He was attainted in 1461; and for a dozen years afterwards endured such destitution in a foreign land that death itself might have been thought preferable. This brother-in-law of an English king, Edward IV., wandered from one Flemish town to another, ragged and barefooted, begging alms, and existing by such mendicancy. Never before had an English duke been seen imploring the pity of passers-by, as he uncapped to them on the high road; but in the succeeding century, an English earl took nearly the same route, and lived precisely by the same means. This was Charles Nevill, the sixth and last of that family of "Cocks of the North" who had borne the title of Earls of

Westmoreland. His ruin was brought upon him by his membership with the confederacy which sought to make of Mary Stuart an instrument to injure Elizabeth. Meanly and miserably, after the treason of 1570, did the noble traitor drag on life in the Low Countries, while the Kentish Vanes lived on his Durham estates, purchased by them, and the first of the twelve Fanes who have since successively enjoyed the title was raised to the dignity which the mendicant in the Netherlands had forfeited.

He was not the only Nevill who fell upon evil days. In 1469, George Nevill, son of the Marquis of Montague, was of a family of sufficient wealth and power to induce Edward IV. to create him Duke of Bedford, in order to make him more worthy of matching with the king's daughter Elizabeth. Eight years later, the young duke had so rapidly descended in the scale of riches and influence, that he was degraded by the parliament of 1477, "on account of his indigence." At the termination of another eight years, in 1485, the dukedom was conferred on Jasper, son of that Sir Owen Tudor who espoused the widowed queen of Henry V., and who is known to have been a very excellent Welsh gentleman, as well as suspected of having embellished some of his gentility by his success as a brewer. Such are the lights and shades of the peerage.

The peers who were exposed to indigence through gallant daring or inevitable calamity deserve to be remembered with more respect than those who lost their lands at dice, or set their estates on a turn of the cards. This was done so frequently by William, Lord Stawel (three out of four of the barons of which name never left a direct male heir to the succession), and the Berkshire and Somersetshire estates suffered so fearfully in consequence, that in memory of the ruined lord, the local proverb still lives which says, that "when clubs are trumps, Aldermaston house shakes." Nevertheless, the ruin here indicated was considered as bringing less disgrace with it than might be brought into a noble family by a *mésalliance*. When young Edward Stafford, afterwards the fourth baron of that family, married honest and handsome Isabel Forster of Tonge, in 1595, Rowland White wrote to Sir Richard Sidney,—"Edward, my Lord Stafford's son, is basely married to his mother's chambermaid." Now, in those days a gentlewoman's gentlewoman was often a very good, though a very poor gentlewoman, and Isabel Forster, at all events, was not such a very base match for the Staffords, the knot in whose badge was popularly ascribed to the circumstance that a high sheriff of that family unluckily came to be hanged.

The Stafford-Forster line expired early; and this *mésalliance* inflicted no lasting injury on the first-named house, nor conferred any even temporary advantage on the second. On the other hand, the degraded or attainted lords left descendants still recognizable in their respective lines. Heirs of Edmund of Woodstock, younger son of Edward I., exist in the children of Joseph Smart, a butcher of Hales Owen, and of George Wilmot, the once turnpike-keeper at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. These descendants, should they ever be fortunate enough to rise to the dignity of

keeping a carriage, will be entitled to quarter thereon the royal arms, which we hope they will not fail to do. Again, it is only a few weeks since the world heard of the decease of the last descendant of the Taillebois, the ancient barons of Kendal. The last of that old house was a young girl, Emily Tailbois, who at the age of eighteen died, a casual pauper, in the workhouse at Shrewsbury.

In almost equal obscurity there died, in 1817, at Kensington, "John Paddey, Esq." He was in extreme old age, in his eightieth year; and was the son of Lady Anne Paddey, daughter of the first Duke of Southampton. That duke, it will be remembered, was the Charles Fitzroy who was the son of Charles II. and Barbara Villiers, of whom the indigent Mr. Paddey was the last surviving descendant in the third degree.

A greater and a poorer scion of a royal house than this last, was—or is, if he be still living—to be found in Stephen Penny, the ex-sexton of the burial-ground in Bayswater, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square. Stephen was the descendant of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, the murdered son of the great king Edward III.; and might quarter the royal arms, had he chosen to do so, on any hearse which his caprice might select for a state carriage.

Other great men have had more doubtful descendants. No one, except the Earl of Anglesea, believed in the claim of the Irish trunk-maker to be the heir of the Percys. The earl protested against the indignity to which the impostor was condemned, when in 1672 he was carried from law court to law court, in Westminster Hall, with a placard fastened in front of him, indicating that he was "the foolish and impudent pretender to the earldom of Northumberland." Percy, the trunk-maker, had the same basis for his claim to be summoned as Percy, Earl of Northumberland, that M. Musard, the French musician, might have, if he were to assert a right to the heirship of the nine noblemen of that name who were Barons of Stavely. Indeed, it is seldom that heirship to an old title readily goes out. There was, for instance, one, and only one, Lord Ap Adam, summoned by that name and title in the year 1299. This baron of so ancient a family left a son, but neither he nor any of his heirs were ever summoned to parliament. Later descendants, however, have noted every step in the pedigree of the Ap Adams, the succession to which baronial title is claimed by a Mr. Anthony Davies. Who shall say he may not succeed? It was not till 1836 that the Duke of Richmond won his cause at Bourges, against the younger branch of the family, and established his right to the lands annexed to his French dukedom of Aubigny.

If we find some peers dropping away from the peerage by degradation or forfeiture, we meet with others who enter it with very humble, but at the same time honourable, antecedents. The barony of Norreys is now merged in the earldom of Abingdon; and the first Norreys of Ockwell, Berks, was cook to Queen Elizabeth. The Foresters were traders. It was to John Forester, of Watling Street, Shropshire, that Henry VIII.

granted the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of the king. The original document according this privilege is in possession of the present Lord Forester. King John made a like concession to one of the De Courcys, and Queen Mary to her famous general, Henry Lord Ratcliffe. In all cases, the privilege was extended to the descendants of him to whom it was originally granted; and it was exercised by one of them, in presence of George III. and Queen Charlotte. The enjoyer of this poor privilege was usually uncovered as he entered the throne-room, but when he approached the sovereign, he put on his hat, for a moment, for the sake of the privilege, and immediately afterwards lowered it for the sake of courtesy. On the occasion above alluded to, the wearer of the hat stood covered for so long a period, that old King George observed to him, with some spirit and very good sense, that he did not contest his right to keep his hat on, if he chose, before the king, but that his lordship seemed to forget there was a *lady* in the room! Since that rebuke, the privilege has been rarely, if ever, asserted.

They who are conversant with the details of the life of the Princess Mary, before she was queen, are aware that she purchased her headgear, her caps, and her "frontlets" of a lady mayoress. The milliner in question was no less a person than the wife of Sir Robert Gresham. The pleasant fact is, that proud as people were in the old days, no particular stigma attached itself to trade. Eminent divines bequeathed certain sufficient sums, in their wills, to "'prentice" their boys. Young fellows, with very good blood in their veins, stood behind counters; and the counters helped to supply the benches of the peers. From the parlour of a mercer's shop in Cheapside, Sir Baptist Hicks went up to the House of Peers, as Lord Campden; and the old honest mercer's blood, in the female line, flows on in the members of the house of Gainsborough. What commercial interest was maintained by Lord Campden is not known; but he continued to the last day of his baronetcy to serve his customers in Cheapside. Such a personal connection with trade, after a certain degree of dignity had been achieved, can only be matched, as far as the present writer is aware, in the person of the Honourable Thomas Fitzmaurice, uncle to the late Marquis of Lansdowne. He was the possessor, at one time, of the Llewenny estate, so often named in the letters and gossip of Mrs. Piozzi. The marquis's uncle was anxious to promote the prosperity of his Irish tenantry, by giving every encouragement to the national manufacture of linen. On his Welsh estate, accordingly, he established extensive bleaching works, and exercised a careful master's eye, not only over the preparation of the material, but over its subsequent productive sale. In doing this, he never lost sight of the aristocrat in the linen-dealer. He carried his produce, at stated periods, to Chester, but he rode thither himself, in that grand old machine for squires, a "coach and six." Once within the threshold of his huge dark shop in one of the rows there, he was the active, thrifty, obliging tradesman, never refusing a reasonable offer, but invariably declining long credit.

Between Hicks and Fitzmaurice, the most princely tradesman within London walls was the famous Spencer, who gave his daughter, dowried like ten Begums, to the first Earl of Northampton, who, either out of respect to his father-in-law, love for his wife, or gratitude for the Golconda which she brought with her from the city to the court, prefixed the name of Spencer to that of Compton, an union observed by all succeeding earls. Let us not omit the romantic circumstance to which the wealthy old cit was exposed by the reputation of his wealth. This was so great that it tempted the captain of a Dunkirk privateer to make seizure of him, not at sea, to which he never trusted himself, but on the road between London and Islington, which Spencer was wont to traverse in the late afternoon on his way, with gold under his belt, to his suburban home. The craft was in the river, and the Dunkirk captain, with half-a-dozen stalwart assistants, lay in wait on the road, but business detained the earl's father-in-law in town, and the dowry of the countess suffered no diminution.

City merchants, city tradesmen, city manufacturers, have largely contributed to the benches of the peers. Their blood mingles with that of the Cornwallises, the Cowpers, the Coventrys, the Cravens, and the Carringtons; the Dacres, the Dartmouths, the Dormers, the Darnleys, and the Dudley Wards. The present Earls of Essex and of Pomfret, of Radnor and of Romney, of Tankerville and of Warwick—whose ancestor Greville is remembered as "the Flower of Woolstaplers,"—honour the same estimable descent. The ducal house of Leeds recognizes its founder in the apprentice clothworker, young Ned Osborne, who saved his master's daughter from drowning, and who shared with her, as his well-won wife, the then appreciable glories of the London mayoralty. A founder deserving no less respectful memory in the hearts of his successors, is the sturdy smith Phipps, whose invention of the diving-bell reflects more glory on his name than do the coronets of all his lordly descendants known either as Normanby or Mulgrave.

The above all live and flourish. Other lines have died out, like that of the Lords Holland, whose last baron has no sooner passed away than his ancestral trees begin to fall before the axe, that preparatory weapon of the builders. Lord John Russell, in his *Life of Charles Fox*, speaks of the humble origin of the Hollands of Foxley. He does not add that Stephen Fox, the ancestor of this family, subsequently knighted, was originally bailiff to Charles the First's secretary, Sir Edward Nicolas, at Winterbourne, Wilts, in the church of which village he often officiated as parish clerk.

Like Queen Anne, who made a dozen peers at once—of whom it was facetiously asked whether they would be expected to vote through their foreman—George III. created them occasionally in small batches. His majesty, however, throughout his long reign, created only one duke—and he was the son of a London apothecary who had lived to become a landholder, and to see that son a baronet. The heiress of the Earls of

Northumberland and Dukes of Somerset gave her hand, and countless treasure in it, to the handsome baronet, out of compassion, at hearing that he had been refused by a young lady who could not appreciate such a wooer. The king invested the fortunate husband with the strawberry-leaves, and he might have twined them round many a less worthy brow. The duke possessed in his wife one of the fattest and sleepiest of women—at least when middle-age descended on her. She went everywhere, and in great state too; but she was for ever somnolent. In her own drawing-room, in her chariot, in her sedan, or on the couches at court, she was to be seen enjoying herself, according to her pleasure or her infirmity, as "fast" as that obese and drowsy eastern potentate, whose courtiers could only arouse him to consciousness by delicately inserting a gold pin into some well-covered part of his gracious person.

A more extraordinary change than that from a shop to a coronet—the Pope's grandfather, by the way, was a comb-maker in Brescia—is the descent from the peerage to trade or menial occupations. In the *Annual Register* for 1802 (xliv. 376), there is an allusion which will very nearly serve to illustrate such a case. The paragraph containing it is thus worded:—"The sons of a noble earl, one of whom was breeding for a *bricklayer* and the other for a *tanner*, have been lately seduced from their employments by their sister, to the great mortification of their father, who is disappointed in his favourite scheme!" Had their sire been of Hebrew blood, there would have been little to surprise us in such a course, for every noble lad of the Jewish tribes was compelled to learn some handicraft.

Is the above earl now to be identified? Could it have been the eccentric but accomplished and frantically democratic third Earl Stanhope, who was the father of "Lady Hester," and who died in 1816? When the French Revolution broke out, this nobleman laid aside all the external ornaments and indications of the peerage. He was probably the most advanced republican in England, and, in his way, an almost universal genius, writing on the laws of the pendulum, inventing arithmetical machines, plans for securing houses from fire, printing-presses, monochords for tuning musical instruments, and, previous to the days of steam, designing vessels to sail against wind and tide. If Earl Stanhope was not the man who set his boys to study with bricklayers and tanners, it would be difficult to think of a second. Had the thirteenth Lord Teynham been an earl instead of a baron, he, too, might have been suggested by our memory for acceptance or rejection, for he was succeeded by a son whose conduct was a deeper disgrace upon the peerage than if he had practised in his robes the vilest of handicrafts. In 1833, this son, the fourteenth earl, and one Donlan, a tailor, were found guilty of swindling Didymus Longford of 1,400*l.*, under pretence of procuring for him a government situation.

The glory of the long line of Teynhams was deeply tarnished by this catastrophe. On the other hand, the present Lord Rosebery is the first

English peer of his family; but he dates back to a humble and honest printer, one James Primrose, who, in 1616, was licensed to print the tract, *God and the King*, "for twenty-one years, in English or Latin, abroad or at home." The trade of the printer here ennobled the peer, happier in such descent than if he traced his lineage through the Duke of Ancaster, whose little weakness was shown, according to Walpole, by pilfering silver spoons.

There has been some curious trading of a different quality among the peers, as well as among some of the same persons before they reached the elevation of the peerage. All the great barons of Edward IV. were in the pay of Louis XI., who was proud to show their receipts in proof of the fact. One of these peers, Lord Hastings, more scrupulous, was never known to sign a receipt, but he was also never known to refuse the money. Perhaps, the most singular commerce in which the peers were ever engaged had reference to their chaplaincies! From one of Mrs. Carter's letters to Mrs. Montague, we learn that these noblemen vended the offices in question, at prices varying from twelve to twenty guineas. Place and honour were never sold cheaper.

But peerages themselves have been sold; why, therefore, should not peers sell their chaplaincies? Secrecy envelops most of these transactions, but a few instances may be enumerated. That turbulent old Bishop of Durham, Hugh Pudsey, thus bought of Richard I. the earldom of Northumberland for life, and, on paying down that of which Richard was ever in need, a good round sum, he purchased the right for himself and all future Bishops of Durham to be secular Earls of Sadberge,—the latter name being that of a village in the diocese. When Richard received the money, and invested the prelatic earl with a gold chain, he laughed aloud, and proclaimed as loudly, that he had made a young count out of an old priest. The compact, however, was honestly kept, and the forty-six Bishops of Durham, from Pudsey, Earl of Sadberge, in 1190, to the death of Van Mildert in 1836, were invariably recognized by this title. Each bishop, during the period named, on first entering his diocese at Croft Bridge, was hailed as Count Palatine and Earl of Sadberge, and received suit and service, as lord paramount, from the lady of the manor of Sockburn. The mayor and corporation welcomed and congratulated him at the town-hall when he entered, still in his robes as a temporal peer, coronetted, belted, and girt with a sword. On other occasions, he opened the proceedings of the assizes as *custos rotulorum* of the county palatine, the judges being seated on either side of him. And all this honour was bought by the few thousand pounds paid down by the old diocesan, who, when he thus made earls of six-and-forty future bishops, never thought, of course, of stipulating that the wives of such as might marry should be countesses. Each of these ladies, comprehending well enough that her husband could not make her an *episcopa*, was utterly unable to understand why, the said husband being an earl, his wife should not be allowed the privilege of ranking as a countess. However, this trifling matter was

settled in the reforming days which saw the accession of Doctor Maltby. The reforming authorities very audaciously suppressed the earlship, and, whatever the bishop thought, the ladies generally felt rejoiced, as women lightened of a grievance.

This question of money has not always entered into the reasons for creating a peer out of a commoner. Thus Walpole's friend, Dick Edgcumbe, was made the first lord bearing the latter name, for no other cause than to prevent his being examined on the secret committee, whose members were very much too curious in their inquiries respecting certain Cornish boroughs and ministerial influences illegally exercised there. These influences were not confined to those boroughs. In 1742, the Earl of Lincoln strongly desired to reside in the house of Long Sir Thomas Robinson, who asked a pretty premium for it—namely, the governorship of Barbadoes. Sir Thomas obtained the employment, and Lord Lincoln, having thus paid the rent, obtained possession.

Thus was an honour sold for a house. Greater honours have been sold for money, not, as in the case of the earldom of Sadberge, by the king to the subject, but by the subject to the king. Such a case presents itself, in 1301, when the tenth and last Baron de Pinkeney sold his barony to King Edward.

Of other baronies the purchase-money has been paid long before the privilege bought has been really acquired. This was, in some sort, the case with the barony of Skelmersdale. Sir Thomas Booth, Chancellor to Frederick, Prince of Wales, advanced various large sums to that gracious master, who had given no value for them at the time of his death. Subsequently, the niece and sole heiress of Sir Thomas married young Edward Wilbraham, and George III., remembering the old unliquidated debt, promised to make a peer of the bridegroom. The royal promise was no more acquitted than the debt; but both were ultimately disposed of by the act of George IV., who in 1828 conferred the barony in question on the third son of the once young people married in the middle of the previous century.

There is one house which, above all others, Horace Walpole loved to disparage,—that of the Berties, Dukes of Ancaster and Kesteven, one of those families the head of which was never succeeded by the eldest son and heir. The dukes, it cannot be gainsayed, were mostly as graceless as they were good-looking. The last young duke was seldom sober, and Walpole says of three of the duchesses, that they were always drunk. His testimony is very questionable, for he speaks of one of them as being the daughter of "Panton, a disreputable horse-jockey;" whereas Mr. Panton held the not menial office of "Master of the King's hounds." Horace would fain have made out that the line of Ancaster was more ignoble than if it had sprung from behind the counter. When he could not degrade the dukes, he trod upon the characters of the duchesses. With what a sneer he alludes to the second wife of the fifth and last duke! This person, he says, with malicious circumstantiality, "was some lady's

woman or young lady's governess." The duchess was neither. She was a daughter of the gallant Major Layard, and of better blood than either Horace's mother or stepmother—for the property of the first, Catherine Shorter, was acquired by London trading, and the family of the second, Maria Skerret, was of lower origin still.

In old, and not well-regulated times, when kings raised ladies to the rank of peeresses, the peerage suffered by the indignity, from which condition, however, it recovered, in the persons of those ladies' descendants. In these later days, the Crown sometimes acknowledges the services rendered by men who have perished in the rendering, by making peeresses of their widows. There is only one modern instance of a sovereign raising an unmarried lady to a place in the peerage out of pure gallantry, and with attendant increase of respect and honour both to the accorder and the recipient. It is now many years since the bachelor Duke of Clarence wooed Miss Wykeham of Swalcliffe, and made offer of his princely hand to that fair and richly-dowered heiress. The lady declined the peculiar greatness thus proffered to her, but the duke never ceased to pay her the homage of his respect, nor his duchess subsequently that of her esteem. When the former ascended the throne he did not forget the lady to whom he had paid suit in years gone by. That old suit had been refused, but William IV. came now with a coronet in his hand, and entreated acceptance only of the first—all he had to offer—in testimony of the regard which her conduct had inspired in him. To this request, so graciously enforced, the lady could not graciously say "Nay." Since 1834 the name and title of Baroness Wenman have honoured the rich and varied register of the House of Lords, and have served to prove that the age of chivalric feeling has not expired with the formalities of chivalry.

A Few Words about Sermons.

I am suffering from Sermons. This is my grievance. It is also yours if you would only confess it, my patient and much-injured reader. Perhaps you don't quite like to be reminded of it. You think it past hope, and past cure, and that therefore it is worse than useless to talk about it. Still it must be some relief to know you have companions in affliction, who can at least offer sympathy; besides, you are not quite unprepared for the subject. We have all been reading about it lately a little more than usual. "Low murmuring sounds," like the first rising of a storm, might have been heard a month or two ago in all directions: newspapers had little paragraphs about it wedged into their spare corners, and popular novels made short excursions into it from a philosophic point of view. The writers seemed to think that sermons had grown heavier than ever they were before, and that the thing had now nearly reached the limits of human patience; but no one seemed to know what was the remedy, or who was in fault.

And who *is* in fault—the preachers or the people? I am about to demonstrate that the preachers and the people are both in fault, and to weigh out to each their due proportion of censure, as impartially as if Themis held the scales herself.

In themselves sermons are no worse than they were before, and no better. But the people are better; that is to say, they expect something better than their grandfathers expected. The constant reading of leading articles in newspapers and "crack" articles in magazines has created an appetite for luxury in composition. Even the unwashed know something of the difference between good writing and mere declamation; the schoolmaster has been abroad long enough to make them at home at least in the English language.

A modern congregation is probably not more anxious for improvement than a congregation of the time of Queen Anne: but it is certainly more attentive; and, unfortunately for the preacher, it is certainly more critical. It has no idea of taking him, personally, at his own valuation. Nor is it by any means prepared even to take his assertions, indiscriminately, for "gospel."

All this time the clergy have been stationary. In Greek and Latin, no doubt, they have advanced as fast as their age, or faster. University men now write Greek Iambics, as every one knows, rather better than Sophocles, and would no more think of violating the Pause than of violating an oath. A good proportion of them also are perfectly at home in the calculation of perihelions, nodes, mean motions, and other interesting things of the same kind, which it is unnecessary to specify more

particularly. So far the clergy are at least on a level with their age. But this is all that can be said. When we come to their mother tongue a different story is to be told. Their English—the English of their sermons—is nearly where it was a hundred years ago. The author of *Twenty Years in the Church* makes the driver of a coach remark to his hero that young gentlemen from college preparing to take orders appear to have learned everything except their own language. And so they have. Exceptions, of course, there are, many and bright; but in the main the charge is true. The things in which, compared with former ages, they excel so conspicuously, are the very things which have least concern with their special calling. The course of their progress has reversed the course of charity;—it began abroad, and has never yet reached home.

The cause of the phenomenon is not very difficult to find. The truth is, the clergy are not free agents. Although professing the Gospel, they are still under the Law. As Prince Henry was "haunted by a devil in the likeness of a fat old man," they are haunted by a demon in the form of pulpit tradition. This unwritten law rules them as sternly as it ruled the Pharisees, and is the chief cause of their making void so often the laws of good taste and common sense. As soon as the preacher ascends the pulpit steps he seems to ascend into a new social atmosphere. From being natural and spontaneous, he becomes "ceremonious and traditional." He goes on without remorse serving up for the hundredth time the same stereotyped phrases, the same conventional idioms which, by right of immemorial possession, have somehow come to be thought necessary to the very existence of a sermon. Nothing can be more smooth and rounded and convenient than these goodly old phrases. They fit into sentences wherever they are wanted, and "square" them wherever they need squaring. Besides they give a sermon such an air of sound doctrine. As the time-honoured phrases fall on your ear you feel quite at ease on *that* point. From infancy you have been hearing them, till they have become as familiar as your own name. They have about them such a home feeling, such a feeling of safety and old experience and tried friendship. The sensation is like meeting familiar faces at a far off dinner-party, or seeing names long known on 'Change among the directors of a new railway in which you are thinking of taking shares. The same thing of course puts the preacher at his ease. He thinks his ground safe because it is old ground and tried ground. Moreover, it gives his sermon such a flavour of a genuine sermon. Let it be heavy, trite, pointless, or anything else you choose, still it is a great thing to feel that it is a *sermon*, and cannot possibly be taken for anything else.

Justice Shallow has given it as his opinion, that "good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable." But it is proverbial that there are good things of which there may be too much, and with all deference to Mr. S. I think good phrases may be counted among the number. Whatever they may have been once, they are not commendable now. Long

use has worn them so smooth and round that you cannot catch them or hold them. For so many years they have made their entrance into the ear without any questions asked, that now they have lost all power of awakening thought. They affect us like the *Amens* and *Glorias*, producing no ideas on the mind either for good or evil.

Still the effect is not entirely negative. In one way their influence is very visible and positive. Though they cannot affect the heart they affect the eyes, and cause them to close. Their easy monotonous dropping reminds one of the rustling leaves in Longfellow's Patriarchal Tree:—

> "A slumb'rous sound—a sound that brings
> The feelings of a dream."

This is the price we must pay for the traditional whistle, and it is rather too heavy. Can a sermon be a good sermon if it teaches nothing? Sound words are very good things in their place, but we must take large discount from their value if it turns out that they do not impart sound thoughts. A great philosopher has recorded his conviction that a waking error is better than a sleeping truth. Fortunately we are not reduced to choose between the horns of so woful a dilemma; for truth may be made waking as well as error. To transform sleeping truths into waking truths we have only to recast them, without changing the substance. Such is the opinion of the Dean of Westminster, and I shall quote his words as a counterpoise to the authority of Mr. Shallow:—

"While all language must be figurative, yet long familiar use is continually wearing out the freshness and sharpness of the stamp: so that to create a powerful impression, language must be recalled, minted and issued anew, and cast into novel forms. This is the secret of all effectual teaching—of all speaking which shall leave, as was said of the eloquence of Pericles, stings in the minds and memories of the hearers." *

Let a sermon be as soporific as you choose, there is always a party to applaud if it is only well stuffed with these relics of antiquity. They pronounce it so "sound," and so everything else that a sermon ought to be. If it is not so furnished, of course we hear corresponding observations on the other side of the question. This is the class whose criticism preachers live in fear of. They reign over them with an eternal Reign of Terror. There is no protection from their power and no appeal from their sentence. They may be in a minority, but that is of no consequence; they constitute themselves the standard all the same. They talk more than all the rest, and talk with more assurance. Oh, it is wonderful what assurance can do! What can it not do? Only keep asserting your principles as if they *could* not be wrong, and you are safe to make converts. It is so pleasant to be saved the trouble of thinking, that your modest neighbours will be content to have theirs done out, and you can have the job. Before long they are sure to take you at your own estimate. And if your special vocation lies in criticizing a

* Introduction to *Notes on the Parables*, 7th ed. p. 23.

preacher, you can soon convince him that he also will be taken at your estimate.

It is this class which forms the depository of sermon tradition. They are Medes and Persians of sermon law. Their creed is simply *nolumus leges pulpiti mutari.*

Many of the clergy would not acknowledge the existence of the despotism. Some of them have been broken to it by long habit till they have grown to think it must be right in some inscrutable way. It has by degrees acquired in their eyes the aspect of an institution of Britain, if not of the world; and to think of subverting it would seem to them almost as presumptuous as to think of subverting one of the laws of nature. Others, however, admire the Mede-and-Persian institutes for their own sake. They are among the tyrants themselves, and then they are the worst of tyrants. It is always the way. If you want to see a tyrant in his glory, take a man from the class that must suffer the tyranny. No one applies the cowhide to a negro slave with such remorseless energy as a negro overseer. No one excludes a snob from his social circle with such inflexible rigour as a lord who has lately been a snob himself.

But the greater number chafe and writhe secretly under their chains. They would revolt if they only had the courage. Well, they must take courage. Courage is sometimes prudence, and it is prudence here. The age is going on too fast for them to remain safely where they are. If they are resolved to take their ease for the present they must pay for it by and by. One cannot eat a theological cake and have it any more than another cake. The best advice that can be given them is to "cut and run for it," if they will excuse the boldness of the metaphor, in consideration of the goodness of the counsel. It has succeeded often with black slaves, and why may it not with white ones? It is not safe to be the last to leave a falling house, as the rats know; and it needs no profound discerning of the signs of the times to see that the tough old fabric, which has stood so long against wind and weather, will some of these days come down unpleasantly about their ears.

One law in the Mede-and-Persian code deserves special notice; it is the worst of the set, and ought to be the first taken down from its bad pre-eminence. Every sermon, it seems, ought to be divided into "heads"—three heads. I say "three," for although one more or less may be allowed on occasion, still three is the model number—the symbol of perfect excellence. When you have got through the heads, well-known as "firstly," "secondly," and "thirdly," you then come to the "Improvement," which it appears is something different from the rest of the sermon; and when the improvement is over you come to "In conclusion."

What can be the meaning of this conventional barbarism? Can any Mede-and-Persian legislator show cause why it should not receive sentence of death? Why is it to be taken for granted that every subject of a sermon must resolve itself into just three component parts of equal

importance? A newspaper writer never fancies that his articles must be threefold; no more does a reviewer; no more does a writer of octavos, quartos, or folios. In no human composition except sermons is it taken for granted that the subjects must run all in the same invariable channels. Imagine an orator in Parliament standing up to inform honourable members that he should ask their attention while he considered firstly so-and-so, and secondly so-and-so, and thirdly so-and-so; and then he should "improve" his observations in such-and-such a way! Honourable members would soon bring him to his senses. Unfortunately their privileges are such as a preacher's audience cannot have. They are free, as Lord Macaulay says, to "cough down an orator, or walk off to dinner." This is the kind of criticism that effectually sharpens an orator's wits. He knows that if he commences his speech in the approved sermon form, by the time he reaches "thirdly" his audience will consist of himself and the Speaker. If preachers could be brought under a criticism as practical as this, preaching by heads would soon be as much out of fashion as preaching in Latin.

I have seen a paper which is widely circulated among the clergy, composed by an author who modestly conceals his name, and containing instructions "how to make sermons." Some of the advice he gives may be good enough, possibly; but all through he *naïvely* takes for granted that a sermon *must* be in heads. He never asserts it, thinking evidently that it is too plain to need assertion; he assumes it as a thing of course, just as he assumes that there must be a church and a pulpit, and a congregation. Do you always do so-and-so, he asks, with the most piquant innocence, "when you begin to divide your sermon into heads?" Then do you do so-and-so "when you come to work the first head?" Oh! for some power inquisitorial to put the author of these questions himself to the "question," and force him to give a reason why a sermon cannot be a sermon without heads! As the gentleman unfortunately is unknown, we cannot have his reason on compulsion (nor without it); but this is of little consequence, as every traditional preacher is ready to give it for the asking:—

"It is so orderly a plan, and makes the people remember."

No, my friend, it is not orderly, and it does not make the people remember. It is disorderly, and makes the people forget; it is monotonous and puts the people asleep. It forces your subjects into an unnatural shape, and crushes them up in an iron strait-waistcoat. Was Procrustes "orderly" when he made all *his* subjects fit into the same bed? And why should your subjects be all of a pattern more than his? Yet you go on year after year serving up the same meat in the same dish, and with the same unchangeable sauce. How would the author of the *Instructions* like to be fed in this way himself? We have all heard of the Roman emperor who was so particular about the getting up of his mince-pies. The cook, a new cook, sent up an unsatisfactory article one day, and was condemned in consequence to eat of the same dish himself evermore, and of nothing else whatever. I happen just at the moment

to have forgotten how the story ends; but we may safely conclude that the unhappy *chef* expired in agonies within a month.

A traditional gentleman here interrupts me to say that it is very easy to criticize, and very much easier to pull down than to set up. What kind of division, he asks, would you propose yourself? This is precisely the point to which I was proceeding. The orthodox school will therefore have their turn, and may pull my structure in pieces—if they can.

A sermon should consist of one head only. In other words, the subject ought to be onefold instead of threefold. There should be one, and only one, leading thought;—one central idea round which all the others gather, and to which they converge. The other ideas are brought in for sake of it, and not for themselves. They are only tributary streams, intended to flow into the main channel and swell its tide. I have read of a certain lover who divided the world into one division, namely the place where she (Phyllis) was. It is on this principle a sermon should be divided. It should consist of one division, namely, that in which the subject is contained.

It is plain that this is a practicable plan; in fact, it is the plan practised by some of the very best preachers of the day. It is plainly feasible, also, from considering that it only supposes a single head in an ordinary sermon worked out a little more at length. Now look at the advantages of it. The assistance given to the memory by its unity and concentration is simply past counting. The attention all gathers itself round one idea, and everything else is subsidiary to this. In the threefold system the ideas are co-ordinate and of equal importance; the attention is therefore distracted, for it is trisected. The effect is like hearing three sermons at a sitting, where each must weaken the effect of the others. In the onefold method the ideas are not co-ordinate but subordinate. Instead of weakening they strengthen one another, that is, all the rest strengthen one other. They turn the attention continually to it, and not from it. As the preacher goes on he throws upon it a light more and more intense, and brings it to a fiercer and a fiercer heat. The audience, if they have ears at all, must carry away that one thought at least. Much may be forgotten, or rather must be forgotten. Illustrations, examples, and other parts of the scaffolding will slip out of the memory; but the one central idea can scarcely be displaced. It remains woven into the texture of the mind, and becomes inalienably entailed as part of our intellectual wealth.

It follows that the thing which forms the lowest of characters in a man is the highest of merits in a sermon—that it has not two ideas in its head.

A second lover of antiquity comes to remark that there is something rather contemptible about this. What! only get one idea from your whole sermon? Surely an hour or half an hour of patient listening might endow us with more than that? And so it might, arithmetically; at least it might give you a look at more. But what are you the better of

that if it does not put you in possession of them? Whether would you prefer to have a single acre of ground in perpetuity, or to have a pleasant walk over three or four acres that must pass out of your possession when the walk is over?

And let no one despise the wealth that comes from a single idea. If it is a good idea, and if you have it fast in your grasp, it becomes a nucleus round which other thoughts collect and form themselves. But take it even on the lowest ground and count it by simple arithmetic. There are fifty-two Sundays in the year, and I make the enemy a present of the holidays; there are therefore one hundred and four sermons in the year. Has any antiquarian carried off from his year of church-going one hundred and four distinct and definite ideas? It is plain that no one has a right to a hearing who has not accomplished the feat. If any one has, let him leave his name and address at the publisher's office, with a list of his hundred and four ideas for the year 1860. If the list is found correct, his case shall be specially considered in our next number.

Nothing can make a permanent impression if it is not natural. The threefold system is purely artificial. Nature never works in such regular and uniform style as that. It has all the signs of man's workmanship about it. Originally it was invented to facilitate the *manufacture* of sermons when the preacher had nothing particular to say. It reduces the work to a kind of manual art, a thing to be worked like a sum in arithmetic by rule,—the rule of three. A thing so artificial escapes at once from the memory. It is all words,—words that fly in at one ear, and fly out at the other. Homer was probably hinting darkly at this when he talked so often about winged words. Most probably the tradition party was too powerful then to allow him to speak plainer. But without insisting on this, it is certain that Lord Bacon had them in his eye in the famous passage of the *Novum Organon* where he so fiercely tackles the philosopher in Cicero. A gentleman there who wishes to pass for a philosopher looks up and wonders why the sky was ornamented with stars, as if an ædile had been at it. "Sir," says Bacon (I translate him rather freely from the Latin), "you don't know what you're talking about; you only expose your ignorance. If an ædile had done the ornamenting, he would have set the stars in regular and tasteful patterns like a lace collar or a Brussels carpet. But nature has a different style; she has the greatest aversion for 'the regular thing.' Accordingly she sowed the stars carelessly like diamond dust over the sky."

The uninitiated have no suspicion that there is a patent process by which divisions and heads can be made to order, and in any number that may be required. All the secrets of the art may be found in *Simeon's Skeletons*. What Pope did for the decasyllabic verse Simeon did for the manufacture of sermons. His machine turns out "skeletons" of the true orthodox cast as smoothly and as fast as M. de la Rue's machine turns out envelopes. In his twenty volumes he has supplied enough of these anatomical preparations to last to the end of the world, and has

bequeathed them to the orthodox, as Thucydides bequeathed his history to future ages, "for an everlasting possession." A clergyman of this school considers his *Simeon* almost as essential to his functions as his ordination or his Bible. It is part of his abstract idea of the office. He can no more conceive a clergyman without it than he can conceive a sweep without a brush or a shoemaker without a last.

This is bad enough, yet there is worse behind. Some clergymen do not even fill in their own flesh and blood to the ready-made skeletons. Their purses do duty for their brains and save them all trouble except that of reading aloud. Any one who consults the advertising columns of newspapers must have remarked suspicious notices addressed "To Clergymen," informing them that at such and such a place there is a number of manuscript sermons to be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, and that "the strictest secresy may be relied on." Sometimes clergymen receive circulars stating that Mr. A. has lithographed one hundred sermons of his own composition; that as the number of copies is very limited they may be used with perfect safety; and, as before, that the strictest, &c. &c. The demand is sufficient to maintain a rather flourishing trade in these precious productions, which are written generally not by clergymen but by schoolmasters out of employment, and literary gentlemen who have failed in everything else.

In things like this, mistakes will sometimes happen even with the best management. A clergyman who fondly believed his manuscripts peculiar to himself was invited to preach in a church at some distance. Imagining that his sermon had created a sensation, he asked the sexton, after service, how it was liked. "Oh, very much indeed, sir," said the sexton,—"we *always* liked that sermon."

Eloquence is another stumbling-stone with preachers. Men to whom nature has not been so liberal in this respect as she might have been imagine that eloquence is a duty, a thing to be tried at all hazards. They think, as Pompey thought when he faced the storm at sea, that a brave man ought always to look to what is right and take no account of consequences. This is an unfortunate doctrine for the listeners. It is this that gives birth to all those varied phases of eloquence that may be met with, from the fine-frenzy man to the man who tears his passion to very rags and tatters. It is an unfortunate doctrine, for it is not given to all men to be eloquent, and bad eloquence is worse than none at all. If nature has not bestowed it the best thing is to let it alone. Horace said a poet was nature's workmanship, because he happened to be writing on the art of poetry. If he had been engaged on an art of prose he would have said the same about the orator. The world knows this very well and makes allowances accordingly. Like wit or any other special gift it thinks it an excellent thing where it can be found, but still not a necessary of life. Coleridge and Sidney Smith were specially gifted with conversational powers. Every one was fascinated, and every one was delighted to let them lead and to let them shine. When Mr. Jones,

however (a most respectable man, but not gifted in the same way precisely), tries to follow their example, he finds the effect entirely different. Invitations become fewer and fewer, till he awakes to the dread consciousness that his friends think him a bore. Yes, Mr. Jones and juvenile orators of the pulpit, we do like wit and eloquence, and champagne also —when they are good; but we *can* do without them. If you have only imitation to offer us, we shall like your entertainment much better for leaving them out.

There is one form of eloquence open to all, and only one—the eloquence of earnestness. But this may be left to take care of itself. It comes spontaneous and unsought, the natural offspring of sincerity and truth. It presupposes only that the teacher is himself convinced; for as Milton tells us—

"—— None
But such as are good men can give good things."

This is the form of eloquence which best becomes the pulpit, and best agrees with our national taste. It is grave and solemn, as becomes a theme so sacred. It is impressive and effective, because the language is felt to be from the speaker's heart,—the utterance not of what he thinks to be brilliant, but of what he knows to be true. This is a gem without price, and a gem that none can counterfeit. The world—even the worldly —can tell the difference. The imitation may be good, but an unerring instinct tells them it is imitation.

Our venerated teachers must not take it as an insult, that we should presume to offer them some hints how they ought to teach us. Perhaps it is not wholesome to be always teaching others. And is it not possible that in this way they may hear of something to their advantage? When Benedick overheard his friends take him down as he lay in the bushes, instead of making it an insult he wisely reflected on the happiness of those that can "hear their detractions, and put them to mending." Besides, it is asking no more than simple justice, nor as much. All the year round they have the *parole*, and we must listen in silence. Whatever we may think in church, we cannot speak. The heaviest Mede-and-Persian in the kingdom is lord of his own pulpit. It is his castle, and we cannot eject him to put him in a pew and have our turn at lecturing him. We must either take it out in print or let it alone. It is not much to ask them for once to change places with us. Even the slaves at Rome were allowed as much. Once in the year they might tell their masters exactly what they thought of them. It is a hard case if in this land of freedom we cannot claim a privilege which those heathen tyrants granted without asking.

Sold.

I.

Come out with me into the moonlight: I know 'twas the maddest of folly,
But I could not without having seen her go away to that far off land;
And look, I have got some last tokens, those few little leaves of holly,—
I needed not them to remember *her*, but they've thrilled to the touch of her hand.

II.

She was talking just now with Barbara, and fingering them on the wall,
While I from the doorway envied each poor little innocent leaf,
And so, when that waltz was over, I quietly crossèd the hall,
And slipping them into my bosom slunk off like a guilty thief.

III.

How calmly the full moon is shining,—let us take a last stroll to the river;
No, not on this, the other, the shady side of the street.
She looks all too tranquil for me,—*she* is patient and true as ever:
'Twas just such a night when we parted—ah! I dreamt not that thus we'd meet.

IV.

But one year, one short year ago, I was ordered to join my ship;
Her relations had managed it so that I might be kept out of the way;
That night for the first time and only I tasted the dew of her lip,
When she swore before God to be mine, and was his in nine weeks from that day.

V.

Poor fool! I had dreamt of that parting when far away out on the ocean;
That touch of her soft lips had cheered me when my heart was inclinèd to fall.
And had roused me to greater exertion in the hope of obtaining promotion,
That I might be more worthy of her—and this is the end of all.

VI.

She feigned not to know me to-night; we met, but her eyes never faltered.
She moved along proudly as ever; but how changèd she looks, and how ill,
Twelve months since so girlishly beautiful! My God, she is dreadfully altered!
And yet 'twas the well-known face, George,—the same face, her dear face still.

VII.

I could see the care-lines on her forehead; how smooth it was, and how fair!
And her eyes have dark circles round them, where the hot tears have left their trace.
Her cheeks, too, are sunken and wan, while the heavy braids of her hair,
Which was parted low down, seemed to heighten the marble pale of her face.

VIII.

Her lips parted once in a smile too, sweet as ever but sadder and older,
And the nether one quivered, as though it were more used to weeping than laughter,
And the smile died out only too quickly, leaving her face all the colder,
The shadow which ever hangs over it visibly deepening after.

IX.

And this was the bride—the bride, George—*my* bride that was to have been,
Whom I'd loved from mine earliest boyhood, and loving had hoped to win;
And what does it matter to me, though a stranger has come between?
I love her as madly as ever, God help me an it be a sin.

X.

I know that they forced her into it; I can see that her heart is broken.
Ah! would that by shedding my heart's best blood I could free her from all her pain,
And rescue her life from the lie which her innocent lips have spoken,
And bring back that glad light to her eyes which can nevermore shine there again.

XI.

They have sold her: by heaven! they have sold her, to the slavery of wealth and position:
Her father has taken her to market, and this man with his riches has bought her;
While, false to her womanliest instincts, her mother has counselled submission:
No doubt she is proud of the marriage, and boasts of my lady her daughter.

XII.

Oh, we hear of the horrors of slavery, and ask why God's vengeance still lingers,
And our women write liberty autographs, and remember the slaves in their prayers,
And weep o'er the wrongs of the captives, while the jewels which gleam on their fingers
And the bracelets which circle their arms are heavier fetters than theirs.

XIII.

Worse than slaves are those women of England who barter their souls for
a carriage;
Who, selling their persons for titles and jointures and houses in town,
Yet brazenly stand in the market, and, calling the purchase a marriage,
Live on in their legalized sin, while the heavens look patiently down.

XIV.

Nay, spare me, my friend! it is useless: I reck not or riches or honour,
Those shadows for which far too many relinquish the blessings of life;
If I ever ambitioned such baubles, it was that I might shower them upon
her
And gain such a name that my darling might not blush to be callèd my
wife.

XV.

What care I for all those broad acres which you say I may one day
inherit?
What care I for your castles and mansions and influence and county
position?
The lone heart hath no possessions, and the man of a broken spirit
Is a beggar, and less than a beggar, whatever his name or condition.

XVI.

O my God! with what calmness the moon shines, indifferent to all this
wrong;
Unconscious, or cruelly careless, that the light of two lives is gone.
Hearts are broken and lives are blighted, yet the stream ever bears us
along,
And the world moves round on its axis, and the sun and the moon
shine on.

XVII.

Well, this is no place for me now, George; I'll be far away on the morrow.
Go back to the ball and be gay, man, and forget all those wrongs which
I nurse.
God keep you from tasting the bitterness of sorrow, like this my sorrow,
And from having heaven's choicest of blessings changed into life's
bitterest curse!

JAMES C. PATTERSON.

Windsor, Canada West.

Philip.

CHAPTER XI.

In which Philip is very Ill-tempered.

PHILIP had long divined a part of his dear little friend's history. An uneducated young girl had been found, cajoled, deserted by a gentleman of the world. And poor Caroline was the victim, and Philip's own father the seducer. He easily guessed as much as this of the sad little story. Dr. Firmin's part in it was enough to shock his son with a thrill of disgust, and to increase the mistrust, doubt, alienation, with which the father had long inspired the son. What would Philip feel, when all the pages of that dark book were opened to him, and he came to hear of a false marriage, and a ruined and outcast woman, deserted for years by the man to whom he himself was most bound? In a word, Philip had considered this as a mere case of early libertinism, and no more; and it was as such, in the very few words which he may have uttered to me respecting this matter, that he had chosen to regard it. I knew no more than my friend had told me of the story as yet; it was only by degrees that I learned it, and as events, now subsequent, served to develop and explain it.

The elder Firmin, when questioned by his old acquaintance, and, as it appeared, accomplice of former days, regarding the end of a certain intrigue at Margate, which had occurred some four or five and twenty years back, and when Firmin, having reason to avoid his college creditors, chose to live away and bear a false name, had told the clergyman a number of falsehoods, which appeared to satisfy him. What had become of that poor little thing about whom he had made such a fool of himself? Oh, she was dead, dead ever so many years before. He had pensioned her off. She had married, and died in Canada—yes, in Canada. Poor little thing! Yes, she was a good little thing, and, at one time, he had been

Nurse and Doctor.

very soft about her. I am sorry to have to state of a respectable gentleman, that he told lies, and told lies habitually and easily. But, you see, if you commit a crime, and break a seventh commandment let us say, or an eighth, or choose any number you will—you will probably have to back the lie of action by the lie of the tongue, and so you are fairly warned, and I have no help for you. If I murder a man, and the policeman inquires, "Pray, sir, did you cut this here gentleman's throat?" I must bear false witness, you see, out of self-defence, though I may be naturally a most reliable, truth-telling man. And so with regard to many crimes which gentlemen commit—it is painful to have to say respecting gentlemen, but they become neither more nor less than habitual liars, and have to go lying on through life to you, to me, to the servants, to their wives, to their children, to —— oh, awful name! I bow and humble myself. May we kneel, may we kneel, nor strive to speak our falsehoods before Thee!

And so, my dear sir, seeing that after committing any infraction of the moral laws, you must tell lies in order to back yourself out of your scrape, let me ask you, as a man of honour and a gentleman, whether you had not better forego the crime, so as to avoid the unavoidable, and unpleasant, and daily-recurring necessity of the subsequent perjury? A poor young girl of the lower orders, cajoled, or ruined, more or less, is of course no great matter. The little baggage is turned out of doors—worse luck for her—or she gets a place, or she marries one of her own class, who has not the exquisite delicacy belonging to "gentle blood"—and there is an end of her. But if you marry her privately and irregularly yourself, and then throw her off, and then marry somebody else, you are brought to book in all sorts of unpleasant ways. I am writing of quite an old story, be pleased to remember. The first part of the history, I myself printed some twenty years ago; and if you fancy I allude to any more modern period, madam, you are entirely out in your conjecture.

It must have been a most unpleasant duty for a man of fashion, honour, and good family, to lie to a poor tipsy, disreputable bankrupt merchant's daughter, such as Caroline Gann; but George Brand Firmin, Esq., M.D., had no other choice, and when he lied,—as in severe cases, when he administered calomel—he thought it best to give the drug freely. Thus he lied to Hunt, saying that Mrs. Brandon was long since dead in Canada; and he lied to Caroline, prescribing for her the very same pill, as it were, and saying that Hunt was long since dead in Canada too. And I can fancy few more painful and humiliating positions for a man of rank and fashion and reputation, than to have to demean himself so far as to tell lies to a little low-bred person, who gets her bread as a nurse of the sick, and has not the proper use of her *h*'s.

"Oh, yes, Hunt!" Firmin had said to the little sister, in one of those sad little colloquies which sometimes took place between him and his victim, his wife of old days. "A wild, bad man, Hunt was—in days when I own I was little better! I have deeply repented since, Caroline;

of nothing more than of my conduct to you; for you were worthy of a better fate, and you loved me truly—madly."

"Yes," says Caroline.

"I was wild, then! I was desperate! I had ruined my fortunes, estranged my father from me, was hiding from my creditors under an assumed name—that under which I saw you. Ah, why did I ever come to your house, my poor child? The mark of the demon was upon me. I did not dare to speak of marriage before my father. You have yours, and tend him with your ever constant goodness. Do you know that my father would not see me when he died? Oh, it's a cruel thing to think of!" And the suffering creature slaps his tall forehead with his trembling hand; and some of his grief about his own father, I dare say, is sincere, for he feels the shame and remorse of being alienated from his own son.

As for the marriage—that it was a most wicked and unjustifiable deceit, he owned; but he was wild when it took place, wild with debt and with despair at his father's estrangement from him—but the fact was, it was no marriage.

"I am glad of that!" sighed the poor little sister.

"Why?" asked the other eagerly. His love was dead, but his vanity was still hale and well. "Did you care for somebody else, Caroline? Did you forget your George, whom you used to——"

"No!" said the little woman, bravely. "But I couldn't live with a man who behaved to any woman so dishonest as you behaved to me. I liked you because I thought you was a gentleman. My poor painter was whom you used to despise and trample to hearth—and my dear, dear Philip is, Mr. Firmin. But gentlemen tell the truth! Gentlemen don't deceive poor innocent girls, and desert 'em without a penny!"

"Caroline! I was driven by my creditors. I——"

"Never mind. It's over now. I bear you no malice, Mr. Firmin, but I wouldn't marry you, no, not to be doctor's wife to the queen!"

This had been the little sister's language when there was no thought of the existence of Hunt, the clergyman who had celebrated their marriage; and I don't know whether Firmin was most piqued or pleased at the divorce which the little woman pronounced of her own decree. But when the ill-omened Hunt made his appearance, doubts and terrors filled the physician's mind. Hunt was needy, greedy, treacherous, unscrupulous, desperate. He could hold this marriage over the doctor. He could threaten, extort, expose, perhaps invalidate Philip's legitimacy. The first marriage, almost certainly, was null, but the scandal would be fatal to Firmin's reputation and practice. And the quarrel with his son entailed consequences not pleasant to think of. You see George Firmin, Esq., M.D., was a man with a great development of the back head; when he willed a thing, he willed it so fiercely that he *must* have it, never mind the consequences. And so he had willed to make himself master of poor little Caroline: and so he had willed, as a young man, to have horses, splendid entertainments, roulette and écarté, and so forth; and the bill

came at its natural season, and George Firmin, Esq., did not always like to pay. But for a grand, prosperous, highly-bred gentleman in the best society—with a polished forehead and manners, and universally looked up to—to have to tell lies to a poor, little, timid, uncomplaining, sick-room nurse, it *was* humiliating, wasn't it? And I can feel for Firmin.

To have to lie to Hunt was disgusting: but somehow not so exquisitely mean and degrading as to have to cheat a little trusting, humble, houseless creature, over the bloom of whose gentle young life his accursed foot had already trampled. But then this Hunt was such a cad and ruffian that there need be no scruple about humbugging *him;* and if Firmin had had any humour he might have had a grim sort of pleasure in leading the dirty clergyman a dance thoro' bush thoro' briar. So, perhaps (of course I have no means of ascertaining the fact), the doctor did not altogether dislike the duty which now devolved on him of hoodwinking his old acquaintance and accomplice. I don't like to use such a vulgar phrase regarding a man in Doctor Firmin's high social position, as to say of him and the gaol-chaplain that it was "thief catch thief;" but at any rate Hunt is such a low, graceless, friendless vagabond, that if he comes in for a few kicks, or is mystified, we need not be very sorry. When Mr. Thurtell is hung we don't put on mourning. His is a painful position for the moment; but, after all, he has murdered Mr. William Weare.

Firmin was a bold and courageous man, hot in pursuit, fierce in desire, but cool in danger, and rapid in action. Some of his great successes as a physician arose from his daring and successful practice in sudden emergency. While Hunt was only lurching about the town an aimless miscreant, living from dirty hand to dirty mouth, and as long as he could get drink, cards, and shelter, tolerably content, or at least pretty easily appeased by a guinea-dose or two—Firmin could adopt the palliative system; soothe his patient with an occasional bounty; set him to sleep with a composing draught of claret or brandy; and let the day take care of itself. He might die; he might have a fancy to go abroad again; he might be transported for forgery or some other rascaldom, Dr. Firmin would console himself; and he trusted to the chapter of accidents to get rid of his friend. But Hunt, aware that the woman was alive whom he had actually, though unlawfully married to Firmin, became an enemy whom it was necessary to subdue, to cajole, or to bribe, and the sooner the doctor put himself on his defence the better. What should the defence be? Perhaps the most effectual was a fierce attack on the enemy; perhaps it would be better to bribe him. The course to be taken would be best ascertained after a little previous reconnoitring.

"He will try and inflame Caroline," the doctor thought, "by representing her wrongs and her rights to her. He will show her that, as my wife, she has a right to my name and a share of my income. A less mercenary woman never lived than this poor little creature. She disdains money, and, except for her father's sake, would have taken none of mine.

But to punish me for certainly rather shabby behaviour; to claim and take her own right and position in the world as an honest woman, may she not be induced to declare war against me, and stand by her marriage? After she left home, her two Irish half-sisters deserted her and spat upon her; and when she would have returned, the heartless women drove her from the door. Oh, the vixens! And now to drive by them in her carriage, to claim a maintenance from me, and to have a right to my honourable name, would she not have her dearest revenge over her sisters by so declaring her marriage?"

Firmin's noble mind misgave him very considerably on this point. He knew women, and how those had treated their little sister. Was it in human nature not to be revenged? These thoughts rose straightway in Firmin's mind, when he heard that the much dreaded meeting between Caroline and the chaplain had come to pass.

As he ate his dinner with his guest, his enemy, opposite to him, he was determining on his plan of action. The screen was up, and he was laying his guns behind it, so to speak. Of course he was as civil to Hunt as the tenant to his landlord when he comes with no rent. So the doctor laughed, joked, bragged, talked his best, and was thinking the while what was to be done against the danger.

He had a plan which might succeed. He must see Caroline immediately. He knew the weak point of her heart, and where she was most likely to be vulnerable. And he would act against her as barbarians of old acted against their enemies, when they brought the captive wives and children in front of the battle, and bade the foe strike through them. He knew how Caroline loved his boy. It was through that love he would work upon her. As he washes his pretty hands for dinner, and bathes his noble brow, he arranges his little plan. He orders himself to be sent for soon after the second bottle of claret—and it appears the doctor's servants were accustomed to the delivery of these messages from their master to himself. The plan arranged, now let us take our dinner and our wine, and make ourselves comfortable until the moment of action. In his wild-oats days, when travelling abroad with wild and noble companions, Firmin had fought a duel or two, and was always remarkable for his gaiety of conversation and the fine appetite which he showed at breakfast before going on to the field. So, perhaps, Hunt, had he not been stupefied by previous drink, might have taken the alarm by remarking Firmin's extra courtesy and gaiety, as they dined together. It was *nunc vinum, cras æquor.*

When the second bottle of claret was engaged, Dr. Firmin starts. He has an advance of half-an-hour at least on his adversary, or on the man who may be his adversary. If the Little Sister is at home, he will see her—he will lay bare his candid heart to her, and make a clean breast of it. The Little Sister was at home.

"I want to speak to you very particularly about that case of poor Lady Humandhaw," says he, dropping his voice.

"I will step out, my dear, and take a little fresh air," says Captain Gann; meaning that he will be off to the "Admiral Byng;" and the two are together.

"I have had something on my conscience. I have deceived you, Caroline," says the doctor, with the beautiful shining forehead and hat.

"Ah, Mr. Firmin," says she, bending over her work; "you've used me to that."

"A man whom you knew once, and who tempted me for his own selfish ends to do a very wrong thing by you—a man whom I thought dead is alive:—Tufton Hunt, who performed that—that illegal ceremony at Margate, of which so often and often on my knees I have repented, Caroline!"

The beautiful hands are clasped, the beautiful deep voice thrills lowly through the room; and if a tear or two can be squeezed out of the beautiful eyes, I daresay the doctor will not be sorry.

"He has been here to-day. Him and Mr. Philip was here and quarrelled. Philip has told you, I suppose, sir?"

"Before Heaven, 'on the word of a gentleman,' when I said he was dead, Caroline, I thought he was dead! Yes, I declare, at our college, Maxwell—Dr. Maxwell—who had been at Cambridge with us, told me that our old friend Hunt had died in Canada." (This, my beloved friends and readers, may not have been the precise long bow which George Firmin, Esq., M.D., pulled; but that he twanged a famous lie out, whenever there was occasion for the weapon, I assure you is an undoubted fact.) "Yes, Dr. Maxwell told me our old friend was dead—our old friend? My worst enemy and yours! But let that pass. It was he, Caroline, who led me into crimes which I have never ceased to deplore."

"Ah, Mr. Firmin," sighs the Little Sister, "since I've known you, you was big enough to take care of yourself in that way."

"I have not come to excuse myself, Caroline," says the deep sweet voice. "I have done you enough wrong, and I feel it here—at this heart. I have not come to speak about myself, but of some one I love the best of all the world—the only being I *do* love—some one you love, you good and generous soul—about Philip."

"What is it about Philip?" asks Mrs. Brandon, very quickly.

"Do you want harm to happen to him?"

"Oh, my darling boy, no!" cries the Little Sister, clasping her little hands.

"Would you keep him from harm?"

"Ah, sir, you know I would. When he had the scarlet fever, didn't I pour the drink down his poor throat, and nurse him, and tend him, as if, as if—as a mother would her own child?"

"You did, you did, you noble, noble woman; and Heaven bless you for it! A father does. I am not all heartless, Caroline, as you deem me, perhaps."

"I don't think it's much merit, your loving *him*," says Caroline, resuming her sewing. And, perhaps, she thinks within herself, "What is he a coming to?" You see she was a shrewd little person, when her passions and partialities did not overcome her reason; and she had come to the conclusion that this elegant Dr. Firmin whom she had admired so once was a—not altogether veracious gentleman. In fact, I heard her myself say afterwards, "La! he used to talk so fine, and slap his hand on his heart, you know; but I usedn't to believe him, no more than a man in a play." "It's not much merit your loving that boy," says Caroline, then. "But what about him, sir?"

Then Firmin explained. This man Hunt was capable of any crime for money or revenge. Seeing Caroline was alive . . .

"I 'spose you told him I was dead too, sir," says she, looking up from the work.

"Spare me, spare me! Years ago, perhaps, when I had lost sight of you, I may, perhaps, have thought . . .

"And it's not to you, George Brandon—it's not to you," cries Caroline, starting up, and speaking with her sweet, innocent, ringing voice; "it's to kind, dear friends,—it's to my good God that I owe my life, which you had flung it away. And I paid you back by guarding your boy's dear life, I did, under—under Him who giveth and taketh. And bless His name!"

"You are a good woman, and I am a bad, sinful man, Caroline," says the other. "You saved my Philip's—our Philip's life, at the risk of your own. Now I tell you that another immense danger menaces him, and may come upon him any day as long as yonder scoundrel is alive. Suppose his character is assailed; suppose, thinking you dead, I married another."

"Ah, George, you never thought me dead; though, perhaps, you wished it, sir. And many would have died," added the poor Little Sister.

"Look, Caroline? If I was married to you, my wife—Philip's mother—was not my wife, and he is her natural son. The property he inherits does not belong to him. The children of his grandfather's other daughter claim it, and Philip is a beggar. Philip, bred as he has been—Philip, the heir to a mother's large fortune."

"And—and his father's, too?" asks Caroline, anxiously.

"I daren't tell you—though, no, by heavens! I can trust you with everything. My own great gains have been swallowed up in speculations which have been almost all fatal. There has been a fate hanging over me, Caroline—a righteous punishment for having deserted you. I sleep with a sword over my head, which may fall and destroy me. I walk with a volcano under my feet, which may burst any day and annihilate me. And people speak of the famous Dr. Firmin, the rich Dr. Firmin, the prosperous Dr. Firmin! I shall have a title soon, I believe. I am believed to be happy, and I am alone, and the wretchedest man alive."

"Alone, are you?" said Caroline. "There was a woman once would

have kept by you, only you—you flung her away. Look here, George Brandon. It's over with us. Years and years ago it lies where a little cherub was buried. But I love my Philip; and I won't hurt him, no, never, never, never."

And as the doctor turned to go away, Caroline followed him wistfully into the hall, and it was there that Philip found them.

Caroline's tender "never, never," rang in Philip's memory as he sat at Ridley's party, amidst the artists and authors there assembled. Phil was thoughtful and silent. He did not laugh very loud. He did not praise or abuse anybody outrageously, as was the wont of that most emphatic young gentleman. He scarcely contradicted a single person; and perhaps, when Larkins said Scumble's last picture was beautiful, or Bunch, the critic of the *Connoisseur*, praised Bowman's last novel, contented himself with a scornful "Ho!" and a pull at his whiskers, by way of protest and denial. Had he been in his usual fine spirits, and enjoying his ordinary flow of talk, he would have informed Larkins and the assembled company not only that Scumble was an impostor, but that he, Larkins, was an idiot for admiring him. He would have informed Bunch that he was infatuated about that jackass Bowman, that cockney, that wretched ignoramus, who didn't know his own or any other language. He would have taken down one of Bowman's stories from the shelf, and proved the folly, imbecility, and crass ignorance of that author. (Ridley has a simple little stock of novels and poems in an old cabinet in his studio, and reads them still with much artless wonder and respect.) Or, to be sure, Phil would have asserted propositions the exact contrary of those here maintained, and declared that Bowman was a genius, and Scumble a most accomplished artist. But then, you know, somebody else must have commenced by taking the other side. Certainly a more paradoxical, and provoking, and obstinate, and contradictory disputant than Mr. Phil, I never knew. I never met Dr. Johnson, who died before I came up to town; but I do believe Phil Firmin would have stood up and argued even with *him*.

At these Thursday divans the host provided the modest and kindly refreshment, and Betsy the maid, or Virgilio the model, travelled to and fro with glasses and water. Each guest brought his own smoke, and I promise you there were such liberal contributions of the article, that the studio was full of it; and new comers used to be saluted by a roar of laughter as you heard, rather than saw, them entering, and choking in the fog. It was, "Holloa, Prodgers! is that you, old boy?" and the beard of Prodgers (that famous sculptor) would presently loom through the cloud. It was, "Newcome, how goes?" and Mr. Clive Newcome (a mediocre artist, I must own, but a famous good fellow with an uncommonly pretty villa and pretty and rich wife at Wimbledon) would make his appearance, and be warmly greeted by our little host. It was "Is that you, F. B.? would you like a link, old boy, to see you through the fog?" And the deep voice of Frederick Bayham, Esquire (the eminent

critic on Art), would boom out of the tobacco-mist, and would exclaim, "A link? I would like a drink." Ah, ghosts of youth, again ye draw near! Old figures glimmer through the cloud. Old songs echo out of the distance. What were you saying anon about Dr. Johnson, boys? I am sure some of us must remember him. As for me, I am so old, that I might have been at Edial school — the other pupil along with little Davy Garrick and his brother.

We had a bachelor's supper in the Temple so lately that I think we must pay but a very brief visit to a smoking party in Thornhaugh Street, or the ladies will say that we are too fond of bachelor habits, and keep our friends away from their charming and amiable society. A novel must not smell of cigars much, nor should its refined and genteel page be stained with too frequent brandy and water. Please to imagine, then, the prattle of the artists, authors, and amateurs assembled at Ridley's divan. Fancy Jarman, the miniature painter, drinking more liquor than any man present, asking his neighbour (*sub voce*) why Ridley does not give his father (the old butler) five shillings to wait; suggesting that perhaps the old man is gone out, and is getting seven-and-sixpence elsewhere; praising Ridley's picture aloud, and sneering at it in an undertone; and when a man of rank happens to enter the room, shambling up to him, and fawning on him, and cringing to him with fulsome praise and flattery. When the gentleman's back is turned, Jarman can spit epigrams at it. I hope he will never forgive Ridley, and always continue to hate him: for hate him Jarman will, as long as he is prosperous, and curse him as long as the world esteems him. Look at Pym, the incumbent of Saint Bronze hard by, coming in to join the literary and artistic assembly, and choking in his white neckcloth to the diversion of all the company who can see him! Sixteen, eighteen, twenty men are assembled. Open the windows, or sure they will all be stifled with the smoke! Why, it fills the whole house so, that the Little Sister has to open her parlour window on the ground-floor, and gasp for fresh air.

Phil's head and cigar are thrust out from a window above, and he lolls there, musing about his own affairs, as his smoke ascends to the skies. Young Mr. Philip Firmin is known to be wealthy, and his father gives very good parties in Old Parr Street, so Jarman sidles up to Phil and wants a little fresh air too. He enters into conversation by abusing Ridley's picture that is on the easel.

"Everybody is praising it; what do *you* think of it, Mr. Firmin? Very queer drawing about those eyes, isn't there?"

"Is there?" growls Phil.

"Very loud colour."

"Oh!" says Phil.

"The composition is so clearly prigged from Raphael."

"Indeed!"

"I beg your pardon. I don't think you know who I am," continues the other, with a simper.

"Yes, I do," says Phil, glaring at him. "You're a painter, and your name is Mr. Envy."

"Sir!" shrieks the painter; but he is addressing himself to the tails of Phil's coat, the superior half of Mr. Firmin's body is stretching out of the window. Now, you may speak of a man behind his back, but not to him. So Mr. Jarman withdraws, and addresses himself, face to face, to somebody else in the company. I daresay he abuses that upstart, impudent, bumptious young doctor's son. Have I not owned that Philip was often very rude? and to-night he is in a specially bad humour.

As he continues to stare into the street, who is that who has just reeled up to the railings below, and is talking in at Mr. Brandon's window? Whose blackguard voice and laugh are those which Phil recognizes with a shudder? It is the voice and laugh of our friend Mr. Hunt, whom Philip left, not very long since, near his father's house in Old Parr Street; and both of those familiar sounds are more vinous, more odious, more impudent than they were even two hours ago.

"Holloa! I say!" he calls out with a laugh and a curse. "Pst! Mrs. Whatdyoucallem! Hang it! don't shut the window. Let a fellow in!" and as he looks towards the upper window, where Philip's head and bust appear dark before the light, Hunt cries out, "Holloa! what game's up now, I wonder? Supper and ball. Shouldn't be surprised." And he hiccups a waltz tune, and clatters time to it with his dirty boots.

"Mrs. Whatdyoucall! Mrs. B—!" the sot then recommences to shriek out. "Must see you—most particular business. Private and confidential. Hear of something to your advantage." And rap, rap, rap, he is now thundering at the door. In the clatter of twenty voices few hear Hunt's noise except Philip; or, if they do, only imagine that another of Ridley's guests is arriving.

At the hall door there is talk and altercation, and the high shriek of a well-known odious voice. Philip moves quickly from his window, shoulders friend Jarman at the studio door, and hustling past him obtains, no doubt, more good wishes from that ingenious artist. Philip is so rude and overbearing that I really have a mind to depose him from his place of hero—only, you see, we are committed. His name is on the page overhead, and we can't take it down and put up another. The Little Sister is standing in her hall by the just opened door, and remonstrating with Mr. Hunt, who appears to wish to force his way in.

"Pooh! shtuff, my dear! If he's here I musht see him—particular business—get out of that!" and he reels forward and against little Caroline's shoulder.

"Get away, you brute, you!" cries the little lady. "Go home, Mr. Hunt; you are worse than you were this morning." She is a resolute little woman, and puts out a firm little arm against this odious invader. She has seen patients in hospital raging in fever: she is not frightened by a tipsy man. "La! is it you, Mr. Philip? Who ever will take this

horrid man? He ain't fit to go upstairs among the gentlemen; indeed he ain't."

"You said Firmin was here—and it isn't the father. It's the cub! I want the doctor. Where's the doctor?" hiccups the chaplain, lurching against the wall; and then he looks at Philip with bloodshot eyes, that twinkle hate. "Who wantsh you, I shlike to know? Had enough of you already to-day. Conceited brute. Don't look at *me* in that sortaway! I ain't afraid of you—ain't afraid anybody. Time was when I was a young man fight you as soon as look at you. I say, Philip!"

"Go home, now. Do go home, there's a good man," says the landlady.

"I say! Look here—hic—hi! Philip! On your word as a gentleman, your father's not here? He's a sly old boots, Brummell Firmin is—Trinity man—I'm not a Trinity man—Corpus man. I say, Philip, give us your hand. Bear no malice. Look here—something very particular. After dinner—went into Air-street—you know—*rouge gagne, et couleur*—cleaned out. Cleaned out, on the honour of a gentleman and master of arts of the University of Cambridge. So was your father—no, he went out in medicine. I say, Philip, hand us out five sovereigns, and let's try the luck again! What, you won't? It's mean, I say. Don't be mean."

"Oh, here's five shillings! Go and have a cab. Fetch a cab for him, Virgilio, do!" cries the mistress of the house.

"That's not enough, my dear!" cries the chaplain, advancing towards Mrs. Brandon, with such a leer and air, that Philip, half choked with passion, runs forward, grips Hunt by the collar, and crying out, "You filthy scoundrel! as this is not my house, I may kick you out of it!"—in another instant has run Hunt through the passage, hurled him down the steps, and sent him sprawling into the kennel.

"Row down below," says Rosebury, placidly, looking from above. Personal conflict. Intoxicated individual—in gutter. Our impetuous friend has floored him."

Hunt, after a moment, sits up and glares at Philip. He is not hurt. Perhaps the shock has sobered him. He thinks, perhaps, Philip is going to strike again. "Hands off, BASTARD!" shrieks out the prostrate wretch.

"O Philip, Philip! He's mad, he's tipsy!" cries out the Little Sister, running into the street. She puts her arms round Philip. "Don't mind him, dear—he's mad! Policeman! The gentleman has had too much. Come in, Philip; come in!"

She took him into her little room. She was pleased with the gallantry of the boy. She liked to see him just now, standing over her enemy, courageous, victorious, her champion. "La! how savage he did look; and how brave and strong you are! But the little wretch ain't fit to stand before such as you!" And she passed her little hand down his arm, of which the muscles were all in a quiver from the recent skirmish.

"What did the scoundrel mean by calling me bastard?" said Philip, the wild blue eyes glaring round about with more than ordinary fierceness.

"Nonsense, dear! Who minds anything he says, that beast? His language is always horrid; he's not a gentleman. He had had too much this morning when he was here. What matters what he says? He won't know anything about it to-morrow. But it was kind of my Philip to rescue his poor little nurse, wasn't it? Like a novel. Come in, and let me make you some tea. Don't go to no more smoking: you have had enough. Come in and talk to me."

And, as a mother, with sweet pious face, yearns to her little children from her seat, she fondles him, she watches him; she fills her teapot from her singing kettle. She talks—talks in her homely way, and on this subject and that. It is a wonder how she prattles on, who is generally rather silent. She won't see Phil's eyes, which are following her about very strangely and fiercely. And when again he mutters, "What did he mean by . . .," "La, my dear, how cross you are!" she breaks out. "It's always so; you won't be happy without your cigar. Here's a cheroot, a beauty! Pa brought it home from the club. A China captain gave him some. You must light it at the little end. There!" And if I could draw the picture which my mind sees of her lighting Phil's cheroot for him, and smiling the while, the little innocent Delilah coaxing and wheedling this young Samson, I know it would be a pretty picture. I wish Ridley would sketch it for me.

CHAPTER XII.

DAMOCLES.

N the next morning, at an hour so early that Old Parr Street was scarce awake, and even the maids who wash the broad steps of the houses of the tailors and medical gentlemen who inhabit that region had not yet gone down on their knees before their respective doors, a ring was heard at Dr. Firmin's night bell, and when the door was opened by the yawning attendant, a little person in a grey gown and a black bonnet made her appearance, handed a note to the servant, and said the case was most urgent and the doctor must come at once. Was not Lady Humandhaw the noble person whom we last mentioned, as the invalid about whom the doctor and the nurse had spoken a few words on the previous evening? The Little Sister, for it was she, used the very same name to the servant, who retired grumbling to waken up his master and deliver the note.

Nurse Brandon sate awhile in the great gaunt dining-room where hung the portrait of the doctor in his splendid black collar and cuffs, and contemplated this masterpiece until an invasion of housemaids drove her from the apartment, when she took refuge in that other little room to which Mrs. Firmin's portrait had been consigned.

"That's like him ever so many years and years ago," she thinks. "It is a little handsomer; but it has his wicked look that I used to think so killing, and so did my sisters both of them—they were ready to tear out each other's eyes for jealousy. And that's Mrs. Firmin's! Well, I suppose the painter haven't flattered her. If he have she could have been no great things, Mrs. F. couldn't." And the doctor, entering softly by the opened door and over the thick Turkey carpet, comes up to her noiseless, and finds the little sister gazing at the portrait of the departed lady.

"Oh, it's you, is it? I wonder whether you treated her no better than you treated me, Dr. F. I've a notion she's not the only one. She don't look happy, poor thing," says the little lady.

"What is it, Caroline?" asks the deep-voiced doctor; "and what brings you so early?"

The little sister then explains to him. "Last night after he went away Hunt came, sure enough. He had been drinking. He was very rude, and Philip wouldn't bear it. Philip had a good courage of his own and a hot blood. And Philip thought Hunt was insulting her, the Little Sister. So he up with his hand and down goes Mr. Hunt on the pavement. Well, when he was down he was in a dreadful way, and he called Philip a dreadful name."

"A name? what name?" Then Caroline told the doctor the name Mr. Hunt had used; and if Firmin's face usually looked wicked, I daresay it did not seem very angelical, when he heard how this odious name had been applied to his son. "Can he do Philip a mischief?" Caroline continued. "I thought I was bound to tell his father. Look here, Dr. F., I don't want to do my dear boy a harm. But suppose what you told me last night isn't true—as I don't think you much mind!—mind—saying things as are incorrect you know, when us women are in the case. But suppose when you played the villain, thinking only to take in a poor innocent girl of sixteen, it was you who were took in, and that I was your real wife after all? There would be a punishment!"

"I should have an honest and good wife, Caroline," said the doctor, with a groan.

"This would be a punishment, not for you, but for my poor Philip," the woman goes on. "What has he done, that his honest name should be took from him—and his fortune perhaps? I have been lying broad awake all night thinking of him. Ah, George Brandon! Why, why did you come to my poor old father's house, and bring this misery down on me, and on your child unborn?"

"On myself, the worst of all," says the doctor.

"You deserve it. But it's us innocent that has had, or will have, to suffer most. O George Brandon! Think of a poor child, flung away, and left to starve and die, without even so much as knowing your real name! Think of your boy, perhaps brought to shame and poverty through your fault!"

"Do you suppose I don't often think of my wrong?" says the doctor. "That it does not cause me sleepless nights, and hours of anguish? Ah! Caroline!" and he looks in the glass; "I am not shaved, and it's very unbecoming," he thinks; that is, if I may dare to read his thoughts, as I do to report his unheard words.

"You think of your wrong now it may be found out, I daresay!" says Caroline. "Suppose this Hunt turns against you? He is desperate; mad for drink and money; has been in gaol—as he said this very night to me and my papa. He'll do or say anything. If you treat him hard, and Philip *have* treated him hard—not harder than served him right though—he'll pull the house down and himself under it; but he'll be revenged. Perhaps he drank so much last night, that he may have forgot. But I

fear he means mischief, and I came here to say so, and hoping that you might be kep on your guard, Doctor F., and if you have to quarrel with him, I don't know what you ever will do, I am sure—no more than if you had to fight a chimney-sweep in the street. I have been awake all night thinking, and as soon as ever as I saw the daylight, I determined I would run and tell you."

"When he called Philip that name, did the boy seem much disturbed?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; he referred to it again and again—though I tried to coax him out of it. But it was on his mind last night, and I am sure he will think of it the first thing this morning. Ah, yes, doctor! conscience will sometimes let a gentleman doze; but after discovery has come, and opened your curtains, and said, 'You desired to be called early!' there's little use in trying to sleep much. You look very much frightened, Doctor F.," the nurse continues. "You haven't such a courage as Philip has; or as you had when you were a young man, and came a leading poor girls astray. You used to be afraid of nothing then. Do you remember that fellow on board the steamboat in Scotland in our wedding-trip, and, la, I thought you was going to kill him. That poor little Lord Cinqbars told me ever so many stories then about your courage and shooting people. It wasn't very courageous, leaving a poor girl without even a name, and scarce a guinea, was it? But I ain't come to call up old stories—only to warn you. Even in old times, when he married us, and I thought he was doing a kindness, I never could abide this horrible man. In Scotland, when you was away shooting with your poor little lord, the things Hunt used to say and *look* was dreadful. I wonder how ever you, who were gentlemen, could put up with such a fellow! Ah, that was a sad honeymoon of ours! I wonder why I'm a thinking of it now? I suppose it's from having seen the picture of the other one—poor lady!"

"I have told you, Caroline, that I was so wild and desperate at that unhappy time, I was scarcely accountable for my actions. If I left you, it was because I had no other resource but flight. I was a ruined, penniless man, but for my marriage with Ellen Ringwood. You don't suppose the marriage was happy? Happy! when have I ever been happy? My lot is to be wretched, and bring wretchedness down on those I love! On you, on my father, on my wife, on my boy—I am a doomed man. Ah, that the innocent should suffer for me!" And our friend looks askance in the glass, at the blue chin, and hollow eyes which make his guilt look the more haggard.

"I never had my lines," the Little Sister continued, "I never knew there were papers, or writings, or anything but a ring and a clergyman, when you married me. But I've heard tell that people in Scotland don't want a clergyman at all; and if they call themselves man and wife, they are man and wife. Now, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon certainly did travel together in Scotland—witness that man whom you were going to throw into the lake for being rude to your wife—and . . . La! Don't fly

out so! It wasn't me, a poor girl of sixteen, who did wrong. It was you, a man of the world, who was years and years older."

When Brandon carried off his poor little victim and wife, there had been a journey to Scotland, where Lord Cinqbars, then alive, had sporting quarters. His lordship's chaplain, Mr. Hunt, had been of the party, which fate very soon afterwards separated. Death seized on Cinqbars at Naples. Debt caused Firmin—Brandon, as he called himself then—to fly the country. The chaplain wandered from gaol to gaol. And as for poor little Caroline Brandon, I suppose the husband who had married her under a false name thought that to escape her, leave her, and disown her altogether was an easier and less dangerous plan than to continue relations with her. So one day, four months after their marriage, the young couple being then at Dover, Caroline's husband happened to go out for a walk. But he sent away a portmanteau by the back door when he went out for the walk, and as Caroline was waiting for her little dinner some hours after, the porter who carried the luggage came with a little note from her dearest G. B.; and it was full of little fond expressions of regard and affection, such as gentlemen put into little notes; but dearest G. B. said the bailiffs were upon him, and one of them had arrived that morning, and he must fly: and he took half the money he had, and left half for his little Carry. And he would be back soon, and arrange matters; or tell her where to write and follow him. And she was to take care of her little health, and to write a great deal to her Georgy. And she did not know how to write very well then; but she did her best, and improved a great deal; for, indeed, she wrote a great deal, poor thing. Sheets and sheets of paper she blotted with ink and tears. And then the money was spent; and the next money; and no more came, and no more letters. And she was alone at sea, sinking, sinking, when it pleased Heaven to send that friend who rescued her. It is such a sad, sad little story, that in fact I don't like dwelling on it; not caring to look upon poor innocent, trusting creatures in pain.

. . Well, then, when Caroline exclaimed, "La! don't fly out so, Dr. Firmin!" I suppose the doctor had been crying out, and swearing fiercely, at the recollections of his friend Mr. Brandon, and at the danger which possibly hung over that gentleman. Marriage ceremonies are dangerous risks in jest or in earnest. You can't pretend to marry even a poor old bankrupt lodging-house-keeper's daughter without some risk of being brought subsequently to book. If you have a vulgar wife alive, and afterwards choose to leave her and marry an earl's niece, you will come to trouble, however well connected you are and highly placed in society. If you have had thirty thousand pounds with wife No. 2, and have to pay it back on a sudden, the payment may be inconvenient. You may be tried for bigamy, and sentenced, goodness knows to what punishment. At any rate, if the matter is made public, and you are a most respectable man, moving in the highest scientific and social circles, those circles may be disposed to request you to walk out of their circumference.

A novelist, I know, ought to have no likes, dislikes, pity, partiality for his characters; but I declare I cannot help feeling a respectful compassion for a gentleman, who, in consequence of a youthful, and, I am sure, sincerely regretted folly, may be liable to lose his fortune, his place in society, and his considerable practice. Punishment hasn't a right to come with such a *pede claudo*. There ought to be limitations; and it is shabby and revengeful of Justice to present her little bill when it has been more than twenty years owing. . . . Having had his talk out with the Little Sister, having a long past crime suddenly taken down from the shelf; having a remorse, long since supposed to be dead and buried, suddenly starting up in the most blustering, boisterous, inconvenient manner; having a rage and terror tearing him within; I can fancy this most respectable physician going about his day's work, and most sincerely sympathize with him. Who is to heal the physician? Is he not more sick at heart than most of his patients that day? He has to listen to Lady Megrim cackling for half an hour at least, and describing her little ailments. He has to listen, and never once to dare to say, "Confound you, old chatterbox! What are you prating about your ailments to me, who am suffering real torture whilst I am smirking in your face?" He has to wear the inspiriting smile, to breathe the gentle joke, to console, to whisper hope, to administer remedy; and all day, perhaps, he sees no one so utterly sick, so sad, so despairing, as himself.

The first person on whom he had to practise hypocrisy that day was his own son, who chose to come to breakfast—a meal of which son and father seldom now partook in company. "What does he know, and what does he suspect?" are the father's thoughts; but a louring gloom is on Philip's face, and the father's eyes look into the son's, but cannot penetrate their darkness.

"Did you stay late last night, Philip?" says papa.

"Yes, sir, rather late," answers the son.

"Pleasant party?"

"No, sir, stupid. Your friend Mr. Hunt wanted to come in. He was drunk, and rude to Mrs. Brandon, and I was obliged to put him out of the door. He was dreadfully violent and abusive."

"Swore a good deal, I suppose?"

"Fiercely, sir, and called names."

I daresay Philip's heart beat so when he said these last words, that they were inaudible: at all events, Philip's father did not appear to pay much attention to the words, for he was busy reading the *Morning Post*, and behind that sheet of fashionable news hid whatever expression of agony there might be on his face. Philip afterwards told his present biographer of this breakfast meeting and dreary *tête-à-tête*. "I burned to ask what was the meaning of that scoundrel's words of the past night," Philip said to his biographer; "but I did not dare, somehow. You see, Pendennis, it is not pleasant to say point-blank to your father, 'Sir, are you a confirmed scoundrel, or are you not? Is it possible that you have

made a double marriage, as yonder other rascal hinted; and that my own legitimacy and my mother's fair fame, as well as poor, harmless Caroline's honour and happiness, have been destroyed by your crime?' But I had lain awake all night thinking about that scoundrel Hunt's words, and whether there was any meaning beyond drunken malice in what he said." So we find that three people had passed a bad night in consequence of Mr. Firmin's evil behaviour of five-and-twenty years back, which surely was a most unreasonable punishment for a sin of such old date. I wish, dearly-beloved brother sinners, we could take all the punishment for our individual crimes on our individual shoulders: but we drag them all down with us—that is the fact; and when Macheath is condemned to hang, it is Polly and Lucy who have to weep and suffer and wear piteous mourning in their hearts long after the dare-devil rogue has jumped off the Tyburn ladder.

"Well, sir, he did not say a word," said Philip, recounting the meeting to his friend; "not a word, at least, regarding the matter both of us had on our hearts. But about fashion, parties, politics, he discoursed much more freely than was usual with him. He said I might have had Lord Ringwood's seat for Whipham but for my unfortunate politics. What made a Radical of me, he asked, who was naturally one of the most haughty of men? (and that, I think, perhaps I am," says Phil, "and a good many liberal fellows are.") I should calm down, he was sure—I should calm down, and be of the politics *des hommes du monde*."

Philip could not say to his father, "Sir, it is seeing you cringe before great ones that has set my own back up." There were countless points about which father and son could not speak; and an invisible, unexpressed, perfectly unintelligible mistrust, always was present when those two were *tête-à-tête*.

Their meal was scarce ended when entered to them Mr. Hunt, with his hat on. I was not present at the time, and cannot speak as a certainty; but I should think at his ominous appearance Philip may have turned red and his father pale. "Now is the time," both, I daresay, thought; and the doctor remembered his stormy young days of foreign gambling, intrigue, and duel, when he was put on his ground before his adversary, and bidden, at a given signal, to fire. One, two, three! Each man's hand was armed with malice and murder. Philip had plenty of pluck for his part, but I should think on such an occasion might be a little nervous and fluttered, whereas his father's eye was keen, and his aim rapid and steady.

"You and Philip had a difference last night, Philip tells me," said the doctor.

"Yes, and I promised he should pay me," said the clergyman.

"And I said I should desire no better," says Mr. Phil.

"He struck his senior, his father's friend—a sick man, a clergyman," gasped Hunt.

"Were you to repeat what you did last night, I should repeat what I did," said Phil. "You insulted a good woman."

"It's a lie, sir!" cries the other.

"You insulted a good woman, a lady in her own house, and I turned you out of it," said Phil.

"I say, again, it is a lie, sir!" screams Hunt, with a stamp on the table.

"That you should give me the lie, or otherwise, is perfectly immaterial to me. But whenever you insult Mrs. Brandon, or any harmless woman in my presence, I shall do my best to chastise you," cries Philip of the red moustaches, curling them with much dignity.

"You hear him, Firmin?" says the parson.

"Faith, I do, Hunt!" says the physician; "and I think he means what he says, too."

"Oh! *you* take that line, do you?" cries Hunt of the dirty hands, the dirty teeth, the dirty neckcloth.

"I take what you call that line; and whenever a rudeness is offered to that admirable woman in my son's hearing, I shall be astonished if he does not resent it," says the doctor. "Thank you, Philip!"

The father's resolute speech and behaviour gave Philip great momentary comfort. Hunt's words of the night before had been occupying the young man's thoughts. Had Firmin been criminal, he could not be so bold.

"You talk this way in presence of your son? You have been talking over the matter together before?" asks Hunt.

"We have been talking over the matter before—yes. We were engaged on it when you came into breakfast," said the doctor. "Shall we go on with the conversation where we left it off?"

"Well, do—that is, if you dare," said the clergyman, somewhat astonished.

"Philip, my dear, it is ill for a man to hide his head before his own son; but if I am to speak—and speak I must one day or the other—why not now?"

"Why at all, Firmin?" asks the clergyman, astonished at the other's rather sudden resolve.

"Why? Because I am sick and tired of you, Mr. Tufton Hunt," cries the physician, in his most lofty manner, "of you and your presence in my house; your blackguard behaviour and your rascal extortions—because you will force me to speak one day or the other—and now, Philip, if you like, shall be the day."

"Hang it, I say! Stop a bit!" cries the clergyman.

"I understand you want some more money from me."

"I did promise Jacobs I would pay him to-day, and that was what made me so sulky last night; and, perhaps, I took a little too much. You see my mind was out of order; and what's the use of telling a story that is no good to any one, Firmin—least of all to you," cries the parson, darkly.

"Because, you ruffian, I'll bear with you no more," cries the doctor, the veins of his forehead swelling as he looks fiercely at his dirty adversary. "In the last nine months, Philip, this man has had nine hundred pounds from me."

"The luck has been so very bad, so bad, upon my honour, now," grumbles the parson.

"To-morrow he will want more; and the next day more; and the next day more; and, in fine, I won't live with this accursed man of the sea round my neck. You shall have the story; and Mr. Hunt shall sit by and witness against his own crime and mine. I had been very wild at Cambridge, when I was a young man. I had quarrelled with my father, lived with a dissipated set, and beyond my means; and had had my debts paid so often by your grandfather, that I was afraid to ask for more. He was stern to me; I was not dutiful to him. I own my fault. Mr. Hunt can bear witness to what I say."

"I was in hiding at Margate, under a false name. You know the name."

"Yes, sir, I think I know the name," Philip said, thinking he liked his father better now than he had ever liked him in his life, and sighing, "Ah, if he had always been frank and true with me!"

"I took humble lodgings with an obscure family." [If Dr. Firmin had a prodigious idea of his own grandeur and importance, you see I cannot help it—and he was long held to be such a respectable man.] "And there I found a young girl—one of the most innocent beings that ever a man played with and betrayed. Betrayed, I own it, Heaven forgive me! The crime has been the shame of my life, and darkened my whole career with misery. I got a man worse than myself, if that could be. I got Hunt for a few pounds, which he owed me, to make a sham marriage between me and poor Caroline. My money was soon gone. My creditors were after me. I fled the country, and I left her."

"A sham marriage! a sham marriage!" cries the clergyman. "Didn't you make me perform it by holding a pistol to my throat? A fellow won't risk transportation for nothing. But I owed him money for cards, and he had my bill, and he said he would let me off, and that's why I helped him. Never mind. I am out of the business now, Mr. Brummell Firmin, and you are in it. I have read the Act, sir. The clergyman who performs the marriage is liable to punishment, if informed against within three years, and it's twenty years or more. But you, Mr. Brummell Firmin,—your case is different; and you, my young gentleman, with the fiery whiskers, who strike down old men of a night,—you may find some of us know how to revenge ourselves, though we are down." And with this, Hunt rushed to his greasy hat, and quitted the house, discharging imprecations at his hosts as he passed through the hall.

Son and father sate awhile silent, after the departure of their common enemy. At last the father spoke.

"This is the sword that has always been hanging over my head, and it is now falling, Philip."

"What can the man do? Is the first marriage a good marriage?" asked Philip, with alarmed face.

"It is no marriage. It is void to all intents and purposes. You may suppose I have taken care to learn the law about that. Your legitimacy is safe, sure enough. But that man can ruin me, or nearly so. He will try to-morrow, if not to-day. As long as you or I can give him a guinea, he will take it to the gambling-house. I had the mania on me myself once. My poor father quarrelled with me in consequence, and died without seeing me. I married your mother—Heaven help her, poor soul! and forgive me for being but a harsh husband to her—with a view of mending my shattered fortunes. I wished she had been more happy, poor thing. But do not blame me utterly, Philip. I was desperate, and she wished for the marriage so much! I had good looks and high spirits in those days. People said so." [And here he glances obliquely at his own handsome portrait.] "Now I am a wreck, a wreck!"

"I conceive, sir, that this will annoy you; but how can it ruin you?" asked Philip.

"What becomes of my practice as a family physician? The practice is not now what it was, between ourselves, Philip, and the expenses greater than you imagine. I have made unlucky speculations. If you count upon much increase of wealth from me, my boy, you will be disappointed; though you were never mercenary, no, never. But the story bruited about by this rascal, of a physician of eminence engaged in two marriages, do you suppose my rivals won't hear it, and take advantage of it—my patients hear it, and avoid me?"

"Make terms with the man at once, then, sir, and silence him."

"To make terms with a gambler is impossible. My purse is always there open for him to thrust his hand into when he loses. No man can withstand such a temptation. I am glad you have never fallen into it. I have quarrelled with you sometimes for living with people below your rank: perhaps you were right, and I was wrong. I have liked, always did, I don't disguise it, to live with persons of station. And these, when I was at the University, taught me play and extravagance; and in the world haven't helped me much. Who would? Who would?" and the doctor relapsed into meditation.

A little catastrophe presently occurred, after which Mr. Philip Firmin told me the substance of this story. He described his father's long acquiescence in Hunt's demands, and sudden resistance to them, and was at a loss to account for the change. I did not tell my friend in express terms, but I fancied I could account for the change of behaviour. Dr. Firmin, in his interviews with Caroline, had had his mind set at rest about one part of his danger. The doctor need no longer fear the charge of a double marriage. The Little Sister resigned her claims past, present, future.

If a gentleman is sentenced to be hung, I wonder is it a matter of

comfort to him or not to know beforehand the day of the operation? Hunt would take his revenge. When and how? Dr. Firmin asked himself. Nay, possibly, you will have to learn that this eminent practitioner walked about with more than danger hanging imminent over him. Perhaps it was a rope: perhaps it was a sword: some weapon of execution, at any rate, as we frequently may see. A day passes: no assassin darts at the doctor as he threads the dim opera-colonnade passage on his way to his club. A week goes by: no stiletto is plunged into his well-wadded breast as he steps from his carriage at some noble patient's door. Philip says he never knew his father more pleasant, easy, good-humoured, and affable than during this period, when he must have felt that a danger was hanging over him of which his son at this time had no idea. I dined in Old Parr Street once in this memorable period (memorable it seemed to me from immediately subsequent events). Never was the dinner better served: the wine more excellent: the guests and conversation more gravely respectable than at this entertainment: and my neighbour remarked with pleasure how the father and son seemed to be on much better terms than ordinary. The doctor addressed Philip pointedly once or twice; alluded to his foreign travels; spoke of his mother's family—it was most gratifying to see the pair together. Day after day passes so. The enemy has disappeared. At least, the lining of his dirty hat is no longer visible on the broad marble table of Dr. Firmin's hall.

But one day—it may be ten days after the quarrel—a little messenger comes to Philip, and says, "Philip dear, I am sure there is something wrong; that horrible Hunt has been here with a very quiet, soft-spoken old gentleman, and they have been going on with my poor pa about my wrongs and his—his, indeed!—and they have worked him up to believe that somebody has cheated his daughter out of a great fortune; and who can that somebody be but your father? And whenever they see me coming, papa and that horrid Hunt go off to the 'Admiral Byng:' and one night when pa came home he said, 'Bless you, bless you, my poor, innocent, injured child; and blessed you *will* be, mark a fond father's words!' They are scheming something against Philip and Philip's father. Mr. Bond the soft-spoken old gentleman's name is: and twice there has been a Mr. Walls to inquire if Mr. Hunt was at our house."

"Mr. Bond?—Mr. Walls?—A gentleman of the name of Bond was uncle Twysden's attorney. An old gentleman, with a bald head, and one eye bigger than the other?"

"Well, this old man has one smaller than the other, I do think," says Caroline. "First man who came was Mr. Walls—a rattling young fashionable chap, always laughing, talking about theatres, operas, everything—came home from the 'Byng' along with pa and his new friend—oh! I do hate him, that man, that Hunt!—then he brought the old man, this Mr. Bond. What are they scheming against you, Philip? I tell you this matter is all about you and your father."

Years and years ago, in the poor mother's lifetime, Philip remembered an outbreak of wrath on his father's part, who called uncle Twysden a swindling miser, and this very Mr. Bond a scoundrel who deserved to be hung, for interfering in some way in the management of a part of the property which Mrs. Twysden and her sister inherited from their own mother. That quarrel had been made up, as such quarrels are. The brothers-in-law had continued to mistrust each other; but there was no reason why the feud should descend to the children; and Philip and his aunt, and one of her daughters at least, were on good terms together. Philip's uncle's lawyers engaged with his father's debtor and enemy against Dr. Firmin: the alliance boded no good.

"I won't tell you what I think, Philip," said the father. "You are fond of your cousin?"

"Oh! for ev——"

"For ever, of course! At least until we change our mind, or one of us grows tired, or finds a better mate."

"Ah, sir!" cries Philip, but suddenly stops in his remonstrance.

"What were you going to say, Philip, and why do you pause?"

"I was going to say, father, if I might without offending, that I think you judge hardly of women. I know two who have been very faithful to you."

"And I a traitor to both of them. Yes; and my remorse, Philip, my remorse!" says his father in his deepest tragedy voice, clutching his hand over a heart that I believe beat very coolly. But, psha! why am I, Philip's biographer, going out of the way to abuse Philip's papa? Is not the threat of bigamy and exposure enough to disturb any man's equanimity? I say again, suppose there is another sword—a rope if you will so call it—hanging over the head of our Damocles of Old Parr Street? . . . . Howbeit, the father and the son met and parted in these days with unusual gentleness and cordiality. And these were the last days in which they were to meet together. Nor could Philip recal without satisfaction, afterwards, that the hand which he took was pressed and given with a real kindness and cordiality.

Why were these the last days son and father were to pass together? Dr. Firmin is still alive. Philip is a very tolerably prosperous gentleman. He and his father parted good friends, and it is the biographer's business to narrate how and wherefore. When Philip told his father that Messrs. Bond and Walls, his uncle Twysden's attorneys, were suddenly interested about Mr. Brandon and his affairs, the father instantly guessed, though the son was too simple as yet to understand how it was that these gentlemen interfered. If Mr. Brandon–Firmin's marriage with Miss Ringwood was null, her son was illegitimate, and her fortune went to her sister. Painful as such a duty might be to such tender-hearted people as our Twysden acquaintances to deprive a dear nephew of his fortune, yet, after all, duty is duty, and a parent must sacrifice everything for justice and his own children. "Had I been in such a case," Talbot

Twysden subsequently and repeatedly declared, "I should never have been easy a moment if I thought I possessed wrongfully a beloved nephew's property. I could not have slept in peace; I could not have shown my face at my own club, or to my own conscience, had I the weight of such an injustice on my mind." In a word, when he found that there was a chance of annexing Philip's share of the property to his own, Twysden saw clearly that his duty was to stand by his own wife and children.

The information upon which Talbot Twysden, Esq., acted, was brought to him at his office by a gentleman in dingy black, who, after a long interview with him, accompanied him to his lawyer, Mr. Bond, before mentioned. Here, in South Square, Gray's Inn, the three gentlemen held a consultation, of which the results began quickly to show themselves. Messrs. Bond and Selby had an exceedingly lively, cheerful, jovial, and intelligent confidential clerk, who combined business and pleasure with the utmost affability, and was acquainted with a thousand queer things, and queer histories about queer people in this town; who lent money; who wanted money; who was in debt; and who was outrunning the constable; whose diamonds were in pawn; whose estates were over-mortgaged; who was over-building himself; who was casting eyes of longing at what pretty opera dancer—about races, fights, bill brokers, *quicquid agunt homines.* This Tom Walls had a deal of information, and imparted it so as to make you die of laughing.

The Reverend Tufton Hunt brought this jolly fellow first to the "Admiral Byng," where his amiability won all hearts at the club. At the Byngs, it was not very difficult to gain Captain Gann's easy confidence. And this old man was in the course of a very trifling consumption of rum-and-water, brought to see that his daughter had been the object of a wicked conspiracy, and was the rightful and most injured wife of a man who ought to declare her fair fame before the world and put her in possession of a portion of his great fortune.

A great fortune? How great a fortune? Was it three hundred thousand, say? Those doctors, many of them, had fifteen thousand a-year. Mr. Walls (who perhaps knew better) was not at liberty to say what the fortune was: but it was a shame that Mrs. Brandon was kept out of her rights, that was clear.

Old Gann's excitement, when this matter was first broached to him (under vows of profound secrecy) was so intense, that his old reason tottered on its rickety old throne. He well nigh burst with longing to speak upon this mystery. Mr. and Mrs. Oves, the esteemed landlord and lady of the "Byng," never saw him so excited. He had a great opinion of the judgment of his friend, Mr. Ridley; in fact, he must have gone to Bedlam, unless he had talked to somebody on this most nefarious transaction, which might make the blood of every Briton curdle with horror—as he was free to say.

Old Mr. Ridley was of a much cooler temperament, and altogether a

more cautious person. The doctor rich? He wished to tell no secrets, nor to meddle in no gentleman's affairs: but he have heard very different statements regarding Dr. Firmin's affairs.

When dark hints about treason, wicked desertion, rights denied, "and a great fortune which you are kep out of, my poor Caroline, by a rascally wolf in sheep's clothing, you are; and I always mistrusted him, from the moment I saw him, and said to your mother, 'Emily, that Brandon is a bad fellow, Brandon is;' and bitterly, bitterly I've rued ever receiving him under my roof." When speeches of this nature were made to Mrs. Caroline, strange to say, the little lady made light of them. "Oh, nonsense, Pa! Don't be bringing that sad, old story up again. I have suffered enough from it already. If Mr. F. left me, he wasn't the only one who flung me away; and I have been able to live, thank mercy, through it all."

This was a hard hit, and not to be parried. The truth is, that when poor Caroline, deserted by her husband, had come back, in wretchedness, to her father's door, the man, and the wife who then ruled him, had thought fit to thrust her away. And she had forgiven them: and had been enabled to heap a rare quantity of coals on that old gentleman's head.

When the captain remarked his daughter's indifference and unwillingness to reopen this painful question of her sham marriage with Firmin, his wrath was moved, and his suspicion excited. "Ha!" says he, "have this man been a tampering with you again?"

"Nonsense, Pa!" once more says Caroline. "I tell you, it is this fine-talking lawyer's clerk has been tampering with *you*. You're made a tool of, Pa! and you've been made a tool of all your life!

"Well, now, upon my honour, my good madam!" interposes Mr. Walls.

"Don't talk to me, sir! I don't want any lawyers' clerks to meddle in my business!" cries Mrs. Brandon, very briskly. "I don't know what you're come about. I don't want to know, and I'm most certain it is for no good."

I suppose it was the ill success of his ambassador that brought Mr. Bond himself to Thornhaugh-street; and a more kind, fatherly, little man never looked than Mr. Bond, although he may have had one eye smaller than the other. "What is this, my dear madam, I hear from my confidential clerk, Mr. Walls?" he asked of the Little Sister. "You refuse to give him your confidence because he is only a clerk? I wonder whether you will accord it to me, as a principal?"

"She may, sir, she may—every confidence!" says the captain, laying his hand on that snuffy satin waistcoat which all his friends so long admired on him. "She *might* have spoken to Mr. Walls."

"Mr. Walls is not a family man. I am. I have children at home, Mrs. Brandon, as old as you are," says the benevolent Bond, "I would have justice done them, and for you too."

"You're very good to take so much trouble about me all of a sudden, to be sure," says Mrs. Brandon, demurely. "I suppose you don't do it for nothing."

"I should not require much fee to help a good woman to her rights; and a lady I don't think needs much persuasion to be helped to her advantage," remarks Mr. Bond.

"That depends who the helper is."

"Well, if I can do you no harm, and help you possibly to a name, to a fortune, to a high place in the world, I don't think you need be frightened. I don't look very wicked or very artful, do I?"

"Many is that don't look so. I've learned as much as that about you gentlemen," remarks Mrs. Brandon.

"You have been wronged by one man, and doubt all."

"Not all. Some, sir!"

"Doubt about me if I can by any possibility injure you. But how and why should I? Your good father knows what has brought me here. I have no secret from him. Have I, Mr. Gann, or Captain Gann, as I have heard you addressed?"

"Mr., sir—plain Mr.—No, sir; your conduct have been most open, honourable, and like a gentleman. Neither would you, sir, do aught to disparage Mrs. Brandon; neither would I, her father. No ways, I think, would a parent do harm to his own child. May I offer you any refreshment, sir?" and a shaky, a dingy, but a hospitable hand, is laid upon the glossy cupboard, in which Mrs. Brandon keeps her modest little store of strong waters.

"Not one drop, thank you! You trust me, I think more than Mrs. Firm—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Brandon, is disposed to do."

At the utterance of that monosyllable *Firm* Caroline became so white, and trembled so, that her interlocutor stopped, rather alarmed at the effect of his word—his word!—his syllable of a word.

The old lawyer recovered himself with much grace.

"Pardon me, madam," he said; "I know your wrongs; I know your most melancholy history; I know your name, and was going to use it, but it seemed to renew painful recollections to you, which I would not needlessly recall.

Captain Gann took out a snuffy pocket-handkerchief, wiped two red eyes and a shirt-front, and winked at the attorney, and gasped in a pathetic manner.

"You know my story and name, sir, who are a stranger to me. Have you told this old gentleman all about me and my affairs, Pa?" asks Caroline, with some asperity. "Have you told him that my Ma never gave me a word of kindness—that I toiled for you and her like a servant—and when I came back to you, after being deceived and deserted, that you and Ma shut the door in my face? You did! you did! I forgive you; but a hundred thousand billion years can't mend that injury, father, while you broke a poor child's heart with it that day! My Pa has told

you all this, Mr. What's-your-name? I'm s'prized he didn't find something pleasanter to talk about, I'm sure!"

"My love!" interposed the captain.

"Pretty love! to go and tell a stranger in a public-house, and ever so many there besides, I suppose, your daughter's misfortunes, Pa. Pretty love! That's what I've had from you!"

"Not a soul, on the honour of a gentleman, except me and Mr. Walls."

"Then what do you come to talk about me at all for? and what scheme on *hearth* are you driving at? and what brings this old man here?" cries the landlady of Thornhaugh Street, stamping her foot.

"Shall I tell you frankly, my good lady? I called you Mrs. Firmin now because, on my honour and word, I believe such to be your rightful name—because you are the lawful wife of George Brand Firmin. If such be your lawful name, others bear it who have no right to bear it—and inherit property to which they can lay no just claim. In the year 1827, you, Caroline Gann, a child of sixteen, were married by a clergyman whom you know, to George Brand Firmin, calling himself George Brandon. He was guilty of deceiving you; but you were guilty of no deceit. He was a hardened and wily man; but you were an innocent child out of a schoolroom. And though he thought the marriage was not binding upon him, binding it is by Act of Parliament and judges' decision; and you are as assuredly George Firmin's wife, madam, as Mrs. Bond is mine!"

"You have been cruelly injured, Caroline," says the captain, wagging his old nose over his handkerchief.

Caroline seemed to be very well versed in the law of the transaction. "You mean, sir," she said slowly, "that if me and Mr. Brandon was married to each other, he knowing that he was only playing at marriage, and me believing that it was all for good, we are really married."

"Undoubtedly you are, madam—my client has—that is, I have had advice on the point."

"But if we both knew that it was—was only a sort of a marriage—an irregular marriage, you know?"

"Then the Act says that to all intents and purposes the marriage is null and void."

"But you didn't know, my poor innocent child!" cries Mr. Gann. "How should you? How old was you? She was a child in the nursery, Mr. Bond, when the villain inveigled her away from her poor old father. *She* knew nothing of irregular marriages."

"Of course she didn't, the poor creature," cries the old gentleman, rubbing his hands together with perfect good-humour. "Poor young thing, poor young thing!"

As he was speaking, Caroline, very pale and still, was sitting looking at Ridley's sketch of Philip, which hung in her little room. Presently she turned round on the attorney, folding her little hands over her work.

"Mr. Bond," she said, "girls, though they may be ever so young,

know more than some folks fancy. I was more than sixteen when that—that business happened. I wasn't happy at home, and eager to get away. I knew that a gentleman of his rank wouldn't be likely really to marry a poor Cinderella out of a lodging-house, like me. If the truth must be told, I—I knew it was no marriage—never thought it was a marriage—not for good, you know."

And she folds her little hands together as she utters the words, and I daresay once more looks at Philip's portrait.

"Gracious goodness, madam, you must be under some error!" cries the attorney. "How should a child like you know that the marriage was irregular?"

"Because I had no lines!" cries Caroline quickly. "Never asked for none! And our maid we had then said to me, 'Miss Carry, where's your lines? And it's no good without.' And I knew it wasn't! And I'm ready to go before the Lord Chancellor to-morrow and say so!" cries Caroline, to the bewilderment of her father and her cross-examinant.

"Pause, pause! my good madam!" exclaims the meek old gentleman, rising from his chair.

"Go and tell this to them as sent you, sir!" cries Caroline, very imperiously, leaving the lawyer amazed, and her father's face in a bewilderment, over which we will fling his snuffy old pocket-handkerchief.

"If such is unfortunately the case—if you actually mean to abide by this astonishing confession—which deprives you of a high place in society—and—and casts down the hope we had formed of redressing your injured reputation—I have nothing for it! I take my leave, madam! Good morning, Mr. Hum!—Mr. Gann!" And the old lawyer walks out of the Little Sister's room.

"She won't own to the marriage! She is fond of some one else—the little suicide!" thinks the old lawyer, as he clatters down the street to a neighbouring house, where his anxious principal was in waiting. "She's fond of some one else!"

Yes. But the some one else whom Caroline loved was Brand Firmin's son: and it was to save Philip from ruin that the poor Little Sister chose to forget her marriage to his father.

Dignity.

For many years the tide has set against almost all the practices which were formerly considered essential to the dignity of particular ranks or pursuits. Thirty or forty years ago it would have been considered indecorous in a judge to dress on ordinary occasions like other people. At no very remote period children were required to behave to their parents in a manner which we should regard as formal; and almost every ceremony which involves pomp has fallen into disuse, if not discredit. An analogous process has been going on in every form of literature. Most modern books, even if they are of a permanent kind, are written with a familiarity of style and illustration which would have jarred upon the taste of the authors of earlier times. About twenty years ago, Lord Macaulay protested in the *Edinburgh Review* against that "vile phrase" the "dignity of history," and in his later works he inserted many things which would once have been considered altogether inconsistent with it. Many writers of acknowledged eminence constantly write in a manner which, in the last century, would have been considered slovenly; and the authors of works of imagination riot in extravagancies of style which go quite as far as the wildest vagaries of Sterne, and altogether beyond what almost every other writer of the last century would have looked upon as the limits of good taste. These changes, no doubt, are connected with the general social and political movements which marked the close of the last century; but though this may explain their occurrence, it does not show how far they are to be looked upon as beneficial. A change may be in harmony with the temper of the times, and may prove only that the temper of the times is a bad one.

The general ground upon which the ceremonies, the manners, and the rules of composition which are falling so much into disuse were justified, was the necessity of maintaining dignity in public and private life, and in literary composition. The first question, therefore, which arises in estimating the character of the change which they are undergoing is, what is dignity, and what is the use of it?

It would be useless to attempt a strict definition of that which in its essence is indefinite; but dignity may be described as that mode of behaviour which conveys the impression that the person who adopts it in his conduct, in his style of composition, or in his address and manner, has formed a just estimate of the amount of respect which is due to him from others and to others from him, and that he intends to assert his right to the one, and to acknowledge his obligation to the other. This is illustrated

by the principal phrases in which the word occurs. Thus we often hear of personal dignity; and it is remarkable that it is assumed—and with truth—to be consistent with every possible condition of life, even the most degraded. There is no lower position than that of a criminal deservedly condemned to death for some atrocious crime, yet to the last moment of such a man's life the claims of personal dignity retain their hold, and are felt to do so. The assassin, who feels that if he has committed murder, he is there to die for it, and who accordingly performs with decency the only part which is left for him, challenges and obtains a certain degree of respect, and displays what may fairly claim to be called a certain amount of dignity. He takes the measure of his position, and adopts the rights and obligations which it imposes. The most degraded mob are accessible to this feeling, and are not without a sort of respect for a man who comes out to die quietly and courageously, whatever his crimes may have been; while they would feel nothing but horror and contempt for him if he struggled, and lamented, and cried for mercy.

Passing upwards from this, every rank of life will be found to have its appropriate form of dignity; and this is proved by the fact that in each class a strong sense of dignity, and a fixed determination to preserve it, is compatible with much that in other classes would be considered humiliating. Schoolboys, for example, have often the keenest sense of what is due to them, and would suffer intensely from anything which they looked upon as a degradation, but no boy feels degraded by being publicly flogged.

Such being the nature of personal dignity, its importance is hardly open to question. If it is true that the essence of dignity lies in the due appreciation of the rights and duties incidental to the different positions of life, it will follow that in so far as it is laid aside, these rights and duties will cease to be understood, the prevailing conception of them will become obscure, and every one of the great interests which depend on their proper discharge will infallibly suffer. This would be universally acknowledged in some cases. Every one, for example, would see the reasons which make it desirable that a sovereign, whose authority rests to a great extent on its effect on the imagination of mankind, should be dignified; but its extreme importance in the common pursuits of every-day life is not so easily recognized. "What," it might be asked, "has an apothecary or a shopkeeper to do with dignity? and what does it matter if he is destitute of it?" The answer is, that its presence or absence may determine whether his influence shall elevate or degrade every one with whom he is brought into any kind of personal relation. The apothecary is constantly thrown, by the course of his profession, into relations in which it requires tact and delicacy to estimate the rights and duties which arise. If he forgets the nature of his duties to those who consult him, he has almost unlimited opportunities of gossip and scandal; he constantly has the means of injuring the professional reputation of rivals by injurious

insinuations; he may interfere in nearly every kind of private business; he may, in some cases, erect himself into a domestic tyrant, and rule over the affairs of the households which he visits. If, on the other hand, he forgets his rights, he is in danger of becoming one of the most abject of mankind, the slave of every sort of caprice, and the pander to some of the most offensive of human weaknesses.

The only way by which he can secure himself against this is by remembering that he is admitted into the houses of his patients for professional purposes only, and that he ought to have neither eyes nor ears for anything else; and, on the other hand, that, in virtue of the character of his profession and of the education which it implies, he is entitled to be treated with respect, and to give his opinion with honesty and boldness. To such a man, therefore, the maintenance of personal dignity makes the difference, whether he is a worthy member of an honourable profession, or a contemptible drudge, or more contemptible busybody. It might be shown in the same way of other pursuits, that in the maintenance of dignity nothing less is involved than the question whether men are to derive any satisfaction and general elevation of character from their various employments, or whether they are to pursue them exclusively for the sake of the tangible results which they produce. The most wretched gossip and sycophant might pull out a tooth or prescribe for an indigestion as successfully as the most honourable member of his profession; but the first would learn from his calling nothing which was not degrading except technical skill, whilst the second might draw from it endless instruction and improvement.

If this view of the importance of dignity in every rank of life is true, it becomes an interesting question whether the change of practice referred to above tends to its diminution. The ceremonies and rules which it affects may be divided into several great classes. Some of them relate to public, others to private life, and others to literary composition. Of those which relate to public life, the best known prescribe the rules of behaviour which ought to be observed in royal courts, in parliaments, and other public assemblies, such as courts of law, or in public employments, and especially in those in which the subordination of ranks is strongly marked, of which the best illustration is given by the army and navy. Of those which refer to private life, the most remarkable regulate social intercourse. They are almost infinitely numerous, and vary, according to the classes to which they apply and the purposes for which they are designed, from a strictness all but legal to such a pitch of laxity that the power of recognizing their existence and obeying their injunctions is in itself a stringent test of refinement. Thus, one set of rules regulates the intercourse of superiors and inferiors; another, the behaviour of those who meet as social equals; a third, the conduct of persons who, without being socially equal, meet for a purpose which makes them equal for the time being, as, for example, the transaction of business; a fourth applies to the behaviour of persons of different sexes;

and these, again, might be subdivided according to the age and rank of the persons and the purposes for which they meet. In short, the different rules which regulate social intercourse are as intricate (if delicate is not the better word) as social intercourse itself. The rules which ought to secure dignity in literary composition have never been collected into a single body, nor would there be much use in collecting them, as there is no authority which could enforce their observance. It may, however, be said that there is a common opinion which is practically disregarded by many popular living authors, that to dwell with great minuteness upon unimportant details, to write exclusively for purposes of amusement, to bring the personal feelings of the author needlessly before the reader, and, above all, to write about any subject whatever in a style falling below its importance, is undignified.

Such are the principal subjects to which the rules introduced for the preservation of dignity apply, but it may be asked whether they fully tend to preserve it. Have they, in fact, any considerable tendency to make those who stand in the various relations of life which they claim to regulate, form and act upon a true estimate of their rights and duties?

To judge by the sarcasms which are constantly directed against them, it might be supposed that they do not, but no one who considers the matter seriously can doubt that they do. No more hopelessly difficult task could be imposed on any man than that of assessing his own claims on the consideration of his neighbours, and his own duties towards them. Nor would it be much less difficult to devise, out of his own head, on every separate occasion, the exact means by which he ought to express the result at which he had arrived in his own mind. Established forms and ceremonies do this for him with a degree of precision which no individual skill could attain. The word "sir," in itself saves a world of trouble; by using or omitting it in conversation or in correspondence it is easy to mark, without giving offence, many different degrees of intimacy and friendliness. There is a distinct difference between "sir," "dear sir," and "my dear sir;" nor is the same meaning conveyed by the signatures "yours obediently," "your obedient servant," "I have the honour to be your most obedient servant." It is a fair question whether these and similar forms might not have been better constructed, but now that they have become merely formal, the power which they give of expressing shades of meaning, which it would be almost impossible to convey in any other manner, is a great convenience.

The case is the same with established ceremonies. If usage had not settled the question, it would be almost impossible for any one to decide what exact amount of respect he ought to show towards the Queen on his presentation at Court. Till there was some established mode of proceeding it would be exceedingly difficult to hit the exact mean between disrespect and servility; but when a custom has once

been established by which every gesture is regulated, compliance with it involves nothing more than an admission that the person complying wishes to show as much respect as is habitually shown by the rest of the world. In fact, almost all forms and ceremonies are protections to individual dignity, in precisely the same manner as forms of another kind are an assistance in writing. There is no difficulty in drawing up the formal parts of any document with accuracy, because they are the same in all cases, and in just the same manner there is no difficulty in behaving well if there is an established rule which determines what is good behaviour, inasmuch as nothing is to be done but to follow its orders.

The change which has taken place in the feelings of the present generation respecting dignity has shown itself partly in the alteration of forms, and partly in their disuse and in the growth of practices opposed to the sentiments on which they were founded. In so far as it has operated on the forms themselves, it calls for no remark; its chief characteristic has been to simplify practices of which the principle has been retained. Titles of honour, for example, are still retained, though they are not used so frequently as they used to be; and almost all formalities of style have become shorter and simpler. This, as far as it goes, is no doubt matter of congratulation, but it has been accompanied by the growth of feelings and practices which are unquestionably opposed to the maintenance of a high standard of personal dignity, and which must, if persisted in, result in lowering it. The most important of these are the general craving for amusement, the insatiable and often reckless curiosity, and the petulant love of depreciation, which are natural to a busy and prosperous generation immersed for the most part in secure and profitable pursuits, and not threatened by any obvious danger compelling it to be serious.

The growth of these dispositions can nowhere be traced so well, and nowhere produces such characteristic results, as in the fugitive literature of the day, the influence of which over minds not refined by elaborate education is extremely powerful. A variety of obvious causes have excited in the present generation an appetite for intellectual amusement so strong as almost to deserve the name of a passion. Notwithstanding the efforts which have been made of late years to bring into favour athletic amusements, it is true, and will no doubt come to be true of a constantly increasing number of persons, that the great characteristic amusement of the age is reading novels, and especially reading novels about common life. One of the heads into which the catalogues of old-fashioned circulating libraries were divided was "Tales and Romances;" the tales being stories about every-day people, and the romances descriptions of knights and ladies, courts and castles, or sages and magicians. All fiction in the present day would fall under the head of Tales, and the ideal at which every writer who has attained any popularity aims, and which two or three have attained almost as

completely as any ideal can be attained, is that of representing with minute accuracy the commonplace feelings and occurrences which are going on daily in thousands of private families. The result of this is that large numbers of people derive the principal part of the amusement of their lives from an interminable stream of impersonal gossip. They are constantly being fed with more or less well-conceived stories about the private affairs of families of their own class of life. Their births, deaths, and marriages, their love-making, their little vanities, their success, and their failure, form by turns the subjects of a series of representations which please the reader much in the same way, and for much the same reasons, which lead his servants to take a pleasure in gossiping across the area railing about similar transactions up and down the street. It is hardly unfair to say that the principal lesson which the most numerous class of readers in the country derive from their reading is that of looking for their amusement to an interest in the affairs of other people, real or imaginary. This habit of mind is altogether opposed to personal dignity, which, as has been shown already, involves an appreciation of the rights of others. There is hardly any right more sacred than that of privacy. This right is not by any means confined to the bare power of repelling unauthorized intrusion, nor would it be really acknowledged and fully respected by the most entire abstinence from direct interference with other men's affairs. In order to act up to the spirit of the rule, so as to maintain to that extent true dignity of character, it is necessary not merely to refrain from invading the privacy of others, but to check the temper of mind which would ultimately tend to such conduct—to avoid the prying, inquisitive impertinence which assumes that every one's conduct and character is a proper subject for mental discussion, and to remember that it is unworthy of any reasonable person to admit by the conduct of his mind that he has nothing better to do than to meddle with matters which do not concern him.

One special form of this habit of mind is the importance which a large part of the popular literature of the day attaches, and encourages those who read it to attach, to all sorts of trifles. The reaction which has been going on for many years against what used to be called the dignity of history has issued in the general adoption of the trick (for it is little more) of extracting from old books masses of insignificant details, and heaping them together under the pretence that they afford instructive illustrations of history, whereas, in fact, they are hardly ever anything better than means of enabling people to gratify, in relation to past times, that impertinent curiosity which no amount of gossip can satiate in respect to their own. Details of this sort may no doubt be of the highest value, but their value depends entirely on what they prove. The fact that William III. wore round his neck to the day of his death a locket containing his wife's hair, though in one sense a trifle, is important because it is one of many facts which, taken together, show that he was a man of strong affections, and particularly that he regarded his wife with

affection, and each of these circumstances has an important bearing on the history of England. The fact that a Mr. Smith, of whom nothing else whatever was known, did the same thing, would be utterly immaterial, whether he died in the nineteenth or in any other century, and it would be a mere impertinence to publish it to the world; yet there are amongst us many writers and almost innumerable readers who would think that they had learnt something important about the last century if such a fact were established upon satisfactory authority, and were published to the world in what might be considered as an attractive form.

The mere formation of the habit of trifling is not the only way in which the style of writing under consideration diminishes dignity of character. The trifles which it brings into notice are far from being always harmless. They are often exceedingly vulgar and offensive. People who accustom themselves to read principally for amusement are soon led by a sort of fatal necessity to look upon the subjects which usually furnish them with amusement in a petty and trivial light. From constantly reading novels about every-day transactions, the transition to looking upon private life from the novelist's point of view is not only easy, but almost inevitable; and as many writers of fiction, especially those who address themselves to the least educated class of readers, owe their popularity to their skill in the use of caricature, their readers get a habit of viewing the different relations of life in the light in which they see them described. It sounds almost absurd to specify particular cases in which this result is produced, because the effect is so ludicrously disproportionate to the cause, but such cases do occur. It is, for example, highly probable that the silly jokes about mothers-in-law, and the innumerable caricatures in which they are represented as being almost of necessity meddling, selfish, intrusive, and ill-mannered, have caused considerable distrust, perhaps even considerable unhappiness, in many families.

In the same way, every one must have observed how injuriously the manners and the characters of young women are affected by the notion which a long course of novel-reading almost invariably suggests—that every unmarried man ought to be regarded in the light of a contingent husband. There is no relation of life in which personal dignity is more important than in the intercourse between unmarried people of opposite sexes. Such intercourse ought always to be at least graceful and refining, and may lay the foundation of the strongest and sweetest of human passions; but it may also degenerate into a wretched game of hide and seek fatal to all self-respect. The question whether it is to assume the one or the other aspect depends, to a great extent, on the degree of accuracy with which the persons interested estimate their relative position, and recognize by their conduct the rights and duties which it imposes; in other words, on the amount of personal dignity which they display. It is hardly possible that any one, and especially that any woman, should fail to be agitated and discomposed in such cases by the recollection that she has passed many of

the pleasantest hours of her life in reading descriptions of all the thoughts and sensations which might, or ought, to be passing through her own mind and that of her companion, and of the different steps by which they may lead to the consequence towards which her attention has been so sedulously directed.

The want of dignity of character which is produced by the constant and almost exclusive dependence on domestic novels for amusement, is a fault into which the readers of such books are more likely to fall than their writers; but the writers are exposed to it also in the precise degree in which they lower themselves to the level of their readers, and lose sight of the higher functions which literature has to discharge. No doubt a man of genius may display his powers in minute descriptions of the most homely scenes; and as the direction of every man's genius is derived almost entirely from the temper of the age in which he lives, it would be unreasonable to blame contemporary authors of works of imagination for their fondness for such subjects. No doubt, also, there are persons in whose hands such descriptions may be made to convey important and impressive lessons; and if this were the place for criticism, several of the most remarkable works of this generation might be mentioned in illustration of this. It cannot, however, be denied that such works as these form rare exceptions, and that the great majority of the books which are at present so common have absolutely no claim whatever upon popularity, except that which they derive from the fact that they gratify a fundamentally vulgar curiosity about trifles and private affairs.

Authors whose works have a right to a high place in an important department of the permanent literature of the country would do well to consider whether they are not in some danger of producing similar results upon many of their readers, and results of an opposite, though a strictly analogous kind, upon a smaller and more cultivated class. The fondness for choosing domestic occurrences for the subject of works of imagination, and the power of setting them in a striking light, is frequently associated with a sort of pleasure in the belief that a vein of inevitable absurdity runs through human affairs, and that there are many things which a wise man will do, though, by doing them, he must place himself in a position to some extent undignified and absurd. It is easy to understand the satisfaction which a radically sceptical mind derives from this practical *reductio ad absurdum* of life. To maintain, for example, that love is essential to a happy marriage—that marriage is one of the great foundations of human happiness and virtue—and that people who are in love are in a position essentially and inevitably absurd, is a practical way of asserting the dignity of satire. It enables the person who takes such a view to please himself with the feeling that the most eminent of mankind, at one of the most interesting periods of their lives, fall under his lash, and are neither wiser nor better than their inferiors.

This satisfaction will, however, be found on examination to be at once ungenerous and unfounded. It is ungenerous, because it proceeds

from a refined envy, which is slow to believe in the possibility of consistent self-respect, and which seeks to justify itself against those whose conduct would otherwise escape it by lying in wait to criticize their behaviour in moments when they may well be excused if they neglect to govern their conduct by the rules which they would usually apply to it. It is ill-founded, because it proceeds on a mistake as to the nature of that against which it is directed. It tries to prove that there is something essentially absurd in things which are indispensable to the happiness, if not to the existence, of society; but, in fact, it creates the absurdity which it affects to find for the purpose of insinuating that conclusion. A single illustration will explain this. An observant and ingenious writer lately described at some length the absurd side of marriage engagements. He depicted, with skilful details, all the inconveniences and all the absurdities which such an engagement produces. A room must be set apart in which the engaged couple may make love. Every domestic arrangement must be altered for their convenience. All sorts of anxious and delicate arrangements must be made by parents and friends that they may live for a few months in a sort of fairy-land. Though they are grown-up people, about to enter upon the most important and solemn of human engagements, they must be treated like children. All the business-like part of the affair must be transacted by third persons, in order that they may be able to dream themselves without interruption into that state of passionate attachment which will make their future lives either happy or endurable. All this inconvenience and absurdity, it was kindly intimated, form no objection to marriage engagements. They are necessary to human life, and must be accepted with all their absurd accompaniments, as one proof amongst many of the general absurdity of life, and the necessity of admitting that it is absurd.

Such an admission as this involves consequences which are almost, if not altogether, fatal—at least, to the apprehension of many minds—to anything like interest in the affairs of the world. There are not a few men who would say, "I can, if necessary, do without sympathy; I can forego domestic affection; I can live alone and die alone; but I cannot, and will not, wilfully forfeit my own self-respect for any human consideration." If it is true that it is not only difficult but, in the nature of things, impossible, for a man to be in love—to pass through one of the most important transactions of his life—without becoming a legitimate object of contempt to others, and without incurring his own contempt, except in so far as an ignominious blindness, produced by a voluntary abdication of his powers of discernment, may protect him, love, whatever may be its charms, is a temptation from which it is a duty to refrain. Truth and conscience—of which self-respect is only one form—are the ultimate guides of life, and nothing ought to be done or felt which cannot be justified by the application of the severest tests which reason, criticism, ridicule, and conscience can apply. Willing self-deception, willing forfeiture of self-respect, are as little to be justified in relation to the subject-matter to

which they apply as downright violations of morality. A man, no doubt, may, and sometimes must, place himself in situations in which it is very difficult to maintain a thoroughly just appreciation of the position in which he is placed,—just as he must sometimes place himself in positions where it is difficult not to do wrong; but he never can be called upon to give up the very notion of acting upon any principle whatever. There are places in which the eye is apt to be dazzled and the foot is likely to slip; but there is no place in which a man can hope to make satisfactory progress by shutting his eyes and lying down on the ground. This illustration supplies the true view of the relation of self-respect to all the passionate parts of life. It is difficult for a man to pass through them without doing and saying things which it would be wiser to leave unsaid and undone; but, though it is difficult, it is not impossible, and the risk is, beyond all question, worth running.

This being so, is it wise or humane to embarrass people who are already in a delicate position, by pointing out to them all its difficulties, and by exhausting all the resources of a practised ingenuity in trying to make them feel conscious and embarrassed in performing what, after all, is one of the most important transactions of their lives? It is not difficult to represent love-making in a ludicrous way. By artful tricks of language it may be made to look absurd that a man who has previously been a mere ordinary acquaintance in a family should have a room set apart in which he may exchange endearments with one of the daughters of the house; but it would surely be far more absurd that people should marry without having had the opportunity of becoming as intimately acquainted with each other as possible; and if this is in itself indispensable, the omission to take the only possible means of doing it would be the greatest of all absurdities. The art of turning such matters into ridicule affords, when closely observed, the best of all proofs of the fallacy which vitiates it. The bare statement that persons engaged to marry take opportunities of being in each other's company, and that on such occasions they are in the habit of talking about their prospects and their feelings, would be felt to have nothing ridiculous about it. In order to make it appear ridiculous it is necessary to associate the romantic part of the matter with impertinent details, and to make fun out of the contrast between them. The contrast between the feelings of two lovers, and the perplexity in which the mother of one of them is involved by having to decide in what room it will be least inconvenient to have the fire lighted for their convenience, may, by a little literary artifice, be made effective; but it is a mere trick, a trick which may be applied to every transaction of life, inasmuch as there is none which is not inevitably associated with details of an unimpressive kind. It would, for example, be easy to make death look ludicrous by describing the reasons which induce the undertaker to choose one winding-sheet rather than another; and nothing is more common or much more foolish than to get sarcastic capital out of the supposed contrast between the velvet cushions

and red linings of a pew and the feelings which ought to be uppermost in the minds of those who make use of them.

Whatever be the subject to which such tricks are applied, they are always open to the same objection. They prove too much; for if they prove anything at all, they prove that dignity is impossible, for it is impossible to do anything whatever in general, without doing it at the same time in particular; and wherever anything is looked at in detail, it is capable of being made to look absurd. The most beautiful picture that ever was painted, was painted with specific brushes and colours upon a specific piece of canvas; and any one who wished to make a joke of the subject, might do so by half-good-humoured, half-melancholy banter about the contrast between the grandeur of the painter's conceptions and the paltry character of his materials, bought from some dealer in colours, who, perhaps, never got paid for the greasy pigments which were converted into a possession for ever for all mankind. It is the instinct of all sceptical writers to try to persuade themselves that, in pointing out the ludicrous phase of important subjects, they are only following the example of nature in coupling the ridiculous with the sublime; but, in fact, ridicule is always an attack against that at which it is directed. When associated with the deeper and more tender parts of life, it acts as a sort of poison, degrading those who accept the satirist's conclusion, that folly is a necessary ingredient in the most important of human transactions; and hardening and embittering the life of others, who, being determined to sacrifice their feelings rather than their self-respect, are induced to believe that they must choose between the two. Many popular writers would be surprised to discover the deep personal resentment with which they are regarded by persons whom they never saw, for having thrown over some of the best parts of human life an air of absurdity of which it is very difficult to divest them. Nothing has a stronger tendency to harden the character of a man who respects himself than the fondling, indulgent mockery with which many popular writers alternately laugh and cry over the feelings of lovers, married people, and parents.

In an age when the bulk of the population is engaged in pursuits which absorb and fatigue rather than exercise the mind, almost every one is tempted to take a slight, hasty view of the great pursuits of life, and to regard them as the subjects of amusement rather than of serious study. This is pre-eminently true of the modern view of literature. To write a thing down on paper, to send it to the press, to correct it, and to publish it abroad to all the world, are virtual assertions that it is worth knowing and recollecting. There are many remarks which would be natural and proper in conversation which no one would put into a letter, and there are many things which might properly be put into letters which it would be foolish to print and publish; but, obvious as this appears, the practice of modern literature is opposed to it. In America there seems to be absolutely no limit at all to the appetite which

people feel for reading matter less important than the substance of most handbills. A man will write a letter to his friend to say that he has a cold, and that his tailor's bill is higher than he expected it to be; and the friend will publish it in newspapers which owe a fair share of their circulation to the amount of such matter which they contain. In England matters have not gone so far as this, but they have gone a long way. A large majority of the books which are published are not only not of any sort of permanent value, but found their pretensions to popularity on the want of it. They claim to be read on the ground that the author is no wiser than his readers, and that what he puts before them is nothing but a collection of the common thoughts of an ordinary man.

It seems to be supposed, and the supposition appears from the result to be recommended by considerable practical sagacity, that people in general will sympathize with the impulse which induces a man to write out at length, and put into a printed book, the sort of gossip in which many of the idler hours of their own lives are passed, especially if it is strung together by some arbitrary connection and written in a style of forced wit. It is hardly a caricature to say, that such a title as "Leaves from the Lives of remarkable Persons whose Names begin with L.," would be a fair sample of a large proportion of what, in the present day, is called popular literature. The harm which such books are capable of doing is incalculably great, and is all the greater because it is done without producing any violent shock to the feelings and consciences of those whom they affect. Open attacks upon established beliefs are not only discredited by the clamour which they excite, but demand a certain mental effort, and thus fail to affect the timid and the idle. Simply vapid, worthless books, on the contrary, are not supposed to be mischievous, though they have a power altogether peculiar to themselves of imparting to indolent and feeble minds that half-conscious satisfaction in their own imbecility which no one is too low to derive from sympathy. It gives a strong feeling of something like self-satisfaction to a thoroughly vulgar and trivial man to find that a vulgar and trivial literature is provided for him, by the aid of which he may view any subject he pleases in a vulgar and trivial light.

Such a person would be simply tired, if he were not shamed, by anything like an adequate description of any of the more striking passages in history; but he likes to fall in with flimsy, rollicking accounts of them which fulfil the double purpose of relieving him from absolute ignorance upon notorious incidents, and of enabling him to indulge in the comfortable reflection that those who used to be regarded as heroes and saints were really as petty as himself; so that he is justified in looking on himself and his equals as the standard to which mankind would do well to conform, and which it is mere folly and affectation to hope to transcend. Books are useful in so far as they make people grave and thoughtful, and teach them to see the broad principles on which daily life rests, and apart from which it is worthless and petty.

Most of those which are written in the present day are little else than the ignoble instruments of the most enervating of all pleasures. A man would pass his evenings far better in going to sleep in an arm-chair before the fire than in saturating his senses—for such reading can hardly be said to reach anything that deserves to be called the mind—with most of the rubbish with which he is provided by monster circulating libraries.

The generation in which we live has no more important lesson to learn than that success in life is measured by the degree in which men succeed in developing the various parts of their nature, moral, intellectual, and physical. External triumphs, whatever may be the theatre on which they are won, are valuable, principally, if not exclusively, as evidence of this internal triumph ; and it is altogether impossible to attain it, unless a man thinks of himself and of his pursuits at least as highly as he ought to think, and looks with aversion and contempt on every effort, however brilliant and ingenious, to give him a low notion of life, or to suggest that its great interests are traversed by veins of absurdity. The scepticism which insinuates the reverse in a thousand graceful and pleasant ways does not dare to assert it ; for, if it did, it would fall at once into contradictions and confessions of impotence, which no tricks of style and no delicacy of humour could save from appearing in their true light. Dignity in conduct, in thought, and in style, is one great remedy for this frame of mind. It deserves to share with freedom the splendid title of the grave mother of majestic works, and as such should be ardently cultivated both in word and in deed by all who have any place, however humble, to fill in the nation which, "godlike, grasps the triple forks, and, kinglike, wears the crown."

Unhappily the temper of the days in which we live is such, that the assertion that the maintenance of a high standard of personal dignity is a duty which every one owes to his country, is likely to appear pompous and affected. It is, however, strictly true, and it is a truth specially likely to be forgotten, and specially important to be remembered. Every period of national history is critical, because at every period the choice between good and evil presents itself under some form or other. There are times at which great questions, national, religious, or political, press for an answer, and at which the whole character of the framework in which society is to be set for centuries is at stake. Wars for national existence, like those between Rome and Carthage, or Persia and Greece—great religious epochs like the Reformation or the Crusades—or great political struggles like our own civil wars in the seventeenth century—raise such questions; and when they are at issue they carry men out of themselves, colour their whole lives, and give to large numbers of people something approaching to an adequate conception of the greatness of the theatre on which they stand, and of the importance of the drama in which they act. This greatness, however, is only disclosed by the tumultuous excitement of such times, and is not derived from it. The

air and the sea are as vast when at rest, as when their collision strews the coast with wrecks. They make the storms: the storms do not make them, but only display their vastness and their power. It was not Philip II., Queen Elizabeth, and Henry IV., who dignified the Reformation by their policy and their wars: the Reformation dignified them. And the Reformation itself derived its importance from the still wider fact that men live and die, that they have immortal souls, and an eternal destiny. This is the true source of all dignity, and it is one which exists in all ages alike, though in some times and countries life is so quiet that it is hard to believe it. In these days we are like passengers in an ocean steamer in fine weather; the motion of the ship is so easy, the cabins are so comfortable, the passengers are so good-humoured, and the water is so smooth, that we can hardly believe that so gay and cheerful a scene contains any elements of terror or even of sublimity. Indeed, some reflective persons have been so much struck with the pettiness of the mass of their neighbours, that they seriously ask whether it is conceivable that creatures so essentially ephemeral should be destined either for heaven or for hell. Whatever their destiny may be hereafter, it is certain that they are destined here for some relations infinitely above the level into which their ordinary thoughts are being led by the influences described above. Happily they are all destined to suffer and to die, for if they were not, they would be repulsive anomalies; many of them are destined to be parents; almost all of them profess to acknowledge and to worship some being higher and better than themselves. These awful truths ought to be the fixed points from which attention may sometimes be lawfully, and even usefully, diverted, but which the mind ought continually though silently to contemplate, and from which it should derive its habitual colour. Peace and prosperity are curses to those whose thoughts they turn into another channel, and it is contemptible to be deadened to this sublimity of life even by the uninterrupted enjoyment of innocent happiness.

Agnes of Sorrento.*

CHAPTER I.

The Old Town.

The setting sunbeams slant over the antique gateway of Sorrento, fusing into a golden bronze the brown freestone vestments of old Saint Antonio, who with his heavy stone mitre and upraised hands has for centuries kept watch thereupon. A quiet time he has of it up there in the golden Italian air, in petrified act of blessing, while orange lichens and green mosses from year to year embroider quaint patterns on the seams of his sacerdotal vestments, and small tassels of grass spontaneously ornament the folds of his priestly drapery, and golden showers of blossoms from some more hardy plant fall from his ample sleeve-cuffs. Little birds perch and chitter and wipe their beaks unconcernedly, now on the tip of his nose and now on the point of his mitre, while the world below goes on its way pretty much as it did when the good saint was alive, and, in despair of the human brotherhood, took to preaching to the birds and the fishes.

Whoever passed beneath this old arched gateway, thus saint-guarded, in the year of our Lord's grace ——, might have seen under its shadow, sitting opposite to a stand of golden oranges, the little Agnes. A very pretty picture was she, reader,—with such a face as you sometimes see painted in those wayside shrines of sunny Italy, where the lamp burns pale at evening, and gillyflower and cyclamen are renewed with every morning.

She might have been fifteen or thereabouts, but was so small of stature that she seemed yet a child. Her black hair was parted in a white unbroken line down to the high forehead, whose serious arch, like that of a cathedral door, spoke of thought and prayer. Beneath the shadows of this brow lay brown, translucent eyes, into whose thoughtful depths one might look as pilgrims gaze into the waters of some sacred well, cool and pure down to the unblemished sand at the bottom. The small lips had a gentle compression which indicated a repressed strength of feeling; while the straight line of the nose, and the flexible, delicate nostril, were perfect, as in those sculptured fragments of the antique which the soil of Italy so often gives forth to the day from the sepulchres of the past. The habitual pose of the head and face had the shy uplooking grace of a violet; and yet there was a grave tranquillity of expression, which gave a peculiar degree of character to the whole figure.

At the moment at which we have called your attention, the fair head is

* This story, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, is commenced, and will be continued in these pages, simultaneously with its appearance in an American monthly periodical; a special arrangement having been made with the writer by the proprietors of the *Cornhill Magazine.*

bent, and the long eyelashes lie softly down on the pale, smooth cheek; for the Ave Maria bell is sounding from the Cathedral of Sorrento, and the child is busy with her beads. By her side sits a woman of some threescore years, tall, stately, and squarely formed, with ample breadth of back and size of chest, like the robust dames of Sorrento. Her strong Roman nose, the firm, determined outline of her mouth, and a certain energy in every motion, bespeak the woman of will and purpose. There is a degree of vigour in the decision with which she lays down her spindle and bows her head, as a good Christian of those days would, at the swinging of the evening bell.

But while the soul of the child in its morning freshness, free from pressure or consciousness of earthly care, rose like an illuminated mist to heaven, the words the white-haired woman repeated were twined with threads of worldly prudence,—thoughts of how many oranges she had sold, with a rough guess at the probable amount for the day,—and her fingers wandered from her beads for a moment to see if the last coin had been swept from the stand into her capacious pocket; her eyes then wandering after them, suddenly made her aware of the fact that a handsome cavalier was standing in the gate, regarding her pretty grandchild with looks of undisguised admiration.

"Let him look!" she said to herself, with a grim clasp on her rosary; "a fair face attracts buyers, and our oranges must be turned into money: but he who does more than look has an affair with me; so gaze away, my master, and take it out in buying oranges!—*Ave, Maria! ora pro nobis, nunc et,*" &c. &c.

A few moments, and the wave of prayer which had flowed down the quaint old shadowy street, bowing all heads as the wind bowed the crimson tassels of neighbouring clover-fields, was passed, and all the world resumed the work of earth just where they left off when the bell began.

"Good even to you, pretty maiden!" said the cavalier, approaching the stall of the orange-woman with the easy, confident air of one secure of a ready welcome, and bending down on the yet prayerful maiden the glances of a pair of piercing hazel eyes that looked out on each side of his aquiline nose with the keenness of a falcon's.

"Good even to you, pretty one! We shall take you for a saint, and worship you in right earnest, if you raise not those eyelashes soon."

"Sir! my lord!" said the girl, a bright colour flushing into her smooth brown cheeks, as her large dreamy eyes were suddenly upraised with a flutter, as of a bird about to take flight.

"Agnes, bethink yourself!" said the white-haired dame; "the gentleman asks the price of your oranges; be alive, child!"

"Ah, my lord," said the young girl, "here are a dozen fine ones."

"Well, you shall give them me, pretty one," said the young man, throwing a gold piece down on the stand carelessly.

"Here, Agnes, run to the stall of Raphael the poulterer for change," said the adroit dame, picking up the gold.

"Nay, good mother, by your leave," said the unabashed cavalier; "I

take my change from youth and beauty thus!" And with the word he stooped down and kissed the fair forehead between the eyes.

"For shame, sir!" cried the elderly woman, raising her distaff; her great glittering eyes flashing beneath her silver hair like tongues of lightning from a white cloud. "Have a care!—this child is named for blessed St. Agnes, and is under her protection."

"The saints must pray for us, when their beauty makes us forget ourselves," said the young cavalier, with a smile. "Look me in the face, little one," he added; "say, wilt thou pray for me?"

The maiden raised her large serious eyes, and surveyed the haughty, handsome face with that look of sober inquiry which one sometimes sees in young children, while the blush slowly faded from her cheek, as a cloud fades after sunset. "Yes, my lord," she answered, with a grave simplicity, "I *will* pray for you."

"And hang this upon the shrine of Saint Agnes for my sake," he added, drawing from his finger a diamond ring, which he dropped into her hand; and before mother or daughter could add another word or recover from their surprise, he had thrown the corner of his mantle over his shoulder and was off down the narrow street, humming the refrain of a gay song.

"You have struck a pretty dove with that bolt," said another cavalier, who appeared to have been observing the proceeding, and now, stepping forward, joined him.

"Like enough," replied the first, carelessly.

"The old woman keeps her mewed up like a singing-bird," said the second; "and if a fellow wants speech of her, it's as much as his crown is worth; for Dame Elsie has a strong arm, and her distaff is known to be heavy."

"Upon my word," said the first cavalier, stopping and throwing a glance backward,—"where do they keep her?"

"Oh, in a sort of pigeon's nest up above the Gorge; but one never sees her, except under the fire of her grandmother's eyes. The little one is brought up for a saint, they say, and goes nowhere but to mass, confession, and the sacrament."

"Humph!" said the other, "she looks like some choice old picture of Our Lady,—not a drop of human blood in her. When I kissed her forehead, she looked into my face as grave and innocent as a babe. One is tempted to try what one can do in such a case."

"Beware the grandmother's distaff!" said the other, laughing.

"I've seen old women before," said the cavalier, as they turned down the street and were lost to view.

Meanwhile the grandmother and granddaughter were roused from the mute astonishment in which they were gazing after the young cavalier by a tittering behind them; and a pair of bright eyes looked out upon them from beneath a bundle of long, crimson-headed clover, whose rich carmine tints were touched to brighter life by setting sunbeams.

There stood Giulietta, the head coquette of the Sorrento girls, with her broad shoulders, full chest, and great black eyes, rich and heavy as those of the silver-haired ox for which she had been cutting clover. Her bronzed cheek was smooth as that of a statue, and glowed with a colour like that of an open pomegranate; and the opulent, lazy abundance of her ample form, with her leisurely movements, bespoke an easy and comfortable nature,—that is to say, when Giulietta was pleased; for it is to be remarked that there lurked certain sparkles deep down in her great eyes, which might, on occasion, blaze out into sheet-lightning, like her own beautiful skies: for these, lovely as they are, can thunder and sulk with terrible earnestness when the fit takes them. At present, however, her face was running over with mischievous merriment, as she slyly pinched little Agnes by the ear.

"So you know not yon gay cavalier, little sister?" she said, looking askance at her from under her long lashes.

"No, indeed! What has an honest girl to do with knowing gay cavaliers?" interposed Dame Elsie, bestirring herself with packing the remaining oranges into a basket, which she covered trimly with a heavy linen towel of her own weaving. "Girls never come to good who let their eyes go walking through the earth, and have the names of all the wild gallants on their tongues. Agnes knows no such nonsense,—blessed be her gracious patroness, with Our Lady and Saint Michael!"

"I hope there is no harm in knowing what is right before one's eyes," retorted Giulietta. "Anybody must be blind and deaf not to know the Lord Adrian. All the girls in Sorrento know him. They say he is even greater than he appears,—that he is brother to the king himself: at any rate, a handsomer and more gallant gentleman never wore spurs."

"Let him keep to his own kind," said Elsie. "Eagles make bad work in dove-cots. No good comes of such gallants for us."

"Nor any harm, that I ever heard of," returned Giulietta. "But let me see, pretty one,—what did he give you? Holy Mother! what a handsome ring!"

"It is to hang on the shrine of Saint Agnes," said the younger girl, looking up with simplicity.

A loud laugh was the first answer to this communication. The crimson clover-tops shook and quivered with the merriment.

"To hang on the shrine of Saint Agnes!" Giulietta repeated. "That is a little too good!"

"Go, go, you baggage!" cried Elsie, wrathfully brandishing her spindle. "If ever you get a husband, I hope he'll give you a good beating! You need it, I warrant! Always stopping on the bridge there, to have cracks with the young men! Little enough you know of saints, I dare say! So keep away from *my* child!—Come, Agnes," she said, as she lifted the orange-basket on to her head; and, straightening her tall form, she seized the girl by the hand to lead her away.

CHAPTER II.

The Dove-Cot.

The old town of Sorrento is situated on an elevated plateau, which stretches into the sunny waters of the Mediterranean, guarded on all sides by a barrier of mountains which defend it from bleak winds and serve to it the purpose of walls to a garden. Here, groves of oranges and lemons, with their almost fabulous coincidence of fruitage with flowers, fill the air with perfume, which blends with that of roses and jessamines; and the fields are so starred and enamelled with flowers that they might have served as the type for those Elysian realms sung by ancient poets. The fervid air is fanned by continual sea-breezes, which give a delightful elasticity to the otherwise languid climate. Under all these cherishing influences, the human being develops a wealth and luxuriance of physical beauty unknown in less favoured regions. In the region about Sorrento one may be said to have found the land where beauty is the rule and not the exception. The singularity there is not to see handsome points of physical proportion, but rather to see those who are without them. Scarce a man, woman, or child you meet but has some personal advantage to be commended; while even striking beauty is not uncommon. Also, under these kindly skies, a native courtesy and gentleness of manner make themselves felt. It would seem as if humanity, rocked in this flowery cradle, and soothed by so many daily caresses and appliances of nursing Nature, grew up with all that is kindliest on the outward,—not repressed and beat in, as under the inclement atmosphere and stormy skies of the North.

The town of Sorrento itself overhangs the sea, skirting along rocky shores, which, hollowed here and there into picturesque grottoes, and fledged with a wild plumage of brilliant flowers and trailing vines, descend in steep precipices to the water. Along the shelly beach, at the bottom, one can wander, looking out on the loveliest prospect in the world. Vesuvius rises with its two peaks softly clouded in blue and purple mists, which blend with its ascending vapours; Naples and the adjoining villages at its base gleaming in the distance like a fringe of pearls on a regal mantle. Nearer the picturesque rocky shores of the island of Capri seem to pulsate through the dreamy, shifting mists that veil its sides; and the sea shimmers and glitters like the neck of a peacock with an iridescent mingling of colours: the whole air is a glorifying medium, rich in prismatic hues of enchantment.

The town on three sides is severed from the mainland by a gorge two hundred feet in depth and forty or fifty in breadth, crossed by a bridge resting on double arches, the construction of which dates back to the time of the ancient Romans. This bridge affords a favourite lounging-place for the inhabitants, and at evening a motley assemblage may be seen lolling over its moss-grown sides—men with their picturesque knit

caps of scarlet or brown falling gracefully on one shoulder, and women with their shining black hair and the enormous pearl earrings which are the pride and heirlooms of every family. The recent traveller at Sorrento may remember standing on this bridge and looking down into the gloomy depths of the gorge, to where a fair villa, with its groves of orange-trees and gardens, overhangs the tremendous depths below.

Hundreds of years since, where this villa now stands, was the simple dwelling of the two women whose history we have begun to tell you. There you might have seen a small stone cottage with a two-arched arcade in front, gleaming brilliantly white from out the dusky foliage of an orange orchard. The dwelling was wedged like a bird-cage between two fragments of rock, and behind it the land rose rocky, high, and steep, so as to form a natural wall. A small ledge or terrace of cultivated land here seemed to hang in air; below it, a precipice of two hundred feet down into the Gorge of Sorrento. A little grove of orange-trees, straight and tall, with healthy, shining bark, here shot up from the fine black volcanic soil, their foliage casting a twilight shadow on the ground, so deep that no vegetation, save a fine velvet moss, could dispute their claim to its entire nutritious offices. These trees were the sole wealth of the women and the sole ornament of the garden; but, as they stood there, not only laden with golden fruit, but fragrant with pearly blossoms, they made the little rocky platform seem a perfect Garden of the Hesperides. The stone cottage, as we have said, had an open, whitewashed arcade in front, from which one could look down into the gloomy depths of the gorge, as into some mysterious under-world. Strange and weird it seemed, with its dense shadows and its wild grottoes, over which hung, silently waving, long pendants of ivy, while dusky gray aloes uplifted their horny heads from great rock-rifts, like elfin sprites struggling upward out of the shade. Nor was there wanting the gentle poetry of flowers; for white iris leaned its fair pavilion over the black void, like a pale-cheeked princess from the window of some dark enchanted castle, and scarlet geranium, and golden broom, and crimson gladiolus waved and glowed in the shifting beams of the sunlight. Also there was in this little spot what forms the charm of Italian gardens always—the sweet song and prattle of waters. A clear mountain spring burst through the rock on one side of the little cottage, and fell with a lulling noise into a quaint moss-grown water-trough, which had been in former times the sarcophagus of some old Roman sepulchre. Its sides were richly sculptured with figures and leafy scrolls and arabesques, into which the sly-footed lichens, with quiet growth, had so insinuated themselves as in some places almost to obliterate the original design; while, round the place where the water fell, a veil of ferns and maiden's-hair, studded with tremulous silver drops, vibrated to its soothing murmur. The superfluous waters, drained off by a little channel on one side, were conducted through the rocky parapet of the garden, whence they trickled and tinkled from rock to rock, falling with a continual drip among the waving

ferns and pendent ivy-wreaths, till they reached the little stream at the bottom of the gorge. This parapet or garden-wall was formed of blocks or fragments of what had once been white marble; probably the remains of the ancient tomb from which the sarcophagus was taken. Here and there a marble acanthus-leaf, or the capital of an old column, or a fragment of sculpture jutted from under the mosses, ferns, and grasses with which prodigal Nature had filled every interstice and carpeted the whole. These sculptured fragments everywhere in Italy seem to whisper from the dust of past life and death, of a cycle of human existence for ever gone, over whose tomb the life of to-day is built.

"Sit down and rest, my dove," said Dame Elsie to her little charge, as they entered their little inclosure.

Here she saw, for the first time, what she had not noticed in the heat and hurry of the ascent, that the girl was panting, and her gentle bosom rising and falling in thick heart-beats, occasioned by the haste with which she had drawn her onward.

"Sit down, dearie, and I will get you a bit of supper."

"Yes, grandmother, I will. I must tell my beads once for the soul of the handsome gentleman that kissed my forehead to-night."

"How did you know that he was handsome, child?" asked the old dame, with some sharpness in her voice.

"He bade me look on him, grandmother, and I saw it."

"You must put such thoughts away, child," said the old dame.

"Why must I?" inquired the girl, looking up with an eye as clear and unconscious as that of a three-year old child.

"If she does not think, why should I tell her?" murmured Dame Elsie, as she turned to go into the house, leaving the child sitting on the mossy parapet that overlooked the gorge. Thence she could see far off, not only down the dim, sombre abyss, but out to the blue Mediterranean beyond, now calmly lying in swathing-bands of purple, gold, and orange, while the smoky cloud that overhung Vesuvius became silver and rose in the evening light.

There is always something of elevation and purity that seems to come over one from being in an elevated region. One feels morally as well as physically above the world, and from that clearer air able to look down on it calmly with disengaged freedom. Our little maiden sat for a few moments gazing, her large brown eyes dilating with a tremulous lustre, as if tears were half of a mind to start in them, and her lips apart with a delicate earnestness, like one who is pursuing some pleasing inner thought. Suddenly rousing herself, she began plucking the freshest orange-blossoms from the golden-fruited trees, and, kissing and pressing them to her bosom, she proceeded to remove the faded flowers of the morning from before a little rude shrine in the rock, where, in a sculptured niche, was a picture of the Madonna and Child, with a locked glass door in front of it. The picture was a happy transcript of one of the fairest creations of the religious school of Florence, done by one of those

rustic copyists of whom Italy is full, who appear to possess the instinct of painting, and to whom we owe many of those sweet faces which sometimes look down upon us by the wayside from rudest and homeliest shrines.

The poor fellow by whom it had been painted was one to whom, years before, Dame Elsie had given food and shelter for many months during a lingering illness; and he had painted so much of his dying heart and hopes into it that it had a peculiar and vital vividness in its power of affecting the feelings. Agnes had been familiar with this picture from early infancy. No day of her life had the flowers failed to be freshly placed before it. It had seemed to smile down sympathy on her childish joys, and to cloud over with her childish sorrows. It was less a picture to her than a presence; and the whole air of the little orange-garden seemed to be made sacred by it. When she had arranged her flowers, she kneeled down and began to say prayers for the soul of the young gallant.

"Holy Jesus," she pleaded, "he is young, rich, handsome, and a king's brother; and for all these things the Fiend may tempt him to forget his God and throw away his soul. Holy Mother, give him good counsel!"

"Come, child, to your supper," said Dame Elsie. "I have milked the goats, and everything is ready."

CHAPTER III.

The Gorge.

After her light supper was over, Agnes took her distaff, wound with shining white flax, and went and seated herself in her favourite place, on the low parapet that overlooked the gorge.

This ravine, with its dizzy depths, its waving foliage, its dripping springs, and the low murmur of the little stream that pursued its way far down at the bottom, was one of those scenes which stimulated her impressible imagination, and filled her with a solemn and vague delight. The ancient Italian tradition made it the home of fauns and dryads, wild woodland creatures, intermediate links between vegetable life and that of sentient and reasoning humanity. The more earnest faith that came in with Christianity, if it had its brighter lights in an immortality of blessedness, had also its deeper shadows in the intenser perceptions it awakened of sin and evil, and of the mortal struggle by which the human spirit must avoid endless woe and rise to endless felicity. The myths with which the coloured Italian air was filled in mediæval ages, no longer resembled those graceful, floating, cloud-like figures one sees in the ancient chambers of Pompeii,—the bubbles and rainbows of human fancy, rising aimless and buoyant, with a mere freshness of animal life, against a black background of utter and hopeless ignorance as to man's past or future. They

were rather expressed by solemn images of mournful, majestic angels and of triumphant saints, or fearful warning presentations of loathsome fiends. Each lonesome gorge and sombre dell had legends no longer of tricky fauns and dryads, but of those restless, wandering demons who, having lost their own immortality of blessedness, constantly lie in wait to betray frail humanity and cheat it of that glorious inheritance bought by the Great Redemption.

The education of Agnes had been one which rendered her whole system peculiarly sensitive and impressible to all influences from the invisible and unknown. Of this education we shall speak more particularly hereafter. At present we see her sitting in the twilight on the moss-grown marble parapet, her distaff, with its silvery flax, lying idly in her hands, and her wide open, dark eyes gazing intently into the gloomy gorge below, whence arose the far-off complaining babble of the brook at the bottom, and the shiver and sigh of evening winds through the trailing ivy. The white mist was slowly rising, wavering, undulating, and creeping its slow way up the sides of the gorge: now it hid a tuft of foliage, anon it wreathed itself around a horned clump of aloes, and streaming far down below it in the dimness, made it seem like the goblin robe of some strange, supernatural being.

The evening light had almost burned out in the sky: only a band of vivid red lay low in the horizon out to sea, and the round full moon was just rising like a great silver lamp, while Vesuvius with its smoky summit began in the obscurity to show its faintly flickering fires. A vague agitation seemed to oppress the child; for she sighed deeply, and often repeated with fervour the Ave Maria.

At this moment there began to rise from the very depths of the gorge below her the sound of a rich tenor voice, with a slow, sad modulation, and seeming to pulsate upward through the filmy, shifting mists. It was one of those voices which seem fit to be the outpouring of some spirit denied all other gifts of expression, and rushing with passionate fervour through this one gate of utterance. So distinctly were the words spoken, that they seemed each one to rise as with a separate intelligence out of the mist, and to knock at the door of the heart.

Sad is my life, and lonely!
No hope for me,
Save thou, my love, my only,
I see!

Where art thou, O my fairest?
Where art thou gone?
Dove of the rock, I languish
Alone!

They say thou art so saintly,
Who dare love thee?
Yet bend thine eyelids holy
On me!

Though heaven alone possess thee,
Thou dwell'st above,
Yet heaven, didst thou but know it,
Is love.

There was such an intense earnestness in these sounds, that large tears gathered in the girl's dark eyes, and fell one after another upon the sweet alyssum and maiden's-hair that grew in the crevices of the marble wall. She shivered and drew away from the parapet, thinking of stories

she had heard the nuns tell, of wandering spirits who sometimes in lonesome places pour forth such entrancing music as bewilders the brain of the unwary listener, and leads him to some fearful destruction.

"Agnes!" cried the sharp voice of old Elsie, appearing at the door; "here! where are you?"

"Here, grandmamma."

"Who's that singing at this time o' night?"

"I don't know, grandmamma."

Somehow the child felt as if that singing were strangely sacred to her —*en rapport* between her and something vague and invisible, which might yet become dear.

"Is't down in the gorge?" asked the old woman, coming with her heavy, decided step to the parapet, and looking over, her keen black eyes gleaming like dagger-blades into the mist. "If there's anybody there," she said, "let them go away, and not be troubling honest women with any of their caterwauling. Come, Agnes," and she pulled the girl by the sleeve, "you must be tired, my lamb! and your evening prayers are always so long, best be about them, girl, so that old grandmamma may put you to bed. What ails the girl? Been crying! Your hand is cold as a stone."

"Grandmamma, what if that might be a spirit?" she said. "Sister Rosa told me stories of singing spirits that have been in this very gorge."

"Likely enough," returned Dame Elsie; "but what's that to us? Let 'em sing!—so long as we don't listen, where's the harm done? We will sprinkle holy water all round the parapet, and say the office of Saint Agnes; then let them sing till they are hoarse."

Such was the triumphant view which this energetic good woman took of the power of the means of grace which her Church placed at her disposal. Nevertheless, while Agnes was kneeling at her evening prayers, the old dame consoled herself with a soliloquy, as with a brush she vigorously besprinkled the premises with holy water.

"Now, here's the plague of a girl! If she's handsome—and nobody wants one that isn't—why, then, it's a purgatory to look after her. This one is good enough: none of your hussies, like Giulietta; but the better they are, the more sure to have fellows after them. A murrain on that cavalier, king's brother, or what not!—it was he serenading, I'll be bound. I must tell Antonio, and have the girl married, for aught I see: yet I don't want to give her to him either; he didn't bring her up. There's no peace for us mothers. Maybe I'll tell Father Francesco about it. That's the way poor little Isella was carried away. Singing is of the devil, I believe; it always bewitches girls. I'd like to have poured some hot oil down the rocks: I'd have made him squeak in another tone, I reckon. Well, well! I hope I shall come in for a good seat in paradise for all the trouble I've had with her mother, and am like to have with her—that's all!"

In an hour more, the large round moon was shining fixedly on the little mansion in the rocks, silvering the glossy darkness of the orange-leaves, while the scent of the blossoms arose like incense about the cottage. The moonlight streamed through the unglazed casement, and made a square of light on the little bed where Agnes was sleeping; in which square her delicate face was framed, its tremulous and spiritual expression most resembling in its sweet plaintive purity some of the Madonna faces of Frà Angelico—those tender wild flowers of Italian religion and poetry. By her side lay her grandmother, with those sharp, hard, clearly-cut features, so worn and bronzed by time, so lined with labour and care, as to resemble one of the Fates in the pictures of Michel Angelo; and even in her sleep she held the delicate lily hand of the child in her own hard, brown one, with a strong and determined clasp.

While they sleep, we must tell something more of the story of the little Agnes—of what she is, and what are the causes which have made her such.

CHAPTER IV.

Who and What.

Old Elsie had not been born a peasant. Originally she was the wife of a steward in one of those great families of Rome whose state and traditions were princely. Elsie, as her figure and profile and all her words and movements indicated, was of a strong, shrewd, ambitious, and courageous character, and well disposed to turn to advantage every gift with which nature had endowed her.

Providence bestowed upon her a daughter whose beauty was wonderful, even in a country where beauty is no uncommon accident. In addition to her beauty, the little Isella had quick intelligence, wit, grace, and spirit. As a child she became the pet and plaything of the duchess whom Elsie served. This noble lady, oppressed by the *ennui* which is always the moth and rust on the purple and gold of rank and wealth, had, as other noble ladies had in those days, and have now, sundry pets: greyhounds, white and delicate, that looked as if they were made of Sèvres china; spaniels with long silky ears and fringy paws; apes and monkeys, that made at times sad devastations in her wardrobe; and a most charming little dwarf, that was ugly enough to frighten the very owls, and spiteful as he was ugly. She had, moreover, peacocks, macaws, and parrots; all sorts of singing-birds; falcons of every breed; horses, and hounds—in short, there is no saying what she did *not* have. One day she took it into her head to add the little Isella to the number of her acquisitions. With the easy grace of aristocracy, she reached out her jewelled hand and took Elsie's one flower to add to her conservatory—and Elsie was only too proud to have it so.

Her daughter was kept constantly about the person of the duchess, and instructed in all the wisdom which would have been allowed her had she been the duchess's own daughter: which, to speak the truth, was in those days nothing very profound, consisting of a little singing and instrumentation, a little embroidery and dancing, with the power of writing her own name and of reading a love-letter.

All the world knows that the very idea of a pet is something to be spoiled for the amusement of the pet-owner; and Isella was spoiled in the most particular and circumstantial manner. She had suits of apparel for every day in the year, and jewels without end: for the duchess was never weary of trying the effect of her beauty in this and that costume; so that she sported through the great grand halls and down the long aisles of the garden much like a bright-winged humming-bird, or a damsel-fly all green and gold. She was a genuine child of Italy—full of feeling, spirit, and genius—alive in every nerve to the finger-tips; and under the tropical sunshine of her mistress's favour she grew as an Italian rose-bush does, throwing its branches freakishly over everything in a wild labyrinth of perfume, brightness, and thorns.

For awhile her life was a triumph, and her mother triumphed with her at an humble distance. The duchess had no daughter, and was devoted to her with the blind fatuity with which ladies of rank at times will invest themselves in a caprice. She arrogated to herself all the praises of her protégée's beauty and wit, allowed her to flirt and make conquests to her heart's content, and engaged to marry her to some handsome young officer of her train, when she had done being amused with her.

Now, we must not wonder that a young head of fifteen should have been turned by this giddy elevation, nor that an old head of fifty should have thought all things were possible in the fortune of such a favourite. Nor need we wonder that the young coquette, rich in the laurels of a hundred conquests, should have turned her bright eyes on the son and heir, when he came home from the University of Bologna. Nor is it surprising that this same son and heir, being a man as well as a duke's son, should have done as other men did—fallen desperately in love with this dazzling, sparkling, piquante compound of matter and spirit, which no university can prepare a young man to comprehend, which always seemed to run from him, and yet always threw a Parthian shot behind her as she fled. Neither is it very extraordinary that this same duke's son, after a week or two, did not know whether he was on his head or his heels, or whether the sun rose in the east or the south, or where he stood, or whither he was going.

In fact, the youthful pair very soon came into that dreamland where are no more any points of the compass, no more division of time, no more latitude and longitude, no more up and down, but only a general wandering among enchanted groves and singing nightingales.

It was entirely owing to old Elsie's watchful shrewdness and address that the lovers came into this paradise by the gate of marriage; for the

young man was ready to offer anything at the feet of his divinity, as the old mother was not slow to perceive.

So they stood at the altar, for the time being a pair of as true lovers as Romeo and Juliet: but then, what has true love to do with the son of a hundred generations and heir to a Roman principality?

Of course, the rose of love, having gone through all its stages of bud and blossom into full flower, must next begin to drop its leaves. Of course. Who ever heard of an immortal rose?

The time of discovery came. Isella was found to be a mother; and then the storm burst upon her and drabbled her in the dust as fearlessly as the summer wind sweeps down and besmirches the lily it has all summer been wooing and flattering. The duchess was a very pious and moral lady, and of course threw her favourite out into the street as a vile weed, and virtuously ground her down under her jewelled high-heeled shoes. She could have forgiven her any common frailty;—of course it was natural that the girl should have been seduced by the all-conquering charms of her son;—but aspire to *marriage* with their house!—pretend to be her son's *wife!* Since the time of Judas had such treachery ever been heard of?

Something was said of the propriety of walling up the culprit alive—a mode of disposing of small family matters somewhat *à la mode* in those times. But the duchess acknowledged herself foolishly tender, and unable quite to allow this very obvious propriety in the case. She contented herself with turning mother and daughter into the streets with every mark of ignominy, which was reduplicated by every one of her servants, lackeys, and court companions; who, of course, had always known just how the thing must end.

As to the young duke, he acted as a well-instructed young nobleman should, who understands the great difference there is between the tears of a duchess and those of low-born women. No sooner did he behold his conduct in the light of his mother's countenance, than he turned his back on his low marriage with edifying penitence. He did not think it necessary to convince his mother of the real existence of a union whose very supposition made her so unhappy, and occasioned such an uncommonly disagreeable and tempestuous state of things in the well-bred circle where his birth called him to move. Being, however, a religious youth, he opened his mind to his family confessor, by whose advice he sent a messenger with a large sum of money to Elsie, piously commending her and her daughter to the divine protection. He also gave orders for an entire new suit of raiment for the Virgin Mary in the family chapel, including a splendid set of diamonds, and promised unlimited candles to the altar of a neighbouring convent. If all this could not atone for a youthful error, it was a pity. So he thought, as he drew on his riding-gloves and went off on a hunting party, like a gallant and religious young nobleman.

Elsie, meanwhile, with her forlorn and disgraced daughter, found a

temporary asylum in a neighbouring mountain-village; where the poor, bedrabbled, broken-winged song-bird soon panted and fluttered her little life away. When the once beautiful and gay Isella had been hidden in the grave, cold and lonely, there remained a little wailing infant, which Elsie gathered to her bosom. Grim, dauntless, and resolute, she resolved, for the sake of this hapless one, to look life in the face once more, and try the battle under other skies. Taking the infant in her arms, she travelled with her far from the scene of her birth, and set all her energies at work to make for her a better destiny than that which had fallen to the lot of her unfortunate mother. She set about to form her character and order her fortunes with that sort of downright energy with which resolute people always attack the problem of a new human existence. This child *should be happy;* the rocks on which her mother was wrecked she should never strike upon,—they were all marked on Elsie's chart. Love had been the root of all poor Isella's troubles; and Agnes never should know love, till taught it safely by a husband of Elsie's own choosing.

The first step of security was in naming her after the chaste Saint Agnes, and placing her girlhood under the saint's special protection. Secondly, which was quite as much to the point, she brought her up laboriously in habits of incessant industry; never suffering her to be out of sight, or to have any connection or friendship, except such as could be carried on under the immediate supervision of the piercing black eyes. Every night she put her to bed as if Agnes had been an infant, and, wakening her again in the morning, took her to help in all the daily toils; of which, to do Elsie justice, she performed all the hardest portion, leaving to the girl just enough to keep her hands employed and her head steady.

The peculiar circumstance which had led Elsie to choose the old town of Sorrento for her residence, in preference to any of the beautiful villages which impearl that fertile plain, was the existence there of a flourishing convent dedicated to Saint Agnes, under whose protecting shadow her young charge might more securely spend the earlier years of girlhood. With this view, having hired the domicile we have already described, she lost no time in making the favourable acquaintance of the sisterhood; never coming to them empty-handed. The finest oranges of her garden, the whitest flax of her spinning, were always reserved as offerings at the shrine of the patroness whom she sought to propitiate for her grandchild.

In her earliest childhood the little Agnes was led toddling to the shrine by her zealous relative; and at the sight of her fair, sweet, awe-struck face, with its viny mantle of encircling curls, the torpid bosoms of the sisterhood throbbed with a strange, new pleasure, which they humbly hoped was not sinful,—as agreeable things, they found, generally were. They loved the echoes of her little feet down the damp, silent aisles of their chapel, and her small, sweet, slender voice, as she asked strange baby-questions; which, as usual with baby-questions, hit all the insoluble points of philosophy and theology exactly on the head.

The child became a special favourite with the abbess, Sister Theresa, a tall, thin, bloodless, sad-eyed woman, who looked as if she might have been cut out of one of the glaciers of Monte Rosa; but in whose heart the little fair one had made herself a niche, pushing her way up through, as you may have seen a lovely blue-fringed gentian standing in a snow-drift of the Alps with its little ring of melted snow around it.

Sister Theresa offered to take care of the child at any time when the grandmother was occupied with the day's labours; and so, during her early years, the little one was often domesticated for days together at the convent. A perfect mythology of wonderful stories encircled her, which the good sisters were never tired of repeating to each other. They were the simplest sayings and doings of childhood—handfuls of such wild-flowers as bespread the green turf of nursery life everywhere, but miraculous blossoms in the eyes of these good women, whom Saint Agnes had unwittingly deprived of any power of making comparisons, or ever having Christ's sweetest parable of the heavenly kingdom enacted in homes of their own.

Old Jocunda, the porteress, never failed to make a sensation with one stock-story of how she found the child standing on her head and crying, having been put into this reversed position in consequence of climbing up on a high stool to get her little fat hand into the vase of holy water; failing in which Christian attempt, her heels went up and her head down, greatly to her dismay. "Nevertheless," said old Jocunda, gravely, "it showed an edifying turn in the child; and when I lifted the little thing up, it stopped crying the minute its little fingers touched the water, and it made a cross on its forehead as sensible as the oldest among us. Ah, sisters! there's grace there, or I'm mistaken."

All the signs of an incipient saint were, indeed, manifested in the little one. She never played the wild and noisy plays of common children, but busied herself in making altars and shrines, which she adorned with the prettiest flowers of the gardens, and at which she worked hour after hour in the quietest and happiest earnestness. Her dreams were a constant source of wonder and edification in the convent, for they were all of angels and saints; and many a time, after hearing one, the sisterhood crossed themselves, and the abbess said, "*Ex oribus parvulorum.*" Always sweet, dutiful, submissive, cradling herself every night with a lulling of sweet hymns and infant murmur of prayers, and found sleeping in her little white bed with her crucifix clasped to her bosom, it was no wonder that the abbess thought her the special favourite of their divine patroness, and, like her, the subject of an early vocation to be the celestial bride of One fairer than the children of men, who should snatch her away from all earthly things, to be united to Him in a celestial paradise.

As the child grew older, she often sat at evening, with wide, wondering eyes, listening over and over again to the story of the fair Saint Agnes:—How she was a princess, living in her father's palace, and of such exceeding beauty and grace that none saw her but to love her, yet of such

sweetness and humility as passed all comparison; and how, when a heathen prince would have espoused her to his son, she said, "Away from me, tempter! for I am betrothed to a lover who is greater and fairer than any earthly suitor; he is so fair that the sun and moon are ravished by his beauty, so mighty that the angels of heaven are his servants." How she bore meekly with persecutions and threatenings and death for the sake of this unearthly love; and when she had poured out her blood, how she came to her mourning friends in ecstatic vision, all white and glistening, with a fair lamb by her side, and bade them weep not for her, because she was reigning with Him whom on earth she had preferred to all other lovers. There was also the legend of the fair Cecilia, the lovely musician whom angels had rapt away to their choirs; and the story of that queenly saint, Catharine, who passed through the courts of heaven, and saw the angels crowned with roses and lilies, and the Virgin on her throne, who gave her the wedding-ring that espoused her to be the bride of the King Eternal. Fed with such legends, it could not be but that a child with a sensitive, nervous organization and vivid imagination should have grown up with an unworldly and spiritual character, and that a poetic mist should have enveloped all her outward perceptions, similar to that palpitating veil of blue and lilac vapour that enshrouds the Italian landscape.

Nor is it to be marvelled at, if the results of this system of education went far beyond what the good old grandmother intended. For though a stanch good Christian, after the manner of those times, yet she had not the slightest mind to see her granddaughter a nun; on the contrary, she was working day and night to add to the dowry of Agnes, and had in her eye a reputable middle-aged blacksmith, who was a man of substance and prudence, to be the husband and keeper of her precious treasure. In a home thus established she hoped to enthrone herself, and provide for the rearing of a generation of stout-limbed girls and boys who should grow up to make a flourishing household in the land. This subject she had not yet broached to her granddaughter, though daily preparing to do so; deferring it, it must be told, from a sort of jealous, yearning craving to have wholly to herself the child for whom she had lived so many years.

Antonio, the blacksmith for whom this honour was destined, was one of those broad-backed, full-chested, long-limbed fellows often seen around Sorrento, with great, kind, black eyes like those of an ox, and all the attributes of a healthy, kindly, animal nature. Contentedly he hammered away at his business; and certainly, had not Dame Elsie of her own providence elected him to be the husband of her fair granddaughter, he would never have thought of the matter himself; but, opening the black eyes aforenamed upon the girl, he perceived that she was fair, and also received an inner light through Dame Elsie as to the amount of Agnes' dowry; and, putting these matters together, conceived a kindness for the maiden, and awaited with tranquillity the time when he should be allowed to commence his wooing.

Horse-keeping and Horse-dealing.

There is no department of a wealthy town establishment which is more easily controlled than its stables, provided "Paterfamilias" understands the management of them; but, in general, men, who during their youth have been actively and successfully employed in the serious business of life, have enjoyed few opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of such details, and are left, when they find themselves in a position to set up their carriage and to keep saddle-horses, to the tender mercies of their friends, grooms, and coachmen, which, like those of the wicked, are often rather cruel, in affairs connected with horse-dealing and horse-keeping.

The object of this paper is to submit to such of the readers of the Cornhill Magazine as may be in difficulties on this subject, a few plain stable statistics; premising that they have been made from personal experience; that they have been drawn up on the most liberal scale; and that, if they err at all, they will be found to err on the side of profusion.

Country gentlemen and men of leisure, who know all about the matter already, will do well to skip the following pages, for their writer is not so presumptuous as to suppose he can instruct them on a subject to which they probably have already devoted quite as much time as it is worth; the audience that he proposes to address being exclusively a town audience.

The first step to be taken in organizing a stud—say of four horses, two for draught and two for saddle—is to secure a stable, as near the owner's residence as may be. For four horses, it is best to have a five-stall stable; each of the stalls being at least six feet in width, and one of the partitions between them being moveable, so that in case of sickness or lameness, two stalls may be readily converted, without the aid of the carpenter, into a roomy, loose box. All ornament and gimcrackery ought to be carefully eschewed; but the stable should be lofty and well ventilated, well drained, and well lighted: it cannot be kept too neat or too sweet. The mangers, drinking-troughs, and hay-racks should be of iron, the tops of the racks being no higher than the mangers; the wall in front of the horses, against which they breathe, should be coated with thin slate, and washed daily; the windows should be fitted with strong sliding louvre blinds, and all the internal wood-work should be carefully scraped and stained with boiled oil, which is cheaper, and looks neater, than paint. It is convenient to have the name of each horse, painted in white letters on a black ground, on a tin or copper label, suspended over each manger. Hot and cold water should be laid on within the stable; and in the centre there should be a powerful gas-burner, protected by a wire lantern, to which a flexible tube may be attached for singeing.

The men's apartments should be contiguous to the stable; the more comfortable they are, the more advantageous both for master and men. They also should be lighted with gas. A well-fitted and thoroughly dry saddle and harness room or closet should be provided, in order that the saddlery and harness, when cleaned, may be put carefully away till again wanted. In no case ought those articles to be allowed to remain uncovered in the stable or the coach-house. Both in the stable and in the coach-house there ought to be cupboards for the brushes, leathers, brooms, baskets, and other items which are in constant use.

The hayloft, in towns, is generally over the stable; and as town stables are seldom very spacious, it is best that the corn-bin should be there too, and should communicate with the stable below by a wooden shaft. Where there is not sufficient space to allow of a large supply of provender being conveniently stored, it is most advantageous both for man and beast that each week's provision should be sent in weekly by the corn-dealer. Horses, working no harder than London horses should work, in order to look and step their best, will eat rather less than ten pounds weight of the best oats and twelve pounds weight of old hay daily; part of the hay being chopped up and mixed with the oats. From a truss and a half to two trusses of straw will be required for the weekly bedding of each horse. Some horses may require a little more, some a little less than these rations, but, on an average, they will be found to be sufficient, provided the quality of the provender be good.

When hay and corn are not unusually dear, the weekly cost of a horse's diet, thus fed, will not exceed 12*s.* a week. At the present moment it might exceed 14*s.*; but the most respectable corn-dealers in London are always willing to contract to feed horses, "open bin," at 14*s.* a week all the year round. Such an arrangement is by far the best that can be made for "Paterfamilias:" it simplifies the stable accounts, throws the task of supervising the consumption of provender on the corn-dealer, who is well able to perform it, and limits his own supervision to seeing that his horses are in good health, and look sleek and well. Coachmen who have been intrusted with purchasing provender themselves will, possibly, object to it; in which case the corn-dealer can generally find for their customers other and better servants who do not do so.

A London coachman who can drive well, and who is also an experienced, steady stableman, is indeed a valuable servant. His wages are from 30*l.* to 40*l.* a year. His board-wages, at 14*s.* a week, amount to rather more than 36*l.*, his liveries to 20*l.*; so that he may be assumed to cost altogether between 80*l.* and 90*l.* a year; and, considering the value of the property intrusted to his charge, and the sobriety, skill, punctuality, and honesty required of him, he cannot be said to be overpaid at that sum. A groom will cost from 10*l.* to 15*l.* a year less; and the usual wages of a helper are 2*s.* 6*d.* a day. Good helpers are hard to find, and still harder to keep, as they readily obtain situations as grooms when they are sober and industrious. The bigger and uglier your helper is, the more likely

he is to remain in your service; and a big fellow can strap a horse and clean a carriage with more ease to himself than a smaller man.

A coachman cannot in London look after a carriage and a pair of horses, and drive it single-handed; nor will any servant worth having attempt the task. He must, at least, have the assistance of a boy at 12*s.* a week, if the equipage is to be well turned out and the horses well cared for. Two men may look after a carriage and four horses, provided the second man be a helper, and be not expected to keep himself clean and ride out after his master; but if he is called upon to act as pad-groom, the help of a boy will still be needed. There is no economy whatever in being short-handed in the stable; the carriages, horses, harness, and saddlery all suffer by it, and the money saved in weekly wages is doubly spent in tradesmen's bills.

With respect to shoeing, an operation which requires to be performed about once a month, no better arrangement can be made than to send the horses to the nearest and best veterinary forge, to Mavor's, Field's, or to the Veterinary College, according to the locality in which they are kept. When horses repeatedly lose their shoes at work, the coachman may be set down as a careless fellow. No owner of horses should ever permit his stable-servants to bleed or physic them without the knowledge and sanction of the veterinary surgeon at whose forge they are shod. Stablemen are often fond of drugging the animals under their care; and the lives of many valuable horses are thus sacrificed yearly, without any suspicion being excited in the minds of their owners as to the real cause of their loss. There is no more detestable servant than a coachman who "professes physic," and who rejoices in the possession of a lot of mysterious receipts, which he administers according to the rule of thumb.

The minor items of expense connected with stable-management often give much trouble, and are the source of much annoyance and imposition when the master is an inexperienced person. The great London job-masters usually allow the coachmen in their employ for stable necessaries 3*l.* 10*s.* per horse per annum; and a gentleman cannot do better than to follow their example, increasing the allowance to 4*l.* This includes combs, brushes, leathers, sponges, rubbers, sand, oil, blacking, brooms, baskets, forks, fuel, washing, stopping, &c. &c. The master is then only called upon to provide stable-buckets, a carriage setter, and carriage candles.

When all these arrangements have been made, the stable expenditure assumes a very simple aspect; and provided the carriages, harness, and servants are clean and well turned out, and the horses in good fettle, the proprietor need take no further trouble about his stable affairs. It will be as much the coachman's interest to see that the corn-dealer performs his contract well as it will be the corndealer's to see that the coachman is an honest man, who deals faithfully with the provender supplied to him. Thus far the practice of stable economy is easy enough; but when good stables, good servants, and good food have been provided, the most difficult task still remains to be achieved, viz. to fill the stalls with good horses.

At the time that railways were first introduced into this country, it was confidently predicted that from that date the race of English horses would decline, that the demand for them would diminish, and that English farmers would consequently cease to breed them. This dismal prophecy has not, however, been fulfilled. On the contrary, horses of all kinds are more in request now than they ever were before; and first-class animals have risen in value at least forty per cent. during the last twenty-five years. The facilities which railways afford for travelling them without fatigue or risk, has enormously increased the numbers of our foreign customers, who only buy the very best horses; and there is now no capital in Europe in which the stables of the noble and the wealthy are not filled with English cattle. After every great fair in the North, strings of high-priced horses are shipped from Hull for Austria and Russia; the Emperor of the French has probably the finest collection of English horses in the world; and but a week or two ago one of our most celebrated thorough-bred horses was railed to Turin by Mr. Phillips, of Knightsbridge, to carry the King of Italy, a heavy man.

Under such circumstances, it is clear that the only means of obtaining first-rate horses is to repair to the stables of a first-rate dealer, and to pay a first-rate price for them. The English horse trade is a business in which as much capital, skill, and activity is embarked as in any other trade carried on in this great commercial country. Agents from all the great London dealers' establishments are constantly travelling through the breeding districts, and competing with the country dealers for every good-looking horse reared, as soon as it has completed its fourth year. To breed a well-bred colt, break it and maintain it until it is four years old, cannot cost less than 60*l.* Before the animal sold at a fair for that sum reaches the London dealer's stable, it has to pass through the hands of one or two agents or intermediate dealers, who all require a profit on its sale; its travelling expenses, and its keep, must be paid for; losses from accident and sickness must be provided against, and the maintenance of the London dealer's establishment, and his fair profit, must be duly considered. It is not, therefore, easy to see how a colt bought at Horncastle or Rugely for 60*l.* can be sold to a customer in London much under 100*l.* But if the colt be extraordinarily handsome, or if it possess remarkably good action, the breeder will be much more likely to require 120*l.* than 60*l.* for it; and the buyer, knowing his business well, will have no objection to pay that sum; being well aware that for extraordinary beauty and action, almost any price demanded can be obtained in the London and foreign markets. For first-rate saddle-horses, able to carry high weights, from 150*l.* to 250*l.* are every-day prices, and the large bay and brown carriage-horses used for first-class equipages are, when well-bred and well-actioned, more valuable still. Ladies' horses cost from 90*l.* to 120*l.*, according to the weight of the rider and the training the animal has received; brougham-horses, from 100*l.* to 150*l.*; and light harness-horses for broughams and sociables, from 180*l.* to 250*l.* the pair. Inferior

horses may, of course, be bought at inferior prices, but under the sums named first-class cattle cannot be secured.

A gentleman setting up his carriage in London will find it his interest to job his coach-horses. The London coach-horse trade is almost a monopoly in the hands of about half a dozen great jobmasters who are not dealers—that is to say, they will not sell their best horses at any price; and their worst, when they do sell them, are dear at any price. They buy up at three years of age every well-bred bay and brown coach-horse the breeding counties supply; and after keeping them about a year to break them and get them into working condition, let them out in pairs to their customers on yearly jobs, charging for the hire of those of average quality, seventy guineas a year. For pairs of horses of unusual beauty and action, they charge as much as one hundred guineas a year. When a horse goes lame or falls sick or dies, they instantly replace him with a sound horse; and as many of these men own five, six, and seven hundred horses, all of the same size, colour, and shape—for they admit few greys and no chesnuts into their stables—they enjoy advantages in matching and in replacing them that dealers on a smaller scale cannot command. Of course, where only a pair is jobbed, and where the work is hard, their best cattle do not go; they send sleek, well-conditioned, good-looking horses enough, but not animals of first-rate spirit and action.

These charges may seem, and are high; nevertheless, it is impossible for a gentleman to do better than to job. As the jobmasters buy so largely, and buy at three years old, they have, of course, the entire command of the market; and gentlemen who are seeking for five and six-year olds to put to work immediately can only get their leavings. Very few first-class coach-horses are ever seen in dealers' stables for sale; and when they are, enormous prices are demanded for them. A purchaser of a pair of such horses would, in all probability, soon discover that they were badly matched, or that one of the two did not suit him; it might be too eager, or too sluggish, or a little restive, or not quite sound; and, if he did, he would also soon discover that a single coach-horse, in a gentleman's hands, is utterly unsaleable, except at a tremendous sacrifice. Then the other horse, even if a good one, would have lost a third of its value by being unmatched; and the unhappy purchaser would have to spend many a weary hour in going the rounds of the London stables in order to rematch it. He would find himself, long before he succeeded in doing so, involved in many unprofitable deals, and eased of no small amount of money; and the very next time that either of his horses went lame or fell sick he would be called upon to play the whole play over again. These large coach horses are especially subject to a disease called "roaring," which being incurable, subjects the jobmasters to serious losses every year.

Now, if a man who jobs his horses pays highly for them, he at any rate is certain of getting good and satisfactory service for his money. Job horses are never lame, never sick; no money is ever lost in

exchanging or getting rid of them; and if the jobber be disposed to open his purse-strings, and to job four or five coach-horses and treat them well, he may, in due time (for even London jobmasters cannot produce extraordinary steppers at command), gratify his vanity by driving as fine horses as royalty itself.

An entirely different system prevails with respect to saddle, brougham, and light harness horses. It is not the custom to job them; the great jobmasters never have any horses of those descriptions in their stables; and although some of the smaller livery men profess to do so, their cattle are inferior, and the mode in which they perform their service is insufficient and unsatisfactory. For such animals the great London horse-dealers must be applied to; and no class of men deal more liberally and honestly than they do with customers who deal liberally and honestly with them, *and who know what they want.* Many people, indeed, are of opinion that horse-dealers are, as a class, great rogues; but quite as many people profess to entertain the same opinion of lawyers, and yet everybody knows at least one solicitor in whom he and his family justly place implicit confidence. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that dishonest horse-dealers, as well as dishonest lawyers, are the exception, and not the rule. Their interest is clearly to maintain good characters; and those who earn discredit for both callings are invariably indigent and struggling individuals who have neither character nor money to lose.

Now, many of the great English horse-dealers sell upwards of twelve hundred horses every year, ranging in value from 80*l.* to 300*l.* each; the business of collecting such a number of valuable animals, of maintaining them, of handling them, showing them to customers, exporting them, and exchanging them, would leave their owners very little time for practising the trumpery dodges of the "coping" trade, were it worth their while to attempt such paltry and unprofitable work. Men who have owned many horses during their lives will readily admit that they have not owned above half a dozen that they would wish to own again; yet every time they go into a dealer's stable they consider themselves ill used, if they do not bring away with them a horse that suits them exactly. They forget that the dealer showed them twenty young horses, the very best that activity and money could collect; that they bought their horse on their own judgment, and not on his; that he would just as soon have sold them any one of the other nineteen that they saw but did not buy; and that, if they did not pick out the best of the lot, the fault was theirs, and not his. Purchasers take themselves in much oftener than they are taken in by dealers, whose interest is obviously to satisfy a liberal customer if they can.

When a purchaser has discovered that he has bought a horse that he believes will not suit him, the best thing he can do is to impart his discovery to the dealer who has sold him the animal, and *to nobody else.* He must be prepared to pay for the mistake he has made, if, indeed, he has

made one; but he must not be in too great a hurry to come to that conclusion, for dealers' horses are generally young and fat, and quite unfit to go to work for six weeks or two months after they have been bought. It constantly happens that a nervous customer rejects a promising young horse, because a day or two after he has bought him, the poor beast shows symptoms of weakness, or sickens with influenza engendered by London stables and change of air and water. Good grooming, good food, and plenty of fresh air and exercise, would probably make the animal, in time, all that his purchaser could desire; and it is much better to try these remedies than to fall out with a respectable and obliging tradesman for contingencies over which he had no control, and for which he cannot fairly be held responsible. In buying horses, a purchaser must either rely on his own judgment, or must depute a friend, on whose judgment he has reliance, to buy for him. He will seldom do wrong if he trusts to the recommendation of the dealer; he will always do wrong, if he seeks the advice of many advisers, and if he allows himself to be swayed by the criticisms of his stable servants. Grooms and coachmen, however good they may be as such, seldom are good judges of horse-flesh; and, when consulted, they either seek to prove their sagacity by pretending to discover in every young horse a dozen imperfections which do not exist, or else they levy black-mail on the dealers, which, of course, eventually comes out of the pockets of their masters.

A veterinary surgeon's opinion as to the soundness of a new purchase is a capital thing, especially for the seller. It closes the transaction finally, and the buyer can have no pretext for returning a horse after it has been once passed. But purchasers should remember that many a worthless young horse will pass such an ordeal with credit; whilst there are few aged horses that will pass it at all, however valuable they may be. They should remember, too, that a veterinary surgeon's opinion does not extend to vice, that a horse may shy, kick, or rear, and yet be as sound as a roach. For shoeing and advice the most respectable veterinary surgeons ought to be employed. Their prices are very little, if any, higher than those of more obscure men; and their practice is more to be relied on.

It is very seldom that valuable horses are to be purchased anywhere except in the great dealers' stables. After each great fair the agents of the great dealers scour the stables of the smaller dealers, both in town and country, and buy up everything worth buying for their employers. The small dealers would much rather sell to them than to gentlemen, who take long credit, and often become dissatisfied and suspicious, and seek to return the animals they have bought; whilst the great dealers pay promptly and liberally, and stick to their purchases for better and for worse.

Many people will probably be of opinion that the statistics here given are exaggerated; and that good horses may be obtained at much lower prices than those mentioned. The advertisements in *The Times* and the lists of Tattersall's and Aldridge's certainly lead to that conclusion, and

"professional gentlemen" abound who, for a moderate fee, will introduce a greenhorn to half the copers' yards in London.* We advise all horse-buyers who believe in such cunning shifts for getting more than twelve-pence for their shilling, to study Sir George Stephens' well-known little work entitled *Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse*. Although the information which it contains has not been posted up to a very late date, a reader will find in it quite enough to deter him from wasting his time, his patience, and his money in a conflict of cunning with insol-

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* The subjoined advertisement, and extract from the proceedings of the Central Criminal Court, are worthy of the attention of the curious in horse-dealing :—

HORSES.—Capt. Hunt's Register (open to inspection) contains 20,000*l.* worth of genuine horses. Known personally throughout an established connection amongst the aristocracy and horse-breeders of this and the sister kingdoms, and to the public as author of the most favourably received work on the horse ever published. It is obvious that through this medium buyers and sellers of useful and valuable horses can derive advantages unattainable through any other channel.—Address, 10, Maida Hill, Edgeware Road, London. References—nobility, gentry, and masters of hounds.—*The Field*, April 6, 1861.

"William Vere Dawson Hunt, a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, who was stated to have been formerly a captain in the army, surrendered to take his trial upon an indictment charging him with obtaining 25*l.* by false pretences.

"Mr. Metcalfe and Mr. Poland conducted the prosecution; Sergeant Ballantine was specially retained, with Mr. Ribton, for the defendant.

"This case, it appeared, was removed by *certiorari* from the Middlesex Sessions. The prosecutor was a gentleman named Hackblock, residing at Reigate, and the charge arose out of the following circumstances :—It appeared that the defendant and some other persons had established a sort of horse registry in the metropolis, and professed to act as brokers between the sellers and purchasers of horses, the principle of their business being to receive a commission of 5 per cent. from both parties. In January last the defendant sent to Mr. Cox, a solicitor in Coleman Street, a list of horses that were upon his register, and it appeared that at this time the prosecutor, who was a friend of Mr. Cox, was in want of a pair of carriage horses, and he asked the defendant to let him know if he heard of two that were likely to suit. In the course of a few days the defendant wrote a letter to the effect that he had found a pair of horses that would just suit, and that the owner wanted 150*l.* for them, but that, after a great deal of trouble, he had induced him to take 135*l.* for them, but not a shilling less. This was communicated to Mr. Hackblock, who went to see the horses, and liked them, and agreed to purchase them if they were passed by a veterinary surgeon as sound. The horses after this were sent to Mr. Field, the veterinary surgeon, to be examined, and he gave a certificate that was satisfactory to Mr. Hackblock, who agreed to give the sum mentioned for the horses, and he handed to the prisoner 140*l.* in Bank of England notes, 135*l.* of that sum being the price agreed upon, 6*l.* 15*s.* for commission, and 5*s.* for the groom. The horses were then delivered to Mr. Hackblock, and shortly afterwards one of them was discovered to be restive and unfit for the purpose for which he had purchased it, and he was, therefore, anxious to return them. This, however, he found, he could not accomplish, and upon his making inquiry he ascertained that the defendant had purchased the horses in question from the person to whom they belonged for 110*l.*, and that he had pocketed the 25*l.* in excess of that sum that was paid to him by the prosecutor. It also appeared that the highest price ever asked for the horses was 120*l.*, and that the sum of 150*l.* was never mentioned.

"The Recorder, at the close of the case for the prosecution, expressed his opinion that the present indictment could not be supported. In order to make out a charge of obtaining money by false pretences it was necessary to prove that there was a false statement to the knowledge of the party, in reference to some existing fact, but here all that was proved was that the prisoner stated that he should pay over the money he received from the prosecutor to some other person at a future time, which, in his opinion, did not amount to false pretences.

"The jury thereupon, under his Lordship's directions, returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'"—*The Times*, April 9, 1861.

vent and unprincipled horse-copers. Occasionally, but not often, good horses are really sold by public auction; and when such is the case, they are almost always bought by the great dealers, who have the best and earliest information respecting such sales, and are, of course, eager to buy first-class horses wherever they can be found.

Horses sold by auction are never warranted either sound or quiet, and no opportunity is ever afforded to a purchaser to make any trial of them; it stands to reason, therefore, that a sound and quiet horse must be sold at a great disadvantage when it is sold where no credit can be given to it for the possession of those essential qualities, and that no man in his senses would sell sound and quiet horses at a certain disadvantage if he could avoid doing so. Now, as many men in full possession of all their faculties make a practice of selling their entire studs by auction every year, the inevitable inference is that these studs contain very few horses which would bear either examination or trial, and that the few that they do contain are merely sent in, as decoy ducks to assist in palming off the others on the unsuspecting public. Occasionally the auctioneer assures buyers that these annual sales are made "without reserve;" but he well knows at the time he makes the assurance, that with his connivance and concurrence measures are privately taken which will prevent any horse being sold below its full value. It may be useful to explain, too, that horses asserted to have been bought in at large sums, have, in all probability, not had a single bid made for them. The seller directs the auctioneer to buy in a certain horse, say, at 180 guineas. The auctioneer puts the horse up at 100 guineas; goes through the farce of pretending that an active competition ensues for it—when not a single bid is being made, and finally knocks it down to an ideal purchaser for 180 guineas, thanking the ideal purchaser for his liberal biddings. The horse is then entered in the auctioneer's books as "bought in at 180 guineas;" on the strength of which entry the owner is enabled to affirm that he refused 180 guineas for the horse at the hammer, and to refer future customers to the auctioneer's books in support of the falsehood. The period of the year when these predatory performances are in full bloom and vigour, is the present month, the month of May, during which people in want of horses ought to be especially shy of being allured by the tempting advertisements in the sporting and morning papers, inviting them to attend the annual sales of the studs of gentlemen who profess to dispose of their horses without reserve every spring.

"Gentlemen copers," who spend their winters in collecting screws which they may inflict on the public once a year for more than they are worth, under the protection and by the aid of the auctioneer's hammer, cannot be supposed to possess any very high sense of honour or honesty; and honourable and honest men will do well to have nothing to say either to them, their accomplices, or their studs; indeed, as a general rule, there are few individuals who ought to be more carefully avoided than an English gentleman horse-dealer—unless, indeed, it be an Irish one.

Both servants and horses for country work are much more easily and cheaply secured. Almost any steady, industrious stableman with good nerve will soon acquire sufficient skill to make a fair country coachman at less than two-thirds of the wages a London coachman will require. In every neighbourhood some respectable dealer resides, who enjoys the confidence of the gentry of the district, and who will readily supply the sort of carriage horses and hacks which answer best for country work, at half the prices which London cattle cost; for in the country neither extraordinary beauty, extraordinary action, nor great size are much appreciated; plain, quiet, active, well-bred animals, that can go long distances without knocking themselves up, suiting country work best. It is not the purpose of this paper to enter upon the subject of hunters, which in the grass counties are to be found collected together for sale in great numbers, in establishments conducted on as liberal and extensive a scale as any in London. The following advertisement, annually put forth by one of the most celebrated dealers in the North of England, will, however, afford a fair specimen of what even a provincial English dealer is prepared to do in the way of accommodating his customers with first-rate horses :—

W. MURRAY, Broughton Mews, Manchester, and Woodbine Cottage, Delamere Forest, has the honour to announce to the nobility and gentry of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe that he has now ready for inspection some of the finest HUNTERS, chargers, cobs, ladies' horses, carriage, drag, and phaeton horses, that can be produced for money. W. M. trusts that the long experience he has had in the purchase and sale of the very best class of horses, for which this country stands unrivalled, together with the distinguished patronage of many of the crowned heads and nobility in Europe, will be a sufficient guarantee, that, for fashion, breeding, substance, and general union of the most essential qualities in horses, his selections are highly appreciated and cannot be surpassed. He has upwards of 70 hunters, averaging from 12 to 18 stone, and he flatters himself that no man in England can show as many horses of the class in the same condition. Woodbine Cottage is situated in Delamere Forest, two miles and a half from Tarporley, four miles from the Beeston station, five miles and a half from Hartford station, and two miles from the Cheshire Kennels; and W. M. would have great pleasure in affording every accommodation to any nobleman or gentleman who will honour him with a visit, during which they will have ample opportunity of a liberal trial of any of his horses, with hounds or in cool blood, and any nobleman or gentleman from a long distance will not regret their visit, whether they purchase or not, after looking through the stud. The following will be found a fair description of his hunters at the above establishment, where there are now 30 fit to go, and second to none:—

ROBIN HOOD, bay gelding, 6 years old, up to 16 stone; a long, low horse, very fast, by Blackfoot, dam by Middleton.

THE SLASHER, brown gelding, 6 years old, up to 16 stone, by Sir Hercules, dam by Slinge.

THE REEFER, chesnut gelding, 6 years old, 16 hands high, up to 16 stone, by Middleton, dam by Blackfoot.

PERFECTION, bay gelding, 6 years old, up to 16 stone, by Economist, dam by Windfall.

FOREST QUEEN, brown mare, 15 hands 3½ inches high, 8 years old, up to 15 stone, well known with the Cheshire, by Small Hopes, dam by Slinge.

THE CLIPPER, bay gelding, 15 hands 3 inches high, 6 years old, up to 15 stone, a most perfect animal, by Windfall, dam by Welcome, granddam Gregan.

THE SWEEP, black gelding, by Sir Hercules, dam by Small Hopes, 15 hands 3 inches high, 6 years old, up to 15 stone; also well known with the Cheshire last year.

FORESTER, black gelding, 7 years old, 15 hands 3½ inches high, by Eman-ac-Knuck, dam by Langar; very fast and superior horse across country.

Irish Laddie, chesnut gelding, 7 years old, up to 16 stone, by Eagle out of the Maid of the Mill, Eagle by Birdcatcher, dam Emily, by Pantaloon; the Maid of the Mill, by Billy the Beau, by Soldier, dam Patty, by Tom Tug, granddam Aurelius, by Mango.

Hercules, brown gelding, by Slinge, dam by Sir Hercules, 16 hands 1 inch high, up to 17 stone, on short legs.

Claret, brown gelding, 15 hands 3 inches high, up to 15 stone; well known with the Cheshire; by Sir Hercules, dam by Irish Birdcatcher.

Jolly Tar, brown gelding, 5 years old, 16 hands ½ inch high, up to 15 stone, by Emperor or Honest John, dam by Loutherburgh, granddam by Robin Hood, great granddam by Knowsley, great great granddam by Pilgrim.

Joe Miller, chesnut gelding, 15 hands 3½ inches high, up to 14½ stone, by Harkaway, dam by Eagle, son of Birdcatcher.

Brown Brandy, brown gelding, by Sir William, dam by Macheath, by Muley Moloch, by Muley, 6 years old, 15 hands 3½ inches high; a long low horse, and trained enough to carry a lady across a country.

May Fly, chesnut mare, by Irish Birdcatcher, dam by Derby, granddam Blackfoot, 15 hands 3 inches high; up to 15 stone.

The Hatchet, bay gelding, 7 years old, 15 hands 3 inches high, very fast and handsome, by Slinge, dam by Blackfoot.

The Major, bay gelding, 6 years old, 15 hands 3 inches high; up to 14 stone, very fast, and quite a steeple-chase horse.

Garibaldi, chesnut gelding, 7 years old, 15 hands 3 inches high, up to 15 stone; no better hunter in the world; by Harkaway, dam by Blackfoot.

Kilkenny, b. gelding, 6 years old, 15 hands 3½ inches high, up to 16 stone; a long low horse; by Welcome, dam Derby.

Galloway Blade, chesnut gelding, by Harkaway, dam by Ishmael, 6 years old, 15 hands 3½ inches high, up to 14½ stone, quite thorough-bred.

Charlie, grey gelding, 15 hands 2½ inches high, up to 16 stone, very handsome, by Arthur, dam by Gregan.

Rory O'More, chesnut gelding, by Middleton, dam by Vulcan, a short-legged, old-fashioned horse, well trained, and fit to carry any nobleman or gentleman from 60 to 70 years of age, a snaffle bridle animal with good manners.

The Plover, bay mare, 7 years old, up to 13 stone, by Swinton out of Lapwing.

Grubber, b. gelding, 15 hands 2½ inches high, up to 15 stone, a cool and superior horse across a country, by Foam.

Barbara Ellen, grey mare, 6 years old, 15 hands 3½ inches high, up to 14 stone, very handsome, by Polish, dam by Freny, granddam by Economist.

The stud of hunters, weight-carrying cobs, handsome chargers, well-trained ladies' horses, high stepping carriage and drag horses, at Broughton Mews, Manchester, are well worthy the attention of the nobility and gentry, who are anxious to procure that great desideratum, fashion, breeding, temper, and substance in a sound horse at a moderate price. The above horses are all warranted sound, or subject to the opinion of a veterinary surgeon.

Blue Water.

Let not the reader whose maritime excursions have hitherto been limited to coasting trips, conveying him from one part of Europe to another, presume to imagine that he has ever seen "blue water." He may, indeed, have feasted his eyes on the beauties of Mediterranean scenery under the glories of an Italian sky and sun; he may have visited an ice cavern on a clear bright day and enjoyed the magical effects of light passing through pure water in a solid state; he may even have entered the renowned "cool grot" near Naples, into which no light whatever enters but that reflected from white sands through a great depth of water. In any or all of these he may have been made aware that the term *blue* was fitly applied to water, but he has still to learn by experience that from the vast, and till lately unfathomed, depths of ocean is reflected in calm weather a tint so blue, so pure, and so beautiful, that no other can bear comparison with it. It is a colour only obtained from water so deep as to be, in the ordinary language of mariners, unfathomable. Like many other things known to be difficult, and supposed to be impossible, the sounding of these great ocean depths was found manageable enough as soon as it became practically important that the form and nature of the ocean floor should be determined, and now it is merely a question of time and money as to when we shall be informed of all that is required in this curious investigation.

And yet it is no trifling matter, and attended by no ordinary difficulties, this raking up of all the mysteries that appertain to Neptune's great storehouse. The mere mechanical difficulties are enormous. It seems, no doubt, easy enough to reach the bottom of water, and a cannon-ball dropped from the surface would not be very long in arriving there, whatever the depth may be; but if this cannon-ball is suspended from a line, the case is different. Unless the weight is very heavy, compared with the size of the line, the friction of the line passing through the water causes the descent to be comparatively slow; and as, during the whole time, the line is also acted on by any currents of water that exist, whether near or far below the surface, it may happen that, instead of sinking straight down to the bottom, the line may make a series of curves or zigzags, and perhaps not reach the bottom at all. Thus, in some cases, 50,000 feet of line (nearly ten miles) have been run out without proof of bottom; not that the depth was anything like this amount, but simply that the weight was quite insufficient to resist the action of the water on the surface of the line that held it.

Even, however, if the weight does really reach the bottom, and we know that it does so, by the strain being relieved, we cannot be sure

that the quantity of line out is not greatly in excess of the depth. Unless, then, there was some better proof than the stoppage of the steady pull downwards on the line, but little value could be attributed to a deep sounding, and the better proof was by no means easy to discover. In default of more sure indications a careful calculation was made as to the time needed to sink the line each additional hundred fathoms below a certain depth; but this was at best a vague and unsatisfactory method. One ingenious person sunk a shell contrived to explode when it struck the bottom, but no returning sound reached the surface through the miles of water that intervened. Others invented ingenious apparatus to determine the depth, involving either a self-registration of the compression of the air, or marking the number of turns of a screw propeller set in motion by the resistance of the water to the descent of the instrument. But then came another difficulty. The bottom might be reached, but the apparatus sunk down could not be lifted up again. Even to lift an ordinary line sunk to a moderate depth (say a thousand fathoms) the strain is enormous, and if any obstacle is present, such as an instrument attached to the bottom, the friction soon becomes too great for any strength of line to overcome.

It will be seen, then, that merely to determine the depth of the sea in blue water is a serious and troublesome investigation; and, indeed, some of the difficulties have only lately been completely overcome. But it is not only required that we should find out the depth of water. To know anything of the ocean floor we must also be able to bring to the light of day and examine with our own eyes the material buried in the deep gloom of those vast abysses, through which but few of the sun's rays can penetrate even under the most favourable conditions. Certainly, during a great part of every twenty-four hours in all temperate latitudes the quantity of light transmitted to the bottom of the sea must be so small as to be quite unappreciable by our vision; and as light is, as far as we know, necessary to the existence of life, it was long assumed that eternal death reigned over those wide-spread surfaces, and that the only indications of life that could be expected must consist of skeletons of such marine animals as might perchance have reached the bottom from above. There might seem also to be another reason why death should reign supreme in these regions, in the fact that a fresh supply of oxygen is needed to replace that consumed by all animals in one way or other, and the certainty that such replacement can only take place through the whole body of the water above.

The phenomena of blue water are, however, not governed by our ideas of what is likely to occur under assumed circumstances. Observation and experiment have shown that with the instruments now in use, the depth of any required part of the ocean is readily obtainable within narrow limits of error, during all weathers, and even in disturbed seas, without any extraordinary difficulty. In spite of the vast pressure of the column of water above, the small supply of light that can reach the

bottom, and the slow replacement of oxygen at their depths, it is also certain that animals of various kinds live and flourish there; and we now know that these animals are wonderfully like those that elsewhere occupy shallow water, and that they are capable of being transported in a living state to the surface.

An account of the successive improvements in the sounding process by which these conclusions have been attained, and the difficulties overcome, can hardly fail to possess interest at a moment when we have just received a fresh instalment of information on the subject, and when our great arctic navigator, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, assisted by a worthy staff of officers, and a naturalist well fitted for his work, have added to their laurels by successful researches concerning the bottom of the Atlantic, in high latitudes, made during a season so inclement as that of the summer and autumn of 1860.

The apparatus and contrivances made use of in sounding and dredging in water more than 500 fathoms deep require to be first explained, and we may then inquire into the results already obtained by deep sounding, so far as they bear upon the physical geography and natural history of the ocean. In every point of view, these results are of great importance. They were originally obtained for the purpose of guiding and warning those who were about to lay down a telegraph cable between the British Islands and the American continent; but, as often happens in similar cases, they have led to conclusions far larger and more widely extended than were at first anticipated. They indicate peculiarities of form in those concealed depressions of the earth's surface always covered with water, that seem to point to special causes for their production; and they show, beyond all doubt, that life can and does exist under circumstances previously considered quite incapable of supporting it. They even inform us of the kind of life that is most independent of light and air; they explain, by example, the condition of minute atoms of limestone and flint under the pressure of a column of water equivalent to several tons on the square inch; and they prove that the currents affecting water at or near the surface, and at moderate depths, do not reach the bottom in mid ocean, although other very different currents may there act.

The apparatus for deep soundings should be adapted to attain three distinct objects, namely, first, the determination of the depth of the water at the place of sounding; secondly, the temperature at required depths; and, thirdly, there should be brought up from the bottom as large a quantity as possible of the mud, stones, shells, or other substances lying there. These are not always accomplished at every sounding; and, indeed, the most approved contrivances are calculated to effect these objects by separate observations.

For the original idea of the ingenious contrivances now generally adopted we are indebted to our trans-Atlantic brethren. After many failures and disappointments, Captain Brooks, of the United States Navy,

invented a sounding apparatus which consisted of a cannon-shot, having a hole through it for the passage of an iron rod. This rod terminated upwards in a pair of moveable hooks, from which the shot was so slung that the ball became detached the instant the bottom of the sea was struck. The lower part of the iron rod was adapted to bring up a small quantity of any mud or sand it touched, and as the rod, when detached from the ball or sinker, offered but little resistance to the water, it could come back with the line, and bring with it to the surface an indication of the bottom.

With this apparatus several deep soundings of the Atlantic were obtained, and mud from the bed of that ocean was for the first time submitted to human eyes. This mud was almost entirely made up of parts of animals; ninety per cent. of it consisting of the minute shells of some of the lowest forms of organization. No evidence was thus obtained as to whether the animals who constructed these shells had lived at the bottom, or whether their skeletons had sunk or been drifted to their resting-place after death.

A considerable improvement on Captain Brooks's apparatus was introduced by the late Mr. Massey, under the auspices of Captain Dayman, who, in command of H.M.S. *Cyclops*, a powerful steamer, made a series of soundings, during the summer of 1857, at intervals of about sixty miles, entirely across the Atlantic, from Valentia in Ireland to the coast of Newfoundland. The alterations thus effected were such as to render the whole machine less cumbrous and diminish friction in the descent, to ensure the removal of the sinker when the bottom was reached, and to close the valve so as to enable it not only to catch but bring up the mud and stones from the bottom. This latter result was, however, attained so imperfectly that, in many cases, only a few grains of the bottom were brought up, and sometimes there would be absolutely none at all.

In the month of June, 1860, a second sounding expedition across the Atlantic was determined on, and H.M.S. *Bulldog* was commissioned, as we have said, by Sir Leopold M'Clintock for this service. Dr. Wallich, of H.M.'s Indian Army, accompanied the expedition as naturalist; and, although the weather was throughout in the highest degree unfavourable, the soundings were carried on without intermission. Under Dr. Wallich's superintendence an important modification of the valve was introduced, by which, instead of a few grains, several pounds of mud, together with stones or other substances, as large as a walnut, could be caught and successfully retained. This was not available on the voyage out, but very important results were obtained with it on the return trip.*

* It is to be regretted that even in the expeditions whose express object has been to obtain information as to the depth and condition of the ocean-floor, and which have been provided with a naturalist to aid in determining these facts, there have been too many instances in which soundings have been taken without even an attempt to ascertain the nature of the bottom. There is no excuse for this neglect, inasmuch as the additional time and trouble involved are much more than repaid by the value of

The actual depth of the deep sea is now generally taken by an independent observation—a heavy sinker of iron, shaped so as to offer as little resistance as possible to water, being dropped vertically, carrying with it a moderately fine line. When the bottom is reached, and the depth determined, the sinker becoming detached is left behind, and the line hauled in. With the assistance of steam power, and care being taken to keep the ship vertically over the line, the operation is completed in water of 10,000 feet deep in about two hours.

When it is required to obtain specimens of the bottom, a further contrivance is added, consisting of a pair of scoops or spoons, kept apart during descent by the weight of the sinker, until the bottom is reached, and then brought firmly together by the action of a strong india-rubber band. The scoops, enclosing some pounds of whatever soft, loose matter may be caught up by them, are then lifted, the sinker being left at the bottom, as before. The temperature (which diminishes gradually to a minimum) is obtained by register thermometers, carefully enclosed and preserved from injury.

And now let us see what practical natural history results are due to this expedition, premising that, at the date of commissioning the *Bulldog*, it was very generally believed that animal life could not exist at the bottom of water more than 500 fathoms deep; that across the whole Atlantic floor there was an uniform covering of mud; that an ordinary telegraph cable, once deposited, would remain permanently out of the reach of injury; and that, from the absence of deep currents, there was no true bottom drift in the open ocean.

During the voyage of the *Bulldog*, when sounding between Iceland and Greenland, in water about 1,250 fathoms deep, a curious and most unexpected event occurred; and, thanks to the presence of Dr. Wallich, a thorough naturalist, who was never absent from his post, the accident was taken full advantage of. On this occasion the line came to the surface, bringing with it, amongst other things, a number of living creatures, whose presence entirely settled the whole question as to the depth to which life is necessarily limited in the ocean. To understand clearly how one fact entirely and for ever set at rest this problem, or, at least, enlarged its conditions beyond all expectation, two or three things must be understood and remembered. First, it is not unusual, in sounding, that, after reaching bottom with the line and sinker, a quantity of line should be run out in excess of depth, the depth being determined independently of the whole quantity of line. This extra quantity of line (about fifty fathoms) rested, of course, at the bottom of the sea for some minutes, and probably became buried in the tenacious mud which is the usual bottom in the Atlantic, owing to the enormous pressure of the water, amounting, at

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the information obtained; for it is quite as much by these observations concerning the nature of the bottom and its inhabitants, as by a consideration of the mere depth, that an estimate can be formed of the fitness of any proposed line for receiving and preserving a telegraph cable.

1,250 fathoms, to more than a ton and a half on every square inch of surface.* While thus buried, the line would seem to have attracted the attention of a colony of inquiring star-fishes resident on the spot, and altogether unaccustomed to an intrusion of the kind. Some of them—no doubt the younger and more curious members of the colony—not being very well able to distinguish the real nature of the foreign visitor in the gloom which must prevail below, did as such animals will do—attached themselves to the strange substance with which they were brought in contact, and, when it began to move, allowed themselves to be lifted up towards the surface, adhering the more firmly as they were removed farther and farther from their home. Dr. Wallich informs us that, "on reaching the surface, and for upwards of a quarter of an hour afterwards, they continued to move about energetically; and one very perfect specimen, which had fixed itself close to the extreme end of the line, and was still convulsively grasping it with its long spinous arms, was secured *in situ* on the rope, and consigned to immortality in a bottle of spirits."

The habits of star-fishes are peculiar and well known. They move by creeping along mud or rock, and the particular group to which the specimens obtained were found to belong, move only by spine-covered arms attached to a stony framework, and are thus by their mere weight quite precluded from rising at will through the water. Independently of the fact that they were mixed up with the bottom mud, adhering to the lowest end of the sounding-line, their habits and construction are such as to indicate the place of their abode.

But the mud with which these animals were found and the contents of their stomachs agreed so well together, as to render it absolutely certain that no error could arise on this score, for it was clear that they had lived where they were found. No less than ninety-five per cent. of the mud consisted of shelly cases of very small animals, precisely similar to those which had previously been found to cover the Atlantic sea bottom in almost every place where the bottom had been reached, whether in the previous expeditions of the *Arctic* or the *Cyclops*, or in the other soundings of the *Bulldog*. The star-fishes had clearly fed on these little animals, and thus belonged to the same condition of existence. If it were necessary to bring further evidence to prove that the two groups of animals inhabited the deep water, and lived at the bottom, we might refer to the discovery made also by Dr. Wallich, of the presence of tubes made by worms out of the fine sand and broken fragments of shells amongst which they live, and the fact that other worm-like animals had pierced holes in similar small shells obtained at the same time from the same mud.

* As an instance of this pressure we may mention that, in one of the soundings taken by Captain Dayman in the *Cyclops*, "the tar was forced out of the rope in an extraordinary manner, several of the splices started, and the rope was much stretched;" the latter, no doubt, in consequence of the enormous strain on the upper part of the line at the first effort to haul in the line.

The animals inhabiting the minute shells here alluded to, are very widely spread in all seas, and, as it now appears, at all depths. They belong to some of the lowest and simplest forms of organized life, and, though complex, are so rather by an infinite repetition of similar parts than by any grouping together of organs having different uses. Thus, although what is called a shell of these creatures seems to be built up of many distinct chambers, and thus resembles the nautilus—one of the most highly organized of the soft and boneless animals—the so-called chambered shell, varying greatly in size, is merely a grouped habitation of tens, hundreds, or thousands of individuals multiplied according to circumstances. This kind of life is more like that of a plant than an animal, and forms a curious transition from the vegetable to the animal kingdom.

Nor must it be supposed that any local or accidental drift of a submarine current can have brought the star-fishes from neighbouring shallow waters, in which they usually live, to these great depths. Independently of the living and lively state in which they came to the surface, the mere fact of their distance from land or shoal water is sufficient to decide this question. The spot where they were found is five hundred miles from Cape Farewell, the southern extremity of Greenland, and two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest point of Iceland. The soundings show that there is deep water all around.

We now, therefore, know something of the bottom of blue water, and of the objects that would there be presented could we descend in diving-bells, enduring the increased pressure of some thousands of feet of water over our heads, as well as we can adapt ourselves to the diminished pressure of the air when we ascend in a balloon or climb lofty mountains. Let us briefly survey these newly-discovered fields due to recent research.

The North Atlantic Ocean covers and conceals a vast depression on the earth's surface—an area of several millions of square miles. The lower portions of this space are at least six miles below the general level of the ocean, while the general depth varies between ten and twenty thousand feet. On the whole, the depth seems to increase by step-like and sudden depressions, conducting to broad terraces, on one of which terraces, between ten and fifteen thousand feet below the water level, repose some 1,500 miles of disabled telegraph cable, which for a short time formed a connecting link between England and America.

This great depression does not seem to partake of the nature of an inverted mountain chain, or to correspond strictly with any condition of that part of the earth's surface exposed to air. It is, rather, a gigantic repetition of the converse of what is called by geographers table-land, in which, as in Spain, the land rises suddenly from near the coast by abrupt and lofty elevations, each representing a wall when looked at from without, and each in succession conducting only to a level plain or plateau, which ranges for hundreds of miles, and then terminates at the foot of another similar wall or step. In the Atlantic the steps are downwards instead of upwards. Two hundred miles to the west, beyond the last

European land, is the first of such steps, and it drops nearly 7,000 feet in a few miles. This step extends across nearly to the American shore, where is the corresponding step upwards. South of this great plateau is another step downwards, also amounting to several thousand feet; and then again a third, leading down to the lowest depths, from which little has yet been obtained beyond the certitude of the vast profundity.

Spread evenly over many thousands of square miles of the vast floor or terrace first described, is a stiff mud, made up of minute shells, which we now know must include the débris of innumerable animals who have permanently resided there, including among them representatives of various natural tribes. There are star-fishes, some of which have been seen alive by human eyes, and small microscopic animals hardly to be distinguished from those inhabiting water of moderate depth, and there also are industrious worms casing themselves in cast-off habitations, as they do nearer the air; there are, in all probability, small crustaceans; and, lastly, but of greater real interest to us than all these, there are little representatives of the ship-worm, boring holes not as large as that which would be made by the finest needle, but by such holes giving admission to external influences which would be in the highest degree injurious when the interior reached was a metallic wire and the substance bored through a coating of gutta-percha intended to preserve the wire from such contact as would destroy electrical insulation. In this creature, which no one has yet seen, and whose work is only recognized on careful microscopic examination, but whose effect might be felt at a distance of thousands of miles from the seat of injury, is an enemy more dangerous, and causing a difficulty more serious, than any that has yet presented itself, as tending to interfere with the permanent preservation of a submarine telegraph cable laid across the bottom of the Atlantic. The small boring worm reaches to all known depths, and although at present it may not have eaten into gutta-percha, who can say how soon the taste may arise which would so seriously interfere with our human contrivances for instantaneous communication?

But though a large part of the Atlantic floor is certainly covered with this curious mud, it must not be supposed that there are no intervals of naked, jagged rock. Such intervals certainly occur near the edges of the vast broken walls that separate one terrace from another. There must be bold cliffs in those breadths of a few miles within which the depth changes so rapidly. Could we see them laid bare, they would no doubt astonish us as much by their grandeur and picturesqueness as they do now by the knowledge of their abruptness and magnitude. Off the coast of Ireland, there is a fall of 7,200 feet within a distance of ten miles, while on the east coast of Greenland, as we learn by the soundings recently taken by Captain M'Clintock, in the *Bulldog*, there is a fall of 3,500 feet within three and a half miles, a steepness not equalled in any mountain chain of considerable magnitude on any part of the land. No doubt there are also numerous deep valleys and fiords, and sudden peaked elevations, even on

those bottoms that have been described as covered by uniform sheets of mud, and much yet remains to be learned before we can satisfactorily mark in a map, or by a model, the whole of this ocean floor. Of the general conclusion, however, there is hardly a doubt, as the soundings already secured were made near enough to each other to answer this purpose.

The inhabitants of blue water do not often include those finny tribes which we most of us are in the habit of regarding as belonging especially to the ocean. Fishes are not, on the whole, very abundant in the sea, except where the water is only moderately deep, for they depend for their food on the vicinity of banks and shoals rarely met with many hundred miles from land. The whales, of all kinds, traverse with enormous rapidity the open water; and sharks, and other voracious fishes, often follow ships for a long time, for the chance of what is thrown overboard. But these are not really the important kinds, at least if number and variety can give importance. When the weather is fair, and the wind not tending to storm, there is in blue water a vast profusion of animal life other than fishes. On such occasions countless multitudes of animated beings float near the surface, so that the water may be said to be alive with them. Such animals not only prey one upon another, but multitudes of them also serve as food for the largest whales. These creatures are almost as unfamiliar to the navigator as they are to the general public; and although exceedingly curious, and often wonderfully beautiful in form and colour, they can still be described only in the language of natural history.

In all seas, but especially those near the poles of the earth, and most especially near the Antarctic Circle, there is a form of vegetation which, in minuteness and in the marvellously rapid multiplication of the individual, is the counterpart and rival of the small animals already described. The most that the eye can discern of these forms of life is a brown stain occasionally noticed on the ice; and yet we are told by Dr. Hooker that there is one deposit alone of the microscopic valves of flint secreted by these measuring four hundred miles in length and one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and of great and increasing thickness. It is, however, beyond a doubt, that all large and prominent life abounds much more, and is more varied and familiar, in the narrow interval where the ocean has less than a hundred fathoms of depth, than in open water; and the life that there exists is more useful to us both for food and economic purposes.

The animals that belong to the deep sea absent themselves entirely in rough weather, and are scarcely seen, even in the fine intervals, during inclement seasons. With regard to the past summer, we learn from Dr. Wallich, that during his whole cruise, in waters often crowded with animal existence, there was an almost entire absence of any life. What, we may ask, becomes of the animals thus disappearing? No one can yet tell whether they are capable of inhabiting deeper water, whether they can migrate to other and calmer seas, or whether they really do not become developed under circumstances so unfavourable for them.

Blue water, then, is a kingdom of its own. It has its own peculiarities

and characteristics, even at the surface; it covers depths only lately plumbed by man, but now known to be limited. Although its depth is certainly very great, it reposes on a solid and permanent floor, constantly receiving additions by the deposit of fresh material; it contains and nourishes inhabitants even in its most remote recesses, and these inhabitants are very closely allied to others that are tolerably well known—at least, to naturalists. In blue water, the wave rises to its greatest height, lashed by the furious winds that pass over the surface; but the great depths are undisturbed, and heave or sink with the tide, without reference to the storm. Such water is affected by surface and deep currents, equalizing and mingling the temperature and contents of the polar and equatorial seas. It is the pathway, but not the habitation, of the larger fishes and the whales; and, probably, the uniform temperature of water at great depths enables certain forms of life to be conveyed across the equator, and others beneath the ice, from one side to another of the polar seas. We have already spoken of the intensity and beauty of the colour, and the general purity of appearance of such water, and we now see that it differs from shallower water in other matters equally essential.

Researches in blue water are not mere matters of fanciful inquiry. It is only by such means that we can learn the particulars of that solid floor on which our telegraph cables must be laid; and unless we know the depth, the places where the depth suddenly alters, the nature of the rock, and the chances of injury, a great and unnecessary risk is incurred in placing the cable; and it has to be deposited blindly, in ignorance of many great dangers that might be avoided.* Unless, also, we know the bed in which the greater part of it will have to repose, the material of which it is composed, the chance of its being shifted by currents, or covered by fresh accumulations deposited on it by drift or otherwise, other not less considerable risks are incurred of future injury. And, lastly, unless we know something of the inhabitants, and their power and will to do mischief, the exact construction of the cable cannot be properly decided on, nor should the work of laying it be commenced. There are, as we have shown, few real difficulties now in learning the depth, the form, the temperature, and the nature of the animals at the bottom of any part of the ocean. We have already obtained this information for a part of the Atlantic, and in a similar way we may learn the corresponding particulars of other oceans. But we are not to assume that these are always identical. On the contrary, there is good reason to suppose that most of those conditions of life which have attracted attention and excited interest in regard to the Atlantic floor between Europe and North America, may be altogether dependent on local causes, of which the Gulf stream and the Arctic current

* It seems to be admitted that of nine thousand miles of submarine cable that had been laid, only three thousand were in actual operation at the close of the last year (1860). No doubt many other causes besides ignorance of the nature of the ocean-floor have contributed to this very serious amount of failure; but it is certain that a more accurate knowledge of the facts learnt by soundings would have saved a large part of the loss.

are doubtless among the most influential. In other parts of the Atlantic, uninfluenced by these causes, it may be that the mud is absent, or replaced by material of different kind, that the depth is far more variable, that the bottom is more irregular and broken, that there are more and deeper fiords, more hills rising above the general level, and fewer advantages for receiving and retaining the cables. On the other hand, it is to be feared, that the boring animal, if present in one place, is not likely to be absent in another.

At any rate, it will be clear that researches into deep water must henceforth become a department of marine surveying, and that the natural history of the animals of the sea-bottom requires to be recorded, as well as the particulars of the depth and the nature of the rocky or muddy bottom. Every series of researches yet made in reference to this subject tends to show the importance and paramount necessity of combining with the more directly practical investigations such inquiries into pure natural history as may be suggested by the occasion, for it is certain that a sound, practical result is sure to follow from labours so conducted. There can hardly be a more striking proof of the value of these inquiries than the instance given above of the train of inevitable results following from the discoveries already made. A minute orifice in a small object, only known to be a shell under the influence of a high magnifying power, involves the presence of a group of animals, of peculiar and well-known habits, preying on those inhabiting the shell. If one such representative of a group exists, why not others?—and why should not some of them, in time, eat into the vegetable substance hitherto made use of for insulating a wire? Who can say that where star-fishes and worms live, there may not be other marine animals, including some that might have a more directly injurious effect on the materials sunk?—and who can deny that, while doubts remain, and inquiries so important are unsolved, it would be unwise and improvident to incur large expenses, which may only end in repetition of disappointment? Since, however, there are ready means of obtaining information, we may well hope that before long additional light will be thrown on the inhabitants of the deep, and on the condition and peculiarities of their abode at the bottom of blue water.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XII.

ON BEING FOUND OUT.

AT the close (let us say) of Queen Anne's reign, when I was a boy at a small private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed one by one into a tool or hen house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the school-room; and all their hands were black too.

By reason of my tender age (and there are some critics who, I hope, will be satisfied by my acknowledging that I am a hundred and fifty-six next birthday) I could not understand what was the meaning of this night excursion—this candle, this tool-house, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the rogue would shirk from doing), all we boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not Found Out that time.

I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old schoolfellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was; cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!—Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man,

that we are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out.

Just picture to yourself everybody who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the head-master (Dr. Badford, let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for their faulty exercises, fancy Dr. Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really . . . *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honour to move. Is it not a mercy that a many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is for ever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing? There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little, haughty prude it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so? Ah me, what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

They talk of murderers being pretty certainly found out. Psha! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That

terrible man mentioned one or two ways of committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out. A man, for instance, comes home to his wife, and . . . but I pause—I know that this Magazine has a very large circulation. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million of people at once?—well, say a million, read it. And amongst these countless readers, I might be teaching some monster how to make away with his wife without being found out, some fiend of a woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will *not* then tell this easy and simple way of murder, as communicated to me by a most respectable party in the confidence of private intercourse. Suppose some gentle reader were to try this most simple and easy receipt—it seems to me almost infallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon myself for having been the means of doing injury to a single one of our esteemed subscribers? The prescription whereof I speak—that is to say, whereof I *don't* speak—shall be buried in this bosom. No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, "My dear! I am going away for a few days to Brighton. Here are all the keys of the house. You may open every door and closet, except the one at the end of the oak-room opposite the fireplace, with the little bronze Shakspeare on the mantelpiece (or what not)." I don't say this to a woman—unless, to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet. I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel, drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry, "O sneerer! You don't know the depth of woman's feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never, never would you libel us so!" "Ah, Delia! dear, dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know something about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man knows that). Ah, my bride, my ringdove, my rose, my poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like—bulbul of my grove, fountain of my desert, sunshine of my darkling life, and joy of my dungeoned existence! It is because I *do* know a little about you, that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet, and keep my key in my pocket. You take away that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock Delia in. You keep her out of harm's way and gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

And yet by little strange accidents and coincidents how we are being found out every day! You remember that old story of the Abbé Kakatoes, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was from a murderer, let us say. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Palsambleu, abbé!" says the brilliant marquis, taking a pinch of snuff, "are you here? Gentlemen and ladies! I was the abbé's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

To be sure how queerly things are found out! Here is an instance. Only the other day I was writing in these Roundabout Papers about a certain man, whom I facetiously called Baggs, and who had abused me to my friends, who of course told me. Shortly after that paper was published another friend, Sacks, let us call him, scowls fiercely at me as I am sitting in perfect good-humour at the club, and passes on without speaking. A cut. A quarrel. Sacks thinks it is about him that I was writing; whereas, upon my honour and conscience, I never had him once in my mind, and was pointing my moral from quite another man. But don't you see, by this wrath of the guilty-conscienced Sacks, that he had been abusing me too? He has owned himself guilty, never having been accused. He has winced when nobody thought of hitting him. I did but put the cap out, and madly butting and chafing, behold my friend rushes to put his head into it! Never mind, Sacks, you are found out; but I bear you no malice, my man.

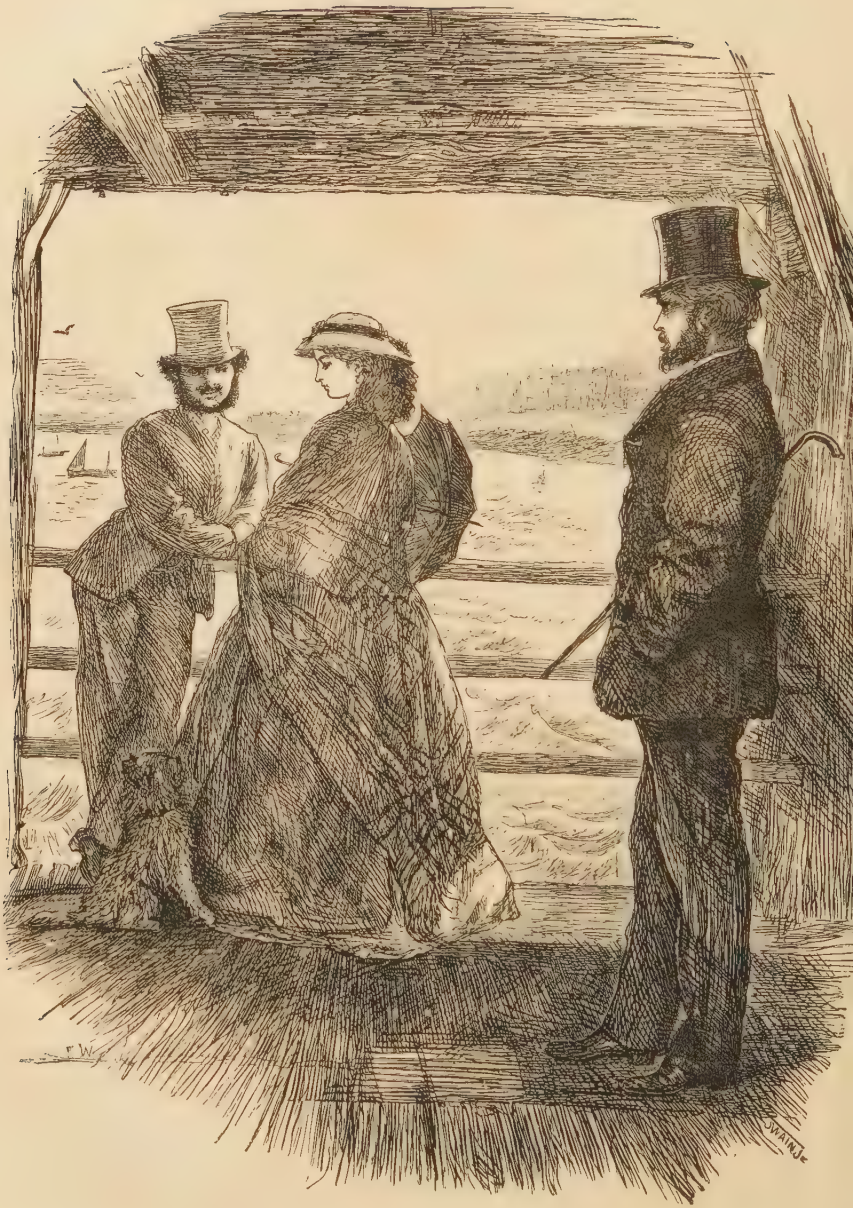
And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience, must be painful and odious, and cruelly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With fierce moustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and an immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it; brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass amongst my friends for a whiskery fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah, me! Suppose some brisk little chap steps up and gives me a caning in St. James's Street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows? My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of me, and were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day.

That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling, chattering rogue. My bills are unpaid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and I know I have stolen the very sermon over which I have been snivelling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

Then your writer, poet, historian, novelist, or what not. The *Beacon* says that "Jones's work is one of the first order." The *Lamp* declares that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s *Life of Goody Twoshoes* is a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a noble and enduring monument to the fame of that admirable Englishwoman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half-share in the *Lamp;* and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is

all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher, and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies iræ!*) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph. Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo?"—a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets! Wave, banners! Huzzay, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling, laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window: *he* has measured me; and some day the others will find me out too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who, as you know, has found you out, or, *vice versâ*, to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it. We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin, bow, and talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he? You know how he behaved to Hicks? A good-natured man, is he? Pray, do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try and sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bullseye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph! I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel cuffs, and walks away quite meekly. He is found out. He must go. "Good-bye, Doll Tearsheet! Good-bye, Mrs. Quickly, ma'am!" The other gentlemen and ladies *de la société* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And are assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out too.

What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out! *They* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you, and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamour, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.



Hand and Glove.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1861.

Philip.

CHAPTER XIII.

Love me Love my Dog.

WHILST the battle is raging, the old folks and ladies peep over the battlements, to watch the turns of the combat, and the behaviour of the knights. To princesses in old days, whose lovely hands were to be bestowed upon the conqueror, it must have been a matter of no small interest to know whether the slim young champion with the lovely eyes on the milk-white steed should vanquish, or the dumpy, elderly, square-shouldered, squinting, carroty whiskerando of a warrior who was laying about him so savagely; and so in this battle, on the issue of which depended the keeping or losing of poor Philip's inheritance, there were several non-combatants deeply interested. Or suppose we withdraw the chivalrous simile (as in fact the conduct and views of certain parties engaged in the matter were anything but what we call chivalrous), and imagine a wily old monkey who engages a cat to take certain chesnuts out of the fire, and pussy putting her paw through the bars, seizing the nut and then dropping it? Jacko is disappointed and angry, shows his sharp teeth, and bites if he dares. When the

attorney went down to do battle for Philip's patrimony, some of those who wanted it were spectators of the fight, and lurking up a tree hard by. When Mr. Bond came forward to try and seize Phil's chesnuts, there was a wily old monkey who thrust the cat's paw out, and proposed to gobble up the smoking prize.

If you have ever been at the "Admiral Byng," you know, my dear madam, that the parlour where the club meets is just behind Mrs. Oves's bar, so that by lifting up the sash of the window which communicates between the two apartments, that good-natured woman may put her face into the club-room, and actually be one of the society. Sometimes for company, old Mr. Ridley goes and sits with Mrs. O—— in her bar, and reads the paper there. He is slow at his reading. The long words puzzle the worthy gentleman. As he has plenty of time to spare, he does not grudge it to the study of his paper.

On the day when Mr. Bond went to persuade Mrs. Brandon in Thornhaugh Street to claim Dr. Firmin for her husband, and to disinherit poor Philip, a little gentleman wrapt most solemnly and mysteriously in a great cloak appeared at the bar of the "Admiral Byng," and said in an aristocratic manner, "You have a parlour, show me to it." And being introduced to the parlour (where there are fine pictures of Oves, Mrs. O——, and Spotty-nose, their favourite defunct bull-dog), sat down and called for a glass of sherry and a newspaper.

The civil and intelligent potboy of the "Byng" took the party *The Advertiser* of yesterday (which to-day's paper was in'and), and when the gentleman began to swear over the old paper, Frederick gave it as his opinion to his mistress that the new comer was a harbitrary gent,—as, indeed, he was, with the omission, perhaps, of a single letter; a man who bullied everybody who would submit to be bullied. In fact, it was our friend Talbot Twysden, Esq., Commissioner of the Powder and Pomatum Office; and I leave those who know him to say whether *he* is arbitrary or not.

To him presently came that bland old gentleman, Mr. Bond, who also asked for a parlour and some sherry and water; and this is how Philip and his veracious and astute biographer came to know for a certainty that dear uncle Talbot was the person who wished to—to have Philip's chesnuts.

Mr. Bond and Mr. Twysden had been scarcely a minute together, when such a storm of imprecations came clattering through the glass-window which communicates with Mrs. Oves's bar, that I daresay they made the jugs and tumblers clatter on the shelves, and Mr. Ridley, a very modest-spoken man, reading his paper, lay it down with a scared face, and say—"Well, I never." Nor did he often, I dare to say.

This volley was fired by Talbot Twysden, in consequence of his rage at the news which Mr. Bond brought him.

"Well, Mr. Bond; well, Mr. Bond! What does she say?" he asked of his emissary.

"She will have nothing to do with the business, Mr. Twysden. We can't touch it; and I don't see how we can move her. She denies the marriage as much as Firmin does: says she knew it was a mere sham when the ceremony was performed."

"Sir, you didn't bribe her enough," shrieked Mr. Twysden. "You have bungled this business; by George you have, sir."

"Go and do it yourself, sir, if you are not ashamed to appear in it," says the lawyer. "You don't suppose I did it because I liked it; or want to take that poor young fellow's inheritance from him, as you do?"

"I wish justice and the law, sir. If I were wrongfully detaining his property I would give it up. I would be the first to give it up. I desire justice and law, and employ you because you are a law agent. Are you not?"

"And I have been on your errand, and shall send in my bill in due time; and there will be an end of my connexion with you as your law agent, Mr. Twysden," cried the old lawyer.

"You know, sir, how badly Firmin acted to me in the last matter."

"Faith, sir, if you ask my opinion as a law agent, I don't think there was much to choose between you. How much is the sherry and water?—keep the change. Sorry I'd no better news to bring you, Mr. T., and as you are dissatisfied, again recommend you to employ another law agent."

"My good sir, I——"

"My good sir, I have had other dealings with your family, and am no more going to put up with your highti-tightiness than I would with Lord Ringwood's, when I was one of *his* law agents. I am not going to tell Mr. Philip Firmin that his uncle and aunt propose to ease him of his property; but if anybody else does—that good little Mrs. Brandon—or that old goose Mr. Whatdyecallum, her father—I don't suppose he will be over well pleased. I am speaking as a gentleman now, not as a law agent. You and your nephew had each a half share of Mr. Philip Firmin's grandfather's property, and you wanted it all, that's the truth, and set a law agent to get it for you; and swore at him because he could not get it from its right owner. And so, sir, I wish you a good morning, and recommend you to take your papers to some other agent, Mr. Twysden." And with this, *exit* Mr. Bond. And now, I ask you, if that secret could be kept which was known through a trembling glass-door to Mrs. Oves of the "Admiral Byng," and to Mr. Ridley the father of J. J., and the obsequious husband of Mrs. Ridley? On that very afternoon, at tea-time, Mrs. Ridley was made acquainted by her husband (in his noble and circumlocutory manner) with the conversation which he had overheard. It was agreed that an embassy should be sent to J. J. on the business, and his advice taken regarding it; and J. J.'s opinion was that the conversation certainly should be reported to Mr. Philip Firmin, who might afterwards act upon it as he should think best.

What? His own aunt, cousins, and uncle agreed in a scheme to overthrow his legitimacy, and deprive him of his grandfather's inheritance?

It seemed impossible. Big with the tremendous news, Philip came to his adviser, Mr. Pendennis, of the Temple, and told him what had occurred on the part of father, uncle, and Little Sister. Her abnegation had been so noble, that you may be sure Philip appreciated it; and a tie of friendship was formed between the young man and the little lady even more close and tender than that which had bound them previously. But the Twysdens, his kinsfolk, to employ a lawyer in order to rob him of his inheritance!—Oh, it was dastardly! Philip bawled and stamped, and thumped his sense of the wrong in his usual energetic manner. As for his cousin Ringwood Twysden, Phil had often entertained a strong desire to wring his neck and pitch him downstairs. As for uncle Talbot: that he is an old pump, that he is a pompous old humbug, and the queerest old sycophant, I grant you; but I couldn't have believed him guilty of this. And as for the girls—oh, Mrs. Pendennis, you who are good, you who are kind, although you hate them, I know you do—you can't say, you won't say, that they were in the conspiracy?

"But suppose Twysden was asking only for what he conceives to be his rights?" asked Mr. Pendennis. "Had your father been married to Mrs. Brandon, you would not have been Dr. Firmin's legitimate son. Had you not been his legitimate son, you had no right to a half-share of your grandfather's property. Uncle Talbot acts only the part of honour and justice in the transaction. He is Brutus, and he orders you off to death, with a bleeding heart."

"And he orders his family out of the way," roars Phil, "so that they mayn't be pained by seeing the execution! I see it all now. I wish somebody would send a knife through me at once, and put an end to me. I see it all now. Do you know that for the last week I have been to Beaunash Street, and found nobody? Agnes had the bronchitis, and her mother was attending to her; Blanche came for a minute or two, and was as cool—as cool as I have seen Lady Iceberg be cool to her. Then they must go away for change of air. They have been gone these three days: whilst uncle Talbot and that viper of a Ringwood have been closeted with their nice new friend, Mr. Hunt. O conf——! I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I know you always allow for the energy of my language."

"I should like to see that Little Sister, Mr. Firmin. She has not been selfish, or had any scheme but for your good," remarks my wife.

"A little angel who drops her h's—a little heart, so good and tender that I melt as I think of it," says Philip, drawing his big hand over his eyes. "What have men done to get the love of some women? We don't earn it; we don't deserve it, perhaps. We don't return it. They bestow it on us. I have given nothing back for all this love and kindness, but I look a little like my father of old days, for whom—for whom she had an attachment. And see now how she would die to serve me! You are wonderful, women are! your fidelities and your ficklenesses alike marvellous. What can any woman have found to adore in the doctor? Do you think my father could ever have been adorable, Mrs. Pendennis?

And yet I have heard my poor mother say she was obliged to marry him. She knew it was a bad match, but she couldn't resist it. In what was my father so irresistible? He is not to *my* taste. Between ourselves, I think he is a——well, never mind what."

"I think we had best not mind what?" says my wife, with a smile.

"Quite right—quite right; only I blurt out everything that is on my mind. Can't keep it in," cries Phil, gnawing his mustachios. "If my fortune depended on my silence I should be a beggar, that's the fact. And, you see, if you had such a father as mine, you yourself would find it rather difficult to hold your tongue about him. But now, tell me: this ordering away of the girls and aunt Twysden, whilst the little attack upon my property is being carried on—isn't it queer?"

"The question is at an end," said Mr. Pendennis. "You are restored to your *atavis regibus* and ancestral honours. Now that uncle Twysden can't get the property without you; have courage, my boy—he may take it, along with the encumbrance."

Poor Phil had not known—but some of us, who are pretty clear-sighted when our noble selves are not concerned, had perceived that Philip's dear aunt was playing fast and loose with the lad, and when his back was turned was encouraging a richer suitor for her daughter.

Hand on heart I can say of my wife, that she meddles with her neighbours as little as any person I ever knew; but when treacheries in love affairs are in question, she fires up at once, and would persecute to death almost the heartless male or female criminal who would break love's sacred laws. The idea of a man or woman trifling with that holy compact awakens in her a flame of indignation. In curtain confidences (of which let me not vulgarize the arcana), she had given me her mind about some of Miss Twysden's behaviour with that odious blackamoor, as she chose to call Captain Woolcomb, who, I own, had a very slight tinge of complexion; and when, quoting the words of Hamlet regarding his father and mother, I asked, "Could she on this fair mountain leave to feed, and batten on this Moor?" Mrs. Pendennis cried out that this matter was all too serious for jest, and wondered how her husband could make word-plays about it. Perhaps she has not the exquisite sense of humour possessed by some folks; or is it that she has more reverence? In her creed, if not in her church, marriage is a sacrament; and the fond believer never speaks of it without awe.

Now, as she expects both parties to the marriage engagement to keep that compact holy, she no more understands trifling with it than she could comprehend laughing and joking in a church. She has no patience with flirtations as they are called. "Don't tell me, sir," says the enthusiast, "a light word between a man and a married woman ought not to be permitted." And this is why she is harder on the woman than the man, in cases where such dismal matters happen to fall under discussion. A look, a word from a woman, she says, will check a libertine thought or word in a man; and these cases might be stopped at once if the woman but showed the slightest resolution. She is thus more angry

(I am only mentioning the peculiarities, not defending the ethics of this individual moralist)—she is, I say, more angrily disposed towards the woman than the man in such delicate cases; and, I am afraid, considers that women are for the most part only victims because they choose to be so.

Now, we had happened during this season to be at several entertainments, routs, and so forth, where poor Phil, owing to his unhappy Bohemian preferences and love of tobacco, &c., was not present—and where we saw Miss Agnes Twysden carrying on such a game with the tawny Woolcomb, as set Mrs. Laura in a tremor of indignation. What though Agnes's blue-eyed mamma sat near her blue-eyed daughter and kept her keen clear orbs perfectly wide open and cognizant of all that happened? So much the worse for her, the worse for both. It was a shame and a sin that a Christian English mother should suffer her daughter to deal lightly with the most holy, the most awful of human contracts; should be preparing her child who knows for what after misery of mind and soul. Three months ago, you saw how she encouraged poor Philip, and now see her with this mulatto!

"Is he not a man, and a brother, my dear?" perhaps at this Mr. Pendennis interposes.

"Oh, for shame, Pen, no levity on this—no sneers and laughter on this the most sacred subject of all." And here, I daresay, the woman falls to caressing her own children and hugging them to her heart as her manner was when moved. *Que voulez vous?* There are some women in the world to whom love and truth are all in all here below. Other ladies there are who see the benefit of a good jointure, a town and country house, and so forth, and who are not so very particular as to the character, intellect, or complexion of gentlemen who are in a position to offer their dear girls these benefits. In fine, I say that regarding this blue-eyed mother and daughter, Mrs. Laura Pendennis was in such a state of mind, that she was ready to tear their blue eyes out.

Nay, it was with no little difficulty that Mrs. Laura could be induced to hold her tongue upon the matter and not give Philip her opinion. "What?" she would ask, "the poor young man is to be deceived and cajoled; to be taken or left as it suits these people; to be made miserable for life certainly if she marries him; and his friends are not to dare to warn him? The cowards! The cowardice of you men, Pen, upon matters of opinion, of you masters and lords of creation, is really despicable, sir! You dare not have opinions, or holding them you dare not declare them, and act by them. You compromise with crime every day because you think it would be officious to declare yourself and interfere. You are not afraid of outraging morals, but of inflicting *ennui* upon society, and losing your popularity. You are as cynical as—as, what was the name of the horrid old man who lived in the tub—Demosthenes?—well, Diogenes, then, and the name does not matter a pin, sir. You are as cynical, only you wear fine ruffled shirts and wristbands, and you carry your lantern dark.

It is not right to 'put your oar in' as you say in your jargon (and even your slang is a sort of cowardice, sir, for you are afraid to speak the feelings of your heart:—) it is not right to meddle and speak the truth, not right to rescue a poor soul who is drowning—of course not. What call have you fine gentlemen of the world to put your oar in? Let him perish! What did he in that galley? That is the language of the world, baby darling. And, my poor, poor child, when you are sinking, nobody is to stretch out a hand to save you!" As for that wife of mine, when she sets forth the maternal plea, and appeals to the exuberant school of philosophers, I know there is no reasoning with her. I retire to my books, and leave her to kiss out the rest of the argument over the children.

Philip did not know the extent of the obligation which he owed to his little friend and guardian, Caroline; but he was aware that he had no better friend than herself in the world; and, I daresay, returned to her, as the wont is in such bargains between man and woman—woman and man, at least—a sixpence for that pure gold treasure, her sovereign affection. I suppose Caroline thought her sacrifice gave her a little authority to counsel Philip; for she it was who, I believe, first bid him to inquire whether that engagement which he had virtually contracted with his cousin was likely to lead to good, and was to be binding upon him but not on her? She brought Ridley to add his doubts to her remonstrances. She showed Philip that not only his uncle's conduct, but his cousin's, was interested, and set him to inquire into it further.

That peculiar form of bronchitis under which poor dear Agnes was suffering was relieved by absence from London. The smoke, the crowded parties and assemblies, the late hours, and, perhaps, the gloom of the house in Beaumash Street, distressed the poor dear child; and her cough was very much soothed by that fine, cutting east wind, which blows so liberally along the Brighton cliffs, and which is so good for coughs, as we all know. But there was one fault in Brighton which could not be helped in her bad case: it is too near London. The air, that chartered libertine, can blow down from London quite easily; or people can come from London to Brighton, bringing, I daresay, the insidious London fog along with them. At any rate, Agnes, if she wished for quiet, poor thing, might have gone farther and fared better. Why, if you owe a tailor a bill, he can run down and present it in a few hours. Vulgar, inconvenient acquaintances thrust themselves upon you at every moment and corner. Was ever such a *tohubohu* of people as there assembles? You can't be tranquil, if you will. Organs pipe and scream without cease at your windows. Your name is put down in the papers when you arrive; and everybody meets everybody ever so many times a day.

On finding that his uncle had set lawyers to work, with the charitable purpose of ascertaining whether Philip's property was legitimately his own, Philip was a good deal disturbed in mind. He could not appreciate that high sense of moral obligation by which Mr. Twysden was actuated. At least, he thought that these inquiries should not have been secretly set

a-foot; and as he himself was perfectly open—a great deal too open, perhaps—in his words and his actions, he was hard with those who attempted to hoodwink or deceive him.

It could not be; ah! no, it never could be, that Agnes the pure and gentle was privy to this conspiracy. But then, how very—very often of late she had been from home; how very, very cold aunt Twysden's shoulder had somehow become. Once, when he reached the door, a fishmonger's boy was leaving a fine salmon at the kitchen,—a salmon and a tub of ice. Once, twice, at five o'clock, when he called, a smell of cooking pervaded the hall,—that hall which culinary odours very seldom visited. Some of those noble Twysden dinners were on the *tapis*, and Philip was not asked. Not to be asked was no great deprivation; but who were the guests? To be sure, these were trifles light as air; but Philip smelt mischief in the steam of those Twysden dinners. He chewed that salmon with a bitter sauce as he saw it sink down the area steps (and disappear with its attendant lobster) in the dark kitchen regions.

Yes; eyes were somehow averted that used to look into his very frankly; a glove somehow had grown over a little hand which once used to lie very comfortably in his broad palm. Was anybody else going to seize it, and was it going to paddle in that blackamoor's unblest fingers? Ah! fiends and tortures! a gentleman may cease to love, but does he like a woman to cease to love him? People carry on ever so long for fear of that declaration that all is over. No confession is more dismal to make. The sun of love has set. We sit in the dark. I mean you, dear madam, and Corydon, or I and Amaryllis; uncomfortably, with nothing more to say to one another; with the night dew falling, and a risk of catching cold, drearily contemplating the fading west, with "the cold remains of lustre gone, of fire long past away." Sink, fire of love! Rise, gentle moon, and mists of chilly evening. And, my good Madam Amaryllis, let us go home to some tea and a fire.

So Philip determined to go and seek his cousin. Arrived at his hotel, (and if it were the * * I can't conceive Philip in much better quarters), he had the opportunity of inspecting those delightful newspaper arrivals, a perusal of which has so often edified us at Brighton. Mr. and Mrs. Penfold, he was informed, continued their residence, No. 96, Horizontal Place; and it was with those guardians he knew his Agnes was staying. He speeds to Horizontal Place. Miss Twysden is out. He heaves a sigh, and leaves a card. Has it ever happened to you to leave a card at *that* house—that house which was once THE house—almost your own; where you were ever welcome; where the kindest hand was ready to grasp yours, the brightest eye to greet you? And now your friendship has dwindled away to a little bit of pasteboard, shed once a year, and poor dear Mrs. Jones (it is with J. you have quarrelled) still calls on the ladies of your family and slips her husband's ticket upon the hall table. O life and time, that it should have come to this! O gracious powers! Do you recal the time when Arabella Briggs was Arabella Thompson?

You call and talk *fadaises* to her (at first she is rather nervous, and has the children in); you talk rain and fine weather; the last novel; the next party; Thompson in the City? Yes, Mr. Thompson is in the City. He's pretty well, thank you. Ah! Daggers, ropes, and poisons, has it come to this? You are talking about the weather, and another man's health, and another man's children, of which she is mother, to *her?* Time was the weather was all a burning sunshine, in which you and she basked; or if clouds gathered, and a storm fell, such a glorious rainbow haloed round you, such delicious tears fell and refreshed you, that the storm was more ravishing than the calm. And now another man's children are sitting on her knee—their mother's knee; and once a year Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson request the honour of Mr. Brown's company at dinner; and once a year you read in *The Times*, "In Nursery Street, the wife of J. Thompson, Esq., of a Son." To come to the once-beloved one's door, and find the knocker tied up with a white kid glove, is humiliating—say what you will it is humiliating.

Philip leaves his card, and walks on to the Cliff, and of course, in three minutes, meets Clinker. Indeed, who ever went to Brighton for half an hour without meeting Clinker?

"Father pretty well? His old patient, Lady Geminy, is down here with the children; what a number of them there are, to be sure! Come to make any stay? See your cousin, Miss Twysden, is here with the Penfolds. Little party at the Grigsons' last night; she looked uncommonly well; danced ever so many times with the Black Prince, Woolcomb of the Greens. Suppose I may congratulate you. Six thousand five hundred a year now, and thirteen thousand when his grandmother dies; but those negresses live for ever. I suppose the thing is settled. I saw them on the pier just now, and Mrs. Penfold was reading a book in the arbour. Book of sermons it was—pious woman, Mrs. Penfold. I dare say they are on the pier still." Striding with hurried steps Philip Firmin makes for the pier. The breathless Clinker cannot keep alongside of his face. I should like to have seen it when Clinker said that "the thing" was settled between Miss Twysden and the cavalry gentleman.

There were a few nursery governesses, maids, and children, paddling about at the end of the pier; and there was a fat woman reading a book in one of the arbours—but no Agnes, no Woolcomb. Where can they be? Can they be weighing each other? or buying those mad pebbles, which people are known to purchase? or having their silhouettes done in black? Ha! ha! Woolcomb would hardly have *his* face done in black. The idea would provoke odious comparisons. I see Philip is in a dreadfully bad sarcastic humour.

Up there comes from one of those trap-doors which lead down from the pier head to the green sea-waves ever restlessly jumping below—up there comes a little Skye-terrier dog with a red collar, who as soon as she sees Philip, sings, squeaks, whines, runs, jumps, *flumps* up on him, if I may use the expression, kisses his hands, and with eyes, tongue, paws, and tail

shows him a thousand marks of welcome and affection. What, Brownie, Brownie! Philip is glad to see the dog, an old friend who has many a time licked his hand and bounced upon his knee.

The greeting over, Brownie, wagging her tail with prodigious activity, trots before Philip—trots down an opening, down the steps under which the waves shimmer greenly, and into quite a quiet remote corner just over the water, whence you may command a most beautiful view of the sea, the shore, the Marine Parade, and the Albion Hotel, and where, were I five-and-twenty say, with nothing else to do, I would gladly pass a quarter of an hour talking about Glaucus or the Wonders of the Deep with the object of my affections.

Here, amongst the labyrinth of piles, Brownie goes flouncing along till she comes to a young couple who are looking at the view just described. In order to view it better, the young man has laid his hand, a pretty little hand most delicately gloved, on the lady's hand; and Brownie comes up and nuzzles against her, and whines and talks as much as to say, "Here's somebody," and the lady says, "Down, Brownie, miss."

"It's no good, Agnes, that dog," says the gentleman (he has very curly, not to say woolly hair, under his natty little hat). "I'll give you a pug with a nose you can hang your hat on. I do know of one now. My man Rummins knows of one. Do you like pugs?"

"I adore them," says the lady.

"I'll give you one, if I have to pay fifty pounds for it. And they fetch a good figure, the real pugs do, I can tell you. Once in London there was an exhibition of 'em, and——"

"Brownie, Brownie, down!" cries Agnes. The dog was jumping at a gentleman, a tall gentleman with red mustachios and beard, who advances through the chequered shade, under the ponderous beams, over the translucent sea.

"Pray don't mind, Brownie won't hurt me," says a perfectly well-known voice, the sound of which sends all the colours shuddering out of Miss Agnes' pink cheeks.

"You see I gave my cousin this dog, Captain Woolcomb," says the gentleman; "and the little slut remembers me. Perhaps Miss Twysden prefers the pug better."

"Sir!"

"If it has a nose you can hang your hat on, it must be a very pretty dog, and I suppose you intend to hang your hat on it a good deal."

"Oh, Philip!" says the lady; but an attack of that dreadful coughing stops further utterance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Contains Two of Philip's Mishaps.

OU know that, in some parts of India, infanticide is the common custom. It is part of the religion of the land, as, in other districts, widow-burning used to be. I can't imagine that ladies like to destroy either themselves or their children, though they submit with bravery, and even cheerfulness, to the decrees of that religion which orders them to make away with their own or their young ones' lives. Now, suppose you and I, as Europeans, happened to drive up where a young creature was just about to roast herself, under the advice of her family and the highest dignitaries of her church; what could we do? Rescue her? No such thing. We know better than to interfere with her, and the laws and usages of her country. We turn away with a sigh from the mournful scene; we pull out our pocket-handkerchiefs, tell coachman to drive on, and leave her to her sad fate.

Now about poor Agnes Twysden: how, in the name of goodness, can we help her? You see she is a well brought up and religious young woman of the Brahminical sect. If she is to be sacrificed, that old Brahmin her father, that good and devout mother, that most special Brahmin her brother, and that admirable girl her strait-laced sister, all insist upon her undergoing the ceremony, and deck her with flowers ere they lead her to that dismal altar flame. Suppose, I say, she has made up her mind to throw over poor Philip, and take on with some one else? What sentiment ought our virtuous bosoms to entertain towards her? Anger? I have just been holding a conversation with a young fellow in rags and without shoes, whose bed is commonly a dry arch, who has been repeatedly in prison, whose father and mother were thieves, and whose grandfathers were thieves;—are we to be angry with him for following the paternal profession? With one eye brimming with pity, the other steadily keeping watch over the family spoons, I listen to his artless tale. I have no anger against that child; nor towards thee, Agnes, daughter of Talbot the Brahmin.

For though duty is duty, when it comes to the pinch, it is often hard to do. Though dear papa and mamma say that here is a gentleman with ever so many thousands a year, an undoubted part in So-and-So-shire, and whole islands in the western main, who is wildly in love with your fair skin and blue eyes, and is ready to fling all his treasures at your feet; yet, after all, when you consider that he is very ignorant, though very cunning; very stingy, though very rich; very ill-tempered, probably, if faces and eyes and mouths can tell truth: and as for Philip Firmin—though actually his legitimacy is dubious, as we have lately heard, in which case his maternal fortune is ours—and as for his paternal inheritance, we don't know whether the doctor is worth thirty thousand pounds or a shilling;—yet, after all—as for Philip—he is a man; he is a gentleman; he has brains in his head, and a great honest heart of which he has offered to give the best feelings to his cousin;—I say, when a poor girl has to be off with that old love, that honest and fair love, and be on with the new one, the dark one, I feel for her; and though the Brahmins are, as we know, the most genteel sect in Hindostan, I rather wish the poor child could have belonged to some lower and less rigid sect. Poor Agnes! to think that he has sat for hours, with mamma and Blanche or the governess, of course, in the room (for, you know, when she and Philip were quite wee wee things dear mamma had little amiable plans in view); has sat for hours by Miss Twysden's side pouring out his heart to her; has had, may-hap, little precious moments of confidential talk—little hasty whispers in corridors, on stairs, behind window-curtains, and—and so forth in fact. She must remember all this past; and can't, without some pang, listen on the same sofa, behind the same window-curtains, to her dark suitor pouring out his artless tales of barracks, boxing, horseflesh, and the tender passion. He is dull, he is mean, he is ill-tempered, he is ignorant, and the other was . . . .; but she will do her duty: oh, yes! she will do her duty! Poor Agnes! *C'est à fendre le cœur.* I declare I quite feel for her.

When Philip's temper was roused, I have been compelled, as his biographer, to own how very rude and disagreeable he could be; and you must acknowledge that a young man has some reason to be displeased, when he finds the girl of his heart hand in hand with another young gentleman in an occult and shady recess of the woodwork of Brighton Pier. The green waves are softly murmuring: so is the officer of the Life-Guards Green. The waves are kissing the beach. Ah, agonizing thought! I will not pursue the simile, which may be but a jealous man's mad fantasy. Of this I am sure, no pebble on that beach is cooler than polished Agnes. But, then, Philip drunk with jealousy is not a reasonable being like Philip sober. "He had a dreadful temper," Philip's dear aunt said of him afterwards,—"I trembled for my dear, gentle child, united for ever to a man of that violence. Never, in my secret mind, could I think that their union could be a happy one. Besides, you know, the nearness of their relationship. My scruples on that score, dear Mrs. Candour, never, never could be quite got over." And these

scruples came to weigh whole tons, when Mangrove Hall, the house in Berkeley Square, and Mr. Woolcomb's West India island were put into the scale along with them.

Of course there was no good in remaining amongst those damp, reeking timbers, now that the pretty little *tête-à-tête* was over. Little Brownie hung fondling and whining round Philip's ankles, as the party ascended to the upper air. "My child, how pale you look!" cries Mrs. Penfold, putting down her volume. Out of the captain's opal eyeballs shot lurid flames, and hot blood burned behind his yellow cheeks. In a quarrel, Mr. Philip Firmin could be particularly cool and self-possessed. When Miss Agnes rather piteously introduced him to Mrs. Penfold, he made a bow as polite and gracious as any performed by his royal father. "My little dog knew me," he said, caressing the animal. "She is a faithful little thing, and she led me down to my cousin; and—Captain Woolcomb, I think, is your name, sir?"

As Philip curls his moustache and smiles blandly, Captain Woolcomb pulls his and scowls fiercely. "Yes, sir," he mutters, "my name is Woolcomb." Another bow and a touch of the hat from Mr. Firmin. A touch?—a gracious wave of the hat; acknowledged by no means so gracefully by Captain Woolcomb.

To these remarks, Mrs. Penfold says, "Oh!" In fact, "Oh!" is about the best thing that could be said under the circumstances.

"My cousin, Miss Twysden, looks so pale because she was out very late dancing last night. I hear it was a very pretty ball. But ought she to keep such late hours, Mrs. Penfold, with her delicate health? Indeed, you ought not, Agnes! Ought she to keep late hours, Brownie? There—don't, you little foolish thing! I gave my cousin the dog: and she's very fond of me—the dog is—still. You were saying, Captain Woolcomb, when I came up, that you would give Miss Twysden a dog on whose nose you could hang your . . . . I beg pardon?"

Mr. Woolcomb, as Philip made this second allusion to the peculiar nasal formation of the pug, ground his little white teeth together, and let slip a most improper monosyllable. More acute bronchial suffering was manifested on the part of Miss Twysden. Mrs. Penfold said, "The day is clouding over. I think, Agnes, I will have my chair, and go home."

"May I be allowed to walk with you as far as your house?" says Philip, twiddling a little locket which he wore at his watch-chain. It was a little gold locket, with a little pale hair inside. Whose hair could it have been that was so pale and fine? As for the pretty, hieroglyphical A. T. at the back, those letters might indicate Alfred Tennyson, or Anthony Trollope, who might have given a lock of *their* golden hair to Philip, for I know he is an admirer of their works.

Agnes looked guiltily at the little locket. Captain Woolcomb pulled his moustache so, that you would have thought he would have pulled it off; and his opal eyes glared with fearful confusion and wrath.

"Will you please to fall back and let me speak to you, Agnes? Pardon me, Captain Woolcomb, I have a private message for my cousin; and I came from London expressly to deliver it."

"If Miss Twysden desires me to withdraw, I fall back in one moment," says the captain, clenching the little lemon-coloured gloves.

"My cousin and I have lived together all our lives, and I bring her a family message. Have you any particular claim to hear it, Captain Woolcomb?"

"Not if Miss Twysden don't want me hear it. . . . . D— the little brute."

"Don't kick poor little harmless Brownie! He shan't kick you, shall he, Brownie?"

"If the brute comes between my shins, I'll kick her!" shrieks the captain. "Hang her, I'll throw her into the sea!"

"Whatever you do to my dog, I swear I will do to you!" whispers Philip to the captain.

"Where are you staying?" shrieks the captain. "Hang you, you shall hear from me."

"Quiet—Bedford Hotel. Easy, or I shall think you want the ladies to overhear."

"Your conduct is horrible, sir," says Agnes, rapidly, in the French language. "Mr. does not comprehend it."

"—— it! If you have any secrets to talk, I'll withdraw fast enough, Miss Agnes," says Othello.

"O Grenville! can I have any secrets from you? Mr. Firmin is my first-cousin. We have lived together all our lives. Philip, I—I don't know whether mamma announced to you—my—my engagement with Captain Grenville Woolcomb." The agitation has brought on another severe bronchial attack. Poor, poor little Agnes! What it is to have a delicate throat!

The pier tosses up to the skies, as though it had left its moorings—the houses on the cliff dance and reel, as though an earthquake was driving them—the sea walks up into the lodging-houses—and Philip's legs are failing from under him: it is only for a moment. When you have a large, tough double tooth out, doesn't the chair go up to the ceiling, and your head come off too? But, in the next instant, there is a grave gentleman before you, making you a bow, and concealing something in his right sleeve. The crash is over. You are a man again. Philip clutches hold of the chain pier for a minute: it does not sink under him. The houses, after reeling for a second or two, reassume the perpendicular, and bulge their bow-windows towards the main. He can see the people looking from the windows, the carriages passing, Professor Spurrier riding on the cliff with eighteen young ladies, his pupils. In long after days he remembers those absurd little incidents with a curious tenacity.

"This news," Philip says, "was not—not altogether unexpected. I congratulate my cousin, I am sure. Captain Woolcomb, had I known this for certain, I am sure I should not have interrupted you. You were going, perhaps, to ask me to your hospitable house, Mrs. Penfold?"

"Was she though?" cries the captain.

"I have asked a friend to dine with me at the Bedford, and shall go to town, I hope, in the morning. Can I take anything for you, Agnes? Good-bye:" and he kisses his hand in quite a *dégagé* manner, as Mrs. Penfold's chair turns eastward and he goes to the west. Silently the tall Agnes sweeps along, a fair hand laid upon her friend's chair.

It's over! it's over! She has done it. He was bound, and kept his honour, but she did not: it was she who forsook him. And I fear very much Mr. Philip's heart leaps with pleasure and an immense sensation of relief at thinking he is free. He meets half a dozen acquaintances on the cliff. He laughs, jokes, shakes hands, invites two or three to dinner in the gayest manner. He sits down on that green, not very far from his inn, and is laughing to himself, when he suddenly feels something nestling at his knee,—rubbing, and nestling, and whining plaintively. "What, is that you?" It is little Brownie, who has followed him. Poor little rogue!

Then Philip bent down his head over the dog, and as it jumped on him, with little bleats, and whines, and innocent caresses, he broke out into a sob, and a great refreshing rain of tears fell from his eyes. Such a little illness! Such a mild fever! Such a speedy cure! Some people have the complaint so mildly that they are scarcely ever kept to their beds. Some bear its scars for ever.

Philip sate resolutely at the hotel all night, having given special orders to the porter to say that he was at home, in case any gentleman should call. He had a faint hope, he afterwards owned, that some friend of Captain Woolcomb might wait on him on that officer's part. He had a faint hope that a letter might come explaining that treason,—as people will have a sick, gnawing, yearning, foolish desire for letters—letters which contain nothing, which never did contain anything—letters which, nevertheless, you———. You know, in fact, about those letters, and there is no earthly use in asking to read Philip's. Have we not all read those love-letters which, after love-quarrels, come into court sometimes? We have all read them; and how many have written them? Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock. No challenge from the captain; no explanation from Agnes. Philip declares he slept perfectly well. But poor little Brownie the dog made a piteous howling all night in the stables. She was not a well-bred dog. You could not have hung the least hat on her nose.

We compared anon our dear Agnes to a Brahmin lady, meekly offering herself up to sacrifice according to the practice used in her highly respectable caste. Did we speak in anger or in sorrow?—surely in terms of respectful grief and sympathy. And if we pity her, ought we not like-

wise to pity her highly respectable parents? When the notorious Brutus ordered his sons to execution, you can't suppose he was such a brute as to be pleased? All three parties suffered by the transaction: the sons, probably, even more than their austere father; but it stands to reason that the whole trio were very melancholy. At least, were I a poet or musical composer depicting that business, I certainly should make them so. The sons, piping in a very minor key indeed; the father's manly basso, accompanied by deep wind instruments, and interrupted by appropriate sobs. Though pretty fair Agnes is being led to execution, I don't suppose she likes it, or that her parents are happy, who are compelled to order the tragedy.

That the rich young proprietor of Mangrove Hall should be fond of her was merely a coincidence, Mrs. Twysden afterwards always averred. Not for mere wealth—ah, no! not for mines of gold—would they sacrifice their darling child. But when that sad Firmin affair happened, you see it also happened that Captain Woolcomb was much struck by dear Agnes, whom he met everywhere. Her scapegrace of a cousin would go nowhere. He preferred his bachelor associates, and horrible smoking and drinking habits, to the amusements and pleasures of more refined society. He neglected Agnes. There is not the slightest doubt he neglected and mortified her, and his wilful and frequent absence showed how little he cared for her. Would you blame the dear girl for coldness to a man who himself showed such indifference to her? "No, my good Mrs. Candour. Had Mr. Firmin been ten times as rich as Mr. Woolcomb, I should have counselled my child to refuse him. *I* take the responsibility of the measure entirely on myself—I, and her father, and her brother." So Mrs. Twysden afterwards spoke, in circles where an absurd and odious rumour ran, that the Twysdens had forced their daughter to jilt young Mr. Firmin in order to marry a wealthy quadroon. People will talk, you know, *de me, de te.* If Woolcomb's dinners had not gone off so after his marriage, I have little doubt the scandal would have died away, and he and his wife might have been pretty generally respected and visited.

Nor must you suppose, as we have said, that dear Agnes gave up her first love without a pang. That bronchitis showed how acutely the poor thing felt her position. It broke out very soon after Mr. Woolcomb's attentions became a little particular; and she actually left London in consequence. It is true that he could follow her without difficulty, but so, for the matter of that, could Philip, as we have seen, when he came down and behaved so rudely to Captain Woolcomb. And before Philip came, poor Agnes could plead, "My father pressed me sair," as in the case of the notorious Mrs. Robin Gray.

Father and mother both pressed her sair. Mrs. Twysden, I think I have mentioned, wrote an admirable letter, and was aware of her accomplishment. She used to write reams of gossip regularly every week to dear uncle Ringwood when he was in the country: and when her

daughter Blanche married, she is said to have written several of her new son's sermons. As a Christian mother, was she not to give her daughter her advice at this momentous period of her life? That advice went against poor Philip's chances with his cousin, who was kept acquainted with all the circumstances of the controversy of which we have just seen the issue. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Twysden gave an impartial statement of the case. What parties in a lawsuit do speak impartially on their own side or their adversaries'? Mrs. Twysden's view, as I have learned subsequently, and as imparted to her daughter, was this:—That most unprincipled man, Dr. Firmin, who had already attempted, and unjustly, to deprive the Twysdens of a part of their property, had commenced in quite early life his career of outrage and wickedness against the Ringwood family. He had led dear Lord Ringwood's son, poor dear Lord Cinqbars, into a career of vice and extravagance which caused the premature death of that unfortunate young nobleman. Mr. Firmin had then made a marriage, in spite of the tears and entreaties of Mrs. Twysden, with her late unhappy sister, whose whole life had been made wretched by the doctor's conduct. But the climax of outrage and wickedness was, that when he — he, a low, penniless adventurer — married Colonel Ringwood's daughter, he was married already, as could be sworn by the repentant clergyman who had been forced, by threats of punishment which Dr. Firmin held over him, to perform the rite! "The mind"—Mrs. Talbot Twysden's fine mind—"shuddered at the thought of such wickedness." But most of all (for to think ill of any one whom she had once loved gave her pain) there was reason to believe that the unhappy Philip Firmin was his *father's accomplice*, and that he knew of his *own illegitimacy*, which he was determined to set aside by any *fraud or artifice*—(she trembled, she wept to have to say this: O Heaven! that there should be such perversity in thy creatures!) And so little store did Philip set by *his mother's honour*, that he actually visited the abandoned woman who acquiesced in her own infamy, and had brought such unspeakable disgrace on the Ringwood family! The thought of this crime had caused Mrs. Twysden and her dear husband nights of sleepless anguish—had made them *years and years* older—had stricken their hearts with a grief which must endure to the *end of their days*. With people so unscrupulous, so grasping, so artful as Dr. Firmin and (must she say?) his son, they were bound to be *on their guard;* and though they had *avoided* Philip, she had deemed it right, on the rare occasions when she and the young man whom she must now call her *illegitimate* nephew met, to behave as though she knew nothing of this most dreadful controversy.

"And now, dearest child" . . . Surely the moral is obvious? The dearest child "must see at once that any foolish plans which were formed in childish days and under *former delusions* must be cast aside for ever as impossible, as unworthy of a Twysden—of a Ringwood. Be not concerned for the young man himself," wrote Mrs. Twysden—"I blush that he should

bear that dear father's name who was slain in honour on Busaco's glorious field. P. F. has *associates* amongst whom he has ever been much more at home than in our refined circle, and habits which will cause him to forget you only too easily. And if near you is one whose ardour shows itself in his every word and action, whose wealth and property may raise you to a place worthy of my child, need I say, a mother's, a father's blessing go with you." This letter was brought to Miss Twysden, at Brighton, by a special messenger; and the superscription announced that it was "honoured by Captain Grenville Woolcomb."

Now when Miss Agnes has had a letter to this effect (I may at some time tell you how I came to be acquainted with its contents); when she remembers all the abuse her brother lavishes against Philip, as, Heaven bless some of them! dear relatives can best do; when she thinks how cold he has of late been—how he *will* come smelling of cigars—how he won't conform to the usages *du monde*, and has neglected all the decencies of society—how she often can't understand his strange rhapsodies about poetry, painting, and the like, nor how he can live with such associates as those who seem to delight him—and now how he is showing himself actually *unprincipled* and abetting his horrid father; when we consider mither pressing sair, and all these points in mither's favour, I don't think we can order Agnes to instant execution for the resolution to which she is coming. She will give him up—she will give him up. Good-bye, Philip. Good-bye the past. Be forgotten, be forgotten, fond words spoken in not unwilling ears! Be still and breathe not, eager lips, that have trembled so near to one another! Unlock, hands, and part for ever, that seemed to be formed for life's long journey! Ah, to part for ever is hard; but harder and more humiliating still to part without regret!

That papa and mamma had influenced Miss Twysden in her behaviour my wife and I could easily imagine, when Philip, in his wrath and grief, came to us and poured out the feelings of his heart. My wife is a repository of men's secrets, an untiring consoler and comforter; and she knows many a sad story which we are not at liberty to tell, like this one of which this person, Mr. Firmin, has given us possession.

"Father and mother's orders," shouts Philip, "I daresay, Mrs. Pendennis; but the wish was father to the thought of parting, and it was for the blackamoor's parks and acres that the girl jilted me. Look here. I told you just now that I slept perfectly well on that infernal night after I had said farewell to her. Well, I didn't. It was a lie. I walked ever so many times the whole length of the cliff, from Hove to Rottingdean almost, and then went to bed afterwards, and slept a little out of sheer fatigue. And as I was passing by Horizontal Terrace (—I happened to pass by there two or three times in the moonlight, like a great jackass—) you know those verses of mine which I have hummed here sometimes?" (hummed! he used to *roar* them!) "'When the locks of burnished gold, lady, shall to silver turn!' Never mind the rest. You know the verses

about fidelity and old age? She was singing them on that night, to that negro. And I heard the beggar's voice say, 'Bravo!' through the open windows."

"Ah, Philip! it was cruel," says my wife, heartily pitying our friend's anguish and misfortune. "It was cruel indeed. I am sure we can feel for you. But think what certain misery a marriage with such a person would have been! Think of your warm heart given away for ever to that heartless creature."

"Laura, Laura, have you not often warned me not to speak ill of people?" says Laura's husband.

"I can't help it sometimes," cries Laura in a transport. "I try and do my best not to speak ill of my neighbours; but the worldliness of those people shocks me so that I can't bear to be near them. They are so utterly tied and bound by conventionalities, so perfectly convinced of their own excessive high-breeding, that they seem to me more odious and more vulgar than quite low people; and I am sure Mr. Philip's friend, the Little Sister, is infinitely more ladylike than his dreary aunt or either of his supercilious cousins! Upon my word, when this lady did speak her mind, there was no mistaking her meaning."

I believe Mr. Firmin took a considerable number of people into his confidence regarding this love affair. He is one of those individuals who can't keep their secrets; and when hurt he roars so loudly that all his friends can hear. It has been remarked that the sorrows of such persons do not endure very long; nor surely was there any great need in this instance that Philip's heart should wear a lengthened mourning. Ere long he smoked his pipes, he played his billiards, he shouted his songs; he rode in the Park for the pleasure of severely cutting his aunt and cousins when their open carriage passed, or of riding down Captain Woolcomb or his cousin Ringwood, should either of those worthies come in his way.

One day, when the old Lord Ringwood came to town for his accustomed spring visit, Philip condescended to wait upon him, and was announced to his lordship just as Talbot Twysden and Ringwood his son were taking leave of their noble kinsman. Philip looked at them with a flashing eye and a distended nostril, according to his swaggering wont. I daresay they on their part bore a very mean and hangdog appearance; for my lord laughed at their discomfiture, and seemed immensely amused as they slunk out of the door when Philip came hectoring in.

"So, sir, there has been a family row. Heard all about it: at least, their side. Your father did me the favour to marry my niece, having another wife already?"

"Having no other wife already, sir—though my dear relations were anxious to show that he had."

"Wanted your money; thirty thousand pound is not a trifle. Ten thousand apiece for those children. And no more need of any confounded pinching and scraping, as they have to do at Beaunash Street.

Affair off between you and Agnes? Absurd affair. So much the better."

"Yes, sir, so much the better."

"Have ten thousand apiece. Would have twenty thousand if they got yours. Quite natural to want it."

"Quite."

"Woolcomb a sort of negro, I understand. Fine property here; besides the West India rubbish. Violent man—so people tell me. Luckily Agnes seems a cool, easy-going woman, and must put up with the rough as well as the smooth in marrying a property like that. Very lucky for you that that woman persists there was no marriage with your father. Twysden says the doctor bribed her. Take it he's not got much money to bribe, unless you gave some of yours."

"I don't bribe people to bear false witness, my lord—and if——"

"Don't be in a huff; I didn't say so. Twysden says so—perhaps thinks so. When people are at law they believe anything of one another."

"I don't know what other people may do, sir. If I had another man's money, I should not be easy until I had paid him back. Had my share of my grandfather's property not been lawfully mine—and for a few hours I thought it was not—please God, I would have given it up to its rightful owners—at least, my father would."

"Why, hang it all, man, you don't mean to say your father has not settled with you?"

Philip blushed a little. He had been rather surprised that there had been no settlement between him and his father.

"I am only of age a few months, sir. I am not under any apprehension. I get my dividends regularly enough. One of my grandfather's trustees, General Baynes, is in India. He is to return almost immediately, or we should have sent a power of attorney out to him. There's no hurry about the business."

Philip's maternal grandfather, and Lord Ringwood's brother, the late Colonel Philip Ringwood, had died possessed of but trifling property of his own; but his wife had brought him a fortune of sixty thousand pounds, which was settled on their children, and in the names of trustees—Mr. Briggs, a lawyer, and Colonel Baynes, an East India officer, and friend of Mrs. Philip Ringwood's family. Colonel Baynes had been in England some eight years before; and Philip remembered a kind old gentleman coming to see him at school, and leaving tokens of his bounty behind. The other trustee, Mr. Briggs, a lawyer of considerable county reputation, was dead long since, having left his affairs in an involved condition. During the trustee's absence and the son's minority, Philip's father received the dividends on his son's property, and liberally spent them on the boy. Indeed, I believe that for some little time at college, and during his first journeys abroad, Mr. Philip spent rather more than the income of his maternal inheritance, being freely supplied by his

father, who told him not to stint himself. He was a sumptuous man, Dr. Firmin—open-handed—subscribing to many charities—a lover of solemn good cheer. The doctor's dinners and the doctor's equipages were models in their way; and I remember the sincere respect with which my uncle the major (the family guide in such matters) used to speak of Dr. Firmin's taste. "No duchess in London, sir," he would say, "drove better horses than Mrs. Firmin. Sir George Warrender, sir, could not give a better dinner, sir, than that to which we sat down yesterday." And for the exercise of these civic virtues the doctor had the hearty respect of the good major.

"Don't tell me, sir," on the other hand, Lord Ringwood would say; "I dined with the fellow once—a swaggering fellow, sir; but a servile fellow. The way he bowed and flattered was perfectly absurd. Those fellows think we like it—and we may. Even at my age, I like flattery—any quantity of it; and not what you call delicate, but strong, sir. I like a man to kneel down and kiss my shoestrings. I have my own opinion of him afterwards, but that is what I like—what all men like; and that is what Firmin gave in quantities. But you could see that his house was monstrously expensive. His dinner was excellent, and you saw it was good every day—not like your dinners, my good Maria; not like your wines, Twysden, which, hang it, I can't swallow, unless I send 'em in myself. Even at my own house, I don't give that kind of wine on common occasions which Firmin used to give. I drink the best myself, of course, and give it to some who know; but I don't give it to common fellows, who come to hunting dinners, or to girls and boys who are dancing at my balls."

"Yes; Mr. Firmin's dinners were very handsome—and a pretty end came of the handsome dinners!" sighed Mrs. Twysden.

"That's not the question; I am only speaking about the fellow's meat and drink, and they were both good. And it's my opinion, that fellow will have a good dinner wherever he goes."

I had the fortune to be present at one of these feasts, which Lord Ringwood attended, and at which I met Philip's trustee, General Baynes, who had just arrived from India. I remember now the smallest details of the little dinner,—the brightness of the old plate, on which the doctor prided himself, and the quiet comfort, not to say splendour, of the entertainment. The general seemed to take a great liking to Philip, whose grandfather had been his special friend and comrade in arms. He thought he saw something of Philip Ringwood in Philip Firmin's face.

"Ah, indeed!" growls Lord Ringwood.

"You ain't a bit like him," says the downright General. "Never saw a handsomer or more open-looking fellow than Philip Ringwood."

"Oh! I daresay I looked pretty open myself forty years ago," said my lord; "now I'm shut, I suppose. I don't see the least likeness in this young man to my brother."

"That is some sherry as old as the century," whispers the host;

"it is the same the Prince Regent liked so at a Mansion House dinner, five and twenty years ago."

"Never knew anything about wine; was always tippling liqueurs and punch. What do you give for this sherry, doctor?"

The doctor sighed, and looked up to the chandelier. "Drink it while it lasts, my good lord; but don't ask me the price. The fact is, I don't like to say what I gave for it."

"You need not stint yourself in the price of sherry, doctor," cries the General gaily; "you have but one son, and he has a fortune of his own, as I happen to know. You haven't dipped it, master Philip?"

"I fear, sir, I may have exceeded my income sometimes, in the last three years; but my father has helped me."

"Exceeded nine hundred a-year! Upon my word! When I was a sub, my friends gave me fifty pounds a-year, and I never was a shilling in debt! What are men coming to now?"

"If doctors drink Prince Regent's sherry at ten guineas a dozen, what can you expect of their sons, General Baynes?" grumbles my lord.

"My father gives you his best, my lord," says Philip gaily; "if you know of any better, he will get it for you. *Si non his utere mecum!* Please to pass me that decanter, Pen!"

I thought the old lord did not seem ill pleased at the young man's freedom; and now, as I recall it, think I can remember, that a peculiar silence and anxiety seemed to weigh upon our host—upon him whose face was commonly so anxious and sad.

The famous sherry, which had made many voyages to Indian climes before it acquired its exquisite flavour, had travelled some three or four times round the doctor's polished table, when Brice, his man, entered with a letter on his silver tray. Perhaps Philip's eyes and mine exchanged glances in which ever so small a scintilla of mischief might sparkle. The doctor often had letters when he was entertaining his friends; and his patients had a knack of falling ill at awkward times.

"Gracious heavens!" cries the doctor, when he read the despatch—it was a telegraphic message. "The poor Grand Duke!"

"What Grand Duke?" asks the surly lord of Ringwood.

"My earliest patron and friend—the Grand Duke of Gröningen! Seized this morning at eleven at Potzendorff! Has sent for me. I promised to go to him if ever he had need of me. I must go! I can save the night-train yet. General! our visit to the city must be deferred till my return. Get a portmanteau, Brice; and call a cab at once. Philip will entertain my friends for the evening. My dear lord, you won't mind an old doctor leaving you to attend an old patient? I will write from Groningen. I shall be there on Friday morning. Farewell, gentlemen! Brice, another bottle of that sherry! I pray, don't let anybody stir! God bless you, Philip, my boy!" And with this the doctor went up, took his son by the hand, and laid the other very kindly on the young man's shoulder. Then he made a bow round the table to his guests—one

of his graceful bows, for which he was famous. I can see the sad smile on his face now, and the light from the chandelier over the dining-table glancing from his shining forehead, and casting deep shadows on to his cheek from his heavy brows.

The departure was a little abrupt, and of course cast somewhat of a gloom upon the company.

"My carriage ain't ordered till ten—must go on sitting here, I suppose. Confounded life doctor's must be! Called up any hour in the night! Get their fees! Must go!" growled the great man of the party.

"People are glad enough to have them when they are ill, my lord. I think I have heard that once, when you were at Ryde . . ."

The great man started back as if a little shock of cold water had fallen on him; and then looked at Philip with not unfriendly glances. "Treated for gout—so he did. Very well, too!" said my lord; and whispered, not inaudibly, "Cool hand, that boy!" And then his lordship fell to talk with General Baynes about his campaigning, and his early acquaintance with his own brother, Philip's grandfather.

The general did not care to brag about his own feats of arms, but was loud in praises of his old comrade. Philip was pleased to hear his grandsire so well spoken of. The general had known Dr. Firmin's father also, who likewise had been a colonel in the famous old Peninsular army. "A Tartar that fellow was, and no mistake!" said the good officer. "Your father has a strong look of him; and you have a glance of him at times. But you remind me of Philip Ringwood not a little; and you could not belong to a better man."

"Ha!" says my lord. There had been differences between him and his brother. He may have been thinking of days when they were friends Lord Ringwood now graciously asked if General Baynes was staying in London? But the General had only come to do this piece of business, which must now be delayed. He was too poor to live in London. He must look out for a country place, where he and his six children could live cheaply. "Three boys at school, and one at college, Mr. Philip—you know what that must cost; though, thank my stars, my college boy does not spend nine hundred a year. Nine hundred! Where should we be if he did?" In fact, the days of nabobs are long over, and the general had come back to his native country with only very small means for the support of a great family.

When my lord's carriage came, he departed, and the other guests presently took their leave. The General, who was a bachelor for the nonce, remained awhile, and we three prattled over cheroots in Philip's smoking-room. It was a night like a hundred I have spent there, and yet how well I remember it! We talked about Philip's future prospects, and he communicated his intentions to us in his lordly way. As for practising at the bar: No, sir! he said, in reply to General Baynes' queries, he should not make much hand of that: shouldn't if he were ever so poor. He had his own money, and his father's, and he condescended to say that

he might, perhaps, try for Parliament should an eligible opportunity offer. "Here's a fellow born with a silver spoon in his mouth," says the general, as we walked away together. "A fortune to begin with; a fortune to inherit. My fortune was two thousand pounds and the price of my two first commissions; and when I die my children will not be quite so well off as their father was when he began!"

Having parted with the old officer at his modest sleeping quarters near his club, I walked to my own home, little thinking that yonder cigar, of which I had shaken some of the ashes in Philip's smoking-room, was to be the last tobacco I ever should smoke there. The pipe was smoked out. The wine was drunk. When that door closed on me, it closed for the last time—at least was never more to admit me as Philip's, as Dr. Firmin's, guest and friend. I pass the place often now. My youth comes back to me as I gaze at those blank, shining windows. I see myself a boy, and Philip a child; and his fair mother; and his father, the hospitable, the melancholy, the magnificent. I wish I could have helped him. I wish somehow he had borrowed money. He never did. He gave me his often. I have never seen him since that night when his own door closed upon him.

On the second day after the doctor's departure, as I was at breakfast with my family, I received the following letter:—

My dear Pendennis,

Could I have seen you in private on Tuesday night, I might have warned you of the calamity which was hanging over my house. But to what good end? That you should know a few weeks, hours, before what all the world will ring with to-morrow? Neither you nor I, nor one whom we both love, would have been the happier for knowing my misfortunes a few hours sooner. In four-and-twenty hours every club in London will be busy with talk of the departure of the celebrated Dr. Firmin—the wealthy Dr. Firmin; a few months more and (I have strict and *confidential* reason to believe) hereditary rank would have been mine, but Sir George Firmin would have been an insolvent man, and his son Sir Philip a beggar. Perhaps the thought of this honour has been one of the reasons which has determined me on expatriating myself sooner than I otherwise needed to have done.

George Firmin, the honoured, the wealthy physician, and his son a beggar? I see you are startled at the news! You wonder how, with a great practice, and no great ostensible expenses, such ruin should have come upon me—upon him. It has seemed as if for years past Fate has been determined to make war upon George Brand Firmin; and who can battle against Fate? A man universally admitted to be of good judgment, I have embarked in mercantile speculations the most promising. Everything upon which I laid my hand has crumbled to ruin; but I can say with the Roman bard, "*Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*" And, almost penniless, almost aged, an exile driven from my country, I seek another where I do not despair—*I even have a firm belief* that I shall be enabled to repair my shattered fortunes! My race has never been deficient in courage, and Philip and *Philip's father* must use all theirs, so as to be enabled to face the dark times which menace them. *Si celeres quatit pennas Fortuna*, we must resign what she gave us, and bear our calamity with unshaken hearts!

There is a man, I own to you, whom I cannot, I must not face. General Baynes has just come from India, with but very small savings, I fear; and these are jeopardized by his imprudence and my most cruel and unexpected misfortune. I need

not tell you that *my all* would have been my boy's. My will, made long since, will be found in the tortoiseshell secretaire standing in my consulting-room under the picture of Abraham offering up Isaac. In it you will see that everything, except annuities to old and deserving servants and a legacy to one excellent and faithful woman whom I own I have wronged—my all, which once was considerable, *is left to my boy.*

I am now worth less than nothing, and have compromised Philip's property along with my own. As a man of business, General Baynes, Colonel Ringwood's old companion in arms, was culpably careless, and I—alas! that I must own it—deceived him. Being the only surviving trustee (Mrs. Philip Ringwood's other trustee was an unprincipled attorney who has been long dead), General B. signed a paper authorizing, as he imagined, my bankers to receive Philip's dividends, but, in fact, giving me the power to dispose of the capital sum. On my honour, as a man, as a gentleman, as a father, Pendennis, I hoped to replace it! I took it; I embarked it in speculations in which it sank down with ten times the amount of my own private property. Half-year after half-year, with straitened means and with the *greatest difficulty to myself*, my poor boy has had his dividend; and *he* at least has never known what was want or anxiety until now. Want? Anxiety? Pray Heaven he never may suffer the sleepless anguish, the racking care which has pursued me! "*Post equitem sedet atra cura,*" our favourite poet says. Ah! how truly, too, does he remark, "*Patriæ quis exul se quoque fugit?*" Think you where I go grief and remorse will not follow me? They will never leave me until I shall return to this country—for that I *shall* return, my heart tells me—until I can reimburse General Baynes, who stands indebted to Philip through his incautiousness and my overpowering necessity; and my heart—an erring but fond *father's* heart—tells me that my boy will not eventually lose a penny by my misfortune.

I own, between ourselves, that this illness of the Grand Duke of Gröningen was a pretext which I put forward. You will hear of me ere long from the place whither for some time past I have determined on bending my steps. I placed 100*l.* on Saturday, to Philip's credit, at his banker's. I take little more than that sum with me; depressed, yet *full of hope;* having done wrong, yet *determined* to retrieve it, and *vowing* that ere I die my poor boy shall not have to blush at bearing the name of

GEORGE BRAND FIRMIN.

Good-bye, dear Philip! Your old friend will tell you of my misfortunes. When I write again, it will be to tell you where to address me; and wherever I am, or whatever misfortunes oppress me, think of me always as your fond

FATHER.

I had scarce read this awful letter when Philip Firmin himself came into our breakfast-room, looking very much disturbed.

The Study of History.

No abstract question has of late years attracted or deserved greater attention than the inquiry whether history is or is not capable of being studied as a science. The activity of the controversy is proved by the fact, that within the last few months two articles on the affirmative side have been contributed to a well-known quarterly review, whilst the professors of modern history at each university have published lectures maintaining the negative. To the world at large the chief interest of the question lies in its bearing on morality. It is a phase which, in this country at least, is somewhat novel and unusual of the old controversy on free-will and necessity, the interest of which it revives rather by the new evidence which it is supposed to adduce on the necessarian side than by new arguments. As usual in such cases, the temper in which the antagonists write has more to do with the sympathies of their readers than the arguments which they use; and judging by this test, there can be no doubt that those who oppose the notion that history can be treated as a science are, and in several important respects deserve to be, on the popular side. They profess to be, and no doubt are, actuated by a genuine desire to uphold both the dignity and the morality of human conduct, and they are able to put forward some strong and many specious reasons for contending that their antagonists are indifferent to both. Their opponents, on the contrary, write, for the most part, with a disregard for the feelings of mankind which is almost studied, and seem to feel a positive satisfaction in the prospect, which their speculations appear to afford, of overthrowing most of the principles on which morality depends. An attentive examination of the subject will, however, be found to tend to the conclusion that the whole discussion is altogether irrelevant to morals, and that the base upon which they rest would remain unshaken, even if it should turn out to be possible to construct a real science of history.

The apprehensions entertained by those who deny the possibility of constructing a science of history are stated with eloquence by Mr. Goldwin Smith. "I shall," he says, "continue to believe that humanity advances by free effort, but that it is not developed according to invariable laws, such as, when discovered, would give birth to a new science. I confess that I am not wholly unbiassed in adhering to this belief. . . . There is no man who would not recoil from rendering up his free personality and all it enfolds to become a mere link in a chain of causation — a mere grain in a mass of being—even though the chain were not more of iron than of gold, even though the mass were all beautiful and good,

instead of being full of evil, loathsomeness, and horror." These vigorous words express with much point the feeling with which the writings to which they refer must excite in almost every mind at first sight, and which their faults of style tend greatly to excite and confirm. Otherwise expressed, they involve some such assertions as these:—Physical science is possible, because matter is inanimate, and is moved according to necessary laws; science relating to human actions is impossible, because man is a free, rational, and responsible agent. In the opening sentence of his lecture, Mr. Goldwin Smith expresses this feeling. "The first question which the student has now to ask himself is, whether history is governed by necessary laws? If it is, it ought to be written and read as a science." The following words of one of his opponents are to much the same effect:—"In the physical and the moral world, in the natural and the human, are ever seen two *forces*" (the italics are not in the original)—"invariable rule and continual advance, law and action, order and progress; *these two powers working harmoniously together*, and the result inevitable sequence, orderly movement, irresistible growth." The question between the two thus appears to be reduced to this—Whether a state of things which each recognizes in the physical, prevails also in the moral world. This is affirmed by the one, and denied by the other.

It is unquestionably true that physical science supplies evidence as to what morality has to hope or to fear from the invention of a science of human actions, if such a science is possible. Hence, the first step towards ascertaining the interest of morality in the discussion must be to ascertain the truth of the popular notion that physical science is founded upon the existence of brute matter, moved according to necessary laws. These phrases, and especially the latter, are so constantly used by the disputants, that they colour the whole discussion. The discovery of the "laws" by which physical nature is "governed" is constantly asserted to be the great object of all scientific inquiry. The hope of discovering similar "laws" "governing" human conduct is the prospect which animates those who believe in the possibility of constructing a science of history. What, then, is meant by the "laws" with which physical science is conversant?

To speak of matter being governed at all, and still more to speak of its being governed by law, is obviously a metaphor, but it is a metaphor so natural and so common that, to almost every one, it stands in the place of the definite assertion of a truth. It is, therefore, not so superfluous as it may at first sight appear to state what the precise meaning of the words "law" and "govern" is. A *law* is a command enjoining a course of conduct; and a *command* is an intimation by the stronger to the weaker of two reasonable beings, that unless the weaker does or forbears to do some specified thing, the stronger will in some way or other hurt or injure him. People are said to govern others by law, where they influence their conduct by

imposing laws upon them. That this is the proper sense of the word "law," and that all others are derivative and metaphorical, has been abundantly proved by well-known writers on the subject, especially by the late Mr. Austin, in his Lectures on the Province of Jurisprudence, and especially in the first and fifth. It is obvious, from every part of this definition, that reason on the part both of the governor and the governed is essential to the very notion of law ; and that, therefore, as applied to material objects, the word is purely metaphorical, and means nothing else than that we observe in their motions a regularity which, if they were reasonable agents, originating from time to time their own motion, would show their complete obedience to what, if it had been addressed to them under penalties, would have been a law. If the sun and the planets were men, who yielded implicit obedience to a command to keep constantly moving in certain directions, those directions would be indicated by the principles discovered by astronomers; and as the bodies in question do in fact move constantly in those directions, the principles are called laws. If the language of the necessarian school of historians is to be taken strictly, it implies not that persons are necessary, but that things are voluntary agents, for it represents them as yielding obedience to commands. Nothing sets the contrast between proper and metaphorical laws in so clear a light as specific illustrations of each. Few metaphorical "laws" are better known than the laws of motion, the third of which is as follows:—"When pressure produces motion in a body, the momentum generated is proportional to the pressure."

Compare this with a law in the proper sense. The following is the sixth section of an Act of Parliament passed last session, respecting the commutation of tithes:—"The commissioners shall have access to the books of the comptroller of corn returns, and shall be furnished by him with such information as they may require for the purposes of any award," &c. A comparison of these different "laws" sets in a strong light the inadequacy and the misleading and delusive character of the metaphor which assigns that name to the former. The great leading distinction between them is, that, in the case of the laws of motion, the facts make the law ; in the case of the Act of Parliament the law governs the facts. If one exception to the third law of motion could be established, the law would hold no longer. If every comptroller of corn returns in England refused access to his books to the commissioners, the law upon the subject would remain just as it is, and would be called into operation for the purposes of punishment. Thus the vital distinction between real and metaphorical laws is, that the first are commands, the second are mere records of facts, and, by describing them as laws, the mind is almost inevitably infected with the notion that they have not only an existence of their own apart from facts, but an energy of their own by which they control them.

There is no doubt one sense in which such "laws" as the laws of

motion may be described by that name without impropriety. They are rules for conducting investigations, and may thus, without any violent abuse of language, be described as laws binding on the mind which pursues such investigations, the penalty being error. Thus the third law of motion might be expressed as follows:—"Whoever wishes to ascertain the momentum generated in a moving body must make his calculations on the principle that the momentum is proportional to the pressure." If it be assumed that there is an intelligent Author of Nature, and that there is evidence that his will as to scientific investigations is to this effect, the laws of motion may be described as laws in the proper sense of the word. Upon any other supposition, the use of the word is more or less improper.

The most appropriate way of expressing this would be to drop the use of the word "law" altogether in such cases, and to substitute for it either "rule" or "formula," either of which fully expresses what is intended, whilst neither is misleading. Such expressions as the "laws of gravitation" have led many people into serious error, but no one was ever misled by speaking of the rule of three into the notion that numbers form a sort of society amongst themselves.

This account of the nature of the subject-matter which science investigates, shows that it teaches far less about material objects than many people are led to believe by the vast practical importance of modern scientific discoveries. No phrases are more common than those which assert the brute inanimate nature of matter, and the certainty of scientific processes is supposed to depend upon this circumstance. Upon closer examination, it will be found that physical science asserts absolutely nothing whatever on this point. The words in which we describe material objects are mere veils for our own ignorance and metaphors derived from our own conduct. The sciences which we have devised for the purpose of understanding them are relative exclusively to ourselves, and not to them. Thus, when we say the cannon-ball knocks down the house, we speak incorrectly, for we predicate action of the cannon-ball, and we cannot prove it. All that we can say with certainty is, the ball impinges, the wall falls. In practice, no doubt, it is constantly necessary (as the whole structure of language proves) to personify the material world, and attribute to it action and passion; but in doing so, we expose ourselves to the risk of raising a phantom which is very embarrassing when we come to speculate on human conduct—the phantom of a set of slavish agents destitute of any moral relations whatever, and capable only of receiving impressions from without.

Physical science gives no warrant for any such opinion as this. It tells us nothing about the internal constitution of material objects. We do not learn from it that matter is inanimate, insensible, and incapable of voluntary action, but only that we have no evidence to the contrary; and that whatever may be the truth on this point, all the sensible motions of all weighty objects, whether known or not known to be animated, may be

predicted by the help of certain general rules of calculation. The rule that the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance, applies equally whether we wish to calculate the height and length of a man's jump or the direction of a planet's orbit. The one agent is rational and voluntary; of the other we know absolutely nothing, but we use the same formula to form our judgment in each instance. Such formulas enable us to determine the mode of the actions which we use them to predict, but they show nothing whatever as to their cause. It would be impossible to disprove on scientific grounds the assertion that a chair or a table has a soul, though it would be easy to show that we have not the smallest reason to think so. A year or two ago a curious and very ingenious little book was published, the object of which was to prove that the material world was living, and that we were prevented from recognizing its life by the limited nature of our own organs; nor could any other answer be given to it than that such a doctrine is a mere guess, unsupported by any evidence.

It is of great practical importance to remember the immense extent of the questions relating to material objects which are thus left open by physical science, because the fears which are excited by attempts to apply scientific processes to studies connected with human action are founded almost entirely upon the mistaken notion that science proves the truth of one half of the well-known lines of Pope—

> "Who, binding nature fast in fate,
> Left free the human will."

That nature is bound fast in fate is a proposition altogether beyond our knowledge; all that we know is that we can predict some of the events which will occur if things continue to go on as they hitherto have gone on. Whether or not they will so continue is a point on which we know nothing, though we have no reason to doubt it; but there is a great distinction between affirmative knowledge and what must be called negative certainty, and the neglect of this distinction is a fruitful source of hasty conclusions and bitter jealousy. The subtlety of metaphors, and the ease with which the common usages of language mislead all but the most careful observers, is one of the most singular facts in the whole history of speculation. Thus it is almost always assumed that to affirm that it is certain that something will happen is equivalent to denying that any one has the power to prevent it; and this persuasion is really the only or at least the chief objection which people entertain to the attempt to construct what is called a science of history. Attention, however, shows (as the Archbishop of Dublin long since pointed out) that this is an entire mistake, and that physical science proves it to be one.

No one ever affirmed that human actions could be predicted with any greater certainty than that with which we predict that the sun will rise to-morrow; but what is the strict meaning of that assertion—in what sense is it certain that the sun will rise? The expression means no

more than this—that we have no doubt about it, and that we have reason to believe that any one who applies his mind to the subject will have as little doubt. The notion, that there is some abstract necessity, some overruling fate, some specific agent, called a force, by which the planets are moved in their orbits, is an irrational superstition. Certainty is an attribute of mind, and the assertion that something is certain in the abstract means only that the person making the assertion does not specify the mind with reference to which he makes it.

The nature of the grounds on which we are certain that the sun will rise to-morrow, proves this beyond all doubt. Those grounds are, that there is strong evidence, in infinite abundance, to show that the motions of all heavy bodies may be predicted by the application of certain rules; that there is no evidence to show that this state of things has ever varied at any period as to which we have any information; and that if those rules apply for a few hours longer, the phenomenon of sunrise will present itself. As a matter of fact, such evidence would satisfy every mind with which we are acquainted as soon as it was apprehended. Why it should do so we cannot tell. It is for the present an ultimate fact beyond which we cannot go. Reasonable, however, and, indeed, inevitable as such a conclusion is, it is quite possible that it may be false in fact, and that possibility cannot be refuted, otherwise than by the occurrence of the event. It may be that the rules which we have devised are not the only ones which are necessary, in order to predict the motions of the heavenly bodies with perfect accuracy for ever. Indeed, it is almost certain that there are others which are now and will, perhaps, remain always unknown to man, which would be necessary for that purpose. Such rules might, if known to us, enable us to predict that on one particular day, out of many billions, the sun would not rise, just as we are at present able to predict that on one day, out of several thousands, its light will be interrupted by the moon. It may be that these rules will hold good only for a time, and that, at a given moment, the human race may suddenly find itself sprawling in the dark—destitute of all science, and ignorant of the means of getting any. Yet, up to the moment of the occurrence of such a catastrophe, our certainty of the permanence of the present state of things would be just as complete and quite as reasonable as it is at the present moment. Hence science can claim no other certainty than one which is at once negative and hypothetical. It treats that which does not appear as if it did not exist, and it invariably assumes the adequacy and permanence of the rules which it applies. With the possibility that these rules may be transitory or inadequate guides to truth, it does not concern itself.

The limited and conditional nature of the certainty which science can claim to establish, in reference to material objects, is the true, and is a sufficient answer to the fears which the attempt to establish a science of history inspires. If the sciences, which are acknowledged to be such in the strictest sense of the word, disclose to us neither nature bound in fate,

nor objects governed by irresistible laws, nor a set of agents yielding obedience to irresistible impulses, nor a fatal necessity having a realm which constantly threatens to enclose us, why should we fear its application to human affairs? If, for anything that science teaches to the contrary, the heavenly bodies may be rational beings, moving in their orbits from their own choice, can it be said that the attempt to discover general rules, by the help of which limited and conditional predictions respecting human conduct may be made, involves any danger to morality?

Such a question ought not to be discussed without a more explicit acknowledgment of its importance than most of those who believe in the possibility of constructing a science of history think fit to make. It is impossible to read their writings without a constant revolt against the harsh indifference with which they treat the common sentiments of mankind, and the eagerness with which they adopt, on every occasion, forms of speech of which it is difficult to say whether they are most remarkable for inaccuracy or offensiveness. It may be possible to establish the consistency of what is true in their opinions with those great moral doctrines which give to life all its value and dignity, but this can be done only by a process too intricate to be performed by persons who have not made a special study of the question. The broad obvious inference which most of their writings suggest, and which a vast majority of their readers would draw, is, that man deserves neither praise nor blame for his conduct; that he has no power over his own actions; that he is a helpless puppet who ought to be contemplated not as an individual at all, but (to use Mr. Goldwin Smith's expressions) as a link in a chain, or a grain in a mass; and that the only objects which can enlist the sympathies of persons enlightened enough to admit their own insignificance are vague abstractions, called by such names as progress and civilization. It is very seldom that any attempt is made by the writers referred to, to disconnect such conclusions from the premisses which they lay down. They usually write as if they felt that come what would of morality and all that is connected with it, the one thing needful for all mankind was to sit at their feet and accept their doctrines.

The offensiveness of such conduct, to say nothing of its arrogance, cannot be exaggerated. If this were really the conclusion to which science leads us it would be fatal to the existence of science itself; for it would destroy any interest which a man of spirit could feel in it. Such a man, on discovering that conscience, honour, and moral responsibility were mere phantoms, would probably spend the last relics of personality and free-will in expressing his contempt for the inanimate universe of which he formed an inanimate morsel, and in resolving that the eternal laws which had taken the trouble to make the world should have the satisfaction of managing and mending it without his assistance.

Such considerations as these make it doubly important to clear up, if possible, the confusion with which the question has been surrounded, and

to show that whatever may be the fears and hopes of the disputants, and whatever may be the inferences which their language would bear, and which they may wish it to bear, the interests of morality are, in reality, altogether unaffected by the debate. It is necessary to point this out, in order to guard against the impression that the following observations are biassed by any leaning towards the consequences which those who maintain the arguments against which they are directed, are anxious to avert.

The argument of those who, with the avowed object of protecting the interests of morality, deny the possibility of constructing a science of history, may be thus stated:—They say, where there is no regularity there can be no science; but where there is no irregularity there can be no freedom, and where there is no freedom there can be no morality. In so far, therefore, as freedom implies irregularity in the conduct of free agents, it excludes the possibility of science. Now every man is conscious that he is a free agent; and the proposition that men are free, means that before they act they have it in their power to act in either of two or more ways; but if they have and use this power it must be impossible beforehand to predict the manner in which they will use it; therefore history cannot be formed into a science, because if it were it would enable us to predict human actions.

Many of the propositions of which this argument is composed are undeniably true. No one has ever succeeded in persuading people to doubt either that freedom is essential to morality, or that men are conscious of being free agents in the sense stated. Nor is it more doubtful, that as the object of science is the classification of phenomena, science must end where irregularity begins; that is, where the facts with which it deals come to be no longer susceptible of classification; but it is by no means true that where there is no irregularity there can be no freedom, or that if men have and use the power, before they act, of acting in either of several ways, it must be impossible beforehand to predict the manner in which they will use it. There is no contradiction in terms between regularity and freedom. If a man is perfectly free to get up every morning at six o'clock or not, he is as free to get up regularly as to get up irregularly at that hour, and, indeed, his doing so invariably would usually be accepted as evidence of great strength of resolution. The opposition, if any, must be inferred from experience, and the attempt to treat history as a science is nothing but an appeal to this test, and is perfectly consistent (though those who make it do not seem to think so) with the most explicit recognition of the fact that men are not misled by the universal testimony of their own consciousness in supposing themselves to have the power of choosing between different courses of conduct.

The nature of scientific certainty in reference to physical studies has been already referred to, and it has been shown to denote nothing more than the fact that evidence has been collected in reference to certain

subjects sufficient to remove from the minds of those who study it all doubt as to the conclusions to which it points. If, therefore, instances can be given in which any one acquainted with all the facts of the case would be quite sure as to the course which a man, admitted to be free, would take, it will follow that scientific certainty as to the course of human action is not inconsistent with its freedom. Such instances are endless. A man is deeply in love with a woman, who returns his affection. They are engaged to be married; no opposition is made to the marriage; every circumstance is favourable to it. The service has actually begun, and the clergyman says, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" No doubt the man is perfectly free to say No, and has it in his power to do so; but does any human being doubt that if he has no reason whatever for drawing back, and the most ardent desire to go on, he will, if he lives, and if no physical impediment intervenes, say Yes? The certainty is precisely the same in kind, and nearly the same in degree, as the certainty that the sun will rise to-morrow. It is founded on the expectation, produced by an infinite quantity of experience, that when a man has the power of doing what he earnestly wishes to do, and has no reason to refrain, and is not prevented from doing it, he will do it. This is an unequivocal instance of predicting the act of a free agent, his freedom being the very ground of the confidence with which the prediction is made; and this power of prediction is all that is required in order to render possible a science of history.

Of course the case taken is simple in the extreme; but the simplicity of the case affects nothing but the ease with which the operation of prediction may be performed. If a highly complicated case be taken, the result will be exactly the same, though the difficulty of arriving at it will, of course, be greatly increased. When Shakspeare was writing the *Tempest*, could it have been predicted what words he would write down next after "Like the baseless fabric of this vision?" The specific prediction could not, of course, have been made by any human creature; but if any one had been able to watch the thoughts suggested to Shakspeare's mind, and to appreciate the various half-conscious reasonings which led him to pass judgment on them as they rose before him, and had thus followed the train of association, whatever it may have been, which preceded the composition of "leaves not a wrack behind," he would have had no difficulty in predicting the act of will by virtue of which it was written down, although the poet would have been perfectly conscious, and rightly conscious, of his power to write or not to write as he pleased. The phrase itself proves this assertion—if we know how a man pleases, we can infallibly predict how he will act, because he is free to act as he pleases.

Apart from this general evidence, it ought to be noticed that it is absolutely impossible to prove that any act is altogether irregular, that is to say, that it is so unlike all other acts that no formula can ever be

devised which will enable others to view it as one of a series. If an event happened once in every ten thousand years, it would be regular in the same sense as if it happened every other minute ; and how can it possibly be affirmed of any act whatever that no other act of the same sort will ever occur? If such an affirmation could be made, how would its truth affect the freedom of the act? The only evidence—and that evidence is conclusive—that an act is free, is the consciousness possessed by the agent before he performs it, that he has the power to perform it or not? How can that be affected by the circumstance that after the lapse of ten thousand years, some one else either will or will not be placed in the same or an analogous position?

These considerations, put under various shapes, are familiar enough; but they are generally urged, and wrongly urged, as objections to freedom. They are supposed to prove that the alternative power of action which we are conscious of possessing is delusive. In reality they prove nothing of the sort. They show only that there is reason to believe that it is exercised in a regular and not in a capricious manner, and, as has been already observed, if people are free, they are as free to act regularly as to act irregularly, and the expectations of observers as to their acting in the one way or the other must, if they are reasonable, be regulated by experience alone. Historical science is nothing more than a collection of the results of observation systematically classified.

The delusions arising from the metaphorical language in which the results of physical science are expressed, and especially that most pernicious notion that it establishes the proposition that the material universe is affirmatively known to be a collection of inanimate agents governed by necessary laws, have made the notion of the regular action of free and rational creatures so unfamiliar that most people find considerable difficulty in understanding how an act which can be predicted can be made the subject of praise or blame. Why, it is asked, do you praise or blame men for doing what you always knew they would do? The question shows that those who ask it have not considered the real nature and origin of praise and blame. It will be found upon strict examination that they attach not to acts which are or are supposed to be irregular, but to acts which are or are supposed to be voluntary and personal, whether they are capable of being predicted or not, and this is an ultimate fact of our nature which at present can no more be accounted for than the fact that upon certain occasions we feel love and hatred, pain and pleasure. The steps in the inquiry are as follows:—

In the first place, it is not every incident which is the subject of praise or blame, but actions only as distinguished from occurrences. The characteristic of actions is that the external and visible transaction is supposed to be preceded by the putting forth of an internal invisible energy like that of which every man is conscious when he acts, and for which we have no other name than an act of the will. Whenever we have grounds to believe that such an act of the will, coupled with an intelligent per-

ception of its natural effects, has preceded any visible action, we praise or blame that action if it has any assignable connection with the production of happiness or misery, without any reference to the power which others may have of predicting what occurs. This is illustrated with remarkable completeness in the difference of the views which we take of occurrences in our own lives, in the lives of other men, in those of animals, and in the relations of inanimate matter. With regard to ourselves, praise and blame are unhesitating and complete. We have before us all the facts, and if we use our means of knowledge honestly we have usually no difficulty in saying whether our conduct had deserved praise or blame; but this depends entirely on the two questions whether the incident to be considered was an action or a mere occurrence, and whether if it was an action, it was one of which we knew the nature. As to the fact that there was or was not an act of the will, there can be no doubt, because we have before us the best evidence, namely, the direct testimony of our own consciousness. With regard to others, our judgment is less satisfactory, because our means of knowledge are much inferior; but the general similarity between the acts of different men is so strong that in all ordinary cases we have no hesitation in concluding that acts which would have been voluntary in us were voluntary in them. With regard to animals, there is a degree of difficulty which illustrates exactly the nature of the evidence which we require in order to praise or blame an action. We are by no means indifferent to the courage and fidelity of the dog, or to the cruelty of the cat, but it would be an abuse of terms to say that we thoroughly praise or blame them. If praise or blame depended on the contingency or irregularity of actions, it would be difficult to say that they were not as appropriate to the dog who defends his master, or to the cat who tortures a mouse, as to men or women. It is at least as difficult for any one to foretell what exact amount of danger or pain will drive away a mastiff from a robber as it would be to make a similar prophecy about his owner; but if the question depends on the existence of an act of the will, coupled with an intelligent perception of the facts, the hesitating, qualified character of the sentiments which the conduct of a dog or an elephant excites is easily explained by the incomplete, unsatisfactory nature of the evidence which we have as to the mental operations of animals. Their conduct shows some but not all the traces of will which we find in human action, and some but not all the signs of intelligence. Hence, our praise and blame of their conduct is given *sub modo*, and not unreservedly. Inanimate matter presents the converse case to that of the conduct of other men. We have absolutely no grounds for attributing to material objects any power of action at all. We know nothing about them except the occurrences which present themselves, and accordingly we neither praise nor blame any material object whatever. It may, no doubt, be said that this is because we can foretell with accuracy the various incidents which will occur to matter, and this, as has been already observed, is the great argument of those who deny the possibility

of predicting human actions because they think it essential to morality to do so. Such persons, however, should recollect that it is by no means true that we can always foretell the various motions of matter, and it is certain that millions of persons who never think of making it the subject of either praise or blame are altogether ignorant that its movements can be foretold. No one blames dice or packs of cards, yet the combinations which they present are all but universally looked upon as the typical illustrations of uncertainty. No one ever thought of claiming for human conduct a greater degree of irregularity than belongs to cards or dice. No theory demands that it must be considered to be more uncertain which of several courses a man will take than it is whether one or the other of the twenty-one possible combinations will be presented on throwing the dice, yet no one ever attributed free-will to them.

The result is, that the condition which must be fulfilled before any incident can be praised or blamed is, that it should be an action, and not merely an occurrence. The quantity of praise or blame to be given to an action depends almost entirely upon the question whether it is done willingly or under compulsion. There is a common, though inaccurate, notion that the reason of this is, that compulsion forcibly deprives conduct of its irregularity, which would otherwise be irregular, and so enables it to be predicted, and deprives it of its moral character; but upon closer examination into the meaning of compulsion, this will be found not to be the case.

The only safe guide in such inquiries is the common use of language, for by the words which they use when they are acting and not speculating, men record their impressions of what passes in their own minds with a completeness and truth which is rarely attainable when they consciously sit down to perform that task, usually for the purpose of supporting preconceived opinions. Applying this principle, it will be found that the words "voluntary" and "compulsory" are not formal opposites. The one does not affirm what the other denies. "Voluntary" is properly opposed to "involuntary," and an involuntary action is in strictness of speech not an action at all. A man who throws about his limbs in a convulsive fit is a patient, and not an agent; and it would be an abuse of language to say that he moved them under compulsion. The muscles contract independently of his will, and he no more deserves praise or blame for the consequences produced by their contraction than a bullet deserves praise or blame for killing a man. On the other hand, it would, both in common language and even in law, be perfectly correct to speak of a person being compelled by threats or by torture to give up his property.

Thus compulsion does not supersede the action of the will, but is collateral to it; and it will be found on examination to imply that some motive is applied to the person who is the subject of it sufficiently strong and painful to induce him voluntarily to do something which he dislikes, or forego something which he likes. The formal opposite of compulsion

is willingness. Where a man does an act willingly, he deserves the full praise or blame which belongs to acts of that class. Where he does it under compulsion, the praise or blame is greatly diminished. If, for example, a man unwillingly tells a lie to save his life, no one would blame him, or, at least, they would blame him for nothing worse than having fallen short of a heroic standard of virtue; but if he told it willingly, even under the very same circumstances, the case would be different. It would be said that, though the lie itself might have been excused, the willingness to tell it showed that he was a liar by nature, and deserved to be looked upon as such. Neither compulsion nor willingness affects the question of the regularity of conduct. Their presence affects only the difficulty of predicting its direction, which it may either diminish or increase. Of some men it might be predicted that they would lie to any extent, under no greater compulsion than that of a risk of losing 5*l.* by speaking the truth. Others would, perhaps, equivocate if the risk was 500*l.* or 5,000*l.*, and others would sooner die than lie at all. Those who knew a man well would have little difficulty in saying to which of these classes he belonged, and of predicting his conduct accordingly.

The result is, that we praise and blame voluntary actions, and that the praise and blame are increased if the actions are willing and diminished if they are compulsory, and that we do so irrespectively of their being regular or irregular. This, however, ascertains only the sort of actions, to which, and the rule by which, we distribute praise and blame. It leaves untouched the ultimate reason why we praise or blame at all. Why, for instance, do we blame a man who willingly commits a cruel murder? This question is precisely analogous to hundreds of others, which it is equally impossible to answer. Why do we feel any sympathy with, or interest in, others, or even in ourselves? Why do we hate or love? Why do we see an object when our eyes are wide open and it is straight in front of them? We can only say that human nature is constituted so, and not otherwise; and that when we are once made aware of a thoroughly wicked action willingly done by the agent, we blame it, just as we shrink from pain or welcome pleasure. In different times and countries, different classes of actions may produce this feeling; but, so far as we know, there is not, and never was, any human society in which the feeling is not produced by some forms of conduct or other. Viewed in this light, praise and blame may well be awarded to actions, independently of the question whether they can or cannot be predicted—a question which experience only can decide.

This conclusion may be strengthened by considerations of a more familiar kind. Notwithstanding the importance which many persons attach to the essential irregularity of human conduct, there are no parts of it on which it is so difficult to pass any sort of moral judgment as those which ought, if irregularity is essential to their existence, to be the strongest proofs of the existence of freedom and morality. There

are actions which are entirely arbitrary and capricious, for which no cause whatever can be assigned. According to the views of the antagonists of historical science, such acts ought to be considered as assertions of the most glorious and characteristic prerogatives of human nature, but this is not the way in which they are regarded in fact. Men who habitually assert these prerogatives, and whose conduct under given circumstances it is practically as well as theoretically impossible to predict, are to be found in thousands at Hanwell and Colney Hatch, but they are considered not as the freest and wisest of their race, but as the victims of the most grievous of all diseases. Of all characters, that of a capricious man is the one with which it is most difficult to deal. To say of a person, "You never can tell how he'll take a thing," is anything but a recommendation of him. On the other hand, it is a common thing to praise a person for being rational and consistent in his behaviour. What do these words imply? Certainly not less than this, that the regularity of a man's conduct, and therefore the ease with which its course may be predicted, is in direct proportion to his wisdom. The general conclusion seems to be that we regulate our own actions by the free exertion of a power which is an ultimate fact in our nature like the power of sight or touch; that as far as we can judge, we exert this free power in a regular manner, so that if any one knew the exact state of the mind and the exact limits of the powers of others immediately before they acted, he could foretell the direction in which they would act; that according to the direction in which this power is exerted, our actions are good or bad, and we deserve praise or blame; and that this praise or blame is awarded, not because of any contingency about actions before they are performed, but because, by the constitution of our nature we praise actions which we consider good, and blame those which we consider bad; and that the amount of praise or blame awarded depends mainly on the degree in which the actions are done willingly or under compulsion.

It may tend to set these conclusions more clearly before the imagination of some persons, if it is assumed that a supposition, already referred to more than once, were proved to be true. Suppose that it were shown that, in point of fact, the different members of the solar system were, as some of the ancients supposed, living creatures. Suppose we knew that it was a distinct effort to the sun to shine, and to the planets to revolve; that they had temptations to rest, and were aware of the importance of not giving way to them. Is there any one astronomical proposition which would become less true than it is at present? Would anything else result than that we should superinduce upon the feeling of interest and satisfaction with which we look at present on the solar system, a feeling of moral sympathy and admiration for the bodies which compose it? Or, to put the converse case, let us suppose that the sun and moon, being constituted upon principles altogether different from ours, nevertheless shared with us the power of observation and calculation, and subjected ourselves to an examination like that to which we subject them. Suppose that,

looking down upon the earth, not metaphorically but really, they were to watch the different motions of men, and try to devise formulas by which they might predict them. Are we able to say that the undertaking would be hopeless, or that it would be more difficult to frame some general rules by the aid of which they might arrive at conclusions respecting our conduct, than it was for us to frame a rule which should apply equally to the motion of a grain of dust and that of a sun?

If they were altogether ignorant of our wants and objects—if our gestures and voices were unmeaning, and our passions unknown to them —might not they calculate our motions with the same precision which we apply to them, and look on us as mere brute inanimate matter, because they knew nothing of our emotions? They might in this way construct a science of our motions, and it might be a perfectly true one; but they would be much mistaken if they drew from that fact the inference that we were the mere slaves of a blind destiny. If our freedom and moral responsibility would be unaffected by such a calculation, they cannot be more affected by it if it proceeds from ourselves. They stand on their own basis, and the fear that a science of history, if it is ever constructed, will overthrow them, is just as reasonable as the fear that a good nautical almanac will enslave the stars and the tides.

The speculative and abstract view of the question comprises only one division of it. What the science of history, if it ever exists, will be like, is a question of great interest, the impartial consideration of which would do much to dispel the alarm with which the possibility of its existence is regarded. Much light is also thrown on the question by the general character of political economy and statistics, the only subjects relating to human conduct which have as yet been thrown into a scientific shape. These points will be considered in a future number.

The Stage Queen and the Squire.

CHAPTER IV.

Master Rowland goes up to London.

In the green-room of one of the great London theatres—David Garrick's, perhaps—the stage company and their friends were waiting the call-boy and the rising of the curtain.

As strange boards as any—as broad contrasts. Here a king, with his crown cast down; there a beggar, with his wallet laid aside. But kings and beggars are not affording the glaring discrepancies of Hogarth's "Olympus in a Barn," but suggesting and preserving the distinctions far below the buskins, the breastplate, the sandals, the symars. Here are heroes, with the heroism only skin deep; and peers, like their graces of Bolton and Wharton, with infinitely less of the lofty, self-denying graces and the ancient Quixotism of chivalry, than the most grovelling of ploughmen. The Literary Club is not yet formed, nor has Davis founded his reputation for cups of tea and pretty Mrs. Davis; but here are specimens of Lanky and Beau—learned, gracious, and winning in their philosophy and frolics. Ah, me! that they should have worn such sorry stains on their shields! Here is the awful manager unable to shake off his sense of power and his double existence:

> "On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
> 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

And here is the poor author, strutting abroad in his "Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and garter blue-silk breeches," and ready to hide in the next tavern when the game is up.

Among the crowd, Lady Betty is biding her time, very *nonchalant* and a little solitary in her state. She is accustomed to the *dramatis personæ*, professional and otherwise; and ladies who are independent, exclusive, and inflexible, however admired and respected, are generally left to enjoy their own opinions unmolested and at their leisure, whether behind the stage curtain or elsewhere.

Just then a country gentleman, whose murrey coat has a certain country cut, while his complexion breathes of hay-fields and hedge sides, is introduced, gazes round, and steps up to her. Mrs. Betty cries out directly, "La!"—an exclamation not a whit vulgar in her day—"the Justice!" And she holds forth both her hands. "How are dear Mrs. Prissy and Mrs. Fiddy? Did the silks suit? But I need not ask; I had their dear delightful violet-scented letter. Have you come up to town for any time, sir? I wish prosperity to your business."

He has not held such kind, unaffected, friendly hands since they parted; he has only once before held a hand that could have led a Jaffier to confess his conspiracy—that could have clung to a crushed man, and striven to raise him when calamity, like a whirlwind, cast him down and swept him away.

The squire is sensibly moved, and Mrs. Betty vindicates her womanliness by jumping at a conclusion and settling in her own mind that his brain is addled with this great London—its politicians, its mohawks, its beggars in Axe Lane, its rich tradesmen in Cranbourne Alley, its people of quality, fashion, and taste in their villas at Twickenham.

He asks if she is on in Belvidera, and when he hears that it is another actress's benefit, and that she has only consented to appear in a secondary part in a comedy of Sir John's, who is now a great castle-builder, he does not trouble himself to enter a box; at which she is half flattered, half perplexed. He waits, hot and excited, until her short service is over. He will not call upon her at her lodgings, because, in his delicacy, he has so keen a remembrance of her exposed position—a butt for scandal.

There—there in the corner behind the curtain, bounded by the refreshment table, and filled with the prompter's monotonous drawl, near those loungers, those fashionables, those professors of what is said to be, to all except the few, a branding, blighting profession—far, far from his barley ripe for the mowing, his boxwood peacocks, his sunset shining beneath his heavy porch with its pilgrim's seat, his precise housekeeper who kept mistress Prissy and Fiddy in awe and slightly daunted himself, his grey-haired Hal and his buxom milkmaids—far from old madam—courted, worshipped Granny; the vicar, pedantic, formal, and very worthy; young madam, brisk, hot, and genial; and his forsaken charmers Prissy and Fiddy, sometimes pert, sometimes coy, always guileless as lambkins,—the squire told his tale of true love. The man threw down the costs and besought Mrs. Betty Lumley, Lady Betty, to renounce the stage, forsake fame, quit studies, rehearsals, opening-nights, and concluding curtseys amidst the cheers of thousands, to go down with him to rural Larks' Hall, and sigh like Lady Mary's heroine for the dear town and the absence of all rational interests and occupations, or wake up to millions of fresh, cheap, ever-varying, never-failing pleasures; to read "sermons in stones" and homilies in honeysuckle, grow younger, happier, and better every day, and die like Lady Loudun in her hundredth year, universally regretted—above all, be a partner to a selfish man: that was his chief object; to fill up the gulf which had yawned in the market-place of his existence since that night at Bath, and render his life double—double in its joys, double in its sorrows.

It was a primitive proceeding, and the scene was not patriarchal. Lady Betty was amazed at the man's assurance, simplicity, and loyalty. He spoke plainly—almost bluntly—but very forcibly. It was no slight or passing passion which had brought the squire, a gentleman of a score and more of honourable descents, to seek such an audience-chamber to

sue a pasteboard queen, and to lout among the host of idle, insolent, unruly pretenders to the favour of the famous actress. It was no weak love which had dislodged him from his old resting-place, and pitched him to this dreary distance.

Mrs. Betty was taken "all in a heap;" she had heard many a love-tale, but never one with so manly a note. Shrewd, sensitive Mrs. Betty was bewildered and confounded, and in her hurry she made a capital blunder. What! should she leave her own domain for a comparative stranger? Was the man mad? Did his old-fashioned, country pride reckon the name of Madam Parnell so mighty an equivalent for the title of Lady Betty? Should she take him at an advantage, when the poor, honest, magnanimous, foolish gentleman cast his squiredom, his Larks' Hall, his afflicted old mother, sulky brother and sister, and quaking little nieces, at her feet? Should she grieve sweet little Mistresses Prissy and Fiddy? No, no. She dismissed him summarily, saw how white he grew, and heard how he stooped to ask if there were no possible alternative, no period of probation to endure, no achievement to perform by him, Master Parnell, of Lark's Hall, a great man down in his own district of Somersetshire: she waved him off the faster because she became affrighted at his humility; and got away in her chair, and wrung her hands, and wept all night in the long summer twilight, and sat pensive and sick for many days.

In time, Mrs. Betty resumed her profession; but languidly: she played to disappointed houses, and cherished always, with more romance, the shade of the brave, trustful, Somersetshire squire and antiquary. Suddenly she adopted the resolution of retiring from the stage in the summer of her popularity, and living on her savings and her poor young brother's bequest. Her tastes were simple; why should she toil to provide herself with luxuries? She had no one now for whose old age she could furnish ease, or for the aims and accidents of whose rising station she need lay by welcome stores; she had not even a nephew or niece to tease her. She would not wear out the talents a generous man had admired on a mass of knaves and villains, coxcombs and butterflies; she would not expose her poor mind and heart to further deterioration. Ah! she should have kept them more spotless for the sake of Him who doubly owned them. It was true, what Master Rowland had preached to his nieces. How terrible it would be if she were dashed to pieces over the precipice, after all! She would fly from the danger: she would retire, and board with her cousin Ward, and help her with a little addition to her limited income and a spare hand in her small family; and she would jog-trot onwards for the rest of her life, so that when she came to die, Mrs. Prissy and Mrs. Fiddy would have no cause to be ashamed that so inoffensive, inconspicuous, respectable a person had once been asked to stand to them in the dignified relation of aunt, to command the starched housekeeper at Larks' Hall, reign in dining-room and parlour, sun herself among the stocks and sunflowers in the garden, drop into the vicarage at all hours,

hear the first waits at Christmas, and sleep in the Parnells' aisle, beside the effigy of the knight who had been a squire to Guy of Warwick. The public vehemently combated Mrs. Betty's verdict, in vain; they were forced to lament during twice nine days their vanished favourite, who had levanted so unceremoniously beyond the reach of their good graces.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Betty travels down into Somersetshire.

A formal but friendly letter came to Mrs. Betty, when her life was one of long dusty exertion, and her heart was very thirsty and parched. You see, the shabby-genteel world and the tradesman's life, unless in exceptional cases of great wealth, was a different affair a hundred and forty or fifty years ago from what it is now. The villas at Twickenham, the rural retreats, the gardens, the grottos, the books, the harpsichords, the water-colour drawings, belonged to the quality, or to the literary lions: to Lady Mary, or Pope, Horace Walpole, or his young friends the Berrys. The half-pay officer's widow, the orphan of the bankrupt in the South Sea business, the wife and family of the moderately flourishing haberdasher, or coach-builder, or upholsterer,—the tobacconist rose far above the general level—were cooped up in the city dwellings, and confined to gossip, fine clothes, and good eating if they could afford them, patching and paring if they could not. A walk in the City Gardens, a trip to Richmond Hill, the shows, Mr. Steele's *Christian Hero*, *An Advice to a Daughter*, De Foe's *History of the Plague*, were their mental delectation.

But Mrs. Betty had persevered; for she had the soul of a martyr: she had resigned herself to sinking down into the star of cousin Ward's set, who went on holidays to the play, and being mostly honest, fat, and fatuous, or jaunty and egotistical folk, admired the scenery and the dresses, but could no more have made a play to themselves than they could have drawn the cartoons. She helped cousin Ward, not only with her purse, but with a kinswoman's concern in her and hers: she assisted to wash and dress the children of a morning; she took a turn at cooking in the middle of the day; she helped to detain Master Ward at the tea-table, and to keep his wig and knee-buckles from too early an appearance and too thorough a soaking of his self-conceit and wilfulness at his tavern; and she heard the lads their lessons, while she darned their frills before the hot supper.

Then arrived the summons, over which Mrs. Betty, a little worn by voluntary adversity, shed "a power" of joyful tears. To travel down into Somersetshire, and stroll among the grass in the meadows and the gorse on the commons, which she had not seen for twelve months; to feed the calves, and milk the cows, and gather the eggs, and ride Dapple, and tie up the woodbine, and eat syllabub in a bower; to present "great

frieze coats" and "riding-hoods" to a dozen of the poorest old men and women in the parish; to hear prayers in a little gray church, through whose open windows ivy nodded, and before whose doors trees arched in vistas; to see her sweet little Prissy and Fiddy, who had taken such a fancy to her, and with whom she was so captivated, and the vicar, and madam, and Granny, and find them all perfectly agreeable, and not slighting her or doubting her because she had been a woman of fashion and an actress; and Master Rowland well disposed of elsewhere; Larks' Hall deserted by its master—the brave, generous, enamoured squire—heigho! Notwithstanding, that was the clinching clause in the programme: for, as may have been seen, Mrs. Betty, for all her candour, good humour, and cordiality, had her decent pride, and would not have thrown herself at any man's head—not even at a rejected suitor's, after the fashion in which great authors sometimes expose the infatuation of young girls, both in the early Georges' time and in our own. But then, to be sure, Mrs. Betty was not a foolish young girl, but a fine woman in the summer of her charms.

Somersetshire, in spite of Bath, was as antediluvian a hundred and fifty years ago as the lanes and coombes of Devonshire. Larks' Hall, Foxholes, Bearwood, the vicarage of Mosely, and their outlying acquaintances, their yeomen and their labourers, lived as old-fashioned and hearty a life as if the battle of Sedgemoor had never been fought; nay, in some respects, as if Alfred was still dealing strokes against the Danes.

Down in Somersetshire, among its orchards, nutteries, and blackberry thickets, poor little Mrs. Fiddy was drooping, as girls would pine sometimes, even in the days of Will Shakspeare, ere cloth-yard shafts were abolished from merry England, when there were still mayings among the hyacinths, and milkmaids' dances under the thorns, and mummings when the snow fell. And Dick Ashbridge shot and fished in the most disconsolate abandonment, though the girl yet ran past him "like a ghost" when the beetle and bat were abroad and he was still mooning about the vicarage meadows. Fiddy yet protested stoutly, for all her weakness—

"There's many a bolder lad
Will woo me any summer's day;"

And neither of them knew for certain, and nobody could predict exactly, that she would live to wed Dick, bear him children, and leave him a sorrowful widower, whose destiny was fulfilled and his heart chastened—not torn; who was a placid, cheerful, country gentleman, that could look forward with a soft smile (he, the restless, lively Dick of old!) when the organ was playing in the church, or his daughters lilting their ballads by the fireside, to the churchyard corner where his Fiddy lay waiting for him. No; nor could the good folk in Somersetshire understand how closely Lady Betty and little Fiddy were bound up together, and how little Fiddy was to return Lady Betty's kindness hugely in the days when the little girl should be the teacher and the fine woman the scholar, and the lesson to be learnt came from regions beyond the stars.

In the meantime, Fiddy was a sick, capricious, caressed darling in a cambric cap and silk shawl, on whom fond friends were waiting lovingly; for whom Prissy was content to be set aside; for whose delicate appetite madam was constantly catering; for whose increase of strength the vicar was hourly leaving his study, pen in hand, to inquire; for whose general refreshment and entertainment uncle Rowland was daily appearing with game, fruit, and toys from Bath, Bridgwater, or Wells; whom nobody in the world, not even the doctor, the parish clerk, or the housekeeper at Larks' Hall, dreamt of subjecting to the wholesome medicine of contradiction—unless Granny, when she came in with her staff in her hand, laughed at their excess of care, and ordered them to leave off spoiling that child: but Granny herself, too, let fall a tear from her dim eyes when she read the register of the child's age in the family Bible.

"Ah!" sighs whimsical little Mrs. Fiddy, "if only Lady Betty were here! Great, good, kind, clever, funny, beautiful Lady Betty, who cured me that night at Bath, papa and mamma, I would be well again. Prissy will tell you how she nursed me. Uncle Rowland will describe how she revived me. She knows the complaint; she has had it herself; and her face is so cheering, her wit so enlivening, and she reads the lessons as solemnly and sweetly, almost like his reverence there. O mamma! Prissy, send for Mrs. Betty; she is so excellent, she will come at once: she does not play now; the prints say so. She must weary without her occupation, dear heart; and she will be the better of the country air. Send for Mrs. Betty to Mosely."

Madam was in a difficulty. An actress at the vicarage! And Master Rowland had been so rash; he had dropped hints, which, along with his hurried visit to London, had instilled dim, dark suspicions into the minds of his appalled relations of the whirlpool he had just coasted, they knew not how: they could not believe the only plain, palpable solution of the fact. And Granny had inveighed acrimoniously, for her, against women of fashion and all public characters, ever since uncle Rowland took that unlucky jaunt to town, whence he returned as glum and dogged as a rejected suitor of a younger brother, an usher, an author, or a half-pay lieutenant—anybody but the portly squire of Larks' Hall. But then, again, how could the mother deny her ailing Fiddy? And this brilliant Mrs. Betty from the gay world might possess some talisman unguessed by the quiet folks at home; since surely little Fiddy had no real disease, no settled pain: she only wanted change, pleasant company, and diversion, and would be plump again and strong again in no time. And Mrs. Betty had retired from the stage; she was no longer a marked person: she might pass anywhere as Mrs. Lumley, who had acted with the utmost success and celebrity, and withdrawn at the proper moment, as soon as she could manage it, with the greatest dignity and discretion. And Master Rowland was arranging his affairs to make the grand tour in the prime of life: better late than never; and his absence would clear

away a monstrous objection. What would the vicar say? What would Granny say?

The vicar ruled his parish, and lectured in the church; but in the parsonage thought in a deliberate way, very much as madam did, and was only posed when old madam and young madam pulled him different ways.

And Granny? Why, to madam's wonder, Granny required no wheedling, but—apprised of the deliberation by the little minx Prissy, who in Fiddy's illness attended on Granny—sent for madam before she had the least idea that the proposal had been so much as mooted to old madam; and, either in her arbour or in her own room—for her daughter-in-law was so much flurried that she could never remember the precise locality—struck her stick on the ground in her determined way, and insisted that Mrs. Betty should be writ for forthwith, and placed at the head of the child's society. Granny, who had soundly rated fine ladies and literary women and recommended plain housewives and recluses of spinsters not two days before! It was very extraordinary; but Granny must have her way. Granny was never thwarted at Mosely. Not only the children paid her affectionate duty, and young madam did her half-grateful, half-vexed homage, but the vicar and Master Rowland deferred to her, in her widowhood and dependence, as grown men, and with little less grace and reverence than what she had taught them to practise when they were lads under tutelage: indeed she was the fully accredited mistress of Larks' Hall.

Granny had a history: she was born an heiress and had married a cousin of the same name, a kindly, handsome spendthrift, and bore with him through many sorrows. On her husband's death, his property, unentailed, was sold to pay the debts which covered it. Madam's own estate of Larks' Hall had been settled on herself, to pass to her younger son; the vicar was, in fact, the elder brother; yet, had he not been educated for the Church, presented with the living of Mosely, and provided with a wise, devoted mother, he would have been penniless. Madam made as fair an arrangement of her affairs as her abilities could contrive and her circumstances permit, and she executed her plan without suffering any interference with her sovereign will and pleasure. She transferred her life-rent of Larks' Hall to her younger son, burdening his inheritance during her life with a sum of money to be paid to his elder brother; and she herself took up her residence at the vicarage; because, as she said, the vicar was married already, and she could be of use to young madam, who had no experience and was harassed with anxiety about her weakly baby Fiddy; while her continuing at Larks' Hall would only prolong expenses which might be saved for a year or two, or tie up Master Rowland and prevent his marrying when his time came, besides mortifying those liberal and polite tastes, of which his mother was proud, as of his athletic figure and strong arm.

Therefore Granny, in reality, presided at the vicarage; not oppressively, for she was one of those sagacious magnates who are satisfied

with the substance of power without loving its show. Notwithstanding, she prevented the publication of more than two calf-skin volumes at a time of the vicar's sermons; she turned madam aside when she would have hung the parlour with gilt leather, in imitation of Foxholes; and she restricted the little girls to fresh ribbons once a month, and stomachers of their own working. And so, when Granny decreed that Mrs. Betty was to be invited down to Mosely, there was no more question of the propriety of the measure than there would have been of an Act of Council given under the Tudors; the only things left to order were the airing of the best bedroom, the dusting of the ebony furniture, and the bleaching on the daisies of old madam's diamond quilt.

Down to Somersetshire went Mrs. Betty, consoling cousin Ward with the gift of a bran new mantua and a promise of a speedy return, and braving those highwaymen who were for ever robbing King George's mail; but the long, light, midsummer nights were in their favour, and their mounted escort had to encounter no paladins of the road in scarlet coats and feathered hats—regular Dons and Signors: there were no obstacles to detain them more serious than a spiced travelling cup or a lost horseshoe.

What company might you not meet there on the great roads! *That* was worth writing a book about. An enterprising lady did write such a book—*A Stage-coach Journey from London to Exeter*. It would not fill the page of a letter to-day. What variety of character might you not chance to meet! A pair of wine-flushed, bold-eyed gentlemen, their periwigs shaken on one side, gambling with the cards cut on their knees; a worthy woman whose daughter has been entrapped into a Fleet Street marriage, and who is inclined to confide to you her "peck of troubles;" a wicked wife of Bath, who has got rid of her debts by the same summary process, and has the effrontery to boast of her knavery; a zealous Whig tradesman, who has managed to be up in town at the death of the old fox Lovat, and is full of the edifying show; a good man in his own hair and parson's bands; one of the Wadham College brotherhood—Bible moths they term them; yet their voices could have been heard at half a mile's distance while living, and ring still in our ears now they are dead. When he has left the coach he will ride sixty, seventy miles, for the pleasure of addressing the most clownish and savage of mobs, whose members even pelted a preacher with dead cats and hounded on them their fellows—the bull-dogs. Dick Wilson, grown a sloven over his beer, while no one will buy his landscapes with their glimpses of the poetry of Italy in the coolness and freshness of Old England, makes one of the rare company to be met with in the coaches in the genuine coach days!

Mrs. Betty's buoyant spirit rose with the fresh air, the green fields, and the sunshine. She was so obliging and entertaining to an invalid couple among her fellow-travellers, an orange nabob from India and his splendid wife, that they declared she had done them more good than they would derive from the Pump-room, the music, and the cards, to which

they were bound. They asked her address, and pressed her to pay them a visit; when they would have certainly adopted her, and bequeathed to her their plum. As it was, half a dozen years later, when, to her remorse, she had clean forgotten their existence, they astounded her by leaving her a handsome legacy; which, with the consent of another party concerned—one who greatly relished the mere name of the bequest, as a proof that no one could ever resist Lady Betty—she shared with a cross-grained grand-nephew whom the autocratic pair had cut off with a shilling.

In those coach-days, deadly quarrels grew and exploded, young love ripened and was pledged, and life favours were exchanged, in the course of a single journey over villanous roads, at hospitable, rollicking, way-side inns, and in constantly impending danger of common overturns, robberies, and murders.

CHAPTER VI.

Between Mosely and Larks' Hall.

At Mosely Mrs. Betty alighted at last, entered the wicket-gate, and approached the small, weather-stained, brick house; making her curtsey to madam, asking the vicar's blessing, though he was not twenty-five years her senior and scarcely so wise, hugging the little girls, particularly sick Fiddy, and showering upon them pretty, tasteful town treasures, which little country girls, sick and well, dearly love. There! Fiddy's eyes were glancing already; but she did not leave off holding Mrs. Betty's hand in order to try on her mittens, or turn the handle of the musical-box. And Mrs. Betty finally learned, with a mighty panic and palpitation, which she was far too sensible and stately a woman, with all her frankness, to betray, that the justice was not gone—that Master Rowland, in place of examining the newly-excavated Italian cities, or dabbling in state treason in France, was no farther off than Larks' Hall, confined there with a sprained ankle: nobody being to blame, unless it were Granny, who, contrary to her usual firmness, had detained Master Rowland to the last moment, or uncle Rowland himself, for riding his horse too near the edge of a sandpit, and endangering his neck as well as his shin-bones. However, Mrs. Betty did not cry out that she had been deceived, or screech distractedly, or swoon desperately (though the last was in her constitution), nor expose her old lover in any way; neither did she seem to be broken-hearted by the accident.

But Granny's reception of her was the great event of the day. Granny was a picture, in her gray gown and "clean white hood nicely plaited," seated in her wicker seat "fronting the south, and commanding the washing green"—this was Granny's special throne in fine weather, when the bees in the neighbouring hives were buzzing and booming over the beds of thyme—and only an interim resting-place of young madam's.

Here Granny was amusing herself picking gooseberries, which the notable Prissy was to convert into gooseberry-fool, one of the dishes projected to grace the town lady's supper, when Mrs. Betty was led towards her under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun.

It was always a trying moment when a stranger at Mosely was presented to old Madam Parnell. The Parnells had agreed, for one thing, that it would be most proper and judicious, as Mrs. Betty had quitted the stage—doubtless in some disappointment of its capabilities, or condemnation of the mode in which it was conducted, and the sole purpose which its lessons were likely to serve—to be chary in theatrical allusions, to drop the theatrical sobriquet Lady Betty, and hail their guest with the utmost ceremony and sincerity as Mrs. Lumley. But Granny turned upon her visitor a face still fresh, in its small, fine-furrowed compass, hailed her as Lady Betty on the spot, and emphatically expressed all the praise she had heard of her wonderful powers; regretting that she had not been in the way of witnessing them, and declaring that as they had escaped the snares and resisted the temptations of her high place, they did her the utmost honour, for they served to prove that her merits and her parts were equal. Actually, Granny behaved to Lady Betty as to a person of superior station, and persisted in rising and making room for the purpose of sharing with her the wicker seat; and there they sat, the old queen and the young—madam in her plaited hood, Lady Betty in her riding-hat, blushing and excited, yet always graceful, always winning—with the vicar and young madam, Prissy and Fiddy on their father's arms, and the vicarage dogs and cats, cocks and hens, wagging their tails, and purring, scraping, and cackling round them.

Young madam had been quite determined that, as uncle Rowland was so unfortunate as to be held by the foot at Larks' Hall from his tour, he should not risk his speedy recovery by hobbling over to Mosely, when she could go herself or send Prissy every morning to let him know how they were faring, and how the invalid was improving. But the very day after Mrs. Betty's arrival, old madam despatched Tim the message-boy, without letting any one in the vicarage know, to desire the squire to order out the old coach, and make a point of joining the family party either at dinner or at supper. Young madam was not perfect: she was sufficiently chagrined; but then the actress and the squire met so coldly, and little Fiddy was flushing up into a quiver of animation, and Mrs. Betty was delightful company, like generous wine, in the slumberous country parsonage.

It is pleasant to think of the doings of the Parnells, the witcheries of Mrs. Betty, and the despotism of old madam, during the next month. Indeed, Mrs. Betty was so reverent, so charitable, so kind, so gentle as well as blithe under depressing influences, and so witty under stagnation, that it would have been hard to have lived in the same house with her and proved to be her enemy: she was so easily gratified, so easily interested; she could suit herself to so many phases of this marvellous human nature.

She listened to the vicar's "argument" with edification, and hunted up his authorities with diligence. She scoured young madam's lutestring, and made it up in the latest and most elegant fashion of nightgowns, with fringes and buttons, such as our own little girls could match; and this, with an entire dedication of the day, to which Jenny Green would never have been brought by wages and beer, even with the additions of a draught for her old grandmother, a cake for her sick brother, and Tim the message-boy's elder brother Amos to walk home with her when the nightingales were singing in the vicarage lane. She made hay with Prissy and Fiddy, and not only accomplished a finer cock than weak Fiddy and impatient Priss, but surpassed the regular haymakers. And she looked, oh! so well in her haymaker's jacket and straw hat—though young madam was always saying that her shape was too large for the dress, and that the slight hollows in her cheeks were exaggerated by the shade thrown by the broad-brimmed flapping straw. But it must be but an inferior and counterfeit edition of a fine woman who does not fairly eclipse a little girl, even on her own ground.

Of course Mrs. Betty performed in the "Traveller" and "Cross Purposes," and gave riddles and sang songs round the hearth of a rainy evening, or about the cherry-wood table in the arbour of a cloudless twilight, much more pat than other people—that was to be looked for; but then she also played at love after supper, loo and cribbage for a penny the game—deeds in which she could have no original superiority and supremacy—with quite as infectious an enthusiasm.

To let you into a secret, young madam was in horror at one time that Dick Ashbridge was wavering in his allegiance to her white rosebud, Fiddy; so enthralling was this scarlet pomegranate, this purple vine; till Mrs. Betty suddenly turned upon the mad boy—to whom she had been very soft, saying that he was like her young brother Barty, dead among the sugar-canes and the mangoes of the Barbadoes—and said that he bore a greater resemblance to her cousin's second son Jack, and asked how old was he? and did he not think of taking another turn at college? This restored the boy to his senses in a trice, and she kissed Mrs. Fiddy twice over when she bade her good-night.

But old madam and Lady Betty were the chief pair of friends. Granny, with her own sway in her day, and her own delicate discrimination, acute intellect, and quick feelings, was a great enough woman not to be jealous of a younger queen, but to enjoy her exceedingly. Madam Parnell had seen the great world as well as Lady Betty, and never tired of reviving old recollections, comparing experiences, and tracing the fates of the children and grandchildren of the great men and women her contemporaries. The stirring details were more entertaining than any story-book, Prissy and Fiddy vowed over and over again. For this reason, Granny took a personal pride in Lady Betty's simplest feat, as well as in her intellectual crown, and put her through every stage of her own particular recipes for cream-cheese and pickled walnuts.

"The dickons!" cried a Somersetshire yeoman: "The Lon'on madam has opened the five-barred gate that beat all the other women's fingers, and gathered the finest elder-flowers, and caught the fattest chicken; and they tell me she has repeated verses to poor crazed Isaac, till she has lulled him into a fine sleep. 'Well done, Lon'on! cries I; luck to the fine lady: I never thought to wish success to such a kind." Granny, too, cried, "Well done, Lon'on! Luck to the fine lady!" If all Helens were but as pure, and true, and tender as Lady Betty!

Granny would have Lady Betty shown about among the neighbours, and maintained triumphantly that she read them, Sedleys, Ashbridges, and Harringtons, as if they were characters in a printed book—not that she looked down on them, or disparaged them in any way: she was far more tolerant than rash, inexperienced Prissy and Fiddy. And Granny ordered Lady Betty to be carried sight-seeing to Larks' Hall, and made minute arrangements for her to inspect Granny's old domain, from garret to cellar, from the lofty Usher-tree at the gate to the lowly

"Plaintain ribbed that heals the reapers' wound"

in the herb-bed. No cursory inspection would suffice her: the pragmatical housekeeper and the rosy milkmaids had time to lose their hearts to Lady Betty like the rest. Master Rowland, as in courtesy bound, limped with the stranger over his helmets and gauntlets, his wooden carvings, his black-letter distich; and, although she was not overflowing in her praise, she had seen other family pictures by Greuze, and she herself possessed a fan painted by Watteau, to which he was vastly welcome if he cared for a broken toy in his collection.

She fancied the head of one of the Roman emperors to be like his Grace of Montague; she had a very lively though garbled familiarity with the histories of the veritable Brutus and Cassius, Coriolanus, Cato, Alexander, and other mighty, picturesque, cobbled-up ancients, into whose mouths she could put appropriate speeches; and she accepted a loan of his *Plutarch's Lives*, "to clear up her classics," as she said merrily: altogether poor Squire Rowland felt that he had feasted at an intellectual banquet.

At last it was time to think of redeeming the pledge to cousin Ward; and, to Mrs. Betty's honour, the period came while Master Rowland was still too lame to leave Larks' Hall, except in his old coach, which he could not have out more than once a day, and while it yet wanted weeks to the softening, gladdening, overwhelming bounty of the harvest-home.

Then occurred the most singular episodes of perverseness and reiterated instances of inconsistency of which Granny had been found guilty in the memory of man, either as heiress of Larks' Hall or as old madam of the vicarage. At first she would not hear of Mrs. Betty's departure, and asked her to be her companion, during her son's absence, in his house of Larks' Hall, where all at once she announced that she meant to take up her temporary residence. She did not approve of its being committed

entirely to the supervision of Mrs. Prue, her satellite, the schoolmaster's daughter who used so many long words in cataloguing her preserves and was so trustworthy: Mrs. Prue would feel lonesome; Mrs. Prue would take to gadding like the chits Prissy and Fiddy. No, she would remove herself for a year, and carry over her old man Morris along with her, and see that poor Rowley's goods were not wasted or his curiosities lost while he chose to tarry abroad.

Master Rowland stared, but made no objection to the invasion; Mrs. Betty, after much private rumination and great persuasion, consented to the arrangement. Young madam was obliged to be ruefully acquiescent, though secretly irate at so preposterous a scheme; the vicar, good man, to do him justice, was always ponderously anxious to abet his mother, and had, besides, like everybody else in the world, a sneaking kindness for Mrs. Betty; the girls were privately charmed, and saw no end to the new element of breadth, brightness, and zest, in their little occupations and amusements.

When again, of a sudden, after the day was fixed for Master Rowland's departure, and the whole family were assembled in the vicarage parlour—in that window where the history of another "Joseph and his brethren" was painted on the middle panes, and across which a companion honeysuckle tree threw its shadow alike on the raised Eastern group, so pathetic yonder, so grotesque here, and on the book or the work pursued with such steadiness and simplicity under their patriarchal scrutiny—old madam fell a-crying and complaining that they were taking *her* son away from her—robbing her of him: she would never live to set eyes on him again—a poor old body of her years and trials would not survive another flitting. *She* had been fain to gratify some of his wishes; but see if they would not destroy them both, mother and son, by their stupid narrow-mindedness and obstinacy.

Such a thing had never happened before. Who had ever seen Granny unreasonable and foolish? The vicar slipped his hand to her wrist, in expectation that he would detect signs of hay-fever, though it was a full month too late for the complaint—there had been cases in the village—and was shaken off with sufficient energy for his pains.

"Mother," exclaimed Master Rowland, haughtily, "I do understand you; but I had a plain answer to a plain question months ago, and I will have no reversal to please you. Pity craved by an old woman's weakness! favours granted in answer to tears drawn from dim eyes! I am not such a slave!"

The others were all clamouring round Granny, kissing her hand, kneeling on her footstool, imploring her to tell them what she wanted, what she would like best, what they could go and do for her; only the squire spoke in indignant displeasure, and nobody attended to him but Mrs. Betty.

It did appear that the squire had been too fast in repelling advances which did not follow his mother's appeal. Mrs. Betty gave no token—

Mrs. Betty stood pulling the strings of her cap, and growing first very red, and then ominously white, like any girl.

Perhaps the squire suspected that he had been too hasty, that he had not been grateful to his old mother, or generous to the woman who, however fine, courted, and caressed, was susceptible of a simple woman's anguish at scorn or slight. Perhaps there flashed on his recollection a certain paper in the *Spectator*, wherein a young lady's secret inclination towards a young gentleman is conclusively revealed, not by her advances to save his pride, but by her silence, her blushes, her disposition to swoon with distress when an opportunity is afforded her of putting herself forward to attract his notice—nay, when she is even urged to go so far as to solicit his regard.

Because Master Rowland's brow lightened as if a cloud lowering there had suddenly cleared away—because Master Rowland began to look as if it were a much more agreeable experience to contemplate Mrs. Betty nervous and glum, than Lady Betty armed at a hundred points, and all but invulnerable—Master Rowland walked as alertly to her side as if there were no such things as sprains in this world. "Madam, forgive me if I have attributed to you a weak complacency to which you would never condescend. Madam, if you have changed your mind, and can now tolerate my suit, and accord it the slightest return, I am at your feet."

Assuredly, the tall, vigorous, accomplished squire would have been there, not in a figure but in his imposing person. Family explanations were admissible a century and a half ago; public declarations were sometimes a point of honour—witness the case of Lord Peterborough and Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, whose memory Mrs. Delany's shade now defends from scandal; bodily prostration was by no means exploded; matter-of-fact squires knelt like romantic knights; Sir Charles Grandison and Sir Roger de Coverley bent as low for their own purposes as fantastic gauze and tinsel troubadours.

But Mrs. Betty prevented him. "I am not worth it, Master Rowland," cried Mrs. Betty, sobbing and covering her face with her hands; and, as she could not have seen the obeisance, the gentleman intermitted it, pulled down the hands, kissed Madam Betty oftener than the one fair salute, and handed her across the room to receive Granny's blessing; and certainly granny sat up and composed herself, and wished them joy (though she had the grace to look a little ashamed of herself), very much as if she had obtained her end.

There is no use in denying that young madam took to bed for three days, and was very pettish for a fortnight; but eventually she gave in to the match as to an unavoidable misfortune, and was not so much afflicted by it as she had expected, after the first brunt. Granny, in her age, was so absurdly set on the mésalliance, and so obliging and pleasant about everything else—the vicar and the little lasses were so provokingly careless of the wrong done them and the injury to the family—that she knew

very well, when her back was turned, they formed as nonsensically hilarious a bridal party as if the wedding had concerned one of themselves and not the bachelor uncle, the squire of Larks' Hall. And Mrs. Betty ordered down the smartest livery ; and the highest gentry in Somersetshire would have consented to grace the ceremony, had she cared for their presence, such a prize was she in their country-houses when they could procure her countenance during their brief sojourn among sparkling rills and woodland shades. Altogether, young madam, in spite of her vanities and humours, loved the children, the vicar, Granny, the bridegroom, and even (with a grudge) the bride, and was affected by the sweet summer season and the happy marriage-tide, and was, in the main, too good to prove a kill-joy.

Master Rowland and Mrs. Betty were married by Master Rowland's own brother in the vicar's own church, with Fiddy and Prissy and the Sedleys for bridesmaids, and Dick Ashbridge for a groom's-man. Cousin Ward, brought all the way from town to represent the bride's relations, was crying as if she were about to lose an only daughter ; none cried like cousin Ward—young madam at the vicarage could not hold the candle to her. For Granny, she would not have shed one bright, crystal tear on any account ; besides, she was over in state at Lark's Hall to welcome home the happy couple. Ah, well, they were all happy couples in those days !

At Larks' Hall, Mrs. Betty bloomed during many a year : for a fine woman knows no decay ; she only passes from one stage of beauty and excellence to another, wearing, as her rightful possession, all hearts—her sons', as their father's before them. And Master Rowland was no longer lonely in his hall, in the frosty winter dusk or under the Usher-oak in the balmy summer twilight, but walked through life briskly and bravely, with a perfect mate ; whom, true himself, he had not failed to recognize as a real diamond among the bits of glass before the footlights—a diamond which his old mother had consented to set for him.

Our squire and Lady Betty are relics of a former generation. We have squires as manly by thousands, as accomplished by tens of thousands ; but the inimitable union of simplicity and refinement, downrightness and dignity disappeared with the last faint reflection of Sir Roger de Coverley. And charming Lady Betty departed also with early hours, pillions and cosmetics—that blending of nature and art, knowledge of the corrupt world and abiding true-heartedness, which existed, by a marvel, in the one phase of the host.

Schoolmasters.

Who shall assign a date to the first ridicule of the schoolmaster and the tutor? Comic writers have made him one of their favourite butts, and even grave writers have betrayed him. Some have mocked him in his chair of authority, and some, like Pope and Churchill, have shot at him flying. At home with his pupils, or travelling with them, he has never been safe. With his ferule, he has been a monster; without it, an impostor, affecting a home and family tenderness which he cannot be expected to feel in reality. Sidney, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Bishop Corbet, and we know not how many more of our early writers who could command the laugh of the town, have all had their fling at him; indeed, of such writers, we may ask, who has ever said a solitary word in his favour? But his discredit is older, far older, than this. Juvenal in Rome laments over the want of appreciation, and the ill-paid services, not of the sham school speculator, but of the really *doctus Palæmon*, who might well have shed tears, not as Isocrates did at having to accept a fee, but at having to accept so very small a one. We could copy many an ugly picture. St. Augustine calls the school system of his day "*magna tyrannis et grave malum;*" and the learned Erasmus, in his *Encomium of Folly*, describes the master as "taking a great pride and delight in frowning and looking big upon the trembling urchins; in boxing, slashing, and striking with the ferule:" and this last, near about the day of Grocyn, Linacer, Ascham, and Dean Colet, when, if ever, a short gleam of honour shone upon the profession of the schoolmaster. In vain, on the other hand, have some of our best heads in England striven to come to the rescue, and tried to prove that the profession should be one of honour, and not of obloquy. In no country—not even in France—have the laughers so much of their own way, and for so long a time, as in England. It is one of our longest, if not our final test; and with a view to give it fair opportunity, every public question is put in every possible light, and made to throw itself into every conceivable attitude. It may be almost asserted that nothing whatever has been established in England that has not passed triumphantly through this ordeal, which our national character makes the severest of all. The school and schoolmaster have had their full share. Lord Bacon, in his *Advancement*, vindicates the instruction and the instructors of youth from contempt, and loudly condemns "the disesteeming of those employments wherein youth is conversant, and which are conversant about youth;" and he set his seal to the truth of his words in the letters to Secretary Conway, written many years afterwards, in which he requests for himself the appointment

to the provostship of Eton. Bacon missed it, but the man who held it—Wotton—thought it no disgrace to have changed the duties of a statesman and an ambassador for those of a pedagogue, which he esteems as a high and public office. These are his words at the opening of his *Survey of Education*:—"If any shall think education, because it is conversant about children, to be but a private and domestic duty, he will run some danger, in my opinion, to have been ignorantly bred himself." Not to weary the reader with quotations, which, however, are far less easily met with on this side of the question than on the other, we will only add a line or two from Cowley's *Essay on Liberty*:—"I take the profession of a schoolmaster to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a commonwealth." Thus, at least, some great men have shown themselves disposed to pay respect to the office, where those who hold it suffer it to be respectable, and have thought highly of the post, when they have thought of it as *they* would themselves have wished to fill it; that is to say, they have honoured their own ideal of the tutor and schoolmaster.

And now, again, for the actual. How far has the public feeling towards the pedagogue been undergoing change? Hundreds of influential writers have given, by their remarks on education, an importance to the office of educators. There has been an immense accumulation of records of gratitude from individual pupils to individual teachers, and respect for the office itself has risen—but how slowly! Busby, in spite of those magnificent "blooms of his rod," with whom, in full expansion, Dr. Johnson nearly fills one of the volumes of his *Lives of the Poets*, is a name rather smiled at than honoured; and the schoolmaster-in-chief of our own day, Arnold, is compelled to confess, in one of his private letters, that the educator, as such, holds *no position*, and that it is desirable to attach "the Reverend," as soon as possible, to give a greater prestige, though it may fairly be questioned whether, in the majority of cases, more is not lost by "the Reverend" than gained by the schoolmaster from the junction. There is still such a mingled feeling of dislike to, and suspicion of, the office, that our novelists and satirists, like those of old, can make their play upon those who hold it; taking unfavourable specimens as fair representatives of the class, and feeling that enough of public feeling is still with them to make their portraits popular. The rich chairs of the higher public schools are, indeed, sought for by men of mark, as being among the most likely prefaces to a bishopric, but even these not by men of family;—indeed, men who are, or fancy themselves, of anything like high caste, without means in proportion, would, for the most part, rather beg, borrow, or live in the narrowest way, than lose that caste by earning money in any office of education. This is the simple fact, however painful it may be to state it. You might cite to them great men, from Dionysius to Louis Philippe downwards, who have been engaged in instruction; or tell them, in the words of Adam Smith, that legions of the worthies of Greece thus employed themselves. You

will not get men of high family to fancy that a schoolmaster's office is anything but a subordinate one. Search the rolls even of college tutors, private and public, and you will find, almost without exception, that they are men strictly of the middle, occasionally of the lower class. One main reason for this unquestionably is, that men of real or supposed high social rank, though they would submit to vegetate upon two or three hundred a year in a Government office, responsible to two or three official superiors, would detest the idea of being in any way minutely accountable, as the instructor must be directly, to every parent who chooses to intrust him with his son, whether patrician or plebeian; still more unpalatable is the idea of an income made up by private and often plebeian payments; for, to the Government official, the numerous private payments which supply his salary are purified by being filtered through the public purse. There is a certain sense of favour, private patronage, and obligation in the schoolmaster's position, if we except the very highest, from which even the merchant in his transactions is comparatively free, or, at least, feels himself so; or the professional man, who receives his fee for some distinct single exercise of his craft; the *quid pro quo* is more measurable and distinct in the exchange of goods for money, and money for goods, than where the moral is paid for by the material, the uncertain by the certain, and where not one parent in twenty feels quite sure that he has got his money's worth for his money. However well the schoolmaster may feel that he has earned and overearned the payment, his consciousness of the parent's uncertainty often acts disagreeably on his own mind, and, indeed, is one of the almost inevitable pains of his position. Then again, whatever Bacon, Wotton, and the rest may have said, men, and especially proud men, desire to mix with and to struggle with their coëvals, and dislike the idea of perpetual engagement with the immature—a feeling at which no one can wonder: and thus it is that, though education is a topic popular and fashionable, in which some of our social and political leaders really feel, and all affect, interest—on which our statesmen, from the Premier downwards, give amateur lectures all over the country during parliamentary recesses—yet, however great the appetite for talking about education, its duties, and responsibilities, its practice is about the very last employment to which most of the lecturers would resort. It is much the same with the man of letters: he likes to view his scholarship as a grace, not as a stock-in-trade; and if he is ever a schoolmaster, it is generally his necessities that make him so; school labours interfere with his insatiable yearning for endless self-instruction. He often scatters throughout his works invaluable hints on the disposition of youth, on its capacities, its tempers, its training. Scarcely an English moralist can be mentioned who has not done so,—hints, many of them never picked up by the drudging but often unreading schoolmasters for whose guidance they were intended; and abroad, look at La Bruyère, Rousseau, De Staël, Jean Paul, Lamartine, Souvestre, and a host of others, by whose golden sentences on youth and its discipline the majority even of our upper teachers

seem never to have been made one whit the wiser; for it is only here and there a man, who, after the toils of the day over print and paper, has energy to labour on, on his own account, or courage to withdraw from his fireside enjoyments for any purpose of private study. And here it may be observed that, as a high appreciation of the advance of other minds can scarcely be conceived to exist without an intense desire of the improvement of one's own, so every schoolmaster of a really high order makes a sacrifice, for which it is impossible to make a compensation approaching to adequacy. Even the pleasure of seeing his pupils advance, one by one, far on paths of honour, is not always without a certain sadness, such as one may be expected to feel who is ever giving passports to a land of promise and beauty, into which he himself is never destined to enter.

Another reason of prejudice against the schoolmaster and his office, not much in itself, because often shared by him with the members of some other professions, but considerable when added to the sum of objections, is, that he is generally poor—without capital, except his education; or with a very small capital. We know upon how many minds in England this is likely to tell, and there is no denying the fact or averting its consequences upon the vulgar estimate of the schoolmaster's profession. We simply state this, not wishing to diverge into a vain protest against mammon worship, but because as is the estimation of a schoolmaster, so will often be the average schoolmaster himself, the quality of an article in these cases often actually tending to sink to the value at which it is rated, whether the estimation is originally a fair or an unfair one.

The tendency of public feeling, then, as we have endeavoured to show, and we believe without exaggeration, is, however much in favour of education, rather against the individual educator, tending to keep him down; and on him lies the onus of raising himself, and, with himself, as far as possible, the estimate of his profession. Most of the sources of prejudice to which reference has been as yet made, are, it must be owned, almost necessities of his position. His main payments, especially where teaching is connected with boarding, coming from private hands; his subjection to innumerable petty interferences and remonstrances, and the general consciousness that he is so subject; his amenability to private criticism rather than to large public judgment as to his efficiency; his general want of large means; the main business of his life concerned with children and boys, not with men, and strongly leading him to trace the same eternal and limited circle, often real, always imagined; the confining nature of his labours, generally keeping him in great measure secluded from the world of men, and from a liberalizing mixture with general society,—and, on the other hand, if he does so mix, the ready inference that his duties are neglected; nay, his very efforts to give dignity to his position, and shake off some of what are deemed its humiliations, sometimes leading him too far in the other direction, and tending to what is by no means uncommon in many schoolmasters, a blunt want of

courtesy, and an unnecessary giving of offence, and an absolute unreasonableness, in order to shake off every semblance of servility;—all these, we say, are disadvantages against which it requires a very superior mind, indeed, and a constant and consummate exercise of practical judgment, to buoy up this profession; indeed, they are difficulties and disadvantages which will probably permanently hinder it from ranking amongst the professions *par excellence*. We speak not so much here of young men who commence life as educators, and who are respected for the credit of another future which they often have in prospect, as of the doomed and devoted instructor for life, and who must, out of his profession, get his respectability, or in spite of it.

Most of the difficulties above mentioned are the "inseparable accidents" of the profession as exercised by most private, and even by some public schoolmasters and tutors. There are others which we are obliged to state, or we should not be taking a thorough view of our subject. There is a kind of admitted claim, that one who sets up as a teacher and guide should himself approach to something like perfection of character, though probably no one who presents this bill seriously expects to find it honoured to the full. Then there is a shrewd and very general suspicion that the profession is a makeshift, as truly it often is; indeed, to those who dislike it, and they are the majority, the occupation seems so eminently repugnant that they have the greatest difficulty in conceiving that any one can possibly have a sincere taste for it; they would scarcely credit such a passion as that professed by a clever French baronne, to us carrying conviction in the very terms of its expression: "J'avais dès mon enfance un goût dominant d'instruire et *documenter* quelqu'un." If we honour, above all, a man whose heart is in his profession, people are not likely to be much disposed to honour a profession into which they fancy that not one out of twenty of its professors can possibly throw his heart. These are further reasons for popular prejudice more or lest just.

Then there are perils of character to which the instructor of the young is greatly exposed, and is known to be so, as he is too often giving proof of it. Notwithstanding his vague and occasional responsibility to parents, most of his daily life is spent in having his own way, and so every fault of his disposition is in danger of running to excess, whether it be penuriousness, impatience, irritability, favouritism, indolence, unreasonableness—faults all of which would be exposed to smart checks if his intercourse lay with men. This liability, however, is not like some of the others. We have mentioned an inevitable disadvantage, which demands a constant vigilance for its counteraction, and only a naturally noble heart and originally happy temper rises unscathed ever from the perpetual ordeal, a man's very superiority so often making him impatient of imperfection, and his mental excellence constituting his moral trial.

Besides the real drawbacks and difficulties which are the cause of his disesteem, and the deserved censure which he often incurs, the schoolmaster is subject to certain unreasonable demands, and if he fails to satisfy

them, to consequently unreasonable charges. From one of the most frequently urged of these, supposing him in other respects to be a "good man," we here mean to defend him, and check, if possible, those who seek to bring him into discredit on false grounds. One of the commonest accusations against the schoolmaster in the present day, especially if there is no other fault to find with him, is either that he has not got the tact, or will not consider it to be his duty, to consult the peculiarities of his individual pupils, and adapt his treatment and tuition separately to each character. Where a man has five or six pupils, or even ten or a dozen, the demand may be made reasonably enough; but we have heard one of the very foremost men of the present day bring the charge against the masters of the public school at which he was educated, that they did not spy out, cultivate, and give him credit for the talent which has since made him world-famous, though at fifteen or sixteen years of age he bade the said school farewell. The French novelist, Mürger, taking probably pretty much the same view of a master's obligations, speaks with all the bitterness of personal feeling and with considerable coarseness of the "*méthode unique d'enseignement brutal*" pursued at some schools.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' father, we are told, wrote indignantly under one of the great painter's early sketches, made at an improper time, "Done by Joshua, out of pure idleness:" who shall blame the father for not forseeing a grand, but what was then a problematical, career? A schoolmaster may, perhaps, have more secret sympathy with a lad who is fond of spouting scraps of Shakspeare than with one who says his Horace perfectly. The boy may possibly be a Garrick in embryo; but if the master were to make provision for any such development, the chances are that in the end he would find himself mistaken. The boy who can amuse his schoolfellows, and, perhaps, his teacher, with an ingenious story, may possibly be an unfledged Walter Scott; but the chances are that he is nothing of the kind. A sensible master knows this, and that his only proper course is to give his preference, if he gives a preference at all, to a boy who will show his spirit, talent, perseverance, and ambition, by running fairly and straightforwardly in the same path with his fellows, and fairly beating them in it. Probably the greatest man was never much the worse for anything he was compelled to learn in a really good school, whether he liked it or not. The teacher has sometimes very little opportunity for observing peculiarities of genius, especially if they lie out of the common track; often no time, consistently with his duty, for consulting its caprices; often not that manysidedness in himself which could appreciate the specialties which may happen to exist in fifty or a hundred pupils. To bring out the good common working qualities, and those most likely to be useful in the common professions and usual walks of life, is the master's duty and plain wisdom, and the regularity of a system, common as far as possible to all, is the best discipline for a boy. The real fault is, where a master takes the other plan, and pays special attention to pet boys, giving them more than a just share of his time;

for this, too, he will find plenty to blame him, and with very good reason. To some masters, indeed—especially the crotchety and dishonest—this is an overpowering temptation, particularly in schools of unwieldy size; and we may have again occasion to refer to it.

One of our objects in this paper is to give such hints as may tend to raise the character of the instructor, and with it the repute of his profession; and we proceed, without making more than a passing allusion to the crime of gross cruelty, or that meanness of making money by petty profits and unnecessary extras, of which some masters of a low order are guilty, and of which many more are suspected—the latter of which practices has probably done more to degrade the profession in the eyes of the world than any other single cause that could be alleged; so we have felt bound to give it a passing word. The low, savage, or sordid schoolmaster is beneath our counsel, and would probably scarcely comprehend it—that whole class will be eliminated sooner than cured, and is, indeed, already plainly diminishing, and few middle-class parents are now careless enough to countenance or trust him. The advice here offered shall be worthy of worthier men.

Separating from the schoolmaster his occasionally clerical character, what means has he, then, of raising himself in public esteem? We see only two—his learning, and his tone of feeling and manners. These appertain to him, lie naturally in his path, and in these directions, if in any, society expects to find his excellence, notwithstanding his peculiar difficulties; theoretically, indeed, a perfection in self-culture and self-discipline may be demanded in one who assumes the culture and discipline of others as his life's office.

And first for "learning." In any high sense of the term it is rare in schoolmasters: many never seek it, but are content with their old school and college stock; and many who do, feel that they have no extra time, nor courage, nor energy to make or find time, and so the accomplished college scholar is too often ever tending to a skilful drudge in special subjects. But this is not all the learning wanted. It is not enough for a man to set his own "*au fait*" against his pupil's incipient awkwardness, his own rapid against his scholar's slow solution of problems, his own thorough knowledge of the prescribed "school book" against his pupil's gradual acquisition of its contents. Boys soon see through this sort of thing now-a-days, and cease to respect it. They quickly discover the difference between a schoolmaster who has ideas, and one who only skilfully

> "can temper
> His longs and shorts with *que* and *semper*;"

and they view the latter as a great clever schoolboy of whose capacities they have the measure. In order thoroughly to respect a master, boys must feel that he dwells in an altogether higher region of knowledge, as Arnold did, and that he occasionally throws to them handfuls of wealth from unknown treasuries; and further than this, the master should know

that a sham, pompous, and superficial display is almost sure to be found out by an intelligent form. We have said that schoolmasters are not generally in the highest sense a learned class. Let us take one branch only, that of English classical literature, and bring, not the respectable private schoolmaster of a country town, but some of our "high men," to the test. They have, every now and then, a demand made upon their knowledge, when speeches are selected for public days. Can anything be much more miserable than the result? With the whole wealth of England's literature often in their libraries, they seem incapable of varying their programme; we have the same eternal round of well-known bits, varied, if at all, by some piece in vogue from the gilt volume of a poet in fashion, lying on the drawing-room table. Will any one venture to affirm that this is not the case?

Supposing a man has taste and power for anything like wide and general study, how is he to find the time? We answer it is certain that some few men do find it, and make a good use of it. We may fairly suppose a master generally to be sufficiently independent to be in some measure the regulator of the time which he conscientiously gives to the work of actual instruction. The private schoolmaster is, at any rate, his own law in this matter, and the public one is not, as a general rule, by any means overtasked. If parents wish to seize upon his every available moment, and to force him to be an untiring drudge, and nothing else, he ought to know that his real influence with his scholars depends upon his being something more, and to resist all such short-sighted, selfish, and inconsiderate demands. Out of nine hours a day, a man will be doing more ultimate good to himself and his pupils by giving to his own cultivation two or three of the hours, than by sacrificing the whole nine to positive teaching, especially to teaching, what is now a common demand, little more than the elements of who shall say how many multifarious subjects.

A man's general superiority soon gets wind beyond the walls of his schoolroom; his pupils remember and respect it in after life, and will often appeal to his taste or his judgment when they have a difficulty—an honour which they would never think of paying to the mere ordinary, apt schoolmaster. If thoroughly cultivated schoolmasters were common, we should soon see the profession rising in esteem; and we have only here to add, that what militates greatly against this perpetual self-culture of the instructor, is his self-satisfaction at his perpetual triumphs over subordinate wills and immature intellects—a self-satisfaction only scorned, on such grounds, by superior men.

The next matter well worth a man's thought and care, if he wishes to conciliate true respect, is the tone of feeling to be cultivated in his boys, and, therefore, primarily in himself; and the manners, by which we do not mean merely the "nice conduct" of a silver fork, or those "modes of genteel society," as it is called, which a clever monkey might soon be instructed to imitate. Indeed, the day is pretty nearly, though not quite,

over, when, if a man known to be a schoolmaster is announced, people look for the entrance of something peculiarly angular and dogmatic, and are rather surprised than otherwise, if they find him to be, on the whole, upon trial, rather a pleasant and unaffected gentleman. Ordinary and external good manners we may suppose he possesses, but what we aspire to for him is something more. Certainly, a boy, ambitious as the English are above all things of the character and bearing of gentlemen, ought not to feel that he goes to school for knowledge, but returns home for manners and civilization. The schoolmaster ought to be the equal, and, if he can possibly make himself so, the superior of the parent in this latter point also. In "fashion," he may not be; but he ought to show to his pupils, by his own example, that feeling is higher than mode, as the gold is higher than the graving or setting, and that fashion, without feeling or with low feeling, is but base coin, whosever head or stamp it bears; and we may be pardoned for saying, that it is just in this direction that a schoolmaster has, in England, a fair and wide scope, especially if he have himself a naturally good and generous disposition; and herein, he should be dominated over by no sectional prejudices, and submit to no class dictation: he should aim at giving that general moral greatness, which, if anything, can cover the differences of cliques, shades, and grades, penetrate into the depths of character, and give a nobility of sentiment, by no means necessarily the fruit of a long course in the schools of the aristocracy.

Out of a dozen schoolmasters, skilful in teaching as an art, of fairly cultivated manners, of blameless industry in inculcating the dogmas of our religion, teaching science and language with tact and zeal, do we find one who cultivates with equal care the higher and more ennobling qualities of the heart—extensive sympathy, wide comprehension, largeness, grandeur, and generosity of moral views; a schoolmaster, in fine, to whom his pupils naturally revert in after life as their highest moral type, model, and example? There is no foot-rule to measure these; there is no feeing them; they are above all statute payment; they are not "branches," but *con amore* gifts out of the fulness of a man's heart to those who come within his influence; glorious prejudices which have a tendency to spread and infect the young like a passion. For youth has a wonderful sympathy with what is strongly felt. We have no room to enter into the various effects of a high tone of feeling thus inspiring a school. Let us take a single school curse which it would tend to mitigate—that proud, painful, ungenerous questioning about parentage, which has been the torture of many a boy of high feeling but humble origin at our English schools—one out of a hundred modes of displaying meanness and narrowness of heart.

Had we more men of this moral elevation in our schools from the highest to the lowest, who shall say that it would not tend infinitely to increase the respect felt for the profession at large? Every man we know has his own modes of influence, and a man of drier character would fail if he aped the enthusiasm of an Arnold; but each, in his

way, should aim more than our masters now do at the education of sentiment.

It was remarked at the commencement, that the standard of the schoolmaster, and with it, naturally, his estimation, has been already raised. This is owing far less to vague talk and interest in society respecting education than to two or three positive movements. The first of these movements in the case of the middle classes was the institution of the proprietary school, by which a large portion of the education of the country was thrown into the hands of men themselves liberally educated, appointed according to the value of testimonials generally of a highly respectable character. The gentry of many neighbourhoods were tired of being imposed upon by school speculators of whose attainments they had no guarantee; many of these parents, too, may have smarted at the recollection of having in their youth been intrusted to impostors, and were so determined to secure something better for their children. The idea might almost seem to have been taken from the younger Pliny, who, in one of his letters, speaks of a search made by the Roman patricians in his neighbourhood for some good schoolmaster whom they might establish in common for the instruction of their boys. The offer of a liberal salary brought, of course, many competitors, and good men were generally chosen. Some of these schools have thoroughly succeeded; some have swelled into colleges. In nearly all there have been occasional disputes—in some, ruinous ones—between the gentlemen proprietors and the masters who would not submit to interference and dictation. Still, unquestionably, the movement, on the whole, has been a most advantageous one, and many a man, mercantile or professional, now in middle life, owes to it an education ten times better than his father had a chance of receiving.

The next practical movement in advance has been the establishment of the "middle-class" and "competitive examinations." We can say of the former with certainty, as to one, at least, of their original suggestors, that they were got up in no mere *dilettante* or fidgety spirit, but from a felt necessity, and with a full consciousness that many difficulties might occur in the execution of the plan. University examiners were worried, and the extent of school impostures shown, by the miserable specimens presenting themselves for examination, of whom, even at the first examination, two out of eight, on a daily average, were plucked at Oxford, at least, and two more were often fairly pluckable. Nearly fresh from school as they were, nothing could account for this but permitted idleness or villanously bad instruction. Besides these, there was a numerous class to be accounted for of well-disposed young men, who, feeling themselves too weakly prepared for fair rivalry, dawdled through college in some unaccountable way, equally without dissipation and without distinction. Now, when men were impudently sent to college in this state by schoolmasters who would be ready, if challenged, to lay the whole blame on university idleness, it was fairly argued that boys must be still more

miserably neglected who were destined to be turned out into life without any public trial at all. It was for the protection of parents, then, that these trials were suggested, with certain conditions, more or less perfectly carried out, for the further protection of the schoolmaster as well, such as the following:—That no boy should be exposed to any middle-class examination under the age of fifteen; that the examination should be one without respect to special grammars or formulæ; that no master should be in any way responsible for a boy who had been under his care for less than three years; and that a boy should only be examined on subjects in which his master had professedly prepared him; that the names, not of the boys necessarily, but of the schools, should be published in cases of disgraceful failure—the tendency of this last being to force a master, in self-defence, to refuse to have his discipline tampered with by the indulgence of parents, to put a stop to extra irregular holidays, and the unreasonable demand of a vast number of multifarious subjects; and last, not least, to prevent masters from putting forth their whole strength on certain showcards and pattern-boys, to the utter neglect of the less promising—a system common in large schools in England, and complained of by Jules Janin in France, who says of his own master that, after inspecting him and trying his paces, he put him on a kind of bench of outcasts, to be more or less neglected—"*comme nullement digne de ses projets ni de ses leçons*"—a process which takes place, practically, at many an overgrown school of high name among ourselves. Defects there may be in the working of these examinations, but there can be no doubt that they will tend to act as checks on a vast amount of folly in parents, and want of conscientiousness in masters: the credit and subsistence of the masters will be publicly at stake, and they will not be inclined to sacrifice these to satisfy the whims of parents, who wish to combine improvement with indulgence, and to get education without discipline. This movement will, in a measure, tend to raise the schoolmaster's quality, and with it his estimation.

Then there are the "competitive examinations," at which we can only give a brief glance. In spite of some of the possible mischiefs to which the *Quarterly* alludes, we are far more inclined to take the general view of *The Times* on this matter, and to approve them in the main and in the principle, whatever occasional faults, excesses, and absurdities may occur in carrying them out.

A postman's examination may be a vast deal too high and irrelevant; and to some of the papers of examination for the far loftier Indian appointments, we should feel very much inclined to prefix a sentence of Locke's *Essay:* "Nobody ought to be expected to know everything;" but "*les reformes se relâchent toujours*," and this kind of evil will probably cure itself.

There is a kind of sham grandeur and nobility of view of which one of the favourite butts is real or supposed pedantry, and a trick in some writers of making play on a national characteristic of which the English

are perhaps somewhat foolishly proud, namely, a disposition to chance many things which really admit of some degree of exactness. As part and parcel of this, there is a love of reference to all that England has done by sheer strength, and after immense and useless cost, to make up for wholly unnecessary blunders; a delight in reference also to great men, whom their genius has made equal to occasions for which their education had not prepared them—instances on which all ill-prepared men, their patrons and supporters, find it amazingly convenient to fall back.

Self-interest is never more contemptible and ridiculous than when it assumes the heroical and the "large;" and in the army and elsewhere, the attack on that description of patronage which shows its "affection and gratitude" by helping unfit persons to appointments paid for out of the public purse might expect to meet with strong resistance.

When a great man happens to get into his right place, no doubt he carries everything before him; and it is happy for the public when it gets the tide or stream of individual genius to serve its purposes: but it is, after all, to minds of the canal order that it must trust a great deal of its heavy work—civil or military, political or social, high or low. Laboriously and methodically formed, mechanically filled, with no violent current in any one direction, always to be depended upon, making straight for their terminus, of sufficient uniform depth, without sullen, sleepy pools, or flashing cataracts, or capricious and confusing eddies, without glory, without beauty, they are useful public servants in the main, and genius is at least as likely to be indolent, precipitate, conceited, or refractory as acquired aptness—and as dishonest. The field of high political life is itself the place of test and trial, and the public are the judges; but for all offices, except the very highest, we cordially approve the principle of reasonable competition. The hearing given to this question, and the trial made of it, however injudicious in some of its details, is a great conquest gained by common sense and public opinion—one of the most important, indeed, of our day and generation; and we trust that the development of the body by physical training—now so much in vogue—will counteract any too great tendency to overstrain the mind at the expense of its partner.

We have had plenty of evidence that no subject has a greater tendency to "branch out into infinity" than that of education, and we have put severe restraint upon ourselves to prevent our essay from rambling into many tempting bypaths.

The English Convict System.

The survey of the Convict System in Ireland naturally suggested the survey of the system in England, but I was called upon to make that second inspection in a very peremptory manner. Days before the month of March was out, the report on the Irish system in the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* attracted the attention of the English Convict Department. But it was not until the 15th of April that a letter appeared in *The Times*, complaining that I had overstated the proportion of relapses into crime amongst the ticket-of-leave men. On looking at the subject again, I found that unquestionably I had been misled. I was now told that amongst the number who were re-committed in the two years 1857 and 1858, were many who had been discharged under an obsolete system, many who had been acquitted on trial, others who had had their licences revoked for offences only of a trifling kind. As "the writer of the article in the *Cornhill Magazine*," I addressed to *The Times* a reply admitting the inaccuracy, but observing that I should not have been so misled if the explanation now given had been embodied in the return; and I also pointed out that there was an error even in the present explanation, since I was invited to compare the relapses for two years with the discharges for four years and a quarter. The writer of the letter to *The Times* was Sir Joshua Jebb, the head of the English Department, who parenthetically remarked that I had "most grossly and, he feared, wilfully misrepresented" the return to the House of Lords. In my reply, I said that Sir Joshua had exaggerated, though I was sure not wilfully, the bearing of his own explanation; but I forbore to press some further proofs—such, for instance, as the fact that the total number of convicts discharged, with which he would have compared the relapses, must be diminished by allowing for the expiration of licences. Remarking that I had not the slightest personal interest in the Irish Convict System, I offered, if the same facility were afforded me here as in Ireland, to bestow all pains in making a report upon the English system as complete as that which had been challenged. Sir Joshua Jebb rejoined in the handsomest terms by withdrawing his charge, asking me to "overlook" it, and inviting me to arrange some plan for visiting the English prisons. I called at the office of the Department in Parliament Street, and I have since visited the prisons at Millbank, Pentonville, Portland, Chatham, Portsmouth, Parkhurst, Brixton, and Fulham. To the Metropolitan prisons I was accompanied by Sir Joshua himself, or by Captain O'Brien; at Portsmouth, I met Captain Gambier, the second Director; and at all, the orders of Sir Joshua Jebb procured me every facility. If I had been a Government commissioner I could not have had the way thrown more completely open to me;

and I have to acknowledge a courtesy, a zeal, and a personal kindness in the gentlemen who received me, which no official character could have exacted. In the course of my survey, I was told more than once that no other Englishman had made the same round with the same scrutiny, and I believe, indeed, that the only person who preceded me in a similar survey, upon which he was able to bestow more time, was M. Bérenger, the President of the Court of Cassation, in Paris, and author of an important work on *La Répression Pénale, de ses Formes et de ses Effets.* Wherever I went I saw numbers of men pursuing their stated tasks with order and diligence; I saw fine buildings, matchless cleanliness, admirable contrivances for securing propriety and health in all directions; I saw the traces of considerable improvement, and I did not visit a part that was not full of instruction.

The English convict system has grown out of previous systems, partly through the natural progress of improvement, partly through the force of external pressure, and partly through the ability of its leading administrators. Its present magnitude may be said to result from the numbers of the English population, the proportion of crime in that population, and, in a secondary degree, from the compulsory ending of colonial transportation. Our readers will remember that for the grave offences not visited with capital punishment, transportation was the penalty—to "Botany Bay," as it was called years back; Australia being at first mainly colonized with criminals. The enormous proportion of a criminally trained and bred population in our Australian colonies was brought to an end in a most curious manner. A few individuals who approached it in a philosophic spirit saw the atrocious tendency of this growing evil, and forced Parliament to look at it; and Sir William Molesworth's committee of 1837, which presented a masterly report drawn up by Sir William, was the means for closing that chapter in our criminal history. I will not trace the history of the abandonment to its close,—the reluctance of New South Wales to lose the supply of white slave labour, and the threat to rebel when it was to be sent back again; the desire of Van Diemen's Land to retain it, and then the revulsion which made that colony repudiate the abomination; Lord Grey's attempt to distribute a little convictism to all our colonies, beginning with the Cape of Good Hope, and the actual revolt of the Cape people until the *Neptune* left their shores with its hateful cargo; the assent of Western Australia to receive the Government emigrants; and, finally, the avowed opinion even of that backward settlement that it must not have too much convictism thrown into it. Suffice it to say that by no slow degrees there had been an increasing pressure upon our means of accommodation at home. Principles for the guidance of the Convict Department were laid down by Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham in 1842, and they are now clearly to be recognized as the principles which guide the department in 1861. In the meanwhile, too, in 1847, a memorandum was presented to the Home Office, declaring that "these whited sepulchres," the hulks, must be given up.

This memorandum was signed by a person who forms in himself an important element of our convict system. In 1837 an Act was passed which provided that "all plans of prisons should be submitted for the approval of the Secretary of State." Lord John Russell was then Secretary of State, and he applied to the Master General of the Ordnance for the assistance of an officer of the Royal Engineers, to whom he could refer for advice. The Master General happened to know "exactly the man"—Captain Jebb, the son of an officer in the Army, and himself an officer in the Royal Engineers, distinguished for his mastery in military engineering, and for his ability in imparting his information, technically as well as popularly. Captain Jebb presented a report on the construction of a model prison, with plans. That report has been translated into the French and German languages. Every prison in this country has subsequently been erected on the principle of the model, and a large prison in Paris has followed the same example, which has also been used in Prussia and other parts of the Continent. The first practical result of this plan was the Model Prison at Pentonville, erected by Captain Jebb. It is built somewhat after the main idea of Bentham's Panopticon; for it may be said to consist of four wings, which radiate from the centre, so that at a point near the main entrance you can literally see the whole prison. Captain Jebb was officially appointed Surveyor-General of the Prisons, and all plans of prisons, of station-houses for police, and similar structures, were subjected to his revision. In 1840 Captain Jebb was associated with Lord Yarborough, the present Lord Eversley, and afterwards Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth, in the management of Parkhurst Prison. Meanwhile our convict system had continued to grow, and it became necessary to place the prison at Pentonville under more systematic control. A commission for that purpose was appointed in 1842; amongst the commissioners were the Lord President of the Council, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Chichester, and Colonel Jebb. Six years later, in 1848, an entirely new system of convict management was constructed and carried out. Portland Prison was built in a situation where the labour of the convict could be employed on public works; it was followed up by others at Portsmouth and Chatham; while prisons were constructed at Dartmouth and Woking for invalids. The whole was placed under the management of three Directors, and Colonel Jebb was made the Chairman of the Directorate. Though he had sacrificed the pecuniary advantages of his prospects in the Engineers, Captain Jebb has advanced by regular steps to the rank of Major-General, and his public services have been rewarded by making him a Knight Commander of the Bath. I have by no means endeavoured to trace out Sir Joshua Jebb's personal history, or I might mention other services which he has rendered. For instance, in 1844 he was on Lord Cathcart's commission for investigating the system of punishments in the Army. It is more germane to my purpose that he was afterwards appointed by the Secretary at War to organize the system of Military Prisons, of which he is the Inspector-General, and which I believe are

soon to witness a very important improvement in their more complete severance from the civil prisons.

The entire convict system of England is now governed principally by two Acts of Parliament, passed in 1853 and 1857. The Act of 1853 substituted "penal servitude" for transportation, but subsequently it was found to be seriously defective. Although powers were taken under it to grant a certain remission of sentence by leave to be at large, it was considered that, as the term of a sentence to penal servitude had usually been a commutation of that of transportation—four years representing seven, and so on—the Act did not contemplate remission as a general rule. So disagreeable a change of prospects at once gave a shock to the feelings of the convicts, of whom 6,370 were then on the hands of Government, and their discipline suffered accordingly. The report of Sir Joshua Jebb for 1858, tells us that they were in a "very unsatisfactory state of mind, heedless of consequences, and giving only sullen and dogged obedience." In 1857 this Act was amended by another, newly fixing the periods for which the sentence of penal servitude might be passed, with a new proportion of the period to be remitted as a reward for good conduct. The period of sentence was to range from three years to fifteen years and more. In the case of the shortest sentence, one-sixth might be remitted; in the case of a four years' sentence, one fifth; of a six years' sentence, one fourth; and of a fifteen years' sentence, one third. Practically, this enforced longer periods of imprisonment, and a system was devised at once for the purpose of securing discipline under the difficulties of this home detention by holding out inducements to good conduct, for dealing with refractory convicts, and for providing the prisoners with employment on discharge. The prison at Pentonville had already been constructed, and it was followed by those of Portland, Chatham, and Portsmouth.

The English Convict System now comprises twelve prisons—or, it might be said, thirteen—since Millbank has two compartments, for male and female prisoners. The list, then, would stand thus:—

Separate Confinement.—Millbank, Pentonville, Wakefield, and Leicester, containing in all accommodation for 1,685 prisoners.

Public Works.—Chatham, Portsmouth, Portland, with accommodation for 3,640 prisoners.

Invalids.—Woking, Dartmoor, 1,665 prisoners.

Juvenile Male Prisoners.—Parkhurst, 300.

Females.—Millbank, Brixton, Fulham, 1,371.

In the English system there are three periods of probation:—1. Separate confinement. 2. Associated labour, or penal servitude in proportion to the sentence. 3. Ticket-of-leave in the colonies or at home—Western Australia being now the only colony available.

The prisoner who is convicted of a crime which subjects him to penal servitude is in the first instance sent either to Wakefield or Leicester, or to the Metropolitan prison at Millbank, which will hold 600 male

prisoners. The building is the old Panopticon of Jeremy Bentham, somewhat modified; but still situated at an unhealthy spot on a flat bank of the Thames. The cells are not very cheerful; and the construction of the building for the purposes of inspection is not very convenient, though it was an immense improvement on the prisons which had existed before the time of its construction. The prisoner is at once put into a separate cell, and provided with labour. If he is a man of any adaptability, he may be set to weaving at the hand-loom; if he is not so capable, he may be turned to tailoring or shoemaking; or if he is a man without any faculty for learning a trade, he is consigned to the exceedingly low occupation of mat-making, which any creature slightly above a quadruped can manage. If the prisoner commit any offence, the case is examined, and he is confined to refractory cells—strongly constructed places, in one or two instances padded for those who are insane, or affect to be so.

From Millbank the male prisoners are drafted to Pentonville, where they are again placed in separate cells and treated individually. There have been many changes in the prison since it was first established. In accordance with an old idea it was suggested that, to spare his being recognized by comrades hereafter, and to promote a salutary shame, the man should wear a mask—a cloth scull-cap, with a peak coming down over the face, having eyelet holes, which remind you of the Brothers of Mercy on the Continent. The trespasser was made to feel *ab extra* the moral influence of being literally "put out of countenance." But it was found that the men did recognize each other, most easily, and that no moral regeneration could be traced to the cloth; so it was thrown aside. At first the chapel was so constructed that each prisoner was in a separate cell, invisible to his comrades though seen by the chaplain. This was found to be a total blunder. It begot listlessness, irreverence, and worse; and that device, too, has been swept away—was swept away while Henry Mayhew was telling us about it in his *London Labour and the London Poor;* not the only good work done by that writer. I hear from the chaplains that the change from the dreary boxes to the open and, in many prisons, really handsome chapel, has manifestly worked well upon the minds of the prisoners. And the boxes actually facilitated escape; as in the case of a man named Hackett. He slipped down a ventilating shaft; cut his way, with a piece of iron that he had secreted, through a small board in the wall at the bottom of the shaft; walked along a narrow ornamental cornice, over the wall, and over the Governor's house to the ground. At first the period of detention was longer, as this prison was simply the portal to a ticket of leave in the colony or to liberty at home. It has now become the portal to public works. All prisoners who come to the Metropolis pass through it, and the period of detention was reduced, first to twelve months, and then to nine months.

At first a number of trades were taught, but ultimately the occupations were reduced to tailoring and shoemaking for those who had previously been artisans; handloom-weaving for the manufacture of woollen

cloth and coarse shirting; and the mat-making, which I have already mentioned, ranging from very handsome fancy-work to the coarsest kind of door-mat—a sort of rope rasp for scratching the mud off the boots. The two prisons of Millbank and Pentonville are indeed the manufactories for weaving the cloth, making the shoes, and getting up the clothes required for all the Convict Prisons, including the articles of wear given to the prisoners when they leave confinement. At Pentonville in 1857, the prisoners wove 68,747 yards of cloth, more than 11,500 yards of linen and calico stuffs for shirting, towelling, handkerchiefs, &c., besides serge and linsey-woolsey for the female prisoners. They made nearly 7,500 pairs of boots and shoes, and more than 25,000 jackets, trousers, and waistcoats. In one year, more than 75,000 yards of cloth were woven in Pentonville. And although not much, if any, cheaper in price, the prison-made articles are better in material and wear. While Pentonville weaves, Brixton makes up prisoners' linen, and washes for Pentonville and Millbank.

From the top of the tower which surmounts the nucleus of the building, you see the plan of the whole. Beneath you are the four rays, two of them the diameter and base of a semicircle, the other two radiating within the semicircle. In the three spaces between the four walls are circular enclosures, with a small edifice in the midst. These yards are divided by twenty radiating walls, forming so many separate long pointed walks, one side partially covered by a small roofing, the rest being open to the sky. In the central lodge is placed a warder, who paces round and round, eyeing the prisoners through a round hole; and in each yard paces a prisoner who, if he stand still, is warned in a solemn tone to "walk about." The prisoners are "taking exercise." In front of the two foremost wings is a pair of larger yards, perfectly open, without divisions, having concentric elliptical lines of pavement, on which are prisoners moving round and round, at eight paces apart, with a warder watching to see that they do not loiter or hurry on, to snatch a moment's conversation. The enclosed yards are used for refractory, unsound, or crotchety prisoners, the open yards for the remainder; but it is also very much a question of room. Nothing can be imagined more monotonous than this endless march, except, perhaps, the penal servitude of the unfortunate warders.

From the tower we descend to the space below within the building, whence you view at once the entire range of all the radiating wings. Each wing is open to the roof, which is arched and lighted with skylights. On either side are three stories of cells, with gallery footways running the whole length. Light winding staircases lead from the ground floor to the topmost story. The aspect of the whole is pleasant, and even architecturally beautiful. The cells are made of corrugated iron; there is just room for the hammock to be slung, for the essential furniture of a sleeping and dwelling-place, and for the prisoner to turn round in. There is a bell which the prisoner can pull, and in his pulling it a spring throws out a moveable projecting label, which exhibits the number of his cell, and

directs the warder to it. The bedding is good, the whole building is warm, and every corner is most throughly ventilated. The man must be a sybarite, indeed, who would feel the smallest discomfort at the idea of sleeping in any of the cells outside the small refractory ward.

The diet is simple but sufficient. At breakfast the man has three-quarters of an ounce of flaked cocoa, or cocoa-nibs, made, with two ounces of milk and six drachms of molasses, into three-quarters of a pint of liquid cocoa. At dinner he has four ounces of meat, weighed when cooked, without bone, half a pint of soup, and sixteen ounces of potatoes, weighed when boiled. At supper, one pint of gruel, sweetened with six drachms of molasses; bread, twenty ounces a day, with a liberal allowance of salt. The materials are all excellent. The scale of diet was based upon eighty actual experiments, conducted with reference to the influence on the health, mood, and improvement of the prisoner.

On entering his cell, the prisoner has a notice that "as a general rule convicts will be detained in separate confinement for nine months;" though, I may remark in passing, I found prisoners who had been detained for more, I think, than twelve months, for want of room at some other place. If he behaves well for six months he will be allowed to wear a badge, which will entitle him to receive a visit from his friends; at the end of three more months he will have a second badge, and be allowed a second visit; the badge also entitling him to receive gratuities amounting to 4*d*., 6*d*., or 8*d*. a week, according to the quality and quantity of the work performed. He is warned, however, that during his period of confinement, or employment on public works, he has no claim to wages or remuneration of any kind; the money is simply credited to his account, and accumulates to form a "gratuity" given him on discharge. During the stage of separate confinement, therefore, the inducements to good conduct are: the wearing of the badges, the visit of friends, the consciousness that the gratuity is accumulating, the acquirement of a character which may be available for remission of sentence in a later stage, and the avoidance of punishment. The punishments consist of the withdrawal of the badges and gratuity credit, the loss of character, complete seclusion from friends out of doors, consignment to more rigid confinement in the separate cells, bread and water, and the severer punishment of flogging. The sanitary state of the prison is shown in the condition of the infirmary, in which, when I visited the place, there were, I may say, two patients and a half—the third man being but half an invalid, and the others not seriously indisposed.

The routine of the day is this:—At 6 o'clock the prisoner is roused. Half an hour is allowed him to dress, to clean himself and his cell, and to prepare for work. From 6.30 to 7.30 he works in his cell. Half an hour is then allowed him for breakfast. The next hour, including the muster and return to cell, is devoted to the chapel. During each of the next two hours, half of the prisoners are taking their school instruction, and half are taking exercise. From 11 to 1 is devoted to work in the cell. An

hour is allowed for dinner; the next after it for exercise; from 3 to 5.30, work; half an hour for supper; from 6 to 8, work; one hour for reading and writing; and bed at 9 o'clock.

The convicts attend chapel every morning at a quarter past eight, and at four o'clock, a portion of the Holy Scriptures being read, plainly expounded, and enforced by exhortation. On Wednesday and Friday the Litany is adopted as the form of prayer, and after morning service on these two days instruction is given in psalmody by the organist, a man devoted to his work. On Sunday there are full morning and evening services, and a sermon, attended by the great body of the prisoners; very few claiming exception on the score of belonging to other than the Established faith. The chaplain daily visits the cells, and he is assisted in the work of religious instruction by two Scripture-readers. I inspected the books kept by these gentlemen, and found some very peculiar entries. In most instances, however, the lessons gradually and sometimes very rapidly win upon the attention of their hearers. Once for all, let me remark that it is impossible to draw any very positive inference as to the reformation of the prisoners from his observations of a demeanour very properly urged upon him by the religious minister. It is scarcely in human nature that even the hardest heart should remain quite indifferent to admonitions urged on Divine authority by men studiously sympathetic, and in many cases naturally affectionate. The visit of the chaplain and the charitable kindness which he shows, not only ex-officio but from genuine good feeling, are such welcome breaks in the hard monotony of criminal life, that they must have their influence, and a very simple sort of cunning unquestionably teaches some prisoners that conformity is an easy and a useful mode of obtaining a prison character. From all the reports made to me, in all the prisons, I am inclined to think that this sort of conformity as a test of real reformation is not estimated so highly as it used to be.

I have a return of the periods of instruction given for a whole week, partly in class, partly in the cell. I find that the lowest sub-section receives during the week nine hours' instruction; the two next above it, seven hours; the next, six; and the second, or highest class taught, four hours; the first and smallest class is too much educated to need schooling, but the master's assistance is given to any of the men if they require it. The prisoners are allowed various books to retain in their cells, besides materials for reading and writing. They are also allowed to borrow books from an excellent library in the prison—the first class, two secular and one religious book, exchanged fortnightly; and the other classes in proportion to their reading faculties. There is a good library for the subordinate officers of the prison, retained for their use during one year, and then merged in the general prison library. It includes many standard works, historical, scientific, philosophical, meditative, and miscellaneous. An interesting remark was made to me, spontaneously, by the librarians in several prisons of America, Ireland, and England, and it was most particu-

larly enforced by the assistant librarian at Chatham. It is, that as the range of selection has been extended from books of what is usually accounted an instructive or improving kind, to books of a more light and amusing character, and even to the most popular form of fiction, not only has the taste for reading improved and increased, but a demand for the graver, and even the most serious works, has increased in a corresponding ratio. The greater number still look to the *Leisure Hour*, *Half Hours with the Best Authors*, &c., but they rise through *Chambers's Journal* to popular works on history, to Macaulay, Hallam, and Sismondi, to natural history and the *Bridgewater Treatises*, and even to books of a still more philosophic character, including some on difficult subjects of pure science. At the same time, the demand for religious books exhibits a corresponding advance. In the list I find such works as *Josephus*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Milner's *Church History*. In several prisons I was told of the improved mental drill—if I may use the expression—promoted by the use of music. Like the cheerfulness and symmetry which distinguish the newest prisons, like the beauty of colour introduced into some of the chapels, the music assists in restoring that harmony of sensation which is broken by the discord of crime, and is in itself an insensible discipline for the mind.

From Pentonville, at the end of his nine months, the prisoner is carried to one of the public works prisons at Chatham, Portland, or Portsmouth. Portland, as most of your readers know, is a rock in the sea connected by a narrow spit of land with Weymouth, and forming, with that spit of land, the protection from sea and enemy on the right hand of the bay. The rock rises by a very steep ascent from the inland side to a height of about 600 feet, and crossing the midst of it between two hills not quite so peaked as those of Gibraltar, you descend to an elevated plain on the other side, and stand on the top of a cliff 400 feet by plumb line from the beach below. The villages upon which you come here and there, at no great distance from each other, look like a curious cross between an ordinary English country village, a remote Scotch town, and a watering place. The island generally seems to be divided between two parties,—a sort of miscellaneous country population, and the quarries, whose works are everywhere. There is not a tree within its four shores, except in Pennsylvania Park on the outward side, occupied lately by Mr. E. T. Smith. As you open upon the elevated plain which I have mentioned, the prison lies to the left of you. It is a vast structure with immense auxiliary grounds walled away from the rest of the island. On the right of you is the sea cliff; at the back lie the houses of the governor and the other officers, forming a complete village. The main body of the building, an extensive oblong, is built of wood, divided into great halls, each surrounded by four stories of cells precisely like those of Pentonville. Here the men sleep and live, except that on the ground floor there are two rooms holding about fifty men each, in which they are associated—places not unlike an ordinary barrack-room.

When I visited the prison there were in it 1,519 men. Out of these, 243 were in for three years, the lowest sentence; 724 for four years; 242 for six years, and seventeen were in for twenty years or for life. Of the sentences, 1,492 were for transportation, 27 penal servitude. There had already passed through the prison 9,072, 1,925 discharged by licence, and 7,147 discharged "otherwise," including pardon for special reasons, and simple expiry of sentence. Thus there have been in the prison altogether 10,591. The open works of the prison extend over a considerable space, as far as the Verne Hill, which must be half a mile distant or more. One elevated portion is divided off from the remainder of the island by a deep ditch, which is in one part two hundred feet deep, and, I think, seventy-five feet broad. The convicts are employed in the excavation of this ditch, in the dressing of the wall which forms its surface, in the formation of a sea-wall, and in the construction of minor outlying works of the fortification. They are also employed on extensive quarries, and in machine shops for the works, or for the use of the Admiralty. On the 29th of April last, 641 were thus labouring in the service of the Admiralty, 547 under the Ordnance, and 331 were in the prison either engaged as tradesmen in repairing the clothes of the prisoners, or in the attendance of the prison and its officers; for the prisoners are the servants of every establishment,—the bakers, the cooks, the storekeepers; always, of course, under proper superintendence. Posts of this kind are reserved as a sort of reward for the better behaved.

In the front of the prison is an elevated bank overlooking the yard within and the grounds without, a slanting road descending by each side to the main gate. The prisoners muster in the yard, divided when I saw them into twenty-one parties. Every man is then searched, to see that he has carried away nothing from his cell, and they are searched again on returning. From the cell they sometimes take food, which is against the rules, as they ought to eat their meals at the regularly appointed times. From the works and shops they have sometimes brought tools, or pieces of iron, either to attempt escape, or to attack their officers. The order at these musters is very marked; and although the men have frequently mustered in the dark, at half-past five on a winter's morning, I was told that the same order is preserved. Through the prison gate they march firmly and regularly to their work in the shop, the quarries, and the fortifications, at which, including the march out and home again, they spend about nine hours.

During the last nine months, an average number of 490 convicts have excavated 289,000 tons of stone in the ditches of the Verne Hill. Estimating the work since done at the price actually paid the contractor, before the present able Clerk of the Works, with his chief's authority, took the matter into his own hands, the department has made a clear gain of 15,000*l.*, after deducting the wear and tear of plant, &c. The masonry, in the casemates and magazines, could not be performed better. Accounts

are kept in every shop of all work executed, which tell, of course, both the cost of the establishment, and the state of the discipline. Large quantities of stone have been quarried by convicts, and sent off to other public works—to Plymouth, Portsea, Deptford, Chatham, &c. It is estimated that the stock of good Portland stone and roach-blocks at present piled up for use amounts to 80,000 tons. There are about twelve miles of railway in the quarries, made and maintained by convicts; who repair all the wagons, trucks, machinery, and other implements required for the works.

I was shown a series of covered arches, the casemated barracks for the soldiers in war time, beautifully constructed of stone, the roof lined with brick; every part having a truly artistic finish. For some reason or other, the supreme authorities—*not* in the Convict Department—determined that the larger portion of this work should be constructed by free labour under the contractor. The arches constructed by the convicts can certainly vie with the rest, and, to my eye, appeared to be even more precise and perfect in the finish. During the process, the convicts were animated to show that they could work as well as their neighbours; and one of them declared that he would allow any man I forget how many bricks laid down at starting, and beat him within a given time, both in quantity and finish; and he did beat them all. That man appears to have been a genius at bricklaying; he was proud of it, and he animated his comrades by his own enthusiastic zeal. But the men generally are civil in their demeanour, particularly to those officers who encourage them by a friendly and sympathetic manner; and the Clerk of the Works told me that, whatever exertions he might call for, the convicts never showed the slightest impatience or reluctance.

No doubt the labour, which is energetic though not excessive, contributes to the vigour of the men;—and of their appetites: so the dietary is commensurate. For breakfast, they have twelve ounces of bread made of ten ounces of flour, with a small quantity of potato and other necessary ingredients; one pint of tea, with three quarters of an ounce of sugar, and two ounces of milk. Dinner, on four days of the week, six ounces of meat clear of bone, one pound of potatoes, and a six-ounce loaf. When potatoes are bad, rice is given. For supper, one pint of gruel, made of two ounces of oatmeal, and a six-ounce loaf of bread. On three days of the week, one pint of cocoa is given in lieu of tea at breakfast. It is made of three quarters of an ounce of cocoa, three quarters of an ounce of molasses, with two ounces of milk. On these days the dinner is varied: five ounces of meat are given free of bone, with one pint of soup, and ten ounces of pudding. The soup is made from the boiling down of the meat, but in it are one ounce of barley, half an ounce of carrots and turnips, half an ounce of onions, with a fair allowance of pepper and salt. The pudding is made with five ounces of flour and three quarters of an ounce of suet. There are few families in London which command better materials. The tea is genuine, and is of excellent quality. Strange to say, the cocoa is genuine; for it is an article that you do not often meet in so

thoroughly unadulterated a condition, and it is a first-rate specimen. The other ingredients are all of the same high standard. The cooking is excellent; better, far better, than in most ordinary inns. Those prisoners who have advanced to the first stage of the highest class are allowed, on Sundays, as an addition to the ordinary fare, two ounces of cheese, three ounces of bread, half a pint of beer, and tea for supper, instead of gruel, if they like it. The prisoners in the fourth stage receive the same as the third, with the addition of a small pudding, made of flour, suet, milk, and molasses; and baked mutton, in lieu of beef, on Thursdays and Fridays, and baked beef on Sundays and Mondays. The whole body of convicts, therefore, decidedly feed well, and the advanced convicts enjoy rather luxurious fare. These extra boons were amongst the favours granted to convicts, partly as incentives to good conduct, but partly as a make-weight for the grievance when transportation was abolished; the fourth stage men being men sentenced to transportation under the Act of 1853 without any power of commuting their sentence. Prisoners who are put to "light work" are allowed only one half of every article issued to the rest, as a check upon any malingering pretence of failure in bodily strength.

On the 29th of April there were in the infirmary twenty-two prisoners, rather a large proportion of these suffering from accidents more or less severe. The nature of the work subjects the men to these accidents; but that liability is more than compensated by the average health, which is very feebly indicated by the statistics of the infirmary. Nothing struck me more than the bright and healthy look of the prisoners' eyes throughout the whole body. It is far above the average in the population out of doors, and is ascribable unquestionably to abundance of outdoor exercise, regular habits, sufficient feeding, and enforced temperance. Though the separate confinement at Pentonville is somewhat depressing, they improve even there; but at Portland they rapidly became vigorous.

For certain purposes the six week days are divided into six parts; all the prisoners devote the latter half of Saturday afternoon to extra cleaning of their cells; and by the way, once a week every man has a bath in excellent baths,—another introduction to the better training found in social grades far above that from which most convicts are drawn. A relay of the prisoners is every day kept at the prison for the school class, so that there is always one-eleventh of the whole number at home in school. The schoolroom is the chapel. These arrangements are open to serious question. The chapel ought not to be the schoolroom. The employment of the prisoners on public works renders it difficult, I cannot say impossible, to keep them at home for daily school, and it is only too obvious that half a day's schooling once a week, part of the time devoted to writing private letters, cannot be so efficacious as daily teaching, even in a brief lesson. The letters are sometimes stopped for being of an improper character: those letters were written in the chapel.

According to his conduct the prisoner is placed in the first, second, or third class, and the classes themselves are subdivided into "stages."

He is also allowed a gratuity, calculated under three heads—class, stage, and industry; under the two first he may be considered to obtain this money reward for his prison discipline generally; the "industry" refers to his work only. Besides the specific punishment, every prison offence involves the liability to some forfeiture of the remission of the period for confinement allowed by the Act of 1857, and at the same time involves a retardation of the advanced stages. The maximum amount which a convict may earn towards his gratuity in one week is 1*s.* 11*d.*

Every warder in charge of a working party, or of a cell, keeps an account, in which the prisoner's conduct for order or for industry is entered—"bad," "indifferent," "ordinary," "good," and "very good." But a card is given to each man, on which the total of his gratuity is entered monthly. He can always have access to the chief warder, or to the Governor, to complain of any injustice; and at an examination of the kind which I attended, I saw that the men exercise their right very freely. Amongst other mementoes of good conduct is the badge which the prisoner wears upon his arm, showing the number of months that the prisoner has behaved well out of his sentence and of his whole past sojourn in the prison. The working of this system will be best illustrated in individual cases.

N. S., aged 23, unmarried, was convicted at the sessions of a northern town, on the 7th of December, 1857. He was accused of breaking into a warehouse and stealing from it, and he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. He had been convicted at his own town three times in the year 1856, and once at another town in 1857; his offences being the illegal possession of goods, or actual stealing. His conduct in those prisons had been "good." He was confined until the 9th of October at Wakefield, and arrived at Portland in the lowest class. During the period of his stay he was punished seven times; his offences being talking on parade; fighting at labour; insubordination and insolence; refusing to assist in carrying the dinner; having some articles in his possession to which he had no right—a tin bottle, a piece of looking-glass, and a piece of cheese; and being irreverent in chapel. For these offences he had various terms of bread and water; he was degraded from the first to the second class, then to the third class; and on the seven different occasions he forfeited forty-five of the days which would otherwise have been allowed him out of his total sentence for discharge on ticket-of-leave. But here comes into play the operation of another rule. It is thought undesirable to deprive the prisoner of hope; and if after punishment he has behaved well, he may come before the visiting director, who "remits" some portion of the days he has already forfeited. So that ultimately N. S. only lost twenty days instead of forty-five. His conduct was often "very good," and in the latter part of his time was decidedly good. He left the prison on the 5th of April, 1861, clothed in an ordinary labourer's dress, with the ticket-of-licence, the address of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, his railway ticket, and

2*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* due to him on his gratuity of 6*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* In November, 1858, he had expressed a wish to go to Australia, but he had not earned the privilege. When he came to Portland he could neither read nor write; his progress in the prison school had been "fair."

S. D., aged 30, a single man, who could read and write imperfectly, was convicted in a south-eastern county, in January, 1858, of larceny. He had been convicted five times before of begging, vagrancy, and stealing. His conduct in previous prisons had been good, and he arrived from Pentonville on the 21st of January, 1859, at Portland. He was punished fourteen times; his offences were—the use of insubordinate language; trying to keep a fellow-prisoner from his work; refusing to work at various times; refusing to turn out for labour; refusing to attend chapel; threatening an officer who had reported him; trying to open his cell-window by removing the putty; carrying a piece of iron bar to his cell; breaking his cell window, and removing the screws from the iron work. After one of these offences, while in the separate cells, where he could not well commit any offence, he behaved decently, and was allowed to return to labour. But his punishments were various—forfeitures of remission days, amounting in all to ninety-four, half-diet, or bread and water, and the wearing of cross-irons, with particoloured clothing; one shoulder and one leg being clothed in yellow for those prisoners who attempt escape, and in black for those who use violence towards their officers. "I consider this prisoner," says the Governor in the general remarks on his record, "to be a man of very low intellect." The man has not yet worked out his time. I observe that his conduct at work has for some time latterly been very good.

D. T., aged 22, was sentenced at a town in the north of England to four years' penal servitude. He was now convicted of larceny, had been convicted twice before, and accused a third time, but acquitted. He was received on the 6th of September, 1858, from Millbank, and arrived as a first-class prisoner. His conduct throughout was very good; he was never punished, and was discharged at the earliest possible date, with a prison character as "exemplary," 2*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* out of 9*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* due to him, and the address of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. By searching the records of the society I found that this prisoner did not use the address, possibly because his father had said that he would find him employment. Nor did N. S. apply to the society.

I have before me a return of the total number of reports for punishment brought before the Governor at Portland from the 1st of April, 1860, to the 31st of March, 1861. The total number of offences was 527, and the punishments were of the kind I have already indicated. In 243 cases the prisoners were reduced in class; in nine cases they were corporally punished, the number of lashes being 312 in all. Fighting, insubordination, insolence, and idleness, represent a large proportion of the bad conduct. There were nine cases of assaults on prison officers; eighteen of destroying public property. In 101 cases the offence was the having

prohibited articles, including tobacco, and "trafficking," that is, trying to corrupt fellow prisoners or officers. These attempts are often detected; I have no evidence that they always fail. A good many of the offences were committed by the same prisoner, so that the proportion of individual misconduct within the prison is not very great.

I have before me similar returns for Chatham prison, where, speaking generally, the system is the same. The grand differences which I noticed are two. The main prison is in the form of a great T, the interior, if I remember rightly, being broader than the wings at Pentonville, but not so broad as the halls at Portland. And the convicts are employed on Saint Mary's Island in forming a great naval yard, so far up the Medway in the rear of Sheerness, and, therefore, safer from any invading force. The island is surrounded by deep water, and is completely viewed from the prison grounds. When I was at Chatham there were 800 prisoners in all:—35 in the infirmary; 16 in the separate cells; 209 engaged in repairing the clothes, washing, and other work within the prison; and 540 on the public works. On the day of my visit the rain fell heavily, and the men were mostly employed in their sheds, so that the scene was not so cheerful as it was at Portland; but I observed no want of alacrity.

When I visited Portsmouth Convict establishment on the 2nd of May, there were 984 prisoners within the confines. Of these 948 were sentenced to "penal servitude," 33 of them under the new Act; 30 to "transportation," all but four under the old Act. There were 6 men sentenced by courts-martial in China, and their case was peculiarly hard. The information having by some chance been mislaid, there was no record of their sentence or of previous conduct, and nothing to guide the allotment of their proper position in the Portsmouth prison. Of the total number there were engaged in the prison wards, 136; engaged on the public works, 663; in school, 91; in the infirmary, 31; under report for bad conduct, 73; on Southsea Common, 50. I had the opportunity of assisting at the interview which Captain Gambier gave to the men who desired to speak to the visiting Director, and here I saw the working of the remissions. I also assisted at a remarkable scene, the trial of one of the prisoners who had been leader of a recent outbreak in the Dockyard shops. The convicts had suddenly risen on their officers, armed with chain-hooks—a sort of exasperated iron paraphrase of the hunting stick which it was the fashion for "gents" to carry a few years back. The man was a remarkably well-grown young fellow; he had as savage a countenance as you could have encountered on Finchley Common a hundred years ago, but his bearing here was subdued and even melancholy. In the room were two warders, one had been nearly killed, and the other much hurt. Their assailant was now surrounded by stout guards, and, although he was chained, a sharp eye was evidently kept upon his movements. It was a difficult case to treat. The punishments in prison for desperate characters are sometimes so constantly repeated that they lose their efficacy; nay, as a distinguished officer

observed to me, the frequent repetition becomes at last "even cruel." I was obliged to depart before the trial of the other prisoners, but I understood that this man, who evidently expected some dreadful penalty, was to receive a certain number of lashes.

One of the most important improvements in the English system I witnessed in full play at Portsmouth: it is the "special service class," in which 50 men, as I have already mentioned, were engaged upon works on Southsea Common. Here the men are employed, on a perfectly open ground, in a useful work. They are, however, commanded by warders in uniform; there is an armed guard on the watch; they wear the prison dress. That they felt the humiliation of this exposure I had manifest proof in the request made by one man to the Visiting Director that he might be brought back from the special class, and be employed in the prison, because he had friends who passed the place where he worked and recognized him. When the request came before the Visiting Director, he appeared to me inclined to treat it as an attempt at malingering; but orders had already been given by the Governor that the man should be removed to another ground where he would be less seen. It is obvious, however, that, under the actual circumstances, the "promotion" to this exposed class is not always appreciated by the men; and thus, although it is intended as an incentive to good conduct, in some cases it operates as the reverse. An earnest advocate of this special class is Captain Rose, in whom I was able to discern, even on a first and brief acquaintance, an active and discriminating mind, a remarkably clear insight into the working of motives, and a comprehensive grasp of the whole subject of prison discipline. Curiously enough, when the plan was first proposed, he expressed doubts as to a suggestion of Sir Joshua Jebb's, that the prison dress should be discarded for men thus employed out of bounds. On the other hand, Captain Rose is now anxious to lead forth a much larger body of men—two hundred he said—on to a common which he mentioned, there to employ them without prison dress, and, if I remember rightly, without guard. The special class plan has now been tried for three years, and so far as it has been carried, it has been attended with marked success. On an average the work done is fully equal to that performed by free labour, and the men are more tractable.

Not a hundred miles from Portsmouth I had already found myself walking about fields in which were employed labourers who could not very readily have been distinguished from ordinary workmen, except that there was an unaccustomed youthfulness in the general range of their ages. They appeared to me to be working well, and the bailiff of the large farm to which they were attached spoke of them as quite up to the average. In doing so I could see that he was putting a check upon himself to be what is called "moderate." This farm is attached to Parkhurst Prison, which is conducted much on what are called reformatory principles. So much so, indeed, that the actual reformatories have, to a great extent, abstracted from the population of Parkhurst, and the juvenile

ward particularly has been all but suppressed and merged in other wards. From Millbank boys under seventeen years of age who are sentenced to penal servitude are consigned to Parkhurst; and boys under seventeen, who have been sentenced to one or two years' imprisonment in county jails are also sent to Parkhurst, in both cases under the Secretary of State's warrant. On arrival the prisoner is first placed in what is termed the "probationary ward," where he has a cell to himself. Of these cells there are about 123. As soon as possible after his arrival the Governor explains to him his position, tells him the conditions of the prison, the purpose for which he is sent there, and his future prospects; endeavouring to make him understand how much his future welfare will be affected by his own behaviour during confinement. It happens that Parkhurst Prison has, and has long had, for its Governor a man peculiarly able to carry out this explanatory instruction. I was unlucky enough to miss Captain Hall; I believe we passed each other on the pier when I left the island; but I had many evidences, including the very best which a man can have short of personal intimacy, that Captain Hall throws the whole heart of a conscientious English gentleman into his work, and I have in my hands the most sufficient evidence of his thorough knowledge of the subject, and his power of clear statement. In the cell of the probationary ward the boy sleeps, takes his meals, and prepares his lessons for school; but the separate system which was strictly enforced when this ward was first occupied in 1844, and for some time afterwards, has, of late years, been very much relaxed. At present the separation is limited to the hours passed within the cell. The boys attend school in association, and are allowed to play together in the exercise yard during the periods allotted to recreation, three times a day. Each boy is allowed to attend school three hours in the forenoon daily, and for the same length of time in the afternoon of four days in the week; the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday being occupied in scouring, sweeping, and cleansing the corridor, staircases, cells, and passages of the ward. Besides his hammock and bedding, table, stool, and other necessary furniture for the cell, including a set of blacking-brushes and a hand broom, each boy has a Bible, Prayer-book, and Hymn-book, a slate, and lesson-books, and also an interesting volume from the prison library, which is changed for him once a week. Ceaseless attention is paid to personal cleanliness; baths being provided and regularly used. The medical officer is in daily attendance, so that the most trivial ailments are promptly attended to and carefully treated. Each section of the general wards contains from thirty to thirty-six prisoners, with two officers, a warder, and an assistant warder. The warder makes a weekly report to the Governor of the conduct and industry of each boy under his charge, and of the daily employments of his section. In case of continued bad conduct the term of the probationary ward may be prolonged to five months, but at that time or sooner the boy is transferred to the general wards, where he is in association with others during the whole day, and is in separation only at night. The diet is the same

as in the probationary ward. The boy is employed at field labour on the prison farm from eight in the morning till noon, and from one till six, excepting when it comes to his turn to attend school, as it does to each for one forenoon of four hours and one afternoon of five hours in every week.

As soon as any boy has passed four entire months in the general wards without having been punished for any offence against the rules, a good-conduct badge is granted to him in the shape of a shield of red cloth with the number 2 cut out and shown on white cloth underneath. This badge is sewn on the right sleeve of the boy's jacket; and, so long as he wears it without disgrace, he is allowed to correspond with his parents or other friends once in every three months; to have threepence per week credited to his account; to have a goodly hunk of baked plum-pudding added to his dinner every Sunday, and to attend a sort of reading and writing party from seven till eight o'clock P.M. on each week day.

When a boy has worn the first badge for three months without any prison punishment, it is exchanged for a similar badge with 1 in white cloth on a red shield. When badge "1 red" has been worn for three clear months without disgrace, it is exchanged for "2 blue," the numeral on a blue shield, and sixpence a week is accredited to this boy's account. At the end of six more months he may obtain number "1 blue." It is understood that every report for misconduct involving punishment carries with it a privation of these privileges, or suspension for a time. When number 1 blue has been worn for eight months, and the lad arrives within eighteen months of the expiration of his sentence, if he has behaved well he is placed in "the second division of the liberty class," where he is allowed to write to his friends once a week, and threepence a week additional is accredited to his gratuity. In nine months more he is advanced to the first division of the liberty class, and here the change is very marked. The boys are allowed to lay aside the prison garb, and to dress in a plain mechanic's working suit, and also to have some little variations from the ordinary diet of the prison. To each of the boys with the highest badge is allotted a small garden, in which he is allowed to work in summer evenings, and at recreation times during the day. A table in the Director's report on the Convict Prisons for 1853, is peculiarly interesting as showing the effect of *immediate* rewards on the conduct of the boys in the general wards. In the four previous years, the total number of boys in the general wards ranged from 518 to 413. In 1849 there were 4,176 offences, or 850 per cent., and only 23 per cent. of boys unpunished. There was then no incentive to good conduct. In 1850, hours of labour were increased, of school diminished, and badges were introduced: offences, 2,913, or 571 per cent.; unpunished, 31 per cent. In 1851, more labour, several rewards introduced: offences, 1,025, or 209·9 per cent; unpunished, 44·24 per cent. 1852, reward system in full operation: offences, 708, or 171·4 per cent.; unpunished, 69·2 per cent.

The boys in the "liberty classes" are placed in various little posts of trust and confidence, and are allowed to go about the various parts of the establishment without immediate surveillance—a relaxation of discipline which they highly value, and are very careful not to forfeit by any transgression or abuse of the indulgence.

The whole object of the training at Parkhurst is to fit boys for useful and creditable life when restored to liberty; and I am told that very many of them are brought to co-operate willingly in the system to which they are subjected.

I must, for the present, pass over the female department of Convict Prisons in the most brief and rapid manner, although the subject is full of interest. Millbank is the first depôt for all convict prisoners who reach the metropolis, female as well as male. Here I find in command as matron, Mrs. Gibson, who brings a clear head and a hopeful heart to the work, and to whom I owe particular thanks for great pains taken in making me understand the system and its results. The newly arrived prisoner is placed in the separate cell of a probation class, where she remains six months more; and then she enters the first class; the gratuities for the third class being 4*d.*; for the second, ranging from 5*d.* to 7*d.*; for the first, from 6*d.* to 8*d.*, according to the "stages." For the first two months after reception, the women are employed in coir picking; the next five months in bag-making, or other rough work; then in coarse needlework. From the first class are selected the cooks, cleaners, and laundry-women. There is a penal class. Occasionally there are violent ebullitions of temper amongst the women; but the matron remarks, with equal charity and sagacity, that difficult as the causes of such ebullitions may be to trace—difficult of appreciation by us who have, in habits of thought, exercised judgment, and comparatively untold surrounding advantages, the very reverse of the convict's training—the exciting causes are no doubt correlative to the effects exhibited. Remarks like this "turn up" wherever you find an active and independent mind brought to bear upon the broad field of penal discipline. It is an exceedingly important branch of the whole subject, and most certainly it has not been more than tentatively opened. We have to deal with every man whom we would influence through *his* motives, not ours. Mrs. Gibson makes another remark which is the exact converse of what I have heard from sagacious men in all prisons, and from the Secretary of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society: she tells me that the most refractory prisoner is not of necessity the worst woman; it is to be believed that "she will grow worse or better according to the nature and amount of influences brought to bear upon her." In the same way it has been seen that the most conforming of prison characters is certainly not absolute proof of reformation.

From Millbank, at the expiry of ten or twelve months, the woman passes to Brixton; an old prison enlarged. Its form now is something

like that of a bow with the middle third of the string absent; the string being the new "wings." The general principles of its cellular construction in the new part resemble those of the male prisons. The work is not so coarse as that at Millbank. For the most part the women behave well; the official record of the bad exceptions showing an average of three or four per cent. on the whole number. Some of these are "so bad," remarks a director, "that they may be regarded as morally insane." I saw such a case in the refractory ward; a woman whom exasperating influences seemed to deprive of all control over her temper or tongue. She had not a bad face, but she looked like a fighting giantess, much in the same sort of state with Cruiser when Mr. Rarey took him in hand; or with a Bermuda prisoner whom I saw on his arrival at Dublin. The first comers are sent to the old prison cell; one wing is reserved for the second-class prisoners, and another for the first. Silence is enforced during certain hours, order and quiet at all times. The occupations of the women are, washing for their own staff of officers, for themselves, and for the male convicts at Millbank and Pentonville, needlework for all the convict prisons, and slop-work for commercial dealers. The women's shoes are made at Pentonville, their "liberty boots," in which they leave the prison, at Parkhurst. Save those who are carried on to Fulham, the women are discharged from Brixton.

At Fulham is the "Refuge," which bears somewhat the same relation to the female prisons that the Golden Bridge or the Protestant Refuge does to the female Convict Prisons in Ireland. The Refuge was, I think, full when I visited it. The women are specially trained for domestic service, with a view to imparting active and industrious habits, a knowledge of baking, cooking, laundry, and housework. The establishment enjoys the advantage of being close to the residence of the Chairman of Convict Directors, whose wife, Lady Amelia Jebb, takes an active interest in promoting the objects of this adult Reformatory. It is a leading idea that in obtaining employment out of doors the most suitable places for the women are those where only one servant is kept, and I am told that many would be well adapted as farm-servants. One of the occupations here is washing, which is done upon a vast scale. In the week ending on the 20th of April, 1861, there were 311 dozen of pieces washed for the convict establishments, in a total of 1,023 dozen; the remainder being on private account. The total earnings of the week were 43*l.* 14*s.* 6½*d.*; the labour of the women being reckoned at a value only a few pence short of 35*l.* In some instances the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society helps the outgoing prisoner; and, as in the case of male prisoners, the woman only draws her gratuity on showing that she is honestly employed. I have before me some score of letters addressed to the excellent lady superintendent, Mrs. Harpour, which indicate that many who have left the Refuge retain for it a sense of attachment and protection.

I have now come to the momentous question of discharge. On leaving the place of his confinement, the prisoner does not instantly throw off his responsibility. Should he be a thoroughly "bad" man, indeed, without gratuity or character, I see nothing that is to be done but to open the door and let him forth, with a tolerable certainty that he will not very long be out of gaol. And let me remark, in passing, that the release of such a man amounts to nothing more than giving a holiday to an evidently confirmed malefactor, in order that he may do an injury to somebody as the warrant for continuing his residence in one of her Majesty's convict prisons. So soon as the prisoner is entitled to his discharge, he is brought before the Visiting Director, with a statement of particulars respecting his antecedents and prospects, specifying whether he seeks the help of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, or not. In some cases the prisoner has no prospects, no home or friends to receive him, no reference for employment; but he may be a seaman, or a labourer, with a fair chance of getting work when he goes out. In some cases, previous inquiry, most often through the parish minister, paves the way for placing the prisoner hopefully. In many cases the man wants to emigrate. He leaves the prison, as I have already intimated, with a new suit of clothes, an instalment of his gratuity, and a memorandum directing him to obtain the certificate of a magistrate, or of a parish clergyman, in order that he may draw the balance of his gratuity, sometimes paid in two instalments, according to the total amount, at the expiry of two, three, or four months. A record is kept of the date at which the prisoner is discharged, with the immediate result of his efforts to obtain employment. The chaplains of the prisons are very active, the clerical machinery being obviously available for following the prisoner a short way on his resumed journey in the open world. Many a man writes to his reverend adviser, and, in some instances, the correspondence is protracted. I have numbers of letters before me, both by men and women, some by rather "distinguished" convicts, all expressing gratitude and affection—the majority speaking well of present condition and prospects, and some few confessing, with equal ardour and contrition, to backslidings. The number of prisoners recommended for discharge from Portland, in June, 1861, is 54. Of these, 10 have offers of employment, 14 will be assisted by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, 23 have friends who will give them homes, 7 have neither home nor the offer of employment. I have the returns of prisoners discharged up to the end of the quarter ending March 31, 1861; the total number was 1,101. Of these, there were satisfactory reports for 773, unsatisfactory of 91, no information of 319—including 22 recently discharged.

Looking upon the establishments as a whole, there is no doubt that they afford opportunities for developing the industrial faculties of men, women, and boys who have been otherwise without training. At a shop on the Verne Hill, in Portland, the very intelligent Principal Warder, Mr. Maddock, called my attention to some window sashes, which had been made for the buildings in progress, and finished with completeness and

exactness. They were the work of two prisoners, aged twenty and twenty-one. The elder served for twelve months in a carpenter's shop; left that drudgery little trained to his craft, and became a gentleman's valet; diversifying his emoluments with a continuous system of petty plunder, which culminated in a plate robbery to the amount of 3,000*l.*, and a sentence to penal servitude. The younger, after serving a pianoforte-maker for a short time, fell into bad company, was convicted several times, with imprisonment for periods ranging from two to twelve months, and passed through a sentence of penal servitude to the practical school at Portland. Instances in which this training is turned to future account were mentioned to me in the same place. A man, who had been a thief from childhood, learned the trade of a stone-cutter at Portland, which he left about a year ago, and he is now at regular work as a stone-cutter at one of the principal yards in London. Two other men, one convicted of a post-office robbery, and another twice convicted for stealing, after they had been at Portland, found work at the Houses of Parliament; then became leading men in two different building yards of London; and, finally, still as leading men, emigrated to an important colony, with a five years' engagement. I have similar cases from Parkhurst, supplied me by the Governor and his very intelligent assistant, Mr. George Shirlaw, to whom prisoners who have been discharged spontaneously communicate their actual position. One youth proudly showed Mr. Shirlaw his horny hands as evidence that he still works hard at shoemaking, while his brother, who was "a plague" at Parkhurst, has employment in the City, and is now "a comfort to his old mother,"—both being pledged to visit their prison when the summer excursion trains begin. Another case is that of a man who keeps an humble stall in a leading street of a great town, under patronage of a tradesman, who is in his rear, and who is proud of his protégé. Another, on first going forth, obtained employment as a painter; was driven away by the behaviour of his comrades, who had found out his antecedents; left his work and went back to see "what Mr. Shirlaw would do for him." He obtained fresh employment, rose to be a foreman, and is now earning 24*s.* a week in London. Last year a young soldier visited the Governor to thank him for the discipline he had undergone at Parkhurst, which he felt had saved him punishment in the army. Another young man is holding an honourable post as a teacher in a public department; another is a private teacher. Another, having no home, was advised to enlist: he became servant to his commanding officer, who is high in the service, and who trusted him with all his things. Subsequently, however, he came to consult the Governor on an apprehension which he had that he might be recognized by two or three men in the ranks who had been in the prison. The Governor advised him to go straight to his master and tell him unreservedly; which he did, the master replying that he should never mistrust him until he had personal cause. One of the remarkable traits of Parkhurst is, that inmates who have left it, and have become tradesmen, soldiers, seamen in

the navy or merchant service, teachers, clerks, or anything else, thus revisit the island, to see the Governor, and not unfrequently the officers who have punished them. I have several other such stories, including that of a young man who left Parkhurst in 1850, is now doing well as a rising tradesman, and last summer visited "the old place" with *his wife*, to thank his friend the Governor for the repeated correction which his long-protracted waywardness had made necessary. Amongst these better specimens are lads who first come with a very bad character, looking low in intellect and in moral sense, but brighten up, and after all turn out very satisfactorily. One instance I saw recorded was very interesting: it was the case of a youth who had gone out as a promising soldier, and who had come to the prison with a bad character from a previous prison, and the remark volunteered by a sagacious magistrate, that he was evidently of a low disposition, with no chance of being reformed. A hopeful incident appears but recently to have developed itself. Several captains of merchant ships have taken lads directly from the institution. A gentleman residing in a neighbouring county engaged a young man as his servant before liberation, and there is reason to believe that the engagement has turned out well on both sides. A tradesman in the immediate neighbourhood has taken a lad from the prison.

There are still desperate difficulties in the way of prisoners who do not happen to fall in with these favourable patronizers. The excellent Governor of Parkhurst writes, "If we feel indignation at learning that some prisoner just liberated has been reconvicted, let us remember that his relapse has been caused by circumstances beyond the control of the individual,"—the stain of a prison character, the tale-bearing of enemies, total absence of friends. Amongst those prisoners who have no prospect on leaving prison, and who are offered the assistance of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the majority decline for reasons not positively known, but probably because they apprehend some curtailment of their liberty.

I have already several times mentioned the Prisoners' Aid Society, which has become a sort of volunteer auxiliary branch of the Convict Department. It is regularly recognized by the officials, who now habitually record whether or not the prisoners accept the aid proffered to them by the Society. The Society began its operations in June, 1857. Amongst its leading men are Lord Carlisle, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Adderley, Mr. Samuel Gurney, Sir Harry Verney, and other practical philanthropists. The total number of cases stated in the last report is 1,895; but the number shows a progressive increase, 779 being included in the last year. Of the total number, 461 have been helped to emigrate. The Society takes care of the man's money, looks out for employment, helps the emigrant with advice and information, and sometimes, but by no means in all cases, adds a few shillings. Women are provided with a lodging, under the superintendence of a matron. I was enabled to inspect the books of the Society, the secretary most obligingly supplying me with every information on the cases I turned up. Although in most instances

the information accruing to the Society continues but a few months after the prisoner is discharged, there is not the slightest doubt on my mind that to great numbers it bridges over the chasm between a life of crime and an honest life, and in some instances the most positive information is obtained.

I have made my report ; striving to state, as plainly as I can in the time and space, what I have seen, and what I have been told. I wish in this paper to avoid the controversial part of the subject; but I know that I should disappoint most readers, especially those who are immediately interested in the question on both sides of St. George's Channel, if I neglected to note the principal points which struck me as marking the difference between the English and the Irish convict systems.

The Irish system sprang, to a great extent, from an independent and original starting point. A member of a commission appointed to inquire into abuses—a man who did not either avoid or conceal his adoption of others' experience—suggested an application of Maconochie's principles with completely original adjuncts of his own. I have already explained how the English system sprang up from the growth of our convict population, the abolition of the hulks, successive reforms in prison management, and the pressure caused by the stoppage of transportation. The system claims to be judged by its success in meeting those requirements on principles officially laid down in 1842, with new arrangements, of new buildings, public works, &c.; and it claims to have the "difficulties" entailed by those requirements fairly considered.

In Ireland, on the first admission of the prisoner, he is placed in separate confinement, without work. From that point he is made to feel that his own immediate condition is dependent upon his conduct, his attention to schooling, and his industry. At no distant date he can thus promote himself to a gradually enlarged freedom of action—first to a better position in the ordinary prison; then to the Intermediate stage, where, with a diet still severe, there is fixed residence but no punishment, some personal freedom even in such things as the handling of money, and higher instruction ; and so, ultimately, to the ticket-of-leave, a sort of humble wardship with a probationary freedom out in real life, and actual employment. The English system presents no such direct progressive advance. Men are put at once to the work in the first or "probationary" stage of separate confinement, and they have instruction in various industrial avocations. The instruction afforded at that stage is only in a small minority of cases applicable to the next and more long-continued stages of employment on the public works, and at the dockyards—the last universally condemned as an intermittent, half-idling employment. There is no Intermediate stage.

It is of course impossible that the intercourse which the men attempt even in the elliptical walks of Pentonville, can be prevented in the asso-

ciated gangs of Chatham and Portland; from none of the officers of the public works prisons, whose reserve I respected too much for any attempt to "draw them out," had I any evidence to gainsay the manifest opportunity for mischief and contamination in the public works; and that it does take place I have positive information, accidentally derived from those who have mingled among the convicts themselves.

In Ireland there is no indulgence shown to the convicts on the personal discretion or kindness of a Visiting Director; but the rigour enforced at first is tightened or relaxed entirely by the conduct of the prisoner himself. He cannot sin, relying on indulgence afterwards. In England, misconduct forfeits some of the days that would be remitted from the original sentence; but those days may afterwards be re-granted by the Visiting Director.

In Ireland, information about convicts discharged is obtained by direct personal intercourse. The statistics are positive; the accounts of the convicts extend over years; in some cases, within my personal examination, the accounts continued for three and four years after discharge. The English information is obtained mainly through the filling up of forms issued from the central department. The English statistics yield an account of the convict, at the most, for four months after his discharge; beyond that they are negative.

I have repeatedly mentioned the order which upon the whole is preserved amongst the convicts; but I cannot close this paper without observing how impossible it is to forget that there have been outbreaks at all the male prisons. Those at Chatham, on the 11th February last, the 20th March, and the 16th April, have been reported in the public papers, the punishment extending to hundreds who had obtained prison characters for *good conduct*. The public reports of these tumults are said to have been exaggerated, especially of the second. In the third outbreak a man who had complained against a warder at the head of his party, in order to get himself removed to another party, induced his comrades to leave work for ten minutes. He was in prison for the third conviction, and his chief helpmate in the outbreak was also in for his third conviction. I have mentioned the trial of the man who was tried for a very savage outbreak in Portsmouth Docks. I stood on the Verne Hill, the scene of the serious outbreak in the Portland Prison. We have read how some five young men at Parkhurst murderously attacked a warder in the fields this month. I heard something of the formidable outbreak at Dartmoor a few years since, when, I have been told, though on no official authority, one or two of the wards were left in charge of a convict; and the papers report the recent attempt of three convicts to escape from Dartmoor. I will enter into no inquiry as to the causes of these tumults and irregularities. I have not yet received any satisfactory report of the facts such as I am sure could be brought forward under pressure of counsel in a court of law; and I seldom care to go beyond facts into surmises or constructive interpretations.

Individualization is admitted by the convict prison authorities, including the very highest in England, to exercise a most important influence for good. It is a guiding principle in the Irish system, from the admission of a prisoner to the expiry of his ticket-of-licence. Partially attempted in the earliest and much shorter stage, the English system exhibits no attempt to pursue the rule in the public works prisons.

I am well aware that objections are urged against smaller establishments in England, on the score that public works cannot be carried on with small bodies of men; that the expenses would be greater; that the system of convict discipline would be exhibited in a less deterrent aspect; that the English police would not be available to assist in working the system; and that in fairness to the men the use of "marks" for school progress would not be compatible with employment on public works. In my present report I am scrupulously abstaining from controversy, and I need not go into the last question, since the subject of my inquiry has not been the best means of promoting public works, but the best correctional discipline for convicts. With regard to the other objections, I will limit myself to two remarks:—

1. The things declared impossible, I showed in my report on the Irish system to be accomplished facts.

2. In my present report I have shown that some of the elements exist in England. This is made evident by the results obtained at Parkhurst, where I saw boys working in the open field; by the avowed wish of Captain Rose, based on his own experience, to expand the special class at Southsea into a more genuine Intermediate stage, on some open but more secluded common; and by the successes of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, and of Captain Hall, even among the neighbours of his own establishment, in getting good places for known convicts. In the presence of facts like these, it would be futile to occupy more space in debating what "would be;" for where we have known facts and opportunity for further tests, no value can attach to any such discussions in the subjunctive mood.

The only opinion I feel at present warranted in expressing is, that the whole subject—the arbitrary limitation of certain attained successes to Ireland, the arrest of a like progress in England, and the unexplained restrictions put upon Mr. Childers's Committee of the Commons on Australian transportation, and its final abandonment—appear to me to challenge a far more authoritative investigation and review than any which could be given to it by a private inquirer, however painstaking, and however handsomely assisted, as I have been, by every man concerned, from the humblest warder to Sir Joshua Jebb himself. For the question involved is nothing more nor less than this—Do we not already know the means of diminishing the positive amount of misery through criminal depravity in this land, and of proportionately contracting its sources for the future?

A Morning Party.

THEY sometimes call it a "breakfast;" and if we consider that people have not only taken that meal about six hours before, but since then in all human probability have eaten a good lunch, the appropriateness of the name must be obvious to all. The reason why it is called a "morning party" must be that it takes place rather late in the afternoon.

These entertainments generally are to be met with a few miles outside of London. After a drive upon a dusty road, under a hot sun, the sensation is agreeable of stepping on to a bright greensward, over which are moving in a graceful and languid manner ladies and gentlemen, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow and of the fashion. Huge, luxuriant chesnut-trees spread out their shadows, which flicker with the glaring sunlight in a dazzling manner over clouds of muslin—the wearers of which stare at one another or talk to one another to the music of the Royal Horse Guards, Red or Blue.

Such is the general character of the morning party; but at this present time a most blessed form of amusement has taken possession of the world, and no fashionable party is complete without the presence of "Aunt Sally." Who that worthy person originally was, and what she did that sticks should be perpetually flung at her head, are questions at present shrouded in mystery. Judging by her complexion, which is as black as it can be painted, one is led to think she comes from the land of Serenaders. A great event it was when first she was introduced into polite society; for besides giving employment to the aristocratic classes, when destitute in the pursuit of pleasure, it has a beneficial effect on the manners, as tending to mitigate stiffness and unnecessary dignity of deportment—a very haughty air being scarcely compatible for any length of time with the act of flinging a succession of sticks at "Aunt Sally's"

head. And a swell of great pretensions has been seen to commence playing with a very serious and condescending air, by degrees to warm into it, get excited by repeated failures, then by a lucky stroke to succeed in smashing the old lady's pipe into atoms—and what with the elation consequent on that event, to forget to be affected or important for perhaps ten minutes!

The able inventor of this entertainment knew that when he created "Aunt Sally" he was supplying two great wants of mankind—the appetite for pummelling, and the love of destruction; the first met by the repeated application of the sticks to the "Aunt's" countenance, the second by the occasional annihilation of the pipe which protrudes from her face in the place where her nose ought to be. Hence the popularity of the game.

Opinions will probably continue to be divided as to the relative merits of "Aunt Sally," and the older, but, in some respects, similar "Knock-'em-downs," so long an important feature at every racecourse and fair (three throws a penny). My own view, after considering the matter fully, and making repeated practical experiments, is, that the latter pursuit, at the moment when one, aiming at a pincushion, which is surmounted by a needle-case in the form of a very yellow apple, on the top of which is perched a small wooden doll in an angular and defiant attitude, the whole being nicely poised on the point of a slender stick—that when one lets fly a well-directed shot—that is to say, stick—and sends pincushion, needle-case, and doll flying in different directions—my decided opinion is that the feeling of pride, and gratification, and triumph, is more intense than can be derived from any process in connection with the game of "Aunt Sally."

Those who prefer to "Aunt Sally" the mild quadrille may enjoy that gentle form of exercise under the shade of a marquee; and any one who wishes it may, in another marquee, eat ice or drink tea.

When the sun has sunk behind the trees, and the sultry day has changed to evening, and when to linger in the fresh air and amongst the trees seems desirable, it is time to depart. Every one drives back to town.

Little Mattie.

I.

Dead! Thirteen a month ago!
  Short and narrow her life's walk.
Lover's love she could not know
  Even by a dream or talk:
Too young to be glad of youth;
  Missing honour, labour, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
  At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is—
You, her mother with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

II.

Just so young but yesternight,
  Now she is as old as death.
Meek, obedient in your sight,
  Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday! yours,
  Answering you like silver bells
Lightly touched! an hour matures:
  You can teach her nothing else.
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid.
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

III.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
  Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
  You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along a marble floor;
  But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more,
  "Yes" or "no," or such a thing.
Though you call and beg and wreak
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default
And most innocent revolt.

IV.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be
  She would answer like the Son,
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
  Dreadful answer! better none.

Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart,
Called . . . you called her, did you say,
"Little Mattie" for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel-creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

V.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it! room to play,
(Though one's hair might get uncurled
At the far end of the day.)
What she suffered she shook off
In the sunshine; what she sinned
She could pray on high enough
To keep safe above the wind.
If reproved by God or you,
'Twas to better her she knew;
And, if crossed, she gathered still
'Twas to cross out something ill.

VI.

You, you had the right, you thought,
To survey her with sweet scorn,
Poor gay child, who had not caught
Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
Now your places are changed so,
In that same superior way
She regards you dull and low
As you did herself exempt
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
Of the spirits risen awhile,
Who look back with such a smile!

VII.

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,
Hurts the most, a thousandfold!
To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Teach and tumble as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full-grown.
Who could wonder such a sight
Made a woman mad outright?
—— Show me Michael with the sword
Rather than such angels, Lord!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER V.

Il Padre Francesco.

The next morning Elsie awoke, as was her custom, when the very faintest hue of dawn streaked the horizon. A hen who has seen a hawk balancing his wings and cawing in mid air over her downy family, could not have awakened with her feathers, metaphorically speaking, in a more bristling state of caution.

"Spirits in the gorge, quotha?" said she to herself, as she vigorously adjusted her dress. "I believe so,—spirits in good sound bodies, I believe; and next we shall hear, there will be rope-ladders, and climbings, and the Lord knows what. I shall go to confession this very morning, and tell Father Francesco the danger; and instead of taking her down to sell oranges, suppose I send her to the sisters, to carry the ring and a basket of oranges?"

"Ah, ah!" she exclaimed, pausing, after she was dressed, and addressing a coarse print of Saint Agnes pasted against the wall,—"You look very meek there, and it was a great thing, no doubt, to die as you did; but if you'd lived to be married and bring up a family of girls, you'd have known something greater. Please, don't take offence with a poor old woman who has got into the way of speaking her mind freely! I'm foolish, and don't know much,—so, dear lady, pray for me!" And old Elsie bent her knee and crossed herself reverently, and then went out, leaving her young charge still sleeping.

It was yet dusky dawn when she might have been seen kneeling, with her sharp, clear-cut profile, at the grate of a confession-box in a church in Sorrento. Within was seated a personage who will have some influence on our story, and who must, therefore, be somewhat minutely introduced to the reader.

Il Padre Francesco had only within the last year arrived in the neighbourhood, having been sent as superior of a brotherhood of Capuchins, whose convent was perched on a crag in the vicinity. With this situation came a pastoral care of the district; and Elsie and her granddaughter found in him a spiritual pastor very different from the fat, jolly, easy Brother Girolamo, to whose place he had been appointed. The latter had been one of those numerous priests taken from the peasantry, who never rise above the average level of thought of the body from which they are drawn. Easy, gossipy, fond of good living and good stories, sympathetic in troubles and in joys, he had been a general favourite in

the neighbourhood, without exerting any particularly spiritualizing influence.

It required but a glance at Father Francesco to see that he was, in all respects, the opposite of this. It was evident that he came from one of the higher classes, by that indefinable air of birth and breeding which makes itself felt under every change of costume. Who he might be, what might have been his past history, what rank he might have borne, what part played in the great warfare of life, was all, of course, sunk in the oblivion of his religious profession; where, as at the grave, a man laid down name and fame, past history, and worldly goods, and assumed a coarse garb and a name chosen from the roll of the saints, in token that the world that had known him should know him no more.

Imagine a man between thirty and forty, with that round, full, evenly developed head, and those chiselled features which one sees on ancient busts and coins no less than in the streets of modern Rome. The cheeks were sunken and sallow; the large, black, melancholy eyes had a wistful, anxious, penetrative expression, that bespoke a stringent, earnest spirit, which, however deep might be the grave in which it lay buried, had not yet found repose. The long, thin, delicately formed hands were emaciated and bloodless; they clasped, with a nervous eagerness, a rosary and crucifix of ebony and silver,—the only mark of luxury that could be discerned in a costume unusually threadbare and squalid. The whole picture of the man, as he sat there, had it been painted and hung in a gallery, was such as must have impressed every person of a certain amount of sensibility with the conviction that behind that strong, melancholy, earnest face lay one of those hidden histories of human passion in which the vivid life of mediæval Italy was so fertile.

He was listening to Elsie, as she kneeled, with that easy air of superiority which marks an experienced man of the world, yet with a grave attention which showed that her communication had awakened the deepest interest in his mind. Every few moments he moved slightly in his seat, and interrupted the flow of the narrative by an inquiry concisely put, in tones which, clear and low, had a solemn and severe distinctness, producing, in the still, dusky twilight of the church, an almost ghostly effect.

When the communication was over, he stepped out of the confessional and said to Elsie, in parting,—"My daughter, you have done well to take this in time. The devices of Satan in our corrupt times are numerous and artful, and they who keep the Lord's sheep must not sleep. Before many days I will call and examine the child; meanwhile I approve your course."

It was curious to see the awe-struck, trembling manner in which old Elsie, generally so intrepid and commanding, stood before this man, in his brown rough woollen gown with his corded waist; but she had an instinctive perception of the presence of the man of superior birth, no less than a reverence for the man of religion.

After she had departed from the church, the Capuchin stood lost in thought. To explain his reverie, we must throw some further light on his history.

Il Padre Francesco, as his appearance and manner intimated, was, in truth, descended from one of the most distinguished families of Florence. He was one of those whom an ancient writer characterizes as "men of longing desire." Born with a nature of restless stringency, that seemed to doom him never to know repose, and excessive in all things, he had made early trial of ambition, of war, and of what the gallants of his time called love; plunging into all the dissipations of a most dissolute age, and outdoing in luxury and extravagance the foremost of his companions.

The wave of a great religious impulse—which in our times would have been called a revival—swept over the city of Florence, and bore him, with multitudes of others, to listen to the fervid preaching of the Dominican monk, Jerome Savonarola; and amid the crowd that trembled, wept, and beat their breasts under those awful denunciations, he, too, felt within himself a heavenly call,—the death of an old life and the uprising of a new purpose.

The colder manners and more repressed habits of modern times can give no idea of the wild fervour of a religious revival among a people so passionate and susceptible to impressions as the Italians. It swept society like a spring torrent from the sides of the Apennines, bearing all before it. Houses were sacked with religious fervour by penitent owners, and licentious pictures, statuary, and books, and the thousand appliances of a luxurious age, were burned in the great public square. Artists convicted of impure and licentious designs threw their palettes and brushes into the expiatory flames, and retired to convents, till called forth by the voice of the preacher, and bid to turn their art into purer and nobler channels. Since the days of Saint Francis no such profound religious impulse had agitated the Italian community.

In our times a conversion is signalized by few outward changes, however deeply the inner life has been stirred; but the life of the Middle Ages was profoundly symbolical, and required the help of material images in the expression of its convictions.

The gay and dissolute young Lorenzo Sforza took leave of the world with rites of awful solemnity. He made his will, disposed of all his worldly property, and assembling his friends, bade them the farewell of a dying man. Arrayed as for the grave, he was laid in his coffin, and thus carried from his stately dwelling by the brethren of the Misericordia, who, in their ghostly costume, with mournful chants and lighted candles, bore him to the tomb of his ancestors; where the coffin was deposited in the vault, and its occupant passed the awful hours of the night in darkness and solitude. Thence he was carried, the next day, almost in a state of insensibility, to a neighbouring convent of the severest order, where, for some weeks, he observed a penitential retreat of silence and prayer, neither seeing nor hearing any living being but his spiritual director.

The effect of all this on an ardent and sensitive temperament can scarcely be conceived; and it is not to be wondered at that the once gay and luxurious Lorenzo Sforza, when emerging from this tremendous discipline, was so wholly lost in the worn and weary Padre Francesco that it seemed as if in fact he had died and another had stepped into his place. The face was ploughed deep with haggard furrows, and the eyes were as those of a man who has seen the fearful secrets of another life. He voluntarily sought a post as far removed as possible from the scenes of his early days, so as more completely to destroy his identity with the past; and he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the task of awakening to a higher spiritual life the indolent, self-indulgent monks of his order, and the ignorant peasantry of the vicinity.

But he soon discovered, what every earnest soul learns who has been baptized into a sense of things invisible, how utterly powerless and inert any mortal man is to inspire others with his own insights and convictions. With bitter discouragement and chagrin he saw that the spiritual man must for ever bear the dead weight of all the indolence and indifference and animal sensuality that surround him—that the curse of Cassandra is upon him, for ever to burn and writhe under awful visions of truths which no one around him will regard. In early life the associate only of the cultivated and the refined, Father Francesco could not but experience at times an insupportable *ennui* in listening to the confessions of people who had never learned either to think or to feel with any degree of distinctness, and whom his most fervent exhortations could not lift above the most trivial interests of a mere animal life. He was weary of the childish quarrels and bickerings of the monks, of their puerility, of their selfishness and self-indulgence, of their hopeless vulgarity of mind, and utterly discouraged with their inextricable labyrinths of deception. A melancholy deep as the grave seized on him, and he redoubled his austerities, in the hope that by making life painful he might make it also short.

But the first time that the clear, sweet tones of Agnes rang in his ears at the confessional, and her words, so full of unconscious poetry and repressed genius, came like a strain of sweet music through the grating, he felt at his heart a thrill to which it had long been a stranger, and which seemed to lift the weary, aching load from off his soul, as if some invisible angel had borne it up on his wings.

In his worldly days he had known women as the gallants in Boccaccio's romances knew them, and among them one enchantress whose sorceries had kindled in his heart one of those fatal passions which burn out the whole of a man's nature, and leave it, like a sacked city, only a smouldering heap of ashes. Deepest, therefore, amongst his vows of renunciation had been those which divided him from all womankind. The gulf that parted him and them was in his mind deep as hell, and he thought of the sex only in the light of temptation and danger. For the first time in his life, an influence serene, natural, healthy, and sweet breathed over him from the mind of a woman—an influence so heavenly and peaceful that he

did not challenge or suspect it, but rather opened his worn heart insensibly to it, as one in a fetid chamber naturally breathes freer when the fresh air is admitted.

How charming it was to find his most spiritual exhortations seized upon with the eager comprehension of a nature innately poetic and ideal! Nay, it sometimes seemed to him as if the suggestions which he gave her dry and leafless, she brought again to him in miraculous clusters of flowers, like the barren rod of Joseph which broke into blossoms when he was betrothed to the spotless Mary; and yet, withal, she was so humbly unconscious, so absolutely ignorant of the beauty of all she said and thought, that she impressed him less as a mortal woman than as one of those divine miracles in feminine form of which he had heard in the legends of the saints.

Thenceforward his barren, discouraged life began to blossom with wayside flowers; and he mistrusted not the miracle, because the flowers were all heavenly. The pious thought or holy admonition that he saw trodden under the swinish feet of the monks he gathered up again in hope: *she* would understand it; and gradually all his thoughts became like carrier-doves, which, having once learned the way to a favourite haunt, are ever fluttering to return thither.

Such is the wonderful power of human sympathy, that the discovery even of the existence of a soul capable of understanding our inner life often operates as a perfect charm: every thought, and feeling, and aspiration carries with it a new value, from the interwoven consciousness that attends it of the worth it would bear to that other mind; so that, while that person lives, our existence is doubled in value, even though oceans divide us.

The cloud of hopeless melancholy which had brooded over the mind of Father Francesco lifted and passed away, he knew not why, he knew not when. A secret joyfulness and alacrity possessed his spirits; his prayers became more fervent and his praises more frequent. Until now, his meditations had been most frequently those of fear and wrath—the awful majesty of God, the terrible punishment of sinners; these he conceived with all that haggard, dreadful sincerity of vigour which characterized the modern Etruscan phase of religion, of which the *Inferno* of Dante was the exponent and the out-come. His preachings and his exhortations had dwelt on that lurid world seen by the severe Florentine, at whose threshold hope for ever departs, and around whose eternal circles of living torture the shivering spirit wanders dismayed and blasted by terror.

He had been shocked and discouraged to find how utterly vain had been his most intense efforts to stem the course of sin by presenting these images of terror: how hard natures had listened to them with only a coarse and cruel appetite, which seemed to increase their hardness and brutality; and how timid ones had been withered by them, like flowers scorched by the blast of a furnace; how, in fact, as in the case of those

cruel executions and bloody tortures then universal in the jurisprudence of Europe, these pictures of eternal torture seemed to exert a morbid, demoralizing influence which stimulated the growth of iniquity.

But since his acquaintance with Agnes, without his knowing exactly why, thoughts of the Divine Love had floated into his soul, filling it with a golden cloud like that which of old rested over the mercy-seat in that sacred inner temple where the priest alone was admitted. He became more affable and tender, more tolerant to the erring, more fond of little children ; would stop sometimes to lay his hand on the head of a child, or to raise up one who lay overthrown in the street. The song of little birds and the voices of animal life became to him full of tenderness ; and his prayers by the sick and dying seemed to have a melting power, such as he had never known before. It was spring in his soul,—soft, Italian spring, —such as brings out the musky breath of the cyclamen, and the faint, tender perfume of the primrose, in every moist dell of the Apennines.

A year passed in this way ; perhaps the best and happiest of his troubled life,—a year in which, insensibly to himself, the weekly interviews with Agnes at the confessional became the rallying points around which the whole of his life was formed, and she the unsuspected spring of his inner being.

It was his duty, he said to himself, to give more than usual time and thought to the working and polishing of this wondrous jewel which had so unexpectedly been entrusted to him for the adorning of his Master's crown ; and so long as he conducted himself with the strictest circumspection of his office, what had he to fear in the way of so delightful a duty? He had never touched her hand ; never had even the folds of her passing drapery brushed against his garments of mortification and renunciation ; never, even in pastoral benediction, had he dared lay his hand on that beautiful head. It is true, he had not forbidden himself to raise his glance sometimes, when he saw her coming in at the church-door and gliding up the aisle with downcast eyes, and thoughts evidently so far above earth, that she seemed, like one of Frà Angelico's angels, to be moving on a cloud, so encompassed with stillness and sanctity that he held his breath as she passed.

But in the confession of Dame Elsie that morning he had received a shock which threw his whole interior being into a passionate agitation which dismayed and astonished him.

The thought of Agnes, his spotless lamb, exposed to lawless and licentious pursuit, of whose nature and probabilities his past life gave him only too clear an idea, was of itself a very natural source of anxiety. But Elsie had unveiled to him her plans for her marriage, and consulted him on the propriety of placing Agnes immediately under the protection of the husband she had chosen for her ; and it was this part of her communication which had awakened the severest internal recoil, and raised a tumult of passions which the priest vainly sought either to assuage or understand.

As soon as his morning duties were over, he repaired to his convent, sought his cell, and, prostrate on his face before the crucifix, began his internal reckoning with himself. The day passed in fasting and solitude.

It is now golden evening, and on the square, flat roof of the convent, which, high-perched on a crag, overlooks the bay, one might observe a dark figure slowly pacing backward and forward. It is Father Francesco; and as he walks up and down, one could see by his large, bright, dilated eye, by the vivid red spot on either sunken cheek, and by the nervous energy of his movements, that he is in the very height of some mental crisis,—in that state of placid ecstasy in which the subject supposes himself perfectly calm, because every nerve is screwed to the highest point of tension and can vibrate no more.

What oceans had that day rolled over his soul and swept his being, as one may see a little boat rocked on the capricious surges of the Mediterranean! Were, then, all his strivings and agonies in vain? Did he love this woman with any earthly love? Was he jealous of the thought of a future husband? Was it a tempting demon that said to him, "Lorenzo Sforza might have shielded this treasure from the profanation of lawless violence, from the brute grasp of an inappreciative peasant, but Father Francesco cannot?" There was a moment when his whole being vibrated with a perception of what a marriage bond might have been that was indeed a sacrament, and that bound together two pure and loyal souls who gave life and courage to each other in all holy purposes and heroic deeds; and he almost feared that he had cursed his vows,—those awful vows, at whose remembrance his inmost soul shivered through every nerve.

But after hours of prayer and struggle, and wave after wave of agonizing convulsion, he gained one of those high points in human possibility where souls can stand a little while at a time, and where all things seem so transfigured and pure that they fancy themselves thenceforward for ever victorious over evil.

As he walks up and down in the gold-and-purple evening twilight, his mind seems to him calm as that glowing sea which reflects the purple shores of Ischia, and the quaint, fantastic grottos and cliffs of Capri. All is golden and glowing; he sees all clear: he is delivered from his spiritual enemies; he treads them under his feet.

Yes, he says to himself, he loves Agnes—loves her all-sacredly as her guardian angel does, who ever beholdeth the face of her Father in heaven. Why, then, does he shrink from her marriage? Is it not evident? Has that tender soul, that poetic nature, that aspiring genius, anything in common with the vulgar, coarse details of a peasant's life? Will not her beauty always draw the eye of the licentious, expose her artless innocence to solicitation which will annoy her and bring upon her head the inconsiderate jealousy of her husband? Think of Agnes made subject to the rude authority, to the stripes and correction, which men of the lower class, under the promptings of jealousy, do not scruple to inflict on their wives! What career did society, as then organized, present to such a

nature, so perilously gifted in body and mind? He has the answer. The Church has opened a career to woman which all the world denies her.

He remembers the story of the dyer's daughter of Siena, the fair Saint Catharine. In his youth he had often visited the convent where one of the first artists of Italy has immortalized her conflicts and her victories, and he had knelt with his mother at the altar where she now communes with the faithful. He remembered how, by her sanctity, her humility, and her holy inspirations of soul, she had risen to the courts of princes, whither she had been sent as ambassadress to arrange for the interests of the Church; and then rose before his mind's eye the gorgeous picture of Pinturicchio, where, borne in celestial repose and purity amid all the powers and dignitaries of the Church, she is canonized as one of those who shall reign and intercede with Christ in heaven.

Was it wrong, therefore, in him, though severed from all womankind by a gulf of irrevocable vows, that he should feel a kind of jealous property in this gifted and beautiful creature? and, though he might not, even in thought, dream of possessing her himself, was there sin in the vehement energy with which his whole nature rose up in him to say that no other man should,—that she should be the bride of Heaven alone?

Certainly, if there were, it lurked far out of sight; and the priest had a case that might have satisfied a conscience even more fastidious: indeed he felt a sort of triumph in the results of his mental scrutiny.

Yes, she should ascend from glory to glory; but *his* should be the hand that should lead her upward. *He* would lead her within the consecrated grating; *he* would pronounce the awful words that should make it sacrilege for all other men to approach her; and yet through life *he* should be the guardian and director of her soul, the one being to whom she should render an obedience as unlimited as that which belongs to Christ alone.

Such were the thoughts of this victorious hour; which, alas! were destined to fade as those purple skies and golden fires gradually went out, leaving, in place of their light and glory, only the lurid glow of Vesuvius.

CHAPTER VI.

The Walk to the Convent.

Elsie returned from the confessional a little after sunrise, much relieved and satisfied. Padre Francesco had shown such a deep interest in her narrative that she was highly gratified. Then he had given her advice which exactly accorded with her own views; and such advice is always regarded as an eminent proof of sagacity in the giver.

On the point of the marriage he had recommended delay—a course quite in accordance with Elsie's desire; who, curiously enough, ever since her treaty of marriage with Antonio had been commenced, had cherished

the most whimsical, jealous dislike of him, as if he were about to get away her grandchild from her; and this rose at times so high that she could scarcely speak peaceably to him—a course of things which caused Antonio to open wide his great soft ox-eyes and wonder at the ways of womankind; but he waited the event in philosophic tranquillity.

The morning sunbeams were shooting many a golden shaft among the orange-trees when Elsie returned and found Agnes yet kneeling at her prayers.

"Now, my little heart," said the old woman, when their morning meal was done, "I am going to give you a holiday to-day. I will go with you to the convent, and you shall spend the day with the sisters, and so carry Saint Agnes her ring."

"Oh, thank you, grandmamma! how good you are! May I stop a little on the way, and pick some cyclamen, and myrtles, and daisies for her shrine?"

"Just as you like, child; but if you are going to do that, we must be off soon, for I must be at my stand betimes to sell oranges: I had them all picked this morning while my little darling was asleep."

"You always do everything, grandmamma, and leave me nothing to do: it is not fair. But, grandmamma, if we are going to get flowers by the way, let us follow down the stream, through the gorge, out upon the sea-beach, and so walk along the sands, and go by the back path up the rocks to the convent; that walk is so shady and lovely at this time in the morning, and it is so fresh along by the sea-side!"

"As you please, dearie; but first fill a little basket with our best oranges for the sisters."

"Trust me for that!" And the girl ran eagerly to the house, and drew from her treasures a little white wicker basket, which she proceeded to line curiously with orange-leaves, sticking sprays of blossoms in a wreath round the border.

"Now for some of our best blood oranges!" she said; "old Jocunda says they put her in mind of pomegranates. And here are some of these little ones; see here, grandmamma!" she exclaimed, as she turned and held up a branch just broken, where five small golden balls grew together with a pearly spray of white buds just beyond them.

The exercise of springing up for the branch had sent a vivid glow into her clear brown cheek, and her eyes were dilated with excitement and pleasure; and as she stood joyously holding the branch, while the flickering shadows fell on her beautiful face, she seemed more like a painter's dream than a reality.

Her grandmother stood a moment admiring her.

"She's too good and too pretty for Antonio or any other man; she ought to be kept to look at," she said to herself. "If I could keep her always, no man should have her; but death will come, and youth and beauty go, and so somebody must care for her."

When the basket was filled and trimmed, Agnes took it on her arm.

Elsie raised and poised on her head the great square basket that contained her merchandise, and began walking erect and straight down the narrow rocky stairs that led into the gorge, holding her distaff with its white flax in her hands, and stepping as easily as if she bore no burden.

Agnes followed her with light, irregular movements, glancing aside from time to time, as a tuft of flowers or a feathery spray of leaves attracted her fancy. In a few moments her hands were too full, and her woollen apron of many-coloured stripes was raised over one arm to hold her treasures, while a hymn to St. Agnes, which she constantly murmured to herself, came in little ripples of sound, now from behind a rock, and now out of a tuft of bushes, showing where the wanderer was hid. The song, like many Italian ones, would be nothing in English;—only a musical repetition of sweet words to a very simple and childlike idea, the *bella, bella, bella* ringing out in every verse with a tender joyousness that seemed in harmony with the waving ferns and pendent flowers and long ivy-wreaths from among which its notes issued. "Beautiful and sweet Agnes," it said, in a thousand tender repetitions, "make me like thy little white lamb! Beautiful Agnes, take me to the green fields where Christ's lambs are feeding! Sweeter than the rose, fairer than the lily, take me where thou art!"

At the bottom of the ravine a little stream tinkles its way among stones so mossy in their deep, cool shadow as to appear all verdure; for seldom the light of the sun can reach the darkness where they lie. A little bridge, hewn from solid rock, throws across the shrunken stream an arch much wider than its waters seem to demand; for in spring and autumn, when the torrents wash down from the mountains, its volume is often suddenly increased.

This bridge was so entirely and evenly grown over with short thick moss that it might seem cut of some strange kind of living green velvet, and here and there it was quaintly embroidered with small blossoming tufts of white alyssum, or feathers of ferns and maiden's-hair which shook and trembled to every breeze. Nothing could be lovelier than this mossy bridge, when some stray sunbeam, slanting up the gorge, took a fancy to light it up with golden hues, and give transparent greenness to the tremulous thin leaves that waved upon it.

On this spot Elsie paused a moment, and called back after Agnes, who had disappeared into one of those deep grottos with which the sides of the gorge are perforated, and which are almost entirely veiled by the pendent ivy-wreaths.

"Agnes! Agnes! wild girl! come quick!"

Only the sound of "*Bella, bella Agnella*" came out of the ivy-leaves to answer her; but it sounded so happy and innocent that Elsie could not forbear a smile, and in a moment Agnes came springing down with a quantity of the feathery lycopodium in her hands, which grows nowhere so well as in moist and dripping places.

Out of her apron were hanging festoons of golden broom, crimson

gladiolus, and long, trailing sprays of ivy; while she held aloft in triumph a handful of the most superb cyclamen, whose rosy crowns rise so beautifully above their dark, quaint leaves in moist and shady places.

"See, see, grandmother, what an offering I have! Saint Agnes will be pleased with me to-day; for I believe in her heart she loves flowers better than gems."

"Well, well, wild one; time flies: we must hurry." And crossing the bridge quickly, the grandmother struck into a mossy footpath that led them, after some walking, under the old Roman bridge at the gateway of Sorrento. Two hundred feet above their heads rose the mighty arches, enamelled with moss and feathered with ferns all the way; and below this bridge the gorge grew somewhat wider, its sides gradually receding and leaving a beautiful flat tract of land, laid out as an orange-orchard: the golden fruit was shut in by rocky walls on either side which here formed a perfect hot-bed, and no oranges were earlier or finer.

Through this beautiful orchard the two at length emerged from the gorge upon the sea-sands, where lay the blue Mediterranean swathed in bands of morning mist, its many-coloured waters shimmering with a thousand reflected lights; and old Capri, panting through sultry blue mists, and Vesuvius with his cloud-spotted sides and smoke-wreathed summit, burst into view. At a little distance a boatload of bronzed fishermen had just drawn in a net, from which they were throwing out a quantity of sardines, that leaped and fluttered in the sunshine like scales of silver. The wind blowing freshly bore thousands of little purple waves to break one after another at the foamy line which lay on the sand.

Agnes ran gaily along the beach with her flowers and ivy fluttering from her gay striped apron, and her cheeks flushed with exercise and pleasure, sometimes stopping and turning with animation to her grandmother to point out the various floral treasures that enamelled every crevice and rift of the steep wall of rock which rose perpendicularly above their heads in that whole line of the shore which is crowned with the city of Sorrento: and surely never did rocky wall show to the open sea a face more picturesque and flowery. The deep red cliff was hollowed here and there into fanciful grottos, draped with every varied hue and form of vegetable beauty: here a crevice high in air was all abloom with purple gillyflower, and depending in festoons above it the golden blossoms of the broom; there a cleft seemed to be a nestling-place for a colony of gladiolus, with its crimson flowers and blade-like leaves; while the silver-frosted foliage of the miller-geranium, or of the wormwood, toned down the extravagant brightness of other blooms by its cooler tints: in some places it seemed as if a sort of floral cascade were tumbling confusedly over the rocks, mingling all hues and all forms in a tangled mass of beauty.

"Well, well!" exclaimed old Elsie, as Agnes pointed to some superb gillyflowers which grew nearly half-way up the precipice. "Is the child

possessed? You have all the gorge in your apron already. Stop looking, and let us hurry on."

After a half-hour's walk, they came to a winding staircase cut in the rock, which led them a zigzag course up through galleries and grottos looking out through curious windows and loopholes upon the sea, till finally they emerged at the old sculptured portal of a shady garden which was surrounded by the cloistered arcades of the Convent of Saint Agnes.

The Convent of Saint Agnes was one of those monuments in which the piety of the Middle Ages delighted to commemorate the triumphs of the new Christianity over the old heathenism.

The balmy climate and paradisiacal charms of Sorrento and the adjacent shores of Naples had made them favourite resorts during the latter period of the Roman empire—a period when the whole civilized world seemed to human view about to be dissolved in the corruption of universal sensuality. The shores of Baiæ were witnesses of the orgies and cruelties of Nero and a court made in his likeness, and the palpitating loveliness of Capri became the hotbed of the unnatural vices of Tiberius. The whole of southern Italy was sunk in a debasement of animalism and ferocity which seemed irrecoverable; and would have been so, had it not been for the handful of salt which a Galilean peasant had about that time cast into the putrid, fermenting mass of human society.

We must not wonder at the zeal which caused the artistic Italian nature to love to celebrate the passing away of an era of unnatural vice and demoniac cruelty by creating visible images of the purity, the tenderness, the universal benevolence which Jesus had brought into the world.

Some time about the middle of the thirteenth century, it had been a favourite enterprise of a princess of a royal family in Naples to erect a convent to Saint Agnes, the guardian of female purity, out of the wrecks and remains of an ancient temple of Venus, whose white pillars and graceful acanthus leaves once crowned a portion of the precipice on which the town was built, and were reflected from the glassy blue of the sea at its feet. It was said that this princess was the first lady abbess: be that as it may, it proved to be a favourite retreat for many ladies of rank and religious aspiration, whom ill-fortune in some of its varying forms led to seek its quiet shades, and it was well and richly endowed by its royal patrons.

It was built after the manner of conventual buildings generally—in a hollow square, with a cloistered walk around the inside looking upon a garden.

The portal at which Agnes and her grandmother knocked, after ascending the winding staircase cut in the precipice, opened through an arched passage into this garden.

As the ponderous door swung open, it was pleasant to hear the lulling sound of a fountain, which came forth with a gentle patter like that of soft summer rain, and to see the waving of rose-bushes and golden

jessamines, and smell the perfumes of orange-blossoms mingling with those of a thousand other flowers.

The door was opened by an odd-looking portress. She might be seventy-five or eighty; her cheeks were of the colour of very yellow parchment drawn in dry wrinkles; her eyes were those large, dark, lustrous ones so common in her country, but seemed, in the general decay and shrinking of every other part of her face, to have acquired a wild, unnatural appearance; while the falling away of her teeth left nothing to impede the meeting of her hooked nose with her chin. Add to this, she was hump-backed, and twisted in her figure; and one needs all the force of her very good-natured, kindly smile to redeem the image of poor old Jocunda from association with that of some Thracian witch, and cause one to see in her the appropriate portress of a Christian institution.

Nevertheless, Agnes fell upon her neck and imprinted a very fervent kiss upon what was left of her withered cheek, and was repaid by a shower of those epithets of endearment which in the language of Italy fly thick and fast as the petals of the orange-blossom from her groves.

"Well, well," said old Elsie, "I'm going to leave her here to-day. You've no objections, I suppose?"

"Bless the sweet lamb, no! She belongs here of good right. I believe blessed Saint Agnes has adopted her; for I've seen her smile, plain as could be, when the little one brought her flowers."

"Well, Agnes," said the old woman, "I shall come for you after the Ave Maria." Saying which, she lifted her basket and departed.

The garden where the two were left was one of the most peaceful retreats that the imagination of a poet could create.

Around it ran on all sides the Byzantine arches of a cloistered walk, which, according to the quaint, rich fashion of that style, had been painted with vermilion, blue, and gold. The vaulted roof was spangled with gold stars on a blue ground, and along the sides was a series of fresco pictures representing the various scenes in the life of Saint Agnes; and as the foundress of the convent was royal in her means, there was no lack either of gold or gems or of gorgeous painting.

Full justice was done in the first picture to the princely wealth and estate of the fair Agnes, who was represented as a pure-looking, pensive child, standing in a thoughtful attitude, with long ripples of golden hair flowing down over a simple white tunic, and her small hands clasping a cross on her bosom, while, kneeling at her feet, obsequious slaves and tire-women were offering the richest gems and the most gorgeous robes to her serious and abstracted gaze.

In another, she was represented as walking modestly to school, and winning the admiration of the son of the Roman Prætor, who fell sick—so says the legend—for the love of her.

Then there was the demand of her hand in marriage by the princely

father of the young man, and her calm rejection of the gorgeous gifts and splendid gems which he had brought to purchase her consent.

Then followed in order her accusation before the tribunals as a Christian, her trial, and the various scenes of her martyrdom.

Although the drawing of the figures and the treatment of the subjects had the quaint stiffness of the thirteenth century, their general effect, as seen from the shady bowers of the garden, was of a solemn brightness, a strange and fanciful richness, which was poetical and impressive.

In the centre of the garden was a fountain of white marble, which evidently was the wreck of something that had belonged to the old Greek temple. The statue of a nymph sat on a green mossy pedestal in the midst of a sculptured basin, and from a partially reversed urn on which she was leaning, a clear stream of water dashed down from one mossy fragment to another, till it lost itself in the placid pool.

The figure and face of this nymph, in their classic finish of outline, formed a striking contrast to the drawing of the Byzantine paintings within the cloisters, and their juxtaposition in the same inclosure seemed a presentation of the spirit of a past and present era: the past so graceful in line, so perfect and airy in conception, so utterly without spiritual aspiration or life; the present limited in artistic power, but so earnest, so intense, seeming to struggle and burn, amid its stiff and restricted boundaries, for the expression of some diviner phase of humanity.

Nevertheless, the nymph of the fountain, different in style and execution as it was, was so fair a creature, that it was thought best, after the spirit of those days, to purge her from all heathen and improper histories by baptizing her in the waters of her own fountain, and bestowing on her the name of the saint to whose convent she was devoted. The simple sisterhood, little conversant in nice points of antiquity, regarded her as Saint Agnes dispensing the waters of purity to her convent; and marvellous and sacred properties were ascribed to the waters, when taken fasting with a sufficient number of prayers and other religious exercises. All around the neighbourhood of this fountain the ground was one bed of blue and white violets, whose fragrance filled the air, and which were deemed by the nuns to have come up there in especial token of the favour with which Saint Agnes regarded the conversion of this heathen relic to pious and Christian uses.

This nymph had been an especial favourite of the childhood of Agnes, and she had always had a pleasure which she could not exactly account for in gazing upon it. It is seldom that one sees in the antique conception of the immortals any trace of human feeling: passionless perfection and repose seem to be their uniform character. But now and then from the ruins of Southern Italy, fragments have been dug, not only pure in outline, but invested with a strange pathetic charm, as if the calm, inviolable circle of divinity had been touched by some sorrowing sense of that unexplained anguish with which the whole lower creation groans. One sees this mystery of expression in the face of that strange and beautiful

Pysche which still enchants the Museum of Naples. Something of this charm of mournful pathos lingered on the beautiful features of this nymph,—an expression so delicate and shadowy that it seemed to address itself only to finer natures. It was as if all the silent, patient woe and discouragement of a dumb antiquity had been congealed into this memorial. Agnes was often conscious, when a child, of being saddened by it, and yet drawn towards it with a mysterious attraction.

About this fountain, under the shadow of bending rose-trees and yellow jessamines, was a circle of garden-seats, adopted also from the ruins of the past. Here a graceful Corinthian capital, with every white acanthus-leaf perfect, stood in a mat of acanthus-leaves of Nature's own making, glossy green, and sharply cut; there lay a long portion of a frieze sculptured with graceful dancing figures, and in another place a fragment of a fluted column, with lycopodium and colosseum vine hanging from its fissures in graceful draping. On these seats Agnes had dreamed away many a tranquil hour, making garlands of violets, and listening to the marvellous legends of old Jocunda.

In order to understand anything of the true idea of conventual life in those days, we must bear in mind that books were as yet unknown, except as literary rarities, and reading and writing were among the rare accomplishments of the higher classes; and that Italy, from the time that the great Roman Empire fell and broke into a thousand shivers, had been subject to a continual series of conflicts and struggles, which took from life all security. Norman, Dane, Sicilian, Spaniard, Frenchman, and German mingled and struggled, now up and now down; and every struggle was attended by the sacking of towns, the burning of villages, and thrusting out entire populations to utter misery and wretchedness. During these tumultuous ages, those buildings consecrated by a religion recognized alike by all parties, afforded to misfortune the only inviolable asylum, and to feeble and discouraged spirits the only home safe from the prospect of reverses.

If the destiny of woman is a problem that calls for grave attention even in our enlightened times, and if she is too often a sufferer from the inevitable movements of society, what must have been her position and needs in those ruder ages, had not the genius of Christianity opened for her weakness refuges made inviolable by the awful sanctions of religion?

What could they do, all these girls and women together, through the twenty-four long hours of every day, without reading or writing, and without the care of children? Enough: with their multiplied diurnal prayer periods, with each of its chants and ritual of observances,—with the preparation for meals, and the clearing away thereafter,—with the care of the chapel, shrine, sacred gifts, drapery, and ornaments, — with embroidering altar-cloths and making sacred tapers,—with preparing conserves of rose-leaves and curious spiceries,—with mixing drugs for the sick,—with all those mutual offices and services to each other which their

relations in one family gave rise to,—and with divers feminine gossipries and harmless chatterings and cooings, one can conceive that these dove-cots of the Church presented often some of the most tranquil scenes of those convulsive and disturbed periods.

Human nature probably had its varieties there as otherwhere. There were there the domineering and the weak, the ignorant and the vulgar, the patrician and the princess; and though professedly all brought on the footing of sisterly equality, we are not to suppose any Utopian degree of perfection among them. The way of pure spirituality was probably, in the convent as well as out, that straight and narrow one which there be few who find. There, as elsewhere, the devotee who sought to progress faster toward heaven than suited the paces of her fellow-travellers was reckoned a troublesome enthusiast, till she got far enough in advance to be worshipped as a saint.

Sister Theresa, the abbess of this convent, was the youngest daughter in a princely Neapolitan family, who, from her cradle, had been destined to the cloister, in order that her brother and sister might inherit more splendid fortunes and form more splendid connections. She had been sent to this place too early to have much recollection of any other mode of life; and when the time came to take the irrevocable step, she renounced with composure a world she had never known.

Her brother had endowed her with a *livre des heures*, illuminated with all the wealth of blue, and gold, and divers colours which the art of those times afforded,—a work executed by a pupil of the celebrated Frà Angelico; and the possession of this treasure was regarded by her as a far richer inheritance than that princely state of which she knew nothing. Her neat little cell had a window that looked down on the sea,—on Capri, with its fantastic grottos,—on Vesuvius, with its weird daily and nightly changes. The light that came in from the joint reflection of sea and sky gave a golden and picturesque colouring to the simple and bare furniture, and in sunny weather she often sat there, just as a lizard lies upon a wall, with the simple, warm, delightful sense of living and being amid scenes of so much beauty. Of the life that people lived in the outer world—the struggle, the hope, the fear, the vivid joy, the bitter sorrow—Sister Theresa knew nothing. She could form no judgment and give no advice founded on any such experience.

The only life she knew was a certain ideal one, drawn from the legends of the saints; and her piety was a calm, serene enthusiasm, which had never been disturbed by a temptation or a struggle. Her rule in the convent was even and serene; but those who came to her flock from the real world, from the trials and temptations of a real experience, were always enigmas to her, whom she could scarcely comprehend or aid.

In fact, since in convents, as everywhere else, character will find its level, it was old Jocunda who was the real governess of the convent. Jocunda was originally a peasant woman, whose husband had been drafted to some of the wars of his betters, and she had followed his fortunes in

the camp. In the sack of a fortress, she lost her husband and four sons —all the children she had—and herself received an injury which distorted her form; so she took refuge in the convent. Here her energy and *savoir-faire* rendered her indispensable in every department. She made their bargains, bought their provisions, being allowed to sally forth from the convent for these purposes, and formed the medium by which these timid, abstract, defenceless creatures accomplished those material relations with the world with which the utmost saintliness cannot afford to dispense. Besides and above all this, Jocunda's wide experience and endless capabilities of narrative made her an invaluable resource for enlivening any dull hours that might be upon the hands of the sisterhood; and all these recommendations, together with a strong mother-wit and native sense, soon made her so much the leading spirit in the convent, that Mother Theresa herself might be said to be under her dominion.

"So, so," she said to Agnes, when she had closed the gate after Elsie, "you never come empty-handed. What lovely oranges!—worth double any that one can buy of anybody else but your grandmother."

"Yes, and these flowers I brought to dress the altar."

"Ah, yes! Saint Agnes has given you a particular grace for that," said Jocunda.

"And I have brought a ring for her treasury," said Agnes, taking out the gift of the cavalier.

"Holy Mother! here is something, to be sure!" exclaimed Jocunda, catching it eagerly. "Why, Agnes, this is a diamond,—and as pretty a one as ever I saw. How it shines!" she added, holding it up. "That's a prince's present. How did you get it?"

"I want to tell our mother about it," said Agnes.

"You do?" said Jocunda. "You'd better tell me. I know fifty times as much about such things as she."

"Dear Jocunda, I will tell you, too; but I love Mother Theresa, and I ought to give it to her first."

"As you please, then," said Jocunda. "Well, put your flowers here by the fountain, where the spray will keep them cool, and we will go to her."

Roundabout Papers.—No. XIII.

ON A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

HERE have I just read of a game played at a country house? The party assembles round a table with pens, ink, and paper. Some one narrates a tale containing more or less incidents and personages. Each person of the company then writes down, to the best of his memory and ability, the anecdote just narrated, and finally the papers are to be read out. I do not say I should like to play often at this game, which might possibly be a tedious and lengthy pastime, not by any means so amusing as smoking a cigar in the conservatory; or even listening to the young ladies playing their piano-pieces; or to Hobbs and Nobbs lingering round the bottle and talking over the morning's run with the hounds; but surely it is a moral and ingenious sport. They say the variety of narratives is often very odd and amusing. The original story becomes so changed and distorted that at the end of all the statements you are puzzled to know where the truth is at all. As time is of small importance to the cheerful persons engaged in this sport, perhaps a good way of playing it would be to spread it over a couple of years. Let the people who played the game in '60 all meet and play it once more in '61, and each write his story over again. Then bring out your original and compare notes. Not only will the stories differ from each other, but the writers will probably differ from themselves. In the course of the year the incidents will grow or will dwindle strangely. The least authentic of the statements will be so lively or so malicious, or so neatly put, that it will appear most like the truth. I like these tales and sportive exercises. I had begun a little print collection once. I had Addison in his nightgown in bed at Holland House, requesting young Lord Warwick to remark how a Christian should die. I had Cambronne clutching his cocked-hat, and uttering the immortal *la Garde meurt et ne se rend pas.* I had the *Vengeur* going down, and all the crew hurraying like madmen. I had Alfred toasting the muffin; Curtius (Haydon) jumping into the gulf;

with extracts from Napoleon's bulletins, and a fine authentic portrait of Baron Munchausen.

What man who has been before the public at all has not heard similar wonderful anecdotes regarding himself and his own history? In these humble essaykins I have taken leave to egotize. I cry out about the shoes which pinch me, and, as I fancy, more naturally and pathetically than if my neighbour's corns were trodden under foot. I prattle about the dish which I love, the wine which I like, the talk I heard yesterday—about Brown's absurd airs—Jones's ridiculous elation when he thinks he has caught me in a blunder (a part of the fun, you see, is that Jones will read this, and will perfectly well know that I mean him, and that we shall meet and grin at each other with entire politeness). This is not the highest kind of speculation, I confess, but it is a gossip which amuses some folks. A brisk and honest small-beer will refresh those who do not care for the frothy outpourings of heavier taps. A two of clubs may be a good, handy little card sometimes, and able to tackle a king of diamonds, if it is a little trump. Some philosophers get their wisdom with deep thought and out of ponderous libraries; I pick up my small crumbs of cogitation at a dinner-table; or from Mrs. Mary and Miss Louisa, as they are prattling over their five o'clock tea.

Well, yesterday at dinner Jucundus was good enough to tell me a story about myself, which he had heard from a lady of his acquaintance, to whom I send my best compliments. The tale is this. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 31st of November last, just before sunset, I was seen leaving No. 96, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, leading two little children by the hand, one of them in a nankeen pelisse, and the other having a mole on the third finger of his left hand (she thinks it was the third finger, but is quite sure it was the left hand). Thence I walked with them to Charles Boroughbridge's, pork and sausage man, No. 29, Upper Theresa Road. Here, whilst I left the little girl innocently eating a polony in the front shop, I and Boroughbridge retired with the boy into the back parlour, where Mrs. Boroughbridge was playing cribbage. She put up the cards and boxes, took out a chopper and a napkin, and we cut the little boy's little throat (which he bore with great pluck and resolution), and made him into sausage-meat by the aid of Purkis's excellent sausage-machine. The little girl at first could not understand her brother's absence, but, under the pretence of taking her to see Mr. Fechter in *Hamlet*, I led her down to the New River at Sadler's Wells, where a body of a child in a nankeen pelisse was subsequently found, and has never been recognized to the present day. And this Mrs. Lynx can aver, because she saw the whole transaction with her own eyes, as she told Mr. Jucundus.

I have altered the little details of the anecdote somewhat. But this story is, I vow and declare, as true as Mrs. Lynx's. Gracious goodness! how do lies begin? What are the averages of lying? Is the same amount of lies told about every man, and do we pretty much all tell the

same amount of lies? Is the average greater in Ireland than in Scotland, or *vice versâ*—among women than among men? Is this a lie I am telling now? If I am talking about you, the odds are, perhaps, that it is. I look back at some which have been told about me, and speculate on them with thanks and wonder. Dear friends have told them of me, have told them to me of myself. Have they not to and of you, dear friend? A friend of mine was dining at a large dinner of clergymen, and a story, as true as the sausage story above given, was told regarding me, by one of those reverend divines, in whose frocks sit some anile chatterboxes, as any man, who knows this world, knows. They take the privilege of their gown. They cabal, and tattle, and hiss, and cackle comminations under their breath. I say the old women of the other sex are not more talkative or more mischievous than some of these. "Such a man ought not to be spoken to," says Gobemouche, narrating the story—and such a story! "And I am surprised he is admitted into society at all." Yes, dear Gobemouche, but the story wasn't true; and I had no more done the wicked deed in question than I had run away with the Queen of Sheba.

I have always longed to know what that story was (or what collection of histories), which a lady had in her mind to whom a servant of mine applied for a place, when I was breaking up my establishment once, and going abroad. Brown went with a very good character from us, which, indeed, she fully deserved after several years' faithful service. But when Mrs. Jones read the name of the person out of whose employment Brown came, "That is quite sufficient," says Mrs. Jones. "You may go. I will never take a servant out of *that* house." Ah, Mrs. Jones, how I should like to know what that crime was, or what that series of villanies, which made you determine never to take a servant out of my house? Do you believe in the story of the little boy and the sausages? Have you swallowed that little minced infant? Have you devoured that young Polonius? Upon my word you have maw enough. We somehow greedily gobble down all stories in which the characters of our friends are chopped up, and believe wrong of them without inquiry. In a late serial work written by this hand, I remember making some pathetic remarks about our propensity to believe ill of our neighbours—and I remember the remarks, not because they were valuable, or novel, or ingenious, but because, within three days after they had appeared in print, the moralist who wrote them, walking home with a friend, heard a story about another friend, which story he straightway believed, and which story was scarcely more true than that sausage fable which is here set down. *O mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* But though the preacher trips, shall not the doctrine be good? Yea, brethren! Here be the rods. Look you, here are the scourges. Choose me a nice long, swishing, buddy one, light and well-poised in the handle, thick and bushy at the tail. Pick me out a whipcord thong with some dainty knots in it—and now—we all deserve it—whish, whish, whish! Let us cut into each other all round.

A favourite liar and servant of mine was a man I once had to drive

a brougham. He never came to my house, except for orders, and once when he helped to wait at dinner so clumsily that it was agreed we would dispense with his further efforts. The (job) brougham horse used to look dreadfully lean and tired, and the livery-stable keeper complained that we worked him too hard. Now, it turned out that there was a neighbouring butcher's lady who liked to ride in a brougham; and Tomkins lent her ours, drove her cheerfully to Richmond and Putney, and, I suppose, took out a payment in mutton-chops. We gave this good Tomkins wine and medicine for his family when sick—we supplied him with little comforts and extras which need not now be remembered—and the grateful creature rewarded us by informing some of our tradesmen whom he honoured with his custom, "Mr. Roundabout? Lor bless you! I carry him up to bed drunk every night in the week." He, Tomkins, being a man of seven stone weight, and five feet high; whereas his employer was—but here modesty interferes, and I decline to enter into the avoirdupois question.

Now, what was Tomkins' motive for the utterance and dissemination of these lies? They could further no conceivable end or interest of his own. Had they been true stories, Tomkins' master would still, and reasonably, have been more angry than at the fables. It was but suicidal slander on the part of Tomkins—must come to a discovery—must end in a punishment. The poor wretch had got his place under, as it turned out, a fictitious character. He might have stayed in it, for of course Tomkins had a wife and poor innocent children. He might have had bread, beer, bed, character, coats, coals. He might have nestled in our little island, comfortably sheltered from the storms of life; but we were compelled to cast him out, and send him driving, lonely, perishing, tossing, starving, to sea—to drown. To drown? There be other modes of death whereby rogues die. Good-bye, Tomkins. And so the night-cap is put on, and the bolt is drawn for poor T.

Suppose we were to invite volunteers amongst our respected readers to send in little statements of the lies which they know have been told about themselves—what a heap of correspondence, what an exaggeration of malignities, what a crackling bonfire of incendiary falsehoods, might we not gather together! The letters with respect to the famous table-rapping article would be as nothing compared to the sacks which the staggering postmen would bring to Cornhill. And a lie once set going, having the breath of life breathed into it by the father of lying, and ordered to run its diabolical little course, lives with a prodigious vitality. You say, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*" Psha! Great lies are as great as great truths, and prevail constantly, and day after day. Take an instance or two out of my own little budget. I sit near a gentleman at dinner, and the conversation turns upon a certain anonymous literary performance which at the time is amusing the town. "Oh," says the gentleman, "everybody knows who wrote that paper: it is Momus's." I was a young author at the time, perhaps proud of my bantling: "I beg your pardon," I say, "it was written by your humble servant." "Indeed!"

was all that the man replied, and he shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, and talked to his other neighbour. I never heard sarcastic incredulity more finely conveyed than by that "indeed." "Impudent liar," the gentleman's face said, as clear as face could speak. Where was Magna Veritas, and how did she prevail then? She lifted up her voice, she made her appeal, and she was kicked out of court. In New York I read a newspaper criticism one day (by an exile from our shores who has taken up his abode in the Western Republic), commenting upon a letter of mine which had appeared in a contemporary volume, and wherein it was stated that the writer was a lad in such and such a year, and, in point of fact, I was, at the period spoken of, nineteen years of age. "Falsehood, Mr. Roundabout," says the noble critic, "you were then not a lad; you were then six-and-twenty years of age." You see he knew better than papa and mamma and parish register. It was easier for him to think and say I lied, on a twopenny matter connected with my own affairs, than to imagine he was mistaken. Years ago, in a time when we were very mad wags, Arcturus and myself met a gentleman from China who knew the language. We began to speak Chinese against him. We said we were born in China. We were two to one. We spoke the mandarin dialect with perfect fluency. We had the company with us; as in the old, old days, the squeak of the real pig was voted not to be so natural as the squeak of the sham pig. O Arcturus, the sham pig squeaks in our streets now to the applause of multitudes, and the real porker grunts unheeded in his sty!

I once talked for some little time with an amiable lady: it was for the first time; and I saw an expression of surprise on her kind face, which said as plainly as face could say, "Sir, do you know that up to this moment I have had a certain opinion of you, and that I begin to think I have been mistaken or misled?" I not only know that she had heard evil reports of me, but I know who told her—one of those acute fellows, my dear brethren, of whom we spoke in a previous sermon, who has found me out—found out actions which I never did, found out thoughts and sayings which I never spoke, and judged me accordingly. Ah, my lad! have I found *you* out? *O risum teneatis.* Perhaps the person I am accusing is no more guilty than I.

How comes it that the evil which men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, whilst our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is good brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbour is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend with currant jelly is but a sickly, unrelishing meat.

Now, such being the case, my dear worthy Mrs. Candour, in whom I know there are a hundred good and generous qualities; it being perfectly clear that the good things which we say of our neighbours don't fructify,

but somehow perish in the ground where they are dropped, whilst the evil words are wafted by all the winds of scandal, take root in all soils, and flourish amazingly—seeing, I say, that this conversation does not give us a fair chance, suppose we give up censoriousness altogether, and decline uttering our opinions about Brown, Jones, and Robinson (and Mesdames B., J., and R.) at all? We may be mistaken about every one of them, as, please goodness, those anecdote-mongers against whom I have uttered my meek protest have been mistaken about me. We need not go to the extent of saying that Mrs. Manning was an amiable creature, much misunderstood; and Jack Thurtell a gallant, unfortunate fellow, not near so black as he was painted; but we will try and avoid personalities altogether in talk, won't we? We will range the fields of science, dear madam, and communicate to each other the pleasing results of our studies. We will, if you please, examine the infinitesimal wonders of nature through the microscope. We will cultivate entomology. We will sit with our arms round each other's waists on the *pons asinorum*, and see the stream of mathematics flow beneath. We will take refuge in cards, and play at "beggar my neighbour," not abuse my neighbour. We will go to the Zoological Gardens and talk freely about the gorilla and his kindred, but not talk about people who can talk in their turn. Suppose we praise the High Church? we offend the Low Church. The Broad Church? High and Low are both offended. What do you think of Lord Derby as a politician? And what is your opinion of Lord Palmerston? If you please, will you play me those lovely variations of, "In my cottage near a wood?" It is a charming air (you know it in French, I suppose? *Ah! te dirai-je, maman!*) and was a favourite with poor Marie Antoinette. I say 'poor,' because I have a right to speak with pity of a sovereign who was renowned for so much beauty and so much misfortune. But as for giving any opinion on her conduct, saying that she was good or bad, or indifferent, goodness forbid! We have agreed we will not be censorious. Let us have a game at cards—at *écarté*, if you please. You deal. I ask for cards. I lead the deuce of clubs. . . . .

What? there is no deuce! Deuce take it! What? People *will* go on talking about their neighbours, and won't have their mouths stopped by cards, or ever so much microscopes and aquariums? Ah, my poor dear Mrs. Candour, I agree with you. By the way, did you ever see anything like Lady Godiva Trotter's dress last night? People *will* go on chattering, although we hold our tongues; and, after all, my good soul, what will their scandal matter a hundred years hence?

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